

Pawned

Frank L. Packard

Not pawned things but pawned people!

By a curious turn of fate each character in this story finds himself pawned to another. None can act as he himself desires, but only as another dictates.

The strange developments which arise from this circumstance are of absorbing interest, swinging the reader from New York to the South Seas and back again to New York's lower East Side, in a story of adventure, love and rapid-fire incident.

Now On With The Story;

THE JARVIS RECORD

Published every Thursday morning at its office in The Record Building Main Street, Jarvis, Ontario.

THE RECORD PUBLISHING HOUSE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Arrell & Arrell

HAMILTON—Sun Life Building
CALEDONIA—Ropers Block
HARRISON ARRELL, K.C.
County Crown Attorney
S. Cameron Arrell

Kelly, Porter & Kelly

SIMCOE, ONTARIO.
Solicitors for Norfolk County Council
DAVID E. KELLY
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
W. E. Kelly, K.C. J. Porter
County Attorney County Treasurer
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates

PHYSICIANS

I. J. Leatherdale, M.D.

OFFICE HOURS
12 to 12 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m.
7 to 9 p.m.
JARVIS ONTARIO

DR. E. M. JONES

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Hours: 9 to 10 a.m.
2 to 4 p.m.
PHONE 74
OFFICE—In the late Bryce Allen
Residence Jarvis, Ont.

DENTISTS

Dr. R. G. Hyde

DENTIST
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a.m.; 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.
Office above Shields's Hardware
Phone 121
MAIN ST. Hagersville, Ont.

NANTICOKE C. O. F.

NO. 1273
Meets on the last
Monday of each
month.
— Insurance at Cost —
ASBTON EWANS — Secretary

CAPITOL THEATRE SIMCOE

Friday 28 — Saturday 29
Matinee Saturday 2:30
"VENGEANCE"
Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier
Drama of the Congo.
Comedy and Cartoon
Mon. Tues., December 1 — 2
Matinee Monday 2:30
SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS
Clandia Dell
All Color Operetta
Romance — Beauty — Comedy
News Reel and Comedy
Wednesday 3 — Thursday 4
Matinee Wednesday 2:30
"WOMAN TO WOMAN"
Betty Compson
Drama full of human interest
and Pathos.
Hodge Podge and Color Reel
Friday 5 — Saturday 6
"PRINCE OF DIAMONDS"

and made me free of his taro and his breakfast and all his worldly possessions; and it was the old native who took care of me on the other island that gave me the letter. It was a queer sort of letter, too—but never mind that now.

"Splendid isolation! That's me for the last two weeks as a cross between a pariah and a man-of-war! What am I to do? I'm stuck here! What am I to do? I'm stuck here! What am I to do? I'm stuck here!"

"The young man rose to his feet, walked a few steps away along the beach, and came back again. "You're devilishly complimentary," he flung out, with a short laugh. "As I understand it, then, the price I am to pay for getting away from here is the pawning of my soul?"

"No," said the young man, with a twisted smile. "And I'm sure I've got that left! I am beginning to have a suspicion that it was in your branch in San Francisco that I lost my money!"

"You did," said the other coolly. "That is how I came to know you. Though not personally in evidence in the house itself, San Francisco is my home, and my information as to what goes on there at least is fairly accurate."

"But I wasn't through. Steamers do not call here every day. I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I say I was beginning to be afraid of myself and what might happen if I had to stick it out much longer? That manly cur I spoke of had me laughing at the mast from a social standpoint. I tried it again—tonight. Nannu fixed it for me with one of the crew to hang that rope over the side, and—well, I believe you said you had seen what happened. I believe you said, 'that a chance still existed of my sailing with the mail boat, depending upon my story.' He laughed a little rascally. 'I hope it's been interesting enough to bail me out; anyway, that's all of it.'"

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"I hope so." The quill toothpick was busy again. "The decision rests with you. I am not a philanthropist. I am about to offer you a situation—to fill which I have been searching a good many years to find some one who had the necessary qualifications. I am satisfied you are that man. You do not know me; you do not know my name, and though you have already asked what it is, I shall still withhold that information until your decision has been given. If you agree I will here and now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona fide signatures; if you refuse, we will shake hands and part as friends and strangers who have been—shall we use your expression—moon mad under the influence of the wonders of a tropic night."

"What tangency is this?" he demanded coolly.

"The young man rose to his feet, walked a few steps away along the beach, and came back again. "You're devilishly complimentary," he flung out, with a short laugh. "As I understand it, then, the price I am to pay for getting away from here is the pawning of my soul?"

"No," said the young man, with a twisted smile. "And I'm sure I've got that left! I am beginning to have a suspicion that it was in your branch in San Francisco that I lost my money!"

"You did," said the other coolly. "That is how I came to know you. Though not personally in evidence in the house itself, San Francisco is my home, and my information as to what goes on there at least is fairly accurate."

"But I wasn't through. Steamers do not call here every day. I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I say I was beginning to be afraid of myself and what might happen if I had to stick it out much longer? That manly cur I spoke of had me laughing at the mast from a social standpoint. I tried it again—tonight. Nannu fixed it for me with one of the crew to hang that rope over the side, and—well, I believe you said you had seen what happened. I believe you said, 'that a chance still existed of my sailing with the mail boat, depending upon my story.' He laughed a little rascally. 'I hope it's been interesting enough to bail me out; anyway, that's all of it.'"

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"I hope so." The quill toothpick was busy again. "The decision rests with you. I am not a philanthropist. I am about to offer you a situation—to fill which I have been searching a good many years to find some one who had the necessary qualifications. I am satisfied you are that man. You do not know me; you do not know my name, and though you have already asked what it is, I shall still withhold that information until your decision has been given. If you agree I will here and now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona fide signatures; if you refuse, we will shake hands and part as friends and strangers who have been—shall we use your expression—moon mad under the influence of the wonders of a tropic night."

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"What tangency is this?" he demanded coolly.

"The young man rose to his feet, walked a few steps away along the beach, and came back again. "You're devilishly complimentary," he flung out, with a short laugh. "As I understand it, then, the price I am to pay for getting away from here is the pawning of my soul?"

"No," said the young man, with a twisted smile. "And I'm sure I've got that left! I am beginning to have a suspicion that it was in your branch in San Francisco that I lost my money!"

"You did," said the other coolly. "That is how I came to know you. Though not personally in evidence in the house itself, San Francisco is my home, and my information as to what goes on there at least is fairly accurate."

"But I wasn't through. Steamers do not call here every day. I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I say I was beginning to be afraid of myself and what might happen if I had to stick it out much longer? That manly cur I spoke of had me laughing at the mast from a social standpoint. I tried it again—tonight. Nannu fixed it for me with one of the crew to hang that rope over the side, and—well, I believe you said you had seen what happened. I believe you said, 'that a chance still existed of my sailing with the mail boat, depending upon my story.' He laughed a little rascally. 'I hope it's been interesting enough to bail me out; anyway, that's all of it.'"

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"I hope so." The quill toothpick was busy again. "The decision rests with you. I am not a philanthropist. I am about to offer you a situation—to fill which I have been searching a good many years to find some one who had the necessary qualifications. I am satisfied you are that man. You do not know me; you do not know my name, and though you have already asked what it is, I shall still withhold that information until your decision has been given. If you agree I will here and now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona fide signatures; if you refuse, we will shake hands and part as friends and strangers who have been—shall we use your expression—moon mad under the influence of the wonders of a tropic night."

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"What tangency is this?" he demanded coolly.

"The young man rose to his feet, walked a few steps away along the beach, and came back again. "You're devilishly complimentary," he flung out, with a short laugh. "As I understand it, then, the price I am to pay for getting away from here is the pawning of my soul?"

"No," said the young man, with a twisted smile. "And I'm sure I've got that left! I am beginning to have a suspicion that it was in your branch in San Francisco that I lost my money!"

"You did," said the other coolly. "That is how I came to know you. Though not personally in evidence in the house itself, San Francisco is my home, and my information as to what goes on there at least is fairly accurate."

"But I wasn't through. Steamers do not call here every day. I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I say I was beginning to be afraid of myself and what might happen if I had to stick it out much longer? That manly cur I spoke of had me laughing at the mast from a social standpoint. I tried it again—tonight. Nannu fixed it for me with one of the crew to hang that rope over the side, and—well, I believe you said you had seen what happened. I believe you said, 'that a chance still existed of my sailing with the mail boat, depending upon my story.' He laughed a little rascally. 'I hope it's been interesting enough to bail me out; anyway, that's all of it.'"

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"I hope so." The quill toothpick was busy again. "The decision rests with you. I am not a philanthropist. I am about to offer you a situation—to fill which I have been searching a good many years to find some one who had the necessary qualifications. I am satisfied you are that man. You do not know me; you do not know my name, and though you have already asked what it is, I shall still withhold that information until your decision has been given. If you agree I will here and now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona fide signatures; if you refuse, we will shake hands and part as friends and strangers who have been—shall we use your expression—moon mad under the influence of the wonders of a tropic night."

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so great as that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

THEIR STORY.

CHAPTER I. Aladdin's Lamp.

John Bruce, stretched at full length on a luxurious divan in the most sumptuous apartment of the Bayme Miloy, New York's newest and most pretentious hotel, was suddenly startled by a knock and switched off the lights. The same impulse carried him in a few strides to the window. The night was still, and the moon rode high and full. It was the same moon that three months ago he had stared at from the flat of his back on the beach at Apia. A smile, curiously tight and yet curiously whimsical, touched his lips. If it had been "moon-madness" that had fallen upon the gambler king and himself that night it had been a madness that was strangely free in its development from hallucination! That diagnosis more apposite to lay it bluntly to the door of Mephistopheles! From the moment he had boarded the mail steamer he had lived as a man possessed of unlimited wealth, as a man with unlimited funds always in his possession or at his instant command.

He whistled softly. It was, though, if not moon-madness, perhaps the moon, serene and full up there as it had been that other night, which he had been watching from the divan a few minutes before, that had sent his mind scurrying backward over those intervening months. And yet, perhaps not; for there would come often enough, as now, moments of mind groping, yes, even the sense of hallucination, when he was not quite sure but that a certain bubble iridescent beauty before his eyes, would dissolve the next into blank nothingness, and— Well, what would it be then? Another beach at some Apia until another Mephistopheles in some other guise, came to play up against his role of Doctor Faustus again?

He looked sharply behind him around the darkened room, whose darkness did not hide its luxury. His shoulder brushed the heavy silk portiere at his side; his fingers touched a roll of banknotes in his pocket, a generous role, whose individual units were of denominations more generous still. These were realities! Mephistopheles at play! He had left Larmon at Suva, Fiji. Thereafter their ways and their lives lay apart—unworldly. Actually, even here in New York with the continent between them, for Larmon had resumed his life in which he played the role of a benevolent and retired man of wealth in San Francisco, they were in constant and extremely intimate touch with each other.

A modern Mephistopheles! Two men only in the world knew Gilbert Larmon for what he was! One other besides himself! And that other was a man named Maldeck, Peter Maldeck. But only one man knew him, John Bruce, in his new role and that was Gilbert Larmon. Maldeck was the manager of the entire ring of gambling houses, and likewise the clearing house through which the profits flowed into Larmon's coffers; but to Maldeck, he, John Bruce, was exactly what he appeared to be to the world at large, and to the local managers of the gambling houses in particular—a millionaire plunger to whom gambling was as the breath of life. "The inspector of branches" dealt with Gilbert Larmon alone and dealt confidentially and secretly over Maldeck's head—even that invisible writing fluid supplied by the old Samian Islander playing its part when found necessary, for it had been agreed between Larmon and himself that even the most innocuous appearing document received from John Bruce, should be subjected to the salt water test; and he had, indeed, already used it in several of the especially confidential reports that he had sent Larmon on some of the branches.

He shrugged his shoulders. The whole scheme of his changed existence had all been artfully simple and perfectly efficient. He was under no necessity to explain the source of his wealth except in his native city, San Francisco, where he was known and San Francisco was outside his

jurisdiction. With both Larmon and Maldeck making their headquarters, other supervision of the local "branch" was superfluous; elsewhere, John Bruce was ubiquitous—that was all. So, shipping San Francisco, he had come leisurely eastward gambling for a week or two weeks, as the case might be, in the various cities, following as guidance apparently but the whim of his supposedly rose inclinations, and he had eventually found his way back to its original source in the pockets of Gilbert Larmon, via the clearing house conducted by Peter Maldeck. It was extremely simple—but, equally, extremely systematic. The habits of every branch were carefully catalogued. He had only—and casually—to make the acquaintance of one of these in each city, and, in turn, quite inevitably, would follow an introduction to the local "house"; and once introduced, the entire, then or on any subsequent visit to the city, was an established fact.

John Bruce laughed suddenly, softly, out into the night. It had been a crowd bargain that he had made with Mephistopheles! Wealth, luxury, everything he desired in life was his. On the trail he had him in the cities he had already visited he had nightly lost or won huge sums of money until he had become known as the millionaire plunger. It was quite true that inasmuch as the money, whether lost or won, had passed from his right to his left hand, the pockets being represented by the Gilbert Larmon—the gambler—within him was but ill served, almost in a sense mocked; but that phase of it had sunk into insignificance. The whole idea was a scientific gambler—a gambler with life. The whole fabric was of texture most precarious. It exhilarated him. Excitement, adventure—yes, even peril—battered adventure—just ahead. He stood against the police; he stood a very excellent chance of being discovered some morning minus his life if the men he was set to watch, and who now frowned upon him and treated him with awe and an unholly admiration should get an inkling of his real identity and his real purpose in their houses!

He yawned, and as though glorying in his own strength flexed his great shoulders and stretched his arms to their full length above his head. God, it was life! It made of him a superman. He had no human ties to bind him; no restraint to know; no desire that could not be satisfied. The past was wiped away. It was like some reincarnation in which he stood supreme above his fellow men and they bowed to their god. And he was their god. And if he had not nodded approval they would lie, and cheat, and steal,

(Continued next week.)

Hospital for Sick Children

OF COLLEGE ST. TORONTO
(Country Branch, Chatham, Ont.)
December, 1922.

Dear Mr. Editor:
As a friend of afflicted little folks, you will learn with satisfaction that through the benevolence of its supporters the Hospital for Sick Children can enable to increase its services considerably during the next year. In that period the cases were occupied by nearly 7,000 small patients, most of whom were restored, or are well upon the way to recovery now. An enormous amount of good is being accomplished for Ontario's many "tick kids," and by passing this information along to the good-hearted people your newspaper serves you will interest them and at the same time be instrumental in promoting the continuance of this humane service. It is a gigantic undertaking and the hospital needs every bit of help it can get.

Please note the following official figures for the year which ended September 30, 1922, indicating the expansion and rapid expansion of this institution of mercy. Total number of out-patient cases in year, 6,970, an increase of 477 over the previous year; actual number of out-patient days, 122,716, an increase of 11,361; average days stay of all patients, 19. These figures include the wonderful out-patient hospital at Chatham, Ont., where the year's total of patient days was 36,876 and the daily average 101. In addition to this the out-patient department at the main hospital and 58,705 attendances within the year the largest number of patients treated in a single day being 317.

The little sufferers who are ministered to in the hospital for Sick Children come from all over the Province of Ontario. Through this magnificent institution for healing the very poor child has an equal advantage with the very rich in securing the benefit of the finest known medical and surgical skill. There are no strings to admittance of the child requiring hospital care. Need of circumstances in life make no difference at all in the matter. No one ever fear the trustees have to see that every case is properly provided for and that every child is given the best of care. The hospital is a most appropriate place for the child, and the annual appeal for contributions to the hospital is a most appropriate time for the child to share in the good work of the hospital. The hospital is a most appropriate place for the child, and the annual appeal for contributions to the hospital is a most appropriate time for the child to share in the good work of the hospital. The hospital is a most appropriate place for the child, and the annual appeal for contributions to the hospital is a most appropriate time for the child to share in the good work of the hospital.

Patricius Young,
IRVING A. ROBERTSON
Chairman of Appeal Committee