

Waited 20 Years For Revenge

Girls in Tunisian cabarets still chant of lovely young Bianca. She married an Italian camel corps officer and for a time they lived happily, if tempestuously, at a coastal station.

Then she became bored with him. But he was still in love with her, and passionately jealous.

After a quarrel one day, she left him. Desperately he searched for Bianca, and at last he found her — at the house of her lover. Stealing through the doorway of an upper room, he caught them together. Mad with rage, he whipped out his service revolver and fired six shots at point-blank range. The bullets streamed into Bianca's body. She should have died instantly, for she bled into her neck, and split her tongue.

Yet, three months later, Bianca stood up in court and gave evidence against her husband! In a voice betraying not the slightest vestige of the injury she expressed feelings of hurt that he had tried to kill her for what she termed was a "rather light-hearted escapade."

He must have known all the time it was him she really loved, she murmured. Not long afterwards Bianca's husband died, but from all accounts she did not seem unduly brokenhearted.

Many people, in trying to get even with others, have fallen into their own traps. A young Austrian girl, twenty-four-year-old Karin Sudbach, was jilted by a handsome Viennese dancing master. She swore to level accounts with the blonde named Erika who had enticed him away.

"I'll arrange a most beautiful accident for her," whispered Karin.

"It will be so lovely just a little fall, a little splash and good-bye, Erika! No one will ever know. And then Karin, my beloved Karl, will love me again."

So, on a pretext of telling the girl a secret or two about the dancing master, she persuaded Erika to go for a walk. She led her to an old, deserted wooden bridge, a creaky structure with a torrent roaring over rocks beneath it.

"Now we'll talk," said Karin. A few moments later, with the blonde off her guard, Karin stooped low, seized Erika's legs, and tried to heave her over the railing. But, reacting instinctively, Erika hurled herself backward. Then, squirming around, she landed into her adversary and a bitter, halting, gagging, clawing scene ensued.

Finally Karin was overpowered. Then, kneeling on her chest, half choking her, Erika warned her the reason for the assault.

"Before I hand you over to the police," said Erika, "let me help you to your senses." She dragged the object Karin down a steep wooded path to the stream's edge, and gleefully dipped her head, again and again, into the icy waters trying, she claimed, to cleanse it of all wickedness.

While living with a Berber tribe beautiful Carmen Kalsinski, a white Russian of noble birth, revenged herself on an Arab

boy. "He's insulted me!" she cried. "I'll have him whipped!"

The boy had only whistled a trifle shrilly under her window. But for this she ordered her black servants to strip and bind him, using a camel-hide whip, she lashed him mercilessly.

Twenty years later Carmen, still beautiful but not quite so proud, called for shelter one night at a palatial house in Tunis. The servant told her to wait while he took her name and her request for aid to his master.

Then he escorted Carmen to his master. "Madame," said the powerfully built handsome Arab, rising from a chequered silk dais. "I have been expecting you for twenty years. Now Allah has delivered you to me — no longer young, but not incapable, I trust, of feeling pain." He smiled cruelly. Seeing her bewildered look, he explained, "You see, I am the boy once whipped. Now it is your turn!"

"Strip!" he hissed, "and prepare for the lash."

"Surely you wouldn't whip a defenceless woman?" Carmen cried. "The Gods will curse and revile you for such an outrage!"

"Had you any such noble thoughts of pity for me when I was a boy?" sneered the Arab. "That was different," replied Carmen. "You were insolent, and deserved a lesson. I have only knocked at your door and asked for charity."

"Daughter of a dog, it is sharper than serpent's fangs, that new shall have you, Strip!" Again, the Arab raised up his command. But Carmen was not beaten yet. "Since you insist on humiliating me, I must offer you my respects first," she said calmly. Then with a sudden dart she pulled out a revolver. It split flame and the man who had waited twenty years for vengeance crumpled to the floor without a sound.

From the desert to South Kensington, but still with the same theme — revenge. A mother and daughter thrived as professional shoplifters, but one day they quarrelled violently over the daughter's new boy-friend. Shortly afterwards the mother was caught shoplifting. She suspected, though quite wrongly, that her daughter had informed on her to the police.

While in prison she brooded night and day over the grievance until, when she was released one overweening thought possessed her — to punish her daughter. "I'll frame her!" she vowed.

To do this she shipped an article into the girl's shopping bag which, when she opened it, revealed a small, round, black stone. It was a South Kensington stone.

But, apparently, the mother's shoplifting talent had gone rusty during her spell in jail. The store detective spotted her. "Step this way, please madam," he said with cold politeness. At that, she collapsed, moaning with fear and self-pity.

The Rev. John Alington, patron of a living at Letchworth, Hertfordshire, insisted on taking all services himself, allowing his rector to conduct only funerals. He could not be denied this right; he was an ordained priest, graduate of a famous university, inheritor of a vast fortune, but — a thorough crackpot. The rector, so displaced, reported Alington's conduct to the bishop and as a result of this Alington was unrocked.

Foaming with rage, the Rev. John started gin-drinking services at Letchworth Hall, his solitary residence he owned. He invited all the local riff-raff, tramps, pick-pockets and good-time girls. Then, well plied with gin, he harangued them from his pulpit, wearing only Moroccan shoes, a red wig and a leopard skin.

He continued this infamous conduct, until the rector, Samuel Knapp, resigned. But the vengeful patron, if satisfied on one score, was never satisfied with his bottles. He drank on and on, ever more deeply, till he drowned just one last bottle of brandy too many and died.

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PROCESSION IN VENICE — With a sea god sitting on the "rom" of the boat, a large bison — Venetian vessel — moves along the Grand Canal. The waterway parade is part of traditional festivities marking the "wedding of Venice with the sea."

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

Have you ever baked ham for a crowd and had them eat far less of it than you expected? This happened recently to a friend of mine. After a successful buffet party, she found herself with lots and lots of ham — tender, juicy, pink ham — served to her family sliced and firm, sliced and fry in shortening until brown on each side.

"My family doesn't like too many 'repeats,'" she told me. "I decided not to push them further by giving them ham as-is. I decided to dress it up — to serve it with vegetables, in salads, on open-face sandwiches, and in soup. It really was fun — a sort of game which the whole family entered and enjoyed!"

If you'd like a casserole that combines ham, tomatoes, and cheese, try this one. It serves 6.

CASSEROLE
1 cup cooked diced ham
2 cups cooked or canned tomatoes (solid)
1 egg, beaten
1 cup cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon onion salt
1/2 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons butter
Combine ham and tomatoes. Blend beaten egg with 1/2 cup cracker crumbs, mustard, and onion salt. Add to ham and tomatoes. Mix cheese, butter and mustard. Sprinkle over top of mixture which you have placed in buttered casserole. Bake at 350° F. 30 minutes or until browned.

Here is a skillet dish of ham and rice that you will like.

HAM AND ORANGE CURRIED RICE
2 cups small cooked ham pieces
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon chopped onion, firmly packed
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon slivered orange peel
2 cups cooked rice
Pan-fry green pepper and onion in butter for 5 minutes. Add brown sugar and ham. Stir and continue cooking for 5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Cover and cook for 10 minutes.

In grandmother's day, ham scrapie was a regular part of the menu when ham was available. Here is a good modern version of that glorified mush dish.

HAM SCRAPPIE
1 cup cornmeal
1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cups boiling water
1/2 cup milk
2 cups ground, baked ham

When one was pinched in the absence of the other. Experts eager to prove how close in affinity identical twins can become, noted that John and Jimmy, who were separated out of sight of his brother, when Jimmy was kidnapped. Their mother said she hesitated to slap one of the boys for misbehaving because the other would be punishing her brother, too.

Sometimes Fay would be seen to walk out at one end of a ward seconds before her sister appeared at the other. The girls have dressed exactly alike since babyhood, even to such details as identical neckties, and they were made joint captains during their last year at school.

Now the twins have gone to another hospital as trainees nurses and once more they are puzzling doctors and staff who constantly get them mixed up. But if the problem of identification becomes too acute, the doctors will be able to enlist the aid of the twins' elder sister, Pat, who is also on the staff of the hospital.

Identical twins have for some years been the subject of fascinating research in various parts of the world. Extraordinary instances of what appears to be telepathy between some identical twins have been discovered.

An eminent doctor reported on twins who got the same answers in written examinations so regularly that they were accused of cheating. They were given a stiff test — and still their answers were so alike that even the wording of sentences was identical.

About thirty years ago a "twin matinee" attracted world-wide attention when it was given in a New York theatre in honour of a pair of lovely twin actresses then starring in a musical comedy called "Two Little Girls in Blue."

The management extended free invitations to twins of both sexes to attend the performance. They turned up in force and several scientists were also present to see what happened.

"The reactions of the audience were remarkable," reported one scientist. "We noticed that each pair of twins laughed at the same time and in the same way. If there was anything in the play which they found dull, they assumed the same bored expression simultaneously. It was uncanny to watch them."

Telepathic twin boys provided new evidence for scientists last year when it was discovered that two Sussex year-olds both felt the pain

Identical Twins And Their Ways

Patients in a Suffolk hospital used to rub their eyes in astonishment and think they were seeing double when pretty, identical twins, eighteen-year-old Fay and Hilary Woods, were taking a pre-nursing training course there.

When you yawn, Satan perks down your throat to catch a glimpse of your soul. Then he laughs because he recognizes it as one of his own.

You don't believe it? We have on the authority of Mohammed himself, in Traditions Of The Prophet he says: "As for yawning, it is only from Satan. Therefore, when anyone of you yawns, let him suppress it as far as he is able. For, verily, when anyone of you yawns, Satan laughs at him."

Strange that Mohammed should have that idea, for England at the same time, it is believed that evil spirits peered through the jaws of yawner so that they could recognize the person's spirit when they met it again in the shadow.

Have you ever wondered why you place your hand in front of your mouth when you yawn? It isn't out of politeness, to hide the inside of your mouth from view. If it was, then it would be impolite for singers to sing with their mouths open, giving the world a full view of teeth, tongue and tonsils.

Hiding a yawn behind a hand is one of the oldest habits known to man. It was old when we were wearing wool and nothing else.

There are other reasons apart from Satan's sarcastic stare for covering the mouth with the hand.

A yawn is automatic. It takes an effort to suppress it, and even thinking or reading aloud is enough to stop most people's mouths gaping. This fact made primitive people believe it was not they who yawned, but the spirit trying to get out. Once their spirit left them they were dead, so they covered their mouths to keep it in.

Some people believed that to yawn openly was to invite inside them any evil spirit that might be wandering around at a loose end.

They believed that there were dark more spirits around than human beings, all looking for nice, warm homes. So a hand to the mouth prevented the entry of any of these evil ghosts.

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Lightning Killed Her 3 Husbands

Renowned Madame Matkika of Sofia has been married three times and must be nearing forty. She looks ten years younger, but she looks like one of the richest women in Bulgaria.

So there would seem to be nothing unusual about the recent announcement of her engagement to a fourth husband. After all, plenty of people marry four times. Yet the man who has been chosen to marry her must be very, very brave.

In 1935 Martha was eighteen. With masses of wavy, black hair, blue eyes and a figure that Hollywood would have envied, she was the queen of the school. The daughter of a doctor, she was beautiful and kind and farm boys were her only admirers.

It was a festive time in Sofia. She was in her best, she went there for the day and caught the eye of Randolph Eastman, an American on a grand tour of Europe. He fell in love with her, and finding her as charming and good natured as she was beautiful, he proposed via an interpreter and was accepted.

In spite of the many difficulties, they were married. They were making preparations to go to America. Then, during a storm, her husband was struck by a flash of lightning. Martha found herself tragically widowed at the age of twenty.

She went to Paris and one day attended a display at the fashion house of Matkika & Cie. Her interest was so obvious that the owner, Charles Matkika, spoke to her and asked if he could help. A few minutes later she was trying on the most expensive models in the shop. She was admiring herself in a very chic creation and inquired the cost. She was rather surprised when Matkika told her she could have it for a flash of lightning. Martha found herself tragically widowed at the age of twenty.

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