

# 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 to become a motion-picture actress. She is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-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 Lindsay 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, Colin 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 annoyance. After a lively mix-up Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten insensate.

**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 VII**—The two take an apartment together, Johnnie securing employment at the Whitford's as "handy man." An advertisement showing "Kitty M." conveys the information that she is in trouble and implores Lindsay to come to a certain house where she is imprisoned. Clay is dubious as to its authenticity, but finally decides to go. He makes his way into what he supposes is the right house and finds himself in a young woman's bedroom.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Naturally indignant, the girl is reassured when Clay tells her the reason for his unbecoming intrusion. She shows him how to enter the house he is after, through the roof. In the place he comes on a party of "gunmen," obviously waiting for his appearance. Lindsay "gets the drop" on the thugs, locks them in a room, and escapes.

**CHAPTER XIII Continued.**

"That's twice I heard both them interestin' facts. Who is this girl you was comin' through a window to see in the middle of the night. And what's that gat for if it ain't to croak some other guy? You oughtta be ashamed of yourself for not pullin' a better wheeze than that on me."

Clay blushed. In spite of the slangy impudence that dropped from the pretty red lips the girl was slim and looked virginal.

"You're way off. I wasn't callin' on her to—" He stuck hopelessly. "Whadya know about that?" she came back with obvious sarcasm. "You sartinly give me a pain. I'll say you weren't callin' to arrange no Sunday school picnic. Listen. Look at that wall a minute, will you?"

When he turned again at her order she was sitting on the side of the bed wrapped in a kimono, her feet in bedroom slippers. He saw now that she was a slender-limbed slip of a girl. The lean forearm, which showed bare to the elbow when she raised it to draw the kimono closer round her, told Clay that she was none too well nourished.

It occurred to him that she might give him information of value. He told her the story of Kitty Mason. He could see by the girl's eyes that she had jumped to the conclusion that he was in love with Kitty. He did not attempt to disturb that conviction. It might enlist her sympathy.

Annie Millikan had never seen a man like this before, so clean and straight and good to look at. From childhood she had been brought up on the fringe of that underworld atmosphere of which is miasmic. She was impressed in spite of herself.

"Say, why don't you go into the movies and be one of these screen ideals? You'd knock 'em dead," she advised flippantly, crossing her bare ankles.

Clay laughed. He liked the insolent little twist to her mouth. She made one strong appeal to him. This bit of a girl, so slim that he could break her in his hands, was game to the core. He recognized it as a quality of kinship.

"How do you know the girl ain't a bigger worker? You wantta go slow when you tackle Jerry Durand. I can tell you one thing. He's in this business up to the neck. I seen his shadow, Gorilla Dave, comin' out the house next door twice today."

"Seen anything of the girl?"

"Nope. But she may be there. Honest, you're up against a tough game. Why don't you lay down on it?" she asked, her frank eyes searching his. "You sartinly will if you've got good sense."

"I'm goin' through."

Her black eyes warmed. "Say, I'll bet you're some guy when you get started. Hop to it and I hope you get Jerry good. Say, listen! I got a hunch mebbe it's a bum steer, but you can't be sure till you try it. Why

don't you get in through the roof instead of the window?"

"Can I get in that way?"

"Sure. Think you know—if the trapdoor ain't latched. Say, stick around outside my room half a sec, will you?"

The cattleman waited in the darkness of the passage. If his enemies were trying to ambush him in the house next door the girl's plan might save him. He would have a chance at least to get them unexpectedly in the rear.

It could have been scarcely more than two minutes later that the young woman joined him. They padded softly along the corridor till they came to a flight of stairs running up. The girl led the way, taking the treads without noise in her stocking feet. Clay followed with the utmost caution.

She took him toward the rear to a ladder which ended at a dormer half-door leading to the roof. Clay fumbled with his fingers, found a hook, unfastened it, and pushed open the trap. He looked up into a starlit night and a moment later stepped out upon the roof. Presently the slim figure of the girl stood beside him.

They moved across to a low wall, climbed it and came to the dormer door of the next house. Clay knelt and lifted it an inch or two very slowly. He lowered it again and rose.

"I'm a heap obliged to you, Miss," he said in a low voice. "You're a game little gentieman."

She nodded. "My name is Annie Millikan."

"Mine is Clay Lindsay. I want to come and thank you proper some day."

"I take tickets at Heath's Palace of Wonders two blocks down," she whispered. "Look out for yourself. Don't let 'em get you. Give 'em a chance, and that gang would croak you sure. You will be careful, won't you?"

"I never threw down on myself yet."

The girl's flippancy broke out again. "Say, lemme know when the weddin' is and I'll send you a salad bowl!" she flashed at him saucily as he turned to go.

Clay was already busy with the door. Darkness engulfed him as he closed the trapdoor overhead. His exploring feet found each tread of the ladder with the utmost caution. Near the foot of it he stepped to listen for any sound that might serve to guide him. None came. The passage was as noiseless as a mouse's tread.

Again he had that sense of cold finger-tips making a keyboard of his spine. But he trod down the panele and set his will to carry on. He crept forward along the passage. Every step or two he stopped to listen, nerves keyed to an acute tension.

A flight of stairs brought him to what he knew must be the second floor. To him there floated a murmur of sounds. The soft-footed it closer, reached the door, and dropped noiselessly to a knee. A key was in the lock on the outside. With infinite

"Don't hank on cool luck any more. I'll get you sure," cried Durand sourly. The gorge of the Arizona rose. "Mebebo. You're a dirty dog, Jerry Durand. From the beginning you were a rotten fighter—in the ring and out of it. You and yore strong-arm men! Do you think I'm afraid of you because you surround yourself with dops and yeggmen and hopnuts, all scum of the gutter and filth of the earth? Where I come from men fight clean and out in the open. They'd stomp you out like a rattlesnake."

He whipped open the door, stepped out, closed it, and took the key from his pocket. A moment, and he had turned the lock.

From within there came a rush that shook the panels. Clay was already busy searching for Kitty. He tore open door after door, calling her loudly by name. Even in the darkness he could see that the rooms were empty of furniture.

There was a crash of splintering panels, the sound of a bursting lock. Almost as though it were an echo of it came a heavy, pounding upon the street door. Clay guessed that the thirty minutes were up and that the Run was bringing the police. He dived back into one of the empty rooms

Just in time to miss a rush of men pouring along the passage to the stairs. Cut off from the street, Clay took to the roof again. It would not do for him to be caught in the house by the police. He climbed the ladder, pushed his way through the trapdoor opening, and breathed deeply of the night air.

But he had no time to lose. Already he could hear the tramping of feet up the stairs to the second story. Lightly he vaulted the wall and came to the roof door leading down to number 123. He found it latched. The eaves of the roof projected so far that he could not from there get a hold on the window casings below.

Three men were sitting round a table. They were making a bluff at playing cards, but their attention was focused on a door that evidently led into another room. Two automatic revolvers were on the table close to the hands of their owners. A black-jack lay in front of the third man. Clay recognized him as Gorilla Dave. The other two were strangers to him.

Something evil in the watchfulness of the three chilled momentarily his veins. These fellows were the gunmen of New York—he had read about

—paid assassins whose business it was

to frame innocent men for the penitentiary or kill them in cold blood. They were of the underworld, without conscience and without honor.

A soft step sounded in the corridor behind the man at the keyhole. He had not time to crawl away nor even to rise before a man stumbled against him.

Clay had one big advantage over his opponent. He had been given an instant of warning. His right arm went up around the neck of his foe and tightened there. His left hand turned the doorknob. Next moment the two men crashed into the room together, the Westerner rising to his feet as they came, with the body of the other lying across his back from hip to shoulder.

Gorilla Dave leaped to his feet. The other two gunmen, caught at disadvantage a few feet from the table, dived for their automatics. They were too late. Clay swung his body downward from the waist with a quick, strong jerk. The man on his back shot heels over head as though he had been hurled from a catapult, crashed face up on the table, and dragged it over with him in his forward plunge to the wall.

Before any one else could move or speak, Lindsay's gun was out.

"Easy now." His voice was a gentle drawl that carried a menace. "Lemme be boss of the rodeo a while. No, Gorilla, I wouldn't play with that club if I was you. I'm sure h—l-a-mile on this gunstuff. Drop it!" The last two words came sharp and crisp, for the big thug had telegraphed an unintentional warning of his purpose to dive at the man behind the thirty-eight.

Gorilla Dave's fingers opened and the blackjack dropped from his hand to the floor.

"For the love o' Mike, who is this guy?" demanded one of the other men. "I'm the fifth member of our little party," explained Clay.

"Wot t'ell do youse mean? And what's the big idea in most killin' the chief?"

The man who had been flung across the table turned over and groaned. Clay would have known that face among a thousand. It belonged to Jerry Durand.

"I came in at the wrong door and without announcin' myself," said the cattleman, almost lazily, the unburied indolence of his manner not shaken. "You see I wanted to be on time so as not to keep you waitin'. I'm Clay Lindsay."

The more talkative of the gunmen from the East side flashed one look at the two automatics lying on the floor beside the overturned table. They might as well have been in Brazil for all the good they were to him.

"Move over to the other side of the room, Gorilla, and join yore two friends," suggested the master of ceremonies. "And don't make any mistake. If you do you won't have time to be sorry for it. I'll certainly shoot to kill."

The big-shouldered thug shuffled over. Clay stepped sideways, watching the three gunmen every foot of the way, kicked the automatics into the open, and took possession of them. He felt safer with the revolvers in his coat pocket, for they had been within reach of Durand, and that member of the party was showing signs of a return to active interest in the proceedings.

"When I get you right I'll croak you. By G—d, I will," swore the gang leader savagely, nursing his battered head. "No big stiff from the bushes can run anything over on me."

"I believe you," retorted Clay easily. "That is, I believe you're tellin' me yore intentions straight. There's no news in that to write home about. But you'd better make that if instead of when. This is three cracks you've had at me and I'm still a right healthy rube."

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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  
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  
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 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  
County Clerk

### EXTENSION ROAD NO. 107.

To whom it may concern:—  
The special commissioner 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  
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  
County Clerk

### ROAD NO. 429

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  
County Clerk

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Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.  
A. S. Allen  
County Clerk

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Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.  
A. S. Allen  
County Clerk

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 1/2 of Secs. 29 and 20 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  
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.  
Dated this 24th day of July, 1922.  
E. H. EVANS  
Mayor  
Attest: O. E. Elder  
City Clerk  
(SEAL)

### EXTENSION ROAD NO. 265

To whom it may concern:—  
The special commissioner appointed to locate a road as follows: Commencing at Road No. 265 at the northeast corner of Section twenty nine (29), township nine (9) range twenty seven (27) west thence north about 520 rods on or near the section line as practical, thence in a northerly direction passing around the head of a canyon and back to the section line, thence north to the northeast corner of section Seventeen (17), thence in a north-westerly direction down a ridge about 160 rods, to the main canyon, thence in a north easterly direction along the east bank of the canyon on section eight (8) to the north line of section eight, thence in a northerly direction along the east bank of the canyon on section five (5) to a point about 20 rods south of the Northeast corner of section five (5), thence crossing canyon and going north 20 rods along the north side of canyon to the Northeast corner of Section five (5), thence north about 240 rods on the west section line of Section thirty three (33), township ten (10), range twenty seven (27) west thence in a northeasterly direction around a head of a canyon to a point about 15 rods east of the northwest corner of section thirty three (33), thence east about 140 rods along or as near practical the section line between section thirty three (33) and twenty eight (28) to the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section thirty three (33) township ten (ten) north range twenty seven (27) west of the sixth principal meridian, the above road terminating at Extension of road No. 20 and to be any width up to 66 feet wide to make a good road has been reported in favor thereof, anyone having objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishing of the above described road must file same in Office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska on or before 12 o'clock noon of the 16 day of September 1922 or said road will be allowed without reference thereto.  
Witness my hand and official seal this 8th day of July, 1922.  
A. S. Allen  
County Clerk

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