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STORIES From the BIG CITIES



Why Snakes Roamed in Classic Chicago Suburb

CHICAGO.—It was Main street, Evanston, the classic suburb of this city. It was after midnight—some minutes past the time when a great industry in Chicago closes up for a day. The thick-set man was ambling slowly along the walk, at peace with the world. He was even singing. Suddenly he stopped; a small garter snake had wriggled across his path.

The song ended. The man closed his eyes, and laughed foolishly. Then he opened them again. This time there was even singing. Suddenly he stopped; a small garter snake had wriggled across his path.

The man threw his hat at them, laughed nervously, and walked on. And every few feet he saw more snakes.

Three college students, walking arm in arm, exuberant vocally, started stupidly at the snakes, turned and ran. A thin man with his hat askew screamed that he was bitten.

The reason?—The "tub scouts"—the boys of the block, annoyed at the regular Saturday night and Sunday morning demonstrations on Main street, collected two pails of snakes Saturday morning and put them to work.



Tips and "War Babies", Form Rich Combination

NEW YORK.—Here is evidence that the "War Babies" have increased the bank roll of the serving man. The other day a guest of the Plaza hotel found a bank book in the grill showing deposits of \$25,000. He turned it over to the management of the hotel. The book was placed in the safe and the clerks notified to look out for the owner.

For several days it was noticed that one of the servitors was wearing a mournful look, but his associates thought he was laboring under the burden of some great tragedy. He was, he was wondering who had found his bank book. It was quite by accident that the waiter, who is a firm believer in the tipping system, overheard the assistant manager telling of the finding of the bank book. A few minutes later the deft juggler of eatables approached the hotel official and diffidently asked him to get the bank book, and please not to "tip off" the head waiter that it was his. For the latter might think it was time for him to retire on his income. The assistant manager breathed heavily, for he had just tipped this waiter.

The waiter was much relieved. But the various officials of the hotel, from managing director to the room clerks, are all wearing deeply thoughtful expressions.

Now, this Madam Miralthe had told her brother, Saturnin, in so many words that she would not marry again, and that when she died her money and property would go to his children. Saturnin was not greedy or covetous, but he was disturbed when he heard

stories to the effect that Cantegrel was courting his sister with great enthusiasm, and that his sister regarded him with unmistakable favor. Saturnin had reason to believe that Cantegrel was a wicked man, and he went to Toulouse to investigate. There he heard many rumors which amounted to nothing, and one story which he considered worth investigating: It was to the effect that Cantegrel had committed various crimes in Narbonne, where he formerly lived.

Saturnin Siadoux was a close-mouthed man. He told his children that he was going to Narbonne for a few days, but said nothing about the purpose of his visit. A day or two after his departure the sons received a letter announcing his arrival at Narbonne, and saying that he would return home on a certain day. There was so much affection and good feeling in this family that the sons and daughters decided to have a big supper to celebrate the father's return, and so invited various friends, including the cure, Father Pierre Celestin Chabard. The hour came when the parent should have returned, but he was missing. The guests sat at the groaning board; they waited an hour or two, and then it was assumed that Saturnin must have been delayed somewhere, so the feast was proceeded with. And throughout the feast the conduct of the priest attracted the attention of the younger son. Father Chabard, who usually was fond of good viands, could not eat. He trifled with his food, and sighed heavily.

The guests departed after the meal, and the children and Madam Miralthe looked anxiously up the road time and again for the belated Saturnin. At last they beheld a body of a man stretched on a litter. He had been stabbed eleven times where he had fallen, on the bank of the Lers river.

The officers of justice busied themselves, but could find no clue that pointed to the murderer. The three sons of Saturnin, who loved their father passionately, vowed that they would track down and bring the criminal to punishment if they had to devote their lives to the task. The two older sons sought for clues everywhere, and all in vain. The whole business was in impenetrable mystery. The younger son said little, but sat brooding and thinking in quiet places. At last he went to his two brothers and said: "If we would know the truth we must force it from Father Chabard! He knows! He knew when he was at our feast why father did not return!"

The older brothers were shocked; the younger brother was insistent. The latter had force of character, and soon brought his brothers to his way of thinking. They consulted together a long time, and decided upon a plan for learning the truth.

Louis and Thomas went to the priest's house, and told him that Madam Miralthe was in great distress, and begged his presence. The cure, always ready to help others, agreed to go at once, although the night was wild and wet. He accompanied them to the Siadoux home.

"Come into the factory first," said they, and the priest, who seemed dazed with trouble, followed them. There the younger son was standing by a huge caldron of boiling oil. He locked the door after the others entered.

He pointed significantly to the caldron. The unfortunate priest trembled as the brothers closed around him. His eyes were full of agony, his lips bloodless, and his brow covered with cold sweat.

"Our father was brought home murdered," said the inexorable Jean. "Do you know who slew him?"

"I do," feebly answered the cure. "Then name him!"

"Never!" shrieked the priest. "My knowledge was obtained in the confessional. If I betray the secrets of the confessional I commit sacrilege. Beware, my sons!"

Jean motioned to his brothers. They, stalwart men, seized the priest and held him over the bubbling oil. The horror of the awful death that threatened him was too much for the cure. "I will tell," he gasped, and they put him down on the floor. Then, weeping, racked with anguish and remorse, the priest said that Cantegrel had confessed, immediately after murdering Saturnin. In some way the butcher had learned of the old man's trip to Narbonne, and guessed at the nature of his errand. He knew that

Historic Crimes and Mysteries by Walt Mason

THE CURE AND THE CALDRON.

To the tired traveler the village of Croix-Daraude, three miles from Toulouse, is much like other drowsy French villages; but if he remains there a few hours he will hear a story that will awaken his interest in the place. For Croix-Daraude was the theater of a crime that has been talked about in the vicinity for more than two hundred years.

In the year 1700 Saturnin Siadoux was a prosperous oil manufacturer there. He had his own establishment, was out of debt, and was happy and comfortable in his family relations. He was sixty years old, a widower, and the father of three sons and two daughters. He had a sister, the widow Miralthe, who lived at Toulouse. Her husband had left her well provided for, although his affairs were badly tangled when he died in an unexpected and extemporaneous manner. She had a neighbor named Cantegrel, who was of the greatest assistance in straightening out her financial affairs. Cantegrel was a butcher, but he was well educated and had the acumen of a lawyer, and he didn't charge the widow a red sou for his aid. It is not surprising, therefore, that Madam Miralthe was grateful.

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