



# The FEUD at SINGLE SHOT

By Luke Short

Turner, Rosy Band, Laredo Jackson. All of Single Shot. Stop. Suggest next case you put me in range clothes since gambler's life not long. Stop. What will I do with six thousand I won running faro table in saloon? Martin Quinn.

**FINAL INSTALLMENT**  
Crowell laughed again, that soft, insane laugh that struck chills to Rosy's spine. Crowell turned to Pearson, who had not moved in the last minute. The banker's face was gray with fear. "Let's get out, Crowell," Pearson said.

Rosy explained. "Out for money and he didn't care how he got it. Crowell was a gambler. He'd risk his neck for a stake. Winters? Well, he had more to lose than the rest. He carried more with him when he fell." He turned to Mary. "Why are you asking me this?"

But Dorsey did not see the grin. "I can't make it plainer without making it too plain," she said softly.

"You squealing swine," Crowell said tonelessly, a kind of secret made delight in his voice. "I would have died for you and you turn me in." Slowly his gun swiveled to Pearson, but his eyes were on Rosy and the sheriff.

"I don't know," Mary answered soberly. "It's just—" She looked up at him. "Maybe you wouldn't understand me if I told you."

They walked down to the station, both of them silent. Both the Free Throw and the Mile High were lit brightly, a pleasant din issuing from their doors.

"A good job, wasn't it?" Crowell asked. Mary moaned a little in the corner.

"Well, it's hard to put in words. I can't remember very many men. Dave was taken away when we were both young. He was a good brother, but he didn't have much use for girls. Dad was—well, headstrong. Dave's arrest made him bitter and unjust. Dad was harsh, terribly harsh, even on people he loved. Sometimes he could be unjust too. Then after I married Ted, it seemed as if the same traits were in him. Harshness, even cruelty. Besides Ted and dad, I haven't been around men much—except the two hands that were working for us."

They swung into the station and Laredo hammered on the lowered window. A mild man wearing eyeglasses raised it and smiled when he saw Laredo.

"Suddenly, Crowell laughed a high, frenzied laugh of a maniac, turned the gun to his chest and pulled the trigger. The impact of his own shot bumped him against the wall and he sagged to the floor.

"And they weren't any different. Maybe worse," Rosy said. "That's it. And when you and Dave came home, I saw you were different from the others I'd known. So when you were kind enough to hide all this from me, it was hard to believe. It was something new."

"Hullo, Harvey," Laredo greeted him. "Reckon my friend here could send a telegram?"

"Probably the first good thing he ever done," Laredo said softly. Rosy fell in beside Mary as they left the doctor's. Laredo and Quinn were ahead of them. The rest had stayed behind a moment.

"They rounded the corner and cut across the street to the hotel. Rosy's face was grim, his jaw set. Mary looked at him shyly; he did not look at her. As they entered the lobby, Mary stopped.

"Sure." The agent shoved the blank in front of Quinn, who wrote his message. When he was finished, he handed it to Laredo.

"Let's walk slow," Mary said. "I reckon I feel that way, too," Rosy answered. "It come a little too fast."

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," she said humbly. Rosy smiled a little crookedly. "Bless your heart, you didn't," he said gently.

"I can't read," Laredo said dolorously. He swore. "It's the only time in my life I wanted to. What does it say?"

"The silence was long. 'Rosy, do you mind telling me things?' Mary asked presently. 'Anything you want to know,' Rosy said gently.

"I don't understand," Mary said. "You looked so cross." Rosy fumbled with his hat, not taking his eyes from hers. "Then some day, I'm goin'—I'm goin' to ask you somethin' and if you answer it the way I hope you will—"

Quinn read aloud from the blank containing this message: A. Wingert Cattle Association Phoenix, Ariz. Case concluded successfully. All principals killed off. None by me. Stop. Split reward between Dave

"What would you have done if this—if Ted had been along with Pearson and Crowell tonight?" "I wouldn't have been there," Rosy answered promptly. He amended this. "Yes, I would too. But I wouldn't have liked it."

"I think I know what it is, Rosy," Mary answered simply. She placed a hand on his arm. "I think I know what I'll answer." Rosy waited for her to go on. She only smiled and squeezed his arm a little. "And I think it will be what you hope it is."

THE END

"Why? Was Ted any more deserving of sympathy than the others?" "Less," Rosy answered briefly. Mary thought this over and asked why. "Pearson was a lone wolf."

"I'm going to sleep the clock around," he muttered as he descended the steps. "Dave." It came from the opened door and he stopped. It was Dorsey. She came close to him.

"I couldn't let you go without telling you that I'm sorry I said what I did this afternoon," she said, her voice low and sincere. "That's all right," Dave said. "No, it isn't," Dorsey cried. "It was all wrong! I was wrong! I never understood how right you were until I heard and saw all this tonight."

"I was pretty bloody." "But if a man doesn't fight for what he has and loves, people will take them away from him." "I reckon that's right." "And I was angry when you took to your guns to stop it," Dorsey said humbly.

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"You were half right at that," Dave said. "I took to my guns once too often—a long time ago. I lost enough that time to make think twice about goin' for them again." He looked down at her and spoke kindly. "That's what you were tryin' to remind me of, wasn't it?"

**CARDUI**

"No," Dorsey said simply. "I have never thought you lost anything in jail, Dave. I didn't know you before, but you couldn't have been any"—she hesitated, seeking a word, and feeling a slow flush come over her face.

**Give thanks for the roof over your head—suppose it had burnt last night!**

"Any what?" Dave said. "any finer, more honest, brave," she finished.

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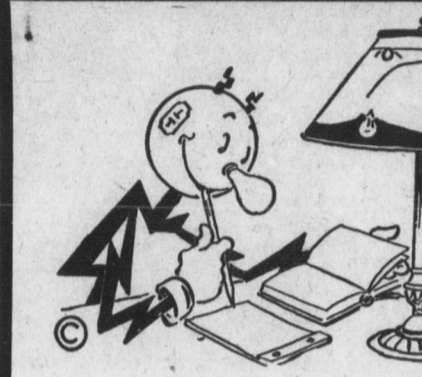
She felt Dave's hands grip her arms, saw his dark face with its darker eyes looking down on her. "It's worth eight years in the pen to hear you say that," he said huskily. "It—it makes a difference."

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"What difference?" "I can hold my head up now," Dave said softly. "I can go on thinkin' there's somethin' to life besides fightin', eatin' and sleepin'."

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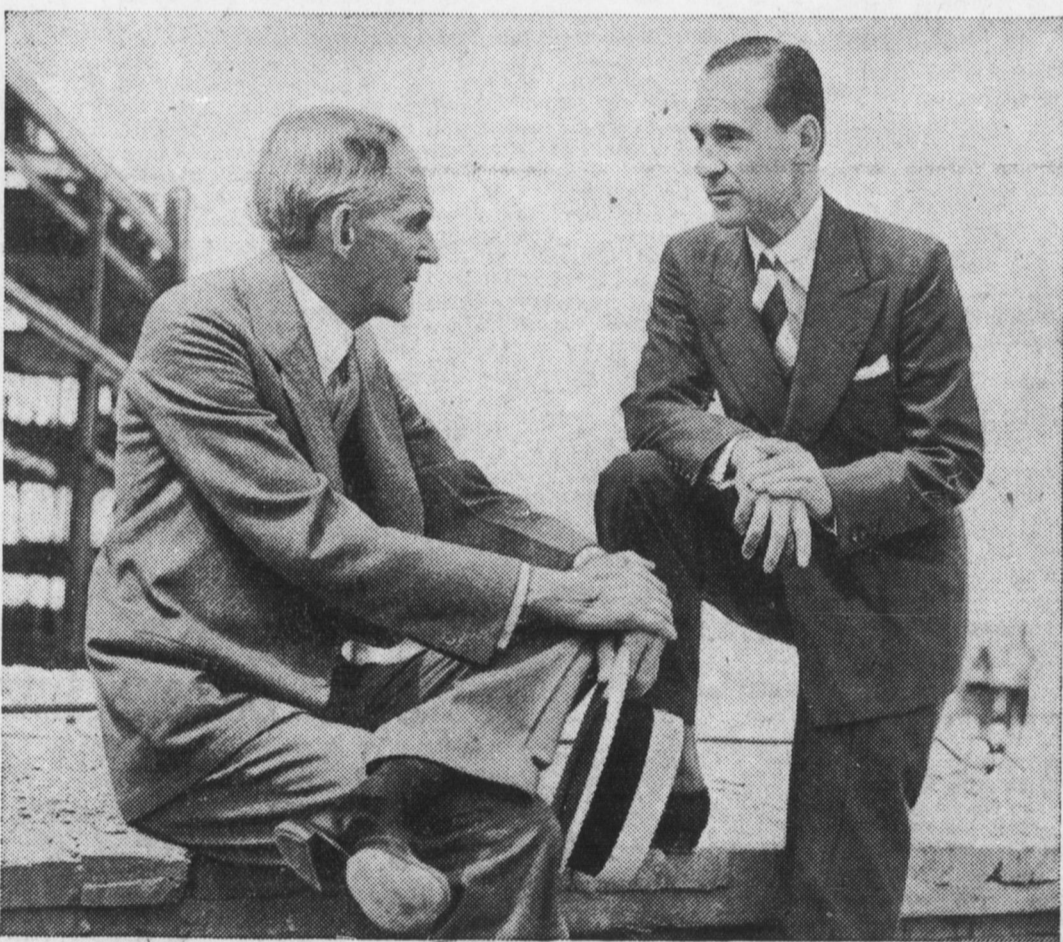
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# The Fords Tell Their Plans for 1939



Henry and Edsel Ford, on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of the founding of the Ford Motor Company, June 16, 1938

**I F WE KNEW** anything better we could do for the country than make good motor cars, we would do it.

By every one doing his best in the job he thinks most useful, this country is going to regain its momentum. We have tried to do our best in our job.

When business was suddenly halted in its recovery more than a year ago, we determined that we should keep going anyway, if not at full-volume motor car production, then at getting ready for greater motor car values that would help future production.

### EXPANDING FOR THE FUTURE

We began to build 34 million dollars' worth of new plants and equipment. We felt that if we could not employ all our men building motor cars, we would employ as many as we could building better production facilities.

We were told, of course, that this was no time for expansion, that a wiser business policy would be to "hold everything"—which means, stop everything. But no one ever got anywhere standing still.

Besides, we are not defeatists. We do not believe this country has seen its best days. We believe this country is yet in the infancy of its growth. We believe that every atom of faith invested in our Country and our People will be amply justified by the future. We believe America is just beginning. Never yet have our People seen real Prosperity. Never yet have we seen adequate Production. But we shall see it! That is the assurance in which we have built.

Business is not just coming back. It will have to be brought back. That is now becoming well understood in this Country; for that reason 1939 will be a co-operative year. Manufacturers, sellers and buyers will co-operate to bring back the business that is waiting to be brought back.

This construction program is almost completed. It has increased activity and payrolls in a number of related industries. It has given us better facilities for building better cars and trucks, and eventually our new tractor which is being perfected.

### THIS MEANS MORE VALUE

The current program has provided a new tire plant, which will turn out a part of our tire requirements ... a new tool and die plant that will help us cut the cost of dies ... and a steel-press plant that will enable us to make more of our own automobile bodies. These are in addition to the plants we already had for producing glass, iron, steel, plastics, and many other things.

We don't supply all our own needs, of course, and never expect to. The Ford engine is one thing

that no one's hand touches but ours. Of nearly everything else we use we build some quantity ourselves, to find, if possible, better and more economical ways of doing it. The experience and knowledge we gain are freely shared with our suppliers, and with other industries.

We take no profit on anything we make for ourselves and sell to ourselves. Every operation, from the Ford ships which first bring iron ore to the Rouge, is figured at accurate cost. The only profit is on the finished result—the car or truck as it comes off the line. Some years, there is no profit for us. But we see to it that our customers always profit. A basic article of our business creed is that no sale is economically constructive unless it profits the buyer as much as or more than the seller.

Our new plants have helped us build more value into all our cars for 1939. That means more profit on the purchase to the purchaser.

We have not cut quality to reduce costs. We simply will not build anything inferior.

### NEW TESTING EQUIPMENT

While we were putting up new plants to produce cars, we constructed new equipment to test them. The first weather tunnel of its kind ever built for automobile research went into operation at our laboratories this year.

It makes any kind of weather to order. The weather it delivers every day would take months to find in Nature. Our cars are weather-tested to give you good service in any climate anywhere.

In other tests, every part of the car is punished unmercifully. Then our engineers tear it down to see if they can find abnormal wear or any sign of weakness.

The money we spend on tests saves you money on repairs. And your family car is safer and more dependable when we put it in your hands.

### THE NEW CARS

We have two new Ford cars for 1939—better cars and better looking—but we also have an entirely new car.

It's called the Mercury 8. It fits into our line between the De Luxe Ford and the Lincoln-Zephyr. It is larger than the Ford, with 116-inch wheelbase, hydraulic brakes, and a new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine.

We know that our 1939 cars are cars of good quality. We think they're fine values in their price classes.

With new cars, new plants, new equipment, the whole Ford organization is geared to go forward.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Dearborn, Michigan