## The Deluge

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

attack, but had so far hedged himself in that, had his closest lieutenants been trapped and frightened into "squealing," he would not have been involved; without gear of exposure and with a clear conscience he could—and would!—have joined in the denunciation of the man who had been caught, and could—and would!—have joined helped send him to the penitentitary or to the scaffold. With the security of an honest man and the terenity of a Christian he planned his colossal thefts and reaped their benefits; and whenever he was accused, he could have explained everything, could have got his accuser's sympathy and admiration. I say, could have explained everything, could have got his accuser's sympathy and admiration. I say, could have explained the first principle of successful crime—silence. No matter what the provocation or the seeming set yantage, he uttered only a few generous phrases such as "brases what the prevocation or the seeming advantage, he uttered only a few generous phrases, such as "those misguided men," or "the Master teaches us to bear with meckness the calumnies of the wicked," or "let him that is without sin cast the first stone." As to the crime itself—silence, and the dividends.

A great man, Roesuck! I doff my hat to him. Of all the dealers in stolen goods under police protection, who so shrewd as he?

one of the coal railreads and made Wilmot president of it. Wilmot, taught by twen-ty years of his service, knew what was ex-pected of him, and proceeded to do it. He put in a "loyal" general freight agent who also needed no instructions, but busied bimself at destroying his own and all the other coal roads by a system of secret rebates and rate cuttings. As the other roads, one by one, descended toward bank-ruptcy, Roebuck bought the comparatively cmall blocks of stock necessary, to give him control of them. When he had power over enough of them to establish a partial monopoly of transportation in and out of the coal districts, he was ready for his Heutenant to attack the mining properties. Probably his orders to Wilmot were noth-ing more definite or less innocent than: "Wilmot, my boy, don't you think you and
I and some others of our friends ought
to buy some of those mines, if they come
on the market at a fair price? Let me
know when you hear of any attract've inwestments of that sort."

That would have been quite enough to "tip it oft" to Wilmot that the time had come for reaching out from control of rail-way to control of mine. He lost no time; he easily forced one mining property after nother into a position where its owners were glad—were eager—to sell all or part of the wreck of it "at a fair price" to him and Roebuck and "our friends." It was the result of one of these moves that the great Manasquale mines were so hemmed in by ruinous freight rates, by strike troubles, by floods from broken machinery and mysteriously. from broken machinery and mysteriously caky dams, that I was able to buy them

the comparatively small holdings necesent prices for future delivery was no sary to create confusion and disaster; more of gamble than depositing cash in second, create confusion and disaster, the United States treasury. buying up more and more wreckage; third, reorganize; fourth, offer the new stocks and bonds to the public with a mighty blare of trumpets which produces a boom market; fifth, unload on the public, pass dividends, issue unfavorable statements, depress prices, buy back cheap what you thave sold dear. Repeat ad infintum, for the law is for the laughter of the strong, and the public is an eager ass. To keep up the fiction of "respectability," the inside ring divides into two parties for its destroy elsewhere. As their collusion is merely tacit, no conscience need twitch. I must add that, at the time of which I am writing, I did not realize the existence of this conspiracy. I knew, of course, that many lawless and savage things were of enthusiasm for Roebuck. I can see his done, that there were rascals among the high financiers, and that almost all finan-ciers now and then did things that were more or less rascally; but I did not know, did not suspect, that high finance was through and through brigandage, and that the high financier, by long and unmolested practice of brigandage, had come to look on it as legitimate, lawful business, and on laws forbidding or hampering it as outrageous, socialistic, anarchistic, "attacks upon the social order!"

I was sufficiently infected with the spirit he financier, I frankly confess, to look on the public as a sort of cow to milk and ready to be driven in and milked again. Does not the cow produce milk not for her own use but for the use of him who looks after her, provides her with pasturage and shelter and saves her from the calamities in which her lack of foresight and of other intelligence would involve her, were she not looked after? And is not the fact that the public-beg pardon, the cow-meekly and evenly cheerfully submits to the bilk-ing proof that God intended her to be the servant of the Roebucks-beg pardon again, of man?

Plausible, isn't it?

Roebuck had given me the impression that it would be six months at least, before what I was in those fatuous days thinking of as "our" plan for "putting the coal industry on a sound business basis" would be ready for the public. So, when he sent for me shortly after I became engaged to Miss Ellersiy, and said: "Mel-ville will publish the plan on the first of stext month and will open the subscription books on the third—a Thursday," I was taken by surprise and was anything but pleased. His words meant that if I wished to make a great fortune, now was the time to buy coal stocks, and buy heavily-for on the very day of the publication of the plan every coal stock would surely soar. Buy I must; not to buy was to throw away a fortune. Yet how could I buy when I was gambling in Textile up to my limit of safety, if not beyond?

A did not dare confess to Rochuck what I was doing in Texile. He was bitterly oposed to stock gambling, denouncing it as both immoral and unbusinesslike. No gambling for him! When his business sagacity and foresight(?) informed him that a certain stock was going to be worth a great deal more than it was then quoted at, he would buy outright in large quantities; when that same sagacit; and foresight of the fellow who has himself marked the cards warned him that a stock was about 'o fall, he sold outright. But as both immoral and unbusinesslike. No

As nearly as I can get at it, when Roe-buck was luring me into National Coal he had not for nine years been open to track, but had so far hedged himself in that had be closest luring and it is sambling operation, he would straight way

swer. "I have all of those stocks I wish at present."

Whether it is peculiar to me, I don't know-probably not but my memory is so constituted that it takes an indelible and complete impression of whatever is sent to it by my eyes and ears; and just as by looking closely you can fird in a photographic plate a hundred details that escape your glance, so on those memory plates of mine I often find long afterward many and many a detail that escaped me many and many a detail that escaped me when my eyes and ears were taking the impression. On my memory plate of that moment in my interview with Roebuck, I find details so significant that my failing to put the coal industry into condition for 'reorganization." He bought control of one of the coal railroads and made Wilmot stunce, I find that just before he spoke stance, I find that just before he spoke those words declining my assistance and implying that he had already increased his holdings, he opened and closed his hands several times, finally closed and clinehed them—a sure sign of energetic nervous action, and in that particular instance a sign of deception, because there was no energy in his remark and no reason for energy. I am not superstitious, but I be-lieve in palmistry to a certain extent, Even more than the face are the hands a

> But I was then too intent upon my dilemma carefuly to study a man who had already lulled me into absolute confidence a him. I left him as soon as he would et me go. His last words were, "No gambling, Matthew! No abuse of the op-portunity God is giving us. Be content with the just profits from investment, ive seen gamblers come and go, many of tem able men-very able men. But they have melted away, and where are they! And I have remained and have increased, blessed be God who has saved me from the temptations to try to reap where I had not sown! I feel that I can trust you. You began as a speculator, but success has steaded you, and you have put your self on the firm ground where we see the solid men into whose hands God has given the development of the abounding resources of this beloved country of ours

Do you wonder that I went away with a heart full of shame for the gambling projects my head was planning upon the information that good man had given me? I shut myself in my private office for "at a fair price"—that is, at less than onefifth their value. But at the time—and for
a long time afterward—I did not know, on
my honor did not suspect, what was the
cause, the sole cause, of the change of the coal region from a place of peaceful in-custry, content with fair profits, to an industrial chaos with ruin impending.

I looked at the National Coal problem from Once the railways and mining companies every standpoint—so I thought. And I were all on the verge of bankruptcy, Roecould see no possible risk. Did not Roecould buck and his "friends" were ready to buy, buck's statement make it certain as sunthere control for purposes of speculation, there ownership for purposes of perminent investment. This is what is known as the reorganizing stage. The processes of high finance are very simple—first, buy

> "You've gone back to gambling lately, Matt," said I to myself, "You've been on You've been on a bender, with your head aftre. You must get out of this Textile business as soon as possible. But it's good sound sense to plunge on the coal stocks. In fact, your profits there would save you if by some mischance Textile should rise instead of fall. Acting on Roebuck's tip isn't gambling, it's insurance.

I emerged to issue orders that soon side ring divides into two parties for its taxampaigns—one party to break down, the other to build up. One takes the profits from destruction and departs, perhaps to gambling-hater, Roebuck, had begged me to be—with buying only what stock I could to be—with buying only what stock I could be to be to be to be to be to be the profits of I pay for; I went plunging on, contracting for many times the amount I could have

> smile as he listened. "I had no idea you were an expert on

the trumpets of praise, Blacklock," said he finally, "A very showy accomplish-ment," he added, "but rather dangerous, don't you think? The player may become erchanted by his own music." ichanted by his own music."
"I try to look on the bright side of

things," said I, "even of human nature.
"Since when?" drawled he.

I aughed-a good, hearty laugh, for this shy reference to my affair of the heart tickled me. I enjoyed to the full only in long retrospect the look he gave me.
"As toon as a man falls in love," said
he, "trustees should be appointed to take charge of his estate."

"You're wrong there, old man," I re plied. "I've never worked harder or with a clearer head than since I learned that there are"-I hesitated, and ended lamelyother things in life."

handsome face suddenly Langdon's darkened, and I thought I saw in his eyes a look of savage pain. "I envy you," said he with an effort at his wonted lightness and synicism. But that look touched my heart; I talked no more of my own happi-To do so, I felt would be like bringing laughter into the house of grief.

TRAPPED AND TRIMMED. TRAPPED AND TRANSCE There are two kinds of dangerous temptations—those that tempt us, and those that don't. Those that don't give us a false notion of our resisting power, and so make us easy victims to the and so make us easy victims to the others. I thought I knew myself pretty thoroughly, and I believed there was nothing that could tempt me to neglect my business. With this delusion of my strength firmly in mind, when Anita became a temptation to neglect business, I said to myself: "To go up town during business hours for long lunches, to spend the mornings selecting flowers to spend the mornings selecting flowers and presents for her—these thinks look like neglect of business, and would be so in some men. But I couldn't neglect business. I do them because my af-fairs are so well ordered that a few hours of absence now and then makes

enterprise nothing could possibly hapenterprise nothing could possibly hapen to disturb it; I was all ready for
he first of July announcement and
soom. Never did I have a lighter heart
han when I joined Anita and her
riends at Sherry's. It seemed to me
er friendliness was less perfunctory,
less a matter of appearances. And the
un was bright, the air delicious, my
ealth perfect. It took all the strength
f all the straps Monson had put on
ny natural spirits to keep me from beng exuberant.

the way you act. Or, is it because I'm getting used to you?"
"No-it's-" I began, but stopped there. Some day I would confess about Monson, but not yet. Also I hoped the change wasn't altogether due to Monson and the dancing master and my imitation of the tricks of speech and manner of the people in her set.

She did not notice my abrupt halt. Indeed, I often caught her at not listening to me. I saw that she wasn't listening to me now.

tening to me now.
"You didn't hear what I said," I accused somewhat sharply, for I was irritated—as who would not have been? She started, gave me that hurried, pologetic look that was bitterer to

ne than the most savage insult would ave been.
"I began your pardon," she said.

We were talking of—of changes, veren't we?"
"We were talking of me," I answered.

"We were talking of me," I answered.
"Of the subject that interests you, not at all."

She looked at me in a forlorn sort of way that softened my irritation with sympathy, "I've told you how it is with me," she said. "I do my best to please you. I—"

"Damn your best!" I cried. Don't try to please me. Be yourself. I'm not a slave driver, I don't have to be concilated. Can't you ever see that I'm not your tyrant? Do I treat you as any other man would feel he had the right to treat the girl who had engaged herself to him? Do I ever thrust my feelings or wishes—or—longings on you?? And do you think repression easy for a man of my think repression easy for a man of my

"You have been very good," she said

humbly.
"Don't you ever say that to me again." I half commanded half pleaded.
"I won't have you always putting me in the position of a kind and indulgent

She halted and faced me.
"Why do you want me, anyhow?"
she cried. Then she noticed several she cried. Then she noticed several loungers on a bench staring at us and grinning; she flushed and walked on.
"I don'tiknow," said L. "Because I'm a fool, probably. My common sense tells me I can't hope to break through that shell of self complacence, you've been cased in his proposed. that shell of self complacence you've been cased in by your family and your associates. Sometimes I think I'm mis-taken in you, think there isn't any real, human blood left in your veins, that you're like the rest of them-a human you're like the rest of them—a numan bod" whose heart and mind have been taken out and a machine substituted— a machine that can say and do only a narrow little range of conventional things—like one of those French dolls." a human

You mustn't blame me for that,"
she said gently. I realize,
too — and I'm ashamed of it.
But—if you could know how I've
been educated. They've treated me as the Flathead Indian women treat their babies—keep their skulls in a press—isn't that it?—until their heads and brains grow of the Flathead pattern. Only, somehow, in my case—the process wasn't quite complete. And so, instead of being contented like the other stead of being contented like the other stead of being contented like the other Flathead girls, I'm—almost a rebel, at times. I'm neither the one thing nor the other—not natural and not Flat-head, not enough natural to grow away from Flathead, not enough Flat-

away from Flathead, not enough Flathead to get rid of the natural."
"I take back what I said about not knowing why I—I want you, Anita," I said. "I do know why—and—well, as I told you before, you'll never regret marrying me."

(Continued Next Week.)

The Father of Emperors. From the London Mail, An anecdote, hitherto unpublished, con-

erning Archduke Francis Charles, father of the emperor of Austria, appears in a new book written by a retired diplomat, says our Vienna correspondent.

During a walk alone in the Styrian bills the archduke got into conversation with a talkative farmer, who, after giving a good deal of information about his own family addenly asked the archduke: "What's your father?"

"Emperor," was the answer, "Look here," said the farmer, "if you want to be funny don't you shout. There are gendarmes about, and you might easily get run in for lese majeste! I dare say you've a brother. What's he?"
"Oh, he's an emperor, too,"
"Well, you're a funning."

"Well, you're a funny chap," said the farmer, laughing heartily. "Have you any "Yes, thank God; there's my boy, Fran-

'What's he?" "Emperor."
"Ha, ha!" roared the farmer, digging

the father of emperors in the ribs. "Have you any more sons of that sort?" 'Yes, a second called Max.'

"Isn't he an emperor?"
"Yes, he is also an emperor." After relieving his feelings by giving a wild leap in the air the farmer clapped the arshduke on the shoulder and said: "Look here, old friend. The next time you're passing Mariazell asylum drop see if there happens to be a place vacant."

A Pertect Example.

A lawyer whose mouth was extra-ordinarily large, had on the witness lawyer: "'A non-possibility?" Now will you tell this court and this jury what you mean by a non-possibility? Give us an example." "Well," said the witness, "I think it 'u'd be a non-possibility to make your mouf enny bigger

## How the Wanderer Sighs for a Home Christmas

To the wanderer, the man who spends his days traveling from one place to another, whose stop in town is just long enough to make a few friends and who then moves on to newer pastures. Christmas is about the

mas present, but in the Christmas past, Memories which for months have been lying dormant come to the surface and as he smokes and dreams, he forgets his present surroundings, and dwells in his present surroundings, and dwells in the reminiscences which bring a half smile to his lips and which make him feel the terrible uselessness of his life. Some one has declared that when God made man and burdened him with sor-rows he also placed tobacco in the world for solace and to tobacco the wanderer turns, knowing that in its cloud dreams, he can at least still the gnawing loneliness in his breast.

The pipe is an old acquaintance. It has been with him on many such other occasions and may have been given to him as a Christmas present many years. But the latter is a mere possibility, the probability being that if a Christmas present he never would have the courage to smoke it. With nervous fingers the wanderer lifts the match to fingers the wanderer lifts the match to the bow, his mind seething with things he had hoped and thought he had long forgotten. As the smoke rises to the ceiling, enveloping him in its vapory curtaining, it takes the form of old faces, some dead, some living and all up to that time forgotten. Before him there rises the scene of a Christmas past. Through the smoke he sees a mental picture of the eternai sea, black and angry, rising and falling. The white-crested waves strike against the sides of the tiny tramp steamer, batsides of the tiny tramp steamer, bat-tering unceasingly. He sees himself at the bow gazing ahead as the boat, pitching and groaning, creaking and rolling, crashes its way through the

glimmer and die down in the distance and the loneliness he knows so well creeps over him. From the focs'le underneath his feet rises the voices of men in anger. Greeks, Italians and Portuguese of the lowest type, the scum of southern Europe, sandbagged and shanghaied aboard, form the crew, and thay are fighting aroung the properties.

Mas he has spent this year, and, smiling at his momentary weakness, rises from his seat.

Pure Obstinacy.

From Lippincott's.

A little girl who reads nature books, voice of the mate, deep with curses of the channel, routing from their warm bunks the new watch. They come out bunks the new watch. They come out angrily, and one of them rushes at the mate with the evident intention of knifing him. Through the darkness he dimly sees the mate's arm swing and the man goes down to the deck with a sobbing grunt. A minute later as the wanderer passes him he sees blood flowing from his head and freezing on the ice covered decks. He is used to such scenes, and as he hastily used to such scenes, and as he hastily climbs the companionway to the wheelhouse he wishes some one would bring him a glass of grog that night.

The sea fades away from his sight and another picture appears. There is nothing now but a few date trees, a well of brackish water and a space of sand stretching far to the horizon, sparkling and glinting in the hot sunlight and dazzling the eyes. He smiles at that Christmas dinner. Everybody has placed a mackintosh on the hot sand, a bottle of Bass' ale at each cor-ner to keep it from being carried away by the wind, and in the shade of the stunted date trees, there on the edge of the Rajputana desert, he takes his Christmas dinner. The food is nearly all tinned-with a flavor of exceeding tinniness. The ale is sticky and the water impure. Yet they all laugh as they sit down at the impromptu meal, toasting each other royally in the flat, tasteless ale and hoping to meet under tasteless ale and hoping to meet under the lecture, better circumstances next time. As they eat and drink, the sand devils, "they are not worth lecturing to."

whip across their faces stinging like a whip across their faces stinging like a lash, clogging the food and blinding their eyes. One of them suffers from ophthalmia and another has to pour out his water for him. The wanderer sees it all again. The heat, the sand and the orient, that glamorous orient, he sees it all and sighs as the memory of it gives way to another picture. of it gives way to another picture.

of all the straps Monson had put on my natural spirits to keeps me from being exuberant.

I had fully intended to be back at my office half an hour before the Exchange closed—this in addition to the obvious precaution of leaving orders that they were to telephone me far any office half an hour before the Exchange change closed—this in addition to the obvious precaution of leaving orders that they were to telephone me far any office half any that they were to telephone me far any office half any that they were to telephone me far any office half any that they were to the look at my watch until a quarter to three. I had a momentary qualing there can change the think of the mean who is just look at my watch until a quarter to three. I had a momentary qualing the example of the think of the watch the far any office we are chosing with Textile sluggish and and partner, Ball. As I had though, to everything was quiet; the Exchange was closing with Textile sluggish and any office half and I toke. As we strolled about there, it seemed to me I was making more headway with her than in all the times I had seen her since we became engaged. At each meeting I had had to begin at the beginning once more, almost as if we had not the meanwhile taken on all, or almost all, her original reserve, it was as if see forgo me the first may be all this conviction and scorn for such mand portners of the weak of the property in the extended of the property is the case of the converse of the property in the extended of the property of the case of the property of the case of the property is the property in the extended of the property is the property of the case of the property in the extended of the property in the presence of the property in the case of the property in the presence of the property in the case of the pr It is in a police station in Omaha where he, with two other newspaper-

stant, struggling into overcoats; the door at the end of the corridor swings onen. The police captain runs out of his office thrusting a revolver into his belt. From corners there spring up nolicemen and detectives, all rushing to the patrol wagon. Then there is the hurried dash through the night, the patrol wagon swaying over the cobble-stones, the rotary bell clang-clanging loud through the cold night. There is a knifing at a dance hall in the lower part of town. The wagon dashes up to the door of the hall, but before it has stopped its occupants have jumped out and are cleaving their way through the crowd congregated at the door. Bohe-mians they are from the packing houses mians they are from the packing houses in South Omaha. Most of them are drunk and all of them are armed. Inside the hall the air is heavy with to-bacco smoke, so much so that the flaming gas jets around the walls burn with a sickly yellowish flame.

In one corner of the hall lies the man who has been knifed, and as the police surgeon heads over him he whisners to

surgeon bends over him he whispers to the newspaper men that the wound is a bad one. The man is soaked in blood, his hair lies damp on his flushed fore-head and his breath comes and goes in whistles. The story is the old one. Two men fighting over a woman. And the woman herself leaning against a bar at one corner of the hall, smiles at the newspaper men who are promising to

put her name in the paper.

So another night goes and the wanderer smokes on and on, conjuring up old stories, old times and old dinners, smiling and sighing till his pipe goes out. He tries to light it again, but the It is bitterly cold—the damp cold of the foggy seas—and he swings his arm against his sides in an effort to keep warm. The lights of a liner flash, glimmer and die down in the distance was the large to light it again, but the tobacco is finished and it leaves a bitter taste in his mouth. As he knocks out the ashes of his pipe he thinks that next year he will think of the Christmas he has spent this year, and, smil-

shanghaied aboard, form the crew, and they are fightling among themselves. But he heeds them not. Soon it will be his trick at the wheel, and as he thinks the ship's bell clangs, its quick double strokes almost being lost in the whistling of the wind in the rigging, the unceasing dashing of the waters against the sides and groaning rattle of the engines. He hears the hoarse voice of the mate, deep with curses of the grant of the water are the hoarse of the mate, deep with curses of the water are the hoarse to be the mate, deep with curses of the mate d cause of such cruelty.

"He's so stubborn," replied the little

"A rabbit stubborn! Why, child, I never heard of such a thing. What is he stubborn about?" "I'm trying to teach him the multi-'I'm trying to teach nim the multi-plication table, and he just won't try to learn, nor even say it over after me. Now, you say it, sir, 'Three times two are six—three times three are nine.'" But the rabbit didn't say it, and again auntie inquired into her little nieces' cond ct a stwo or three more cuffs were administered to the poor creature's all

too convenient ears.
"Why, auntie," explained the girl,
"the books all say that rabbits multiply faster than any other animals, and this obstinate little creature won't even go through the three times threes with

Coeducation.

From Harper's Weekly, A well known university professor has a dilemma in which he is wont to entrap advocates of coeducation.

"If you lecture to twenty boys and twenty girls in the same room," he asks, "will the boys attend to the lecture or to the

Of course the coeducationist, to be consistent, must say that they will listen to



'Yep; he's tickled cause he didn't git nuthin' on Chris'mas." "His pa got too full ter give him de lickin' he'd promised him?"

MUBBY'S CHRISTMAS ECONOMY.



Benny-Mamma, is papa going to give me an automobile or a toy pistol or Christmas?

Mother-I don't know that he is going to give you either. What makes you Benny-Well, he was talking to the

fife insurance man about me this morn.

THE DISSATISFIED. The man whose nature is perverse

Can ne'er enjoy the season's glee. In winter he wants roses and In summer time a Christmas tree. IT WOULD SEEM SO.

The Moralizer-Truth is stranger

The Demoralizer-Yes, and the majority of men seem to be shy of asso-

MISTLETOE AND KISSING.



She-I expected some mistletoe. He-Never mind. I can work with.

CAUSE OF HER SORROW.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times and had been helped bountifully to all the other good things that go to make an idea Christmas dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at er unfinished dish of plum pudd "What's the matter, Ethel?" er unfinished asked

Uncle John. "You look mournful." "That's the trouble," said Ethel. "I'm

And then she wondered why every. body laughed.

CRUEL OF HIM.

"Now, just look at these miniature biscuits I baked," said the egotistical wife. "They are dainty little tablets." "Yes," spoke the brute husband, "dyspepsia tablets."

A CONFESSION THAT FAILED. "So you concluded to dispel the Santa Claus myth from the mind of your

youngest son?" "Yes," said the thoughtful citizen. "You see, I thought that it would be better to hurt his feelings than to countenance deception in any form." "And were his feelings burt?"

"Not at all. He looked at me pityingly and said he guessed I had been one of the bad boys to whom Santa Claus did not pay any attention."

A CHRISTMAS POINTER.



Mrs. Swemington-How do you know that the woman next door is going to get a Persian lamb jacket for Christ-

Mr. Swellington-Why, didn't you say you were determined to have one?

A Lesson in the Art.
From Puck.
The Complete Angler—Yes, the bass is the willest of the finny tribe all right, as this little incident will show. One day while engaged in my favorite pursuit, I dropped a valuable diamond ring in the water. The following day I cast my line water. The following day teas in the mear the spot where the ring disappeared and soon landed a five-pound bass. Now, what do you suppose the camp cook found inside that fish?

The Chorus of Novices—Haw! Haw! Haw! The missing jewelry, of course!

The Complete Angler—Ah poys you

The Complete Angler—Ah, boys, you seem to forget about the wiliness of the bass. What the cook really found was a pawn ticket for the ring!