

# The Big-Town Round Up

by William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## SYNOPSIS

**FOREWORD.**—Motoring through Arizona, a party of easterners, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterpiece of riding on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

**CHAPTER I.**—Clay Lindsay, ranger-riding on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

**CHAPTER II.**—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York. She is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and as-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

**CHAPTER III.**—On his first day in New York Lindsay is splashed with water by a janitor. That individual the ranger-riding punishes summarily and leaves tied to a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Collis Whitford, and is invited to visit them again. He meets Kitty Mason by accident. She has been disappointed in her stage aspirations, and to support herself is selling cigarettes in a cabaret. Clay visits her there.

**CHAPTER V.**—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the offender. After a lively mixup Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten senseless.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford ripens. Through her he is introduced into "society." His "side partner" on the Arizona ranch, Johnnie Green, comes to the "big town."

Chapter VI. Continued.

"Why not? We got some steers down in my country—about as many as you got men in this here town of yours."

That's what we ride the range for, so's not to lose 'em. We've traced a B-in-A-Box steer clear from Tucson to Denver, done it more'n once or twice too. I notice you got a big bunch of man-punchers in uniform here. Ain't it their business to rustle up strays?"

"The police," said the postmaster, amused. "That is part of their business. We'll pass the buck to them, anyhow."

After some delay and repeated explanations of who he was, the postmaster got at the other end of the wire his friend the commissioner. Their conversation was brief. When the postmaster hung up he rang for a stenographer and dictated a letter of introduction. This he handed to Johnnie, with explicit instructions.

"Go to police headquarters, Center street, and take this note to Capt. Luke Byrne. He'll see that the matter is investigated for you. Do you know the way to police headquarters?"

"I reckon I can find it. Is it fur?" The man from Arizona looked down at the high-heeled boots in which his tortured feet had clumped over the pavements of the metropolis all morning.

"I'll send you in a taxi," the postmaster was thinking that this babe in the woods of civilization never would be able to find his way alone.

As the driver swept the car in and out among the traffic of the narrow streets Johnnie clung to the top of the door fearfully. Every moment he expected a smash. His heart was in his throat. The hurricane deck of a bronco had no terrors for him, but this wild charge through the humming trenches shook his nerve.

"I come mighty high askin' you would you just as lief drive slower," he said with a grin to the chauffeur as he descended to the safety of the sidewalk. "I ain't awful hardy, an' I sure was plumb scared."

A sergeant took Johnnie in tow and delivered him at length to the office waiting-room of Captain Anderson, head of the bureau of missing persons. The Hunt, surveying the numbers in the waiting-room and those passing in and out, was ready to revise his opinion about the possible difficulty of the job. He judged that half the population of New York must be missing.

After a time the captain's secretary notified Johnnie that it was his turn. As soon as he was admitted the puncher began his little piece without waiting for any preliminaries.

"Say, captain, I want you to find my friend Clay Lindsay. He—"

"Just a moment," interrupted the captain. "Who are you? Don't think I got your name."

Johnnie remembered the note of introduction and his name at the same time. He gave both to the big man who spent his busy days and often part of the nights looking for the lost, strayed, and stolen among New York's millions.

The captain's eyes swept over the note. "Sit down, Mr. Green, and let's get at your trouble. This note says that you're looking for a man named Clay Lindsay who came to New York several months ago. Have you or has anybody else heard from him in that time?"

"We got a letter right after he got here. He ain't writ since."

"Perhaps he's dead. We'd better look up the morgue records."

"Morgue!" The Hunt grew excited instantly. "That place where you keep folks that get drowned or bumped off? Say, captain, I'm here to tell you Clay was the liveliest man in Arizona, which is the same as sayin' anywhere. Cowpunchers don't take naturally to morgues. No, sir, Clay ain't in no morgue. Like as not he's helped fill this yere morgue if any crooks tried their rough stuff on him. Don't get me wrong, Cap. Clay is the squarrest he-man ever God made. All I'm sayin' is—"

The captain interrupted. He asked sharp, incisive questions and got busy. Presently he reached for a phone, got in touch with a sergeant at the police desk in the upper corridor, and sent an attendant with Johnnie to the police department.

The Irish sympathies of the sergeant were aroused by the naive honesty of the little man. He sent for another sergeant, had card records brought, consulted a couple of patrolmen, and then turned to Johnnie.

"We've met your friend all right," he said with a grin. "He's wan heluva lad. Fits the description to a T. There can't be but one like him here." And he went on to tell the story of the adventure of the janitor and the hose.

The washed-out eyes of the puncher lit up. "That's him. That's sure him. Tell me where he's at?"

"We don't know. We can show you the place where he tied the janitor, but that's the best we can do." The captain hesitated. "If you find him, give him a straight tip from me. Tell him to buy a ticket for Arizona and take the train for home. This town is no healthy place for him. Your friend has made an enemy—a powerful one. He'll understand if you tell him."

"Who is this here enemy?"

"Never mind. He hit up too fast a pace."

"You can't tell me a thing against Clay—not a thing," protested Johnnie hotly. "He'll sure do to take along. Clay will. There can't any guy knock him to me, if he does wear a uniform."

"I'm not saying a thing against him," replied the officer impatiently. "I'm giving him a friendly tip to beat it, if you see him. Now I'm going to send you uptown with a plain-clothes man. He'll show you where your friend made his New York debut. That's all we can do for you."

An hour later the little cowpuncher was gazing wistfully at the hitching post. His face was twisted pathetically to a question mark. It was as though he thought he could conjure from the post the secret of Clay's disappearance. Where had he gone from here? And where was he now?

In the course of the next two days the Hunt came back to that post many times as the starting-point for weary, high-heeled tramps through streets within a circuit of a mile. He could not have explained why he did so. Perhaps it was because this was the only spot in the city that held for him any tangible relationship to Clay. Some one claimed to have seen him vanish into one of these houses. Perhaps he might come back again. It was a very tenuous hope, but it was the only one Johnnie had. He clumped over the pavements till his feet ached in protest.

His patience was rewarded. On the second day, while he was gazing blankly at the post a groom brought two horses to the curb in front of the house opposite. One of the horses had a real cowboy's saddle. Johnnie's eyes gleamed. This was like a breath of honest-to-God Arizona. The door opened, and out of it came a man and a slim young woman. Both of them were dressed for riding, she in the latest fash of the town, he in a well-cut sack suit and high tan boots.

Johnnie threw up his hat and gave a yell. "You blamed old horn-toad! Might 'a' knowed you was all right! Might 'a' knowed you wouldn't bite off more'n you could chew! Oh, you Arizona!"

Clay gave one surprised look—and met him in the middle of the street. The little cowpuncher did a war dance of joy while he clung to his friend's hand. Tears brimmed into his faded eyes.

"Hi yi yi! Doggone yore old hide, if it ain't you big as coffee, Clay. Think I to mysef, who is that pilgrim? And, by gum, it's old h—l-a-mile-jee-a-hittin' his heels. Where you been at, you old skeezicks?"

"How are you, Johnnie? And what are you doin' here?"

"You didn't answer my letters, so I come to see if you was all right."

"You old scallawag. You came to paint the town red."

Johnnie, highly delighted at this charge, protested. "Honest I didn't, Clay. I wasn't feelin' so tumbled pert. Seemed like the boys picked on me after you left. So I jee' up and come."

If Clay was not delighted to have

his little Eldus Aclates on his hands he gave no sign of it. He led him across the road and introduced him to Miss Whitford.

Clay blessed her for her kindness to this squat, snub-nosed adherent of his whose lonely heart had driven him two thousand miles to find his friend. Her hand went out instantly. A smile softened her eyes and dimpled her cheeks.

"I'm very glad to meet any friend of Mr. Lindsay. Father and I will want to hear all about Arizona after you two have had your visit out. We'll postpone the ride till this afternoon. That will be better, I think."

Clay agreed. With a cool little nod that included them both, she turned and ran lightly up the steps into the house.

"Some sure-enough queen," murmured Johnnie in naive admiration, staring after her with open mouth.

Clay smiled. He had an opinion of his own on that point.

## CHAPTER VII

**Johnnie Green—Match-Maker.** Johnnie Green gave an upward jerk to the frying-pan and caught the flap-jack as it descended.

"Fust and last call for breakfast in the dining-cyar. Come and get it, old-timer," he sang out to Clay.

That young man emerged from his bedroom glowing. He was one of two shades of tan lighter than when he had reached the city, but the paint of Arizona's untamed sun still distinguished him from the native-born, if there are any such among the inhabitants of upper New York.

"You're one sure-enough cook," he drawled to his satellite. "Best flap-jacks ever made in this town."

The Hunt beamed all over. If he had really been a puppy he would have wagged his tail. Since he couldn't do that he took it out in grinning. Any word of praise from Clay made the world a sunshiny one for him.

The two men were basking in it. They had a little apartment in the Bronx and Johnnie looked after it for his



"Hi Yi Yi! Doggone Yore Old Hide, if it Ain't You Big as Coffee, Clay!" friend. One of Johnnie's vices—according to the standard of the B-in-A-Box boys—was that he was as neat as an old maid. He liked to hang around a mess-wagon and cook doughnuts and pies. His talent came in handy now, for Clay was no house-keeper.

After the breakfast things were cleared away Johnnie fared forth to a certain house adjoining Riverside drive, where he earned ten dollars a week as outdoors-man. His business was to do odd jobs about the place. He cut and watered the lawn. He made small repairs. Beatrice had a rose garden, and under her direction he dug, watered and fertilized. Incidentally, the snub-nosed little puncher with the unfinished features adored his young mistress in the dumb, uncritical fashion a schoolboy does a Ty Cobb or an Eddie Collins. In his heart he had hopes that Clay would fall in love with and marry her. But her actions worried him. Sometimes he wondered if she really understood what a catch Clay was.

He tried to tell her his notions on the subject the morning Clay praised his flapjacks.

She was among the rose-bushes, gloved and hatted, clipping American Beauties for the dining-room, a dainty but very self-reliant little personality. "Miss Beatrice, I been thinkin' about you and Clay," he told her, leaning on his spade.

"What have you been thinking about us?" the girl asked, snipping off a big rose.

"How you're the best-lookin' couple that a man would see anywhere." Into her clear cheeks the color flowed. "If I thought nonsense like that I wouldn't say it," she said quietly. "We're not a couple. He's a man, I'm a woman. I like him and want to stay friends with him if you'll let me."

"Sure. I know that, but—" Johnnie groped helplessly to try to explain what he had meant. "Clay he likes you a heap," he finished inadequately.

The eyes of the girl began to dance. There was no use taking offense at this simple soul. "Does he? I'm sure I'm gratified," she murmured, busy with her scissors among the roses.

"Yep. I never knowed Clay to look at a girl before. He sure thinks a heap of you."

She gave a queer little bubbling laugh. "You're flatterin' me."

TO BE CONTINUED



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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1893 of Rhoda A. Edmiston, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is Nov. 11, 1922 and for settlement of said Estate is June 30, 1923; that I will sit at the county court room in said County August 11th, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on November 11th, 1922 at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated June 30, 1922.

Wm. H. C. Woodhurst  
(SEAL) County Judge

## NOTICE OF PAVING ASSESSMENT

Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and City Council of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, will on the 15th day of August, 1922, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock p. m. of said day and so much longer as may be necessary to transact said business, sit as a board of Equalization for the purpose of equalizing and assessing against abutting and adjacent property owners, the cost of paving in Paving Districts No. 3 and 6 as the same are now organized. And all persons interested are hereby notified to appear and show cause, if any why said equalization and assessment should not be made, on or before the 15th day of August, 1922 at eight o'clock p. m.

Witness my hand and the seal of said city this 24th day of July, 1922.  
O. E. ELDER  
(SEAL) City Clerk

## ROAD NO. 422.

To whom it may concern:—

The special Commissioner appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the corner to Section 4, 5, 8 and 9 township 12 north range 30 west of the 6th p. m., running thence west on section line between sections 5 and 8, and 6 and 7 two miles to connect with extension to Road No. 42 has reported in favor thereof of anyone having objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of described road must file same in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 16th day of September, 1922.

Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.

A. S. ALLEN  
(SEAL) County Clerk

## EXTENSION ROAD NO. 107.

To whom it may concern:—

The special commissioners appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at a point on the section line between sections 9 and 16, where Public Road No. 11 intersects said section line, running thence west on the section line between sections 9 and 16 and 8 and 17 to the intersection with Road No. 77 all in township 14 range 30, said road to be 66 feet wide, has reported in favor of the establishment of the same, all objections thereto, or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of the above described road must be filed in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln county Nebraska, on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 9th day of October, 1922 or said Road will be allowed without reference thereto.

Witness my hand and official seal this 27th day of July, 1922.

A. S. ALLEN  
(SEAL) County Clerk

## EXTENSION ROAD NO. 61

To whom it may concern:—

The special Commissioner appointed to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the corner to Sections 13, 14, 23 and 24 T. 13 N. R. 30 W., running thence north on line between Sections. 13 and 14 one mile, thence north westerly through secs. 11, 10 and 9 said township and range following the south bank of the Channel of the Platte River to the intersection with Road No. 6 ending there said road to be 66 feet wide has reported in favor thereof anyone having objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of the above road must file same in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 18th day of September, 1922 or the above road will be allowed without reference thereto.

Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.

A. S. ALLEN  
(SEAL) County Clerk

## ROAD NO. 420

To whom it may concern:—

The special Commissioner appointed

to locate a public road as follows: Commencing at the corner to Sections 5, 6, 7, and 8 town 12 N. R. 30 W., running thence north one mile to the NE corner of Sec. 6 said township and range. Also commencing at the SE corner of section 32 T. 13 N. R. 30 W., running thence on line between sec. 32 and 33 one mile, thence Northwest and Northeast through the East 1/4 of Secs. 29 and 30 to connect with Road No. 8 about 9 chains west of the NE corner of said Section 20, following said section between Secs. 20 and 21 T. 13 N. R. 30 W. for about one half mile has reported in favor thereof anyone having objections hereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishment of the above road must file same in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska or said road will be allowed without reference thereto, on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 16th day of September, 1922.

Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.

A. S. ALLEN  
(SEAL) County Clerk

## NOTICE OF THE FORMATION OF PAVING DISTRICT NO. 17 IN THE CITY OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

To the owners of the record title of all property adjacent to or abutting upon the streets hereinafter described and all persons interested therein:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the Mayor and City Council of the city of North Platte did under date of July 21st, 1922 pass and approve a certain ordinance forming and creating paving district No. 17 of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. And that the following streets including the intersections thereof within the limits of the city are comprised within said paving district, to-wit: All that portion of Sixth Street commencing at the west line of the intersection of said Sixth Street with Bryan Avenue in said city of North Platte, Nebraska, running thence west along said Sixth Street and Pine Streets, in said city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska; and commencing at the north line of the intersection of Third Street and Poplar Avenue and running thence north along said Poplar Avenue to the south line of the intersection of said Poplar Avenue and Seventh Streets of said city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, there to terminate, exclusive of intersections of Poplar and 3rd, th. and 5th streets respectively.

Unless objections are filed as required by statute within twenty days from the first publication of this notice, the Mayor and City Council shall proceed to construct such paving.