

The Story of TOLSTOY'S Famous "RESURRECTION" Now  
Filmed as a Samuel Goldwyn Production under the title

# WE LIVE AGAIN

WITH  
**Anna Sten and Fredric March**

Co-Starred for the First Time • A United Artists Release © 1934



## CHAPTER I

Spring came that year like a living thing. Flowers leaped from the mellow odorous earth; birds swirled in the blue clouds and came to earth, to sing of the heaven they had seen; trees bloomed overnight, from bare skeletons to shimmering loveliness. Scents from a million spring flowers rolled up from the woods, making the air a constant, sweet perfume. Old citizens, that year nodded their heads.

"Never," they said, "never has Russia seen such a Spring." They sniffed the air appreciatively, spat forth their cheap tobacco, and set their gnarled hands to the plow again. Spring to a peasant wasn't Spring to a poet. Spring meant sowing, the hardest kind of work. And Spring meant hoping—hoping that the crops on whose success their lives were built—would be bountiful: hunger, privation, made lives short, they knew.

Spring is an awakening; and in more than one way, Russia was awakening. The Czar, under whose despotic heel the greater part of Russia had trembled and been crushed without a sound, was getting old. Some said, he was going mad. And some—good men, who thought not of themselves, but of their children and their children's children—sleazed upon the Czar's decrepitude as a signal for work among the poor and the dispossessed whose number were legion. Ideas of charity and kindness, of democracy and righteousness, were being bruited about, always of course, with an eye cocked to the ever-present agents of the tyrant, against whose word no peasant had a chance. But no man can be forever oppressed. Some day the spirit the tyrant thinks he has broken, rears up, and the tyrant falls, a victim of his own greed.

So it was not surprising, that lovely Spring morning, in a small farm to the south of Moscow that the hope of the slave, who feels the day he will be free is near, was in the air. You couldn't help but keep your head erect, looking at the sky, and though you worked till your back ached, and a thousand fiends polked daggers in it, goodness and rest was on its way.

The sowers that year, those with the biggest backs, and strongest shoulders, sang as they sowed, hurling with husky arms grain into the eager earth. The sowers were women, and women used to working in the fields. And if you could have stood by the side of a rich black field that morning, you would have noticed one of the sowers in particular. The sweep of her dusty body, the clean cut of her head, the grace with which she scooped up the grain from her apron and threw it out, like a cloud, must have caught your attention.

Katusha Maslova had been adopted by a princely house when she was a little girl; she had been brought up, almost a lady—but of course, not quite. She had worked

in the fields, "so she would know the taste of labor" her "aunts" said; but hers had not been the strenuous lot of the average peasant girl.

So it was when her "superior," Matron Pavlovna ran up to her in the field that morning, her shrill voice splitting the still air, Katusha did not turn. The old lady had to grab her roughly by the shoulder before she stopped her work.

"What is it?" she asked, impatiently, in a low, melodious voice.

"What are you doing in the fields?" wheezed the old lady.

"I came here to help. There was nothing more to do in the house."

"Oh!" cried Matrona Pavlovna, "you'll catch it! Look at you! What do you think he'll say when he sees you?"

"He? — Who's he?"

"Oh you numbskull! The Prince! Prince Dmitri Ivanovich! He's on his way here, now."

A look of horror struck Katusha's face. "I thought it was tomorrow!" she cried, and dropping her grain, she ran pell-mell, very unlike the lady her "aunts" had wanted her to be, straight into the big house, and 'way up to the attic room that was hers and Matrona Pavlovna's. In a fury of excitement, she began to dress, pulling her long brown hair from her shoulders with one hand, and yanking off her loam-covered shoes with another. She heard a carriage arrive downstairs, but she knew she mustn't stop.

### Peasants Pay Tribute

On the front porch of the house all of the mansion's servants were lined up, each with a simple gift for the young master. One had a cabbage, another a platter of bread and salt, still another a basket of eggs. And when Prince Dmitri Ivanovich stepped from the carriage, his heart was warmed at his friends who thus came to greet him, in the simple way they had shown for centuries, the only way they knew.

From each he took the gift, and smiled. The peasants smiled back, too, so infectious was his boyish charm. His mouth was firm, and his whole face was modeled on a fine scale, but through it poured the good will of one human being to another. He turned to one of his aunts.

"Why," he whispered, "do they give me food? They need it. I don't."

"Shh," she said, "it's a custom. It's always done."

"But," expostulated the young man, "they're oppressed. They're slaves. They're not treated like human beings."

"Hush," his aunt said, sternly, and knowing her young nephew's desire for socialistic reform, and fearing he might deliver himself of some of his sentiment before the servants—and that, dear, oh dear, would never do—she made a brief speech declaring the Prince was "tired, and needed rest" but he "His Highness' thanks were evi-

dent." And half-towing him up the stairs, she deposited him in the hall, just as Katusha running wildly down the hall to get outside in time to meet the Prince, slipped and fell, and went bumping down the stairs to land, a ball of feminine loveliness at the Prince's feet. His aunt's eyebrows went up at least two inches.

"Katusha!" they cried. "What IS the matter with you?"

Katusha leaped to her feet, opened her mouth and in delightfully naive way, poured out her heart felt welcome to her master.

"Welcome, Dmitri Ivanovich. I wish you every happiness. May God grant you happiness—and long life . . . and . . . er . . . er happiness!"

She stopped suddenly, and swallowed, blushed furiously, and then laughed, with all the abandon of a little girl.

The Prince had been staring at her, bewildered, not knowing who this sprite-like creature could be.

"Katusha—" he began, "—but no. Why, my goodness! Why . . . this is the most startling thing I've ever seen. I mean the way you've changed! Why six years ago — I can't believe my eyes — you were just a little girl with freckles! You were a freckled cocoon. And now look at you!" he said triumphantly. "You've changed into a butterfly. A beautiful white and golden butterfly!"

### Love Defies Caste

Katusha nodded shyly at his outburst, and then, always the servant, meekly retreated, leaving the astounded Prince alone with his aunts.

He turned to them. "I can't get over her," he cried, "she's a raving beauty! . . . why she's like some kind of dream—"

"—You're not forgetting she's a servant girl, are you, Dmitri?" his aunt cut in, sharply.

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "What difference does that make?"

The aunts looked at each other. "She's not to be treated as an equal," one of them said, severely.

"Why not?" Dmitri asked, wonderingly, "we grew up together."

"That's over now, Dmitri," the said, half-gently. "You're both grown up, now. You're not of the same class—and you never will be. You must treat Katusha merely as a servant, Dmitri, and not as a friend."

"But that's cruel," Dmitri cried. "When Katusha and I were little we said we'd marry each other—that's how much we liked each other. Of course, I don't mean to marry her, but I like her, and she's a person and so am I, and just because she's born a servant, and I a Prince doesn't make any difference."

"I forbid you to see her," one of the aunts said, frigidly.

"And I too," offered the other.

The boy looked at his feet, and his aunts stomped off, righteous and prim. When he raised his head, a smile was playing across his mouth. He looked towards the door Katusha had gone through. His smile broadened into a laugh, and

## STRIKE MADE IN GOLD MINE

A new ore strike in virgin territory that may have important bearing on future development of the property, has just been made in the Queen of Sheba mine, N. J. Nielson, business manager, announced. The property is located about 15 miles south of Gold Hill in western Tooele county.

The discovery was made about 300 feet above the main tunnel in what is known as the Martin tunnel, Mr. Nielson said. Assays of the ore went 1.44 gold and 1.25 silver to the ton, or a value of \$50.40.

A raise extended up 20 feet from the roof of the Martin tunnel revealed a rather flat fissure, which apparently had been overlooked in early-day development, he said. The raise was put up at a point 500 feet from the portal of the Martin tunnel.

The company is preparing to sack the high-grade ore, while the lower grade will be put through the mill. The high-grade will be shipped direct to the smelter.

The first mill runs have been satisfactory and a shipment of concentrates will soon be ready, the official said. The mill was completed and put in operation two weeks ago.

The Queen of Sheba has not been extensively operated for a number of years. During the early days the mine produced gold and silver ore valued at \$200,000.

—Western Mineral Survey.

## MAY BUILD PYRAMID ROAD

Possibilities of constructing a "rim-of-the-lake" highway encircling Pyramid lake, as well as completing the road between Reno and this great scenic body of water, are now being tentatively considered, according to announcement at the office of R. A. Allen, public works engineer for Nevada. This project would be included in activities of a CCC camp that may be set up later in that region.—Humboldt Star.

## RETURNS TO L. A.

Mrs. Charles Ireland who for the past week has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Henderson left Saturday for her home in Los Angeles.

he shook his shoulders, and took deep breaths. Spring was in him, and Spring—was in Katusha.

The Prince quickly walked to the stairway leading to his room. Only the harsh sound of the spurs — spurs meant to cut — sounded on marble steps as he climbed them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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