

# 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, range-keeper 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 range-keeper 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, 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.

(Continued from last issue)

## CHAPTER V

## Arizona Follows Its Lawless Impulse.

The Sea Siren was already beginning to fill up when Clay descended three steps to a cellar and was warily admitted. A near-Hawaiian orchestra was strumming out a dance tune and a few couples were on the floor. Waitresses, got up as Lorelei, were moving about among the guests delivering orders for refreshments.

The westerner sat down in a corner and looked about him. The walls were decorated with crude purple crayons of undressed stens. A statue of a nude woman distressed Clay. He did not mind the missing clothes, but she was so dreadfully emaciated that he thought it wise for her to cling to the yellow-and-red draped barber pole that rose from the pedestal. On the base was the legend, "The Weeping Lady." After he had tasted the Sea Siren fare the man from Arizona suspected that both her grief and her anaemia arose from the fact that she had been fed on it.

A man in artist's velveteens, minus a haircut, with a large, fat, pasty face, sat at an adjoining table and discoursed to his friends. Presently, during an intermission of the music, he rose and took the rest of those present into his confidence.

"Bourgeois to the core," he announced, speaking of the United States. "What are the idols we worship? Law, the chain which binds an enslaved people, thrift, born of childish fear; love of country, which is another name for crass provincialism. I—I am a Cosmopolite, not an American. Bohemia is my land, and all free souls are my brothers. Why should I get wrinkles because Germany sunk the Lusitania a month or two ago? That's her business, not mine."

Clay leaned forward on a search for information. "Excuse me for butting in, and me a stranger. But isn't it yore business when she murders American women and children?"

The pasty-faced man looked at him with thinly disguised contempt. "You wouldn't understand if I explained." "Mebbeso I wouldn't, but you take a whiff at it and I'll listen high, wide, and handsome."

The man in velveteens unexpectedly found himself doing as he was told. There was a suggestion of compulsion about the gray-blue eyes fastened on his, something in the gleam of the strong jaw that brought him up for a moment against stark reality.

"The intelligentsia of a country know that there can be no freedom until there is no law. Every man's duty is to disregard duty. So, by faring far on the wings of desire, he helps break down the slavery that binds us. Obey the Cosmic Urge of your soul regardless of where it leads you, young man."

It was unfortunate for the poet of Bohemia that at this precise moment Kitty Mason, dressed in sandals and a lilac-patterned smock, stood before him with a tray of cigarettes asking for his trade. The naive appeal in her soft eyes had its weight with the poet. What is the use of living in Bohemia if one cannot be free to follow impulse? He slipped an arm about the girl and kissed the crimson lips upturned to him.

Kitty started back with a little cry of distress.

The freedom taken by the near-poet was instantly avenged.

A Cosmic Urge beat in the veins of the savage from Arizona. He took the poet's advice and followed his Lawless Impulse where it led. Across the table a long arm reached. Snowy fingers closed upon the flowing neckwear of the fat-faced orator and dragged him forward, leaving overturned glasses in the wake of his course.

The man in velveteens met the eyes of the energetic manhandler and quailed. This brown-faced barbarian looked very much like business.

"Don't you touch me! Don't you dare touch me!" the apostle of anarchy shrieked as the table crashed down. "I'll turn you over to the police!"

Clay jerked him to his feet. Hard knuckles pressed cruelly into the soft throat of the Villager. "Git down on yore ham bones and beg the lady's pardon. Tell her you're a yellow pup, but you don't reckon you'll ever pull a bone like that again."

The companions of the poet rushed forward to protest at the manhandling of their leader. Those in the rear jammed the front ones close to Clay and his captive. The cow puncher gently but strongly pushed them back. "Don't get on the prod," he advised in his genial drawl. "The poet he's got an important engagement right now."

A kind of scuffle developed. The proprietor increased it by his hysterical efforts to prevent any trouble. Men joined themselves to the noisy group of which Clay was the smiling center. The excitement increased. Distant corners of the room became the refuge of the women. Some one struck at the cow puncher over the heads of those about him. The mass of closely packed human beings showed a convulsive activity. It became suddenly the most popular indoor sport at the Sea Siren to slay this barbarian from the desert who had interfered with the amusements of Bohemia.

But Clay took a lot of slaying. In the rough-and-tumble life of the outdoor West he had learned how to look out for his own hand. The copper hair of his strong lean head rose above the tangle of the melec like the broomlike helmet of Navarre. A reckless light of mirth bubbled in his daredevil eyes. The very number of the opponents who interfered with each other trying to get at him was a guarantee of safety. The blows showered at him lacked steam and were badly timed as to distance.

The pack rolled across the room, tipped over a table, and deluged an artist and his affinity with hot chocolate before they could escape from the avalanche. Chairs went over like ninepins. Stands collapsed. Men grunted and shouted advice. Girls screamed. The Sea Siren was being wrecked by a cyclone from the bad lands.

Arms thrashed wildly to and fro. The local point of their destination was the figure at the center of the disturbance. Most of the blows found other marks. Four or five men could have demolished Clay. Fifteen or twenty found it a tough job because they interfered with each other at every turn. They were packed too close for hard hitting. Clay was not fighting but wrestling. He used his arms to push with rather than to strike blows that counted.

The Arizona could not afterward remember at exactly what stage of the proceedings the face of Jerry Durand impinged itself on his consciousness. Once, when the swirl of the crowd flung him close to the door, he caught a glimpse of it, tight-lipped and wolf-eyed, turned to him with relentless malice. The gang leader was taking no part in the fight.

The crowd parted. Out of the pack a pair of strong arms and lean broad shoulders plowed a way for a somewhat damaged face that still carried a debonaire smile. With pantherish liltiness the Arizona ducked a swinging blow. A moment, and he was outside taking the three steps that led to the street.

Into his laboring lungs he drew deliciously the soft breath of the night. It cooled the fever of his hammered face, was like an icy bath to his hot body. A little dizzy from the blows that had been rained on him, he stood for a moment uncertain which way to go.

(Continued in Next Issue)

## PERSONALS

Mrs. W. K. Denison is entertaining a number of friends this evening at her home, Doran apartments, there being four tables of bridge.

Miss Gladys Chapin, teacher of the kindergarten department of the State Teachers college, entertained the little folks at a picnic this morning at Diamond Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Congdon and son James autoed to Wadena Tuesday and visited friends and relatives, returning to Bemidji in the evening.

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THURSDAY ONLY

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Harnwell and family were entertained yesterday at 1 o'clock dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Sathre and family, Bass Lake, they motoring there in the morning and returning later in the day.

J. W. Naugle left this noon for Indianapolis to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, E. D. Beeson, who passed away Monday at his home in Seattle. On his return trip he expects to visit his daughter, Mrs. H. C. Dunning, at Racine, Wis., and also Mrs. Naugle and grandson Joe, who are visiting there.

Wellington McLaughlin, Seattle, Wash., arrived in Bemidji last Friday surprising his brother, J. J. McLaughlin, 213 Irvine avenue south, whom he had not seen for about 31 years. He will be a guest at his home for some time, and will go to Duluth and Michigan to visit relatives before returning to Seattle.

## DIAMOND POINT PARK

People who registered at Diamond Point yesterday were: Bud J. Williamson, Thomas A. Williamson and Pete Williamson, of Colorado, and Victor Fishbeck of Fosston.

## ELKS LODGE WILL HOLD MEETING THURSDAY NIGHT

The regular business meeting of the B. P. O. E. will be held Thursday evening at the Elk's hall, and a large attendance of members is requested, as there are several applications for membership to be voted upon.

## FIRST LUTHERAN BROTHERHOOD MEET THURSDAY NIGHT

The Lutheran Brotherhood of the First Lutheran church meets in the church parlors Thursday evening, June 1, at 8 o'clock. A good program has been arranged and all members are urged to be present. The public is invited.

## ST. PAUL'S YOUNG PEOPLE MEET TOMORROW NIGHT

The Young People's League of the St. Paul's Evangelical church will meet Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Paul Rickstadt, 609

Irvine avenue, he being host. The business meeting will be followed by a social hour and a large attendance is urged.

## A. F. &amp; A. M. PUTS ON SECOND DEGREE WORK THIS EVENING

All members of the Bemidji lodge No. 233, A. F. & A. M., are requested to be present at the regular meeting of that order to be held at the Masonic hall this evening at 8 o'clock. Following a short business session, work in the second degree will be conferred on a class of candidates.

## RHEUMATISM OVERCOME IN A SHORT TIME

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