

IN PAWN

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In Pawn by Ellis Parker Butler

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ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IN PAWN



HARVEY & LEM -

IN PAWN

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AUTHOR OF "FIGS IS FIGS," "PELO GUBB,
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL DETECTIVE," "SWATTY,"
"GOAT-FEATHERS," ETC.

With Illustrations

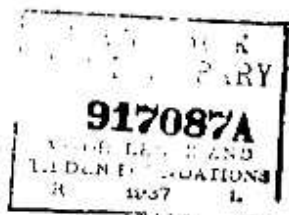


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Drawn by R. L. LAMBDM

Women 13 Oct. 1937

IN PAWN

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CHAPTER I

LEM REDDING had a dimple in his cheek that appeared when he smiled. For a boy with a faceful of freckles he was pretty. He had clear, bright gray eyes, and his smile, aided by the dimple, made most folks love him at sight. His hair was brown, as his dead mother's had been; in fact he was much like that mother in more ways than one — far more like her than he was like Harvey Redding, his father. Lem was quick, agile, lively, and Harvey was plumb lazy.

Without an exception Harvey Redding was the laziest man in or near Riverbank. He was one of the heaviest men, too, for he was a glutton. He loved food. He ate too much and he drank too much and he sat too much, all of which increased his girth. He was as huge as Falstaff.

For two or three years Harvey Redding had been meaning to get a new belt, but, somehow, he never "got around to it," and for quite a

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while the tongue of the belt buckle had been in the last hole, while Harvey himself kept right on enlarging. As a result the belt made a tight band around his middle and seemed cutting him in two. When Harvey leaned forward the belt entirely disappeared under a great roll of fat and his face turned purple.

In most respects Harvey was the best-natured, easiest-going man in the world, but he had fits of intense irritation, when he lost his temper entirely and "dod-basted" like a trooper. These spells came, usually, when he had to do any work. Moving was work for him. He lost his placidity if he had to get out of his chair to close a door, or put a stick of wood in the stove, or do any hard labor of that sort. He also lost his temper over accidents, as when he fell asleep in his chair — as he did every half-hour during the day — and his lighted pipe fell in at the open bosom of his gray flannel shirt and burned his skin. At such times he "dod-basted" everybody and everything, and almost got out of his chair.

The chair he liked best was an ancient hickory rocker which he had braced and trussed with stout wires. On the seat was a round cushion