

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-Starring for the First Time • A United Artists Release • 1934



### CHAPTER II

#### What Has Happened Before

The Russia that Katusha Maslov, a poor peasant girl knew, was a country under the hell of a cruel Czar. But it was awakening to the realization that all is not right when millions sweat that one may loll in luxury. One of the firmest believers in the new cause is Prince Dmitri Ivanovich, the master of the farm on which Katusha works, and who was brought up with her. He comes back from school and is amazed at her beauty, and, against the orders of his aunts, who tell him their two classes are different and must never mix, — he plans to meet her.

#### Now Go On With the Story

Katusha Maslova, child of the earth, and brimming over with the beauty of her parent, sat milking a cow in the great barn of the estate when Prince Dmitri Ivanovich came in, carrying a book under his arm. "What a book!" the Prince cried to her. "What marvelous thoughts this writer has! You've got to read it!"

Katusha smiled. "What's is called?" she asked.

"The Land and Freedom." A fellow named Simonson wrote it. I've met him. A great thinker. The police are after him. He says that all people are equal, and that the land — the land you and I are on right this minute — belongs to everybody equally."

But Katusha didn't understand. "Is it a love story?" she asked the Prince, timidly.

"A love story!" he cried. "Love! What's that? Now, look here, Katusha, why do you do things?" and without waiting for an answer he went on. "You do them because you're told to, not because you want to. For instance—" he paused, looking about the barnyard. Then he went on, "now suppose I should tell you to kiss me. What would you do?"

"I'd kiss you," the girl said simply.

"Exactly," he cried, triumphantly, "and why? Because you're told to, and just because I was born into one family and you into another, you must do what I tell you."

Katusha smiled. "But you haven't told me to kiss you."

He hesitated. "All right," he said, after a minute, "I'll show you. I, Prince Dmitri Ivanovich, command you, Servant Katusha, to kiss me."

Smilingly, the girl got up, and put her arms around the neck of the young Prince who was more than her master. And on his young lips she pressed hers, fresh as the morning, and soft as the new grass which was even then springing from the ground.

She released him. "Now, do you see?" he cried. "Now, do you see?"

"No," she said.

He put his hands to his head in a gesture of hopelessness. "Can't you see," he roared, "that I've no right to be master over you? That you're every bit as good as I?" He looked at the girl, who was regarding him with a mixture of good humor and toleration. "Do you know, you little nitwit," he said,

"why you kissed me? You kissed me because I—like a King, forced you to."

"But you didn't exactly force me," she said.

"Keep quiet," he bellowed at her. "Who it it that gave me that privilege? The Lord? No! Accident of birth? Perhaps. But why—"

Under this verbal hammering the girl had burst into tears. The boy stopped abruptly, and looked at her, "What's the matter," he said, wondering.

"First," she sobbed, "you asked me to kiss you. And then, when I do what you want, you shout at me."

The look of annoyance passed from his face and in its place pity shown. "Now, now, dear Katusha, don't cry. I was just arguing. I was only trying to show you how unequal things are." He put his arms about her, tenderly, kissing her again. "It was only a discussion. I didn't have any desire to



"It it a love story?" she asked the Prince timidly.

The aunts were relieved to see the train which was to take him back to Moscow.

kiss you"—he kissed her again, this time more warmly — "No, nothing like that. It was all pure logic, an illustration of an unjust social condition—" again he pressed his lips to hers, and this time, she closed her tear-wet eyes, and returned his caress with all the warmth of her peasant soul . . .

And so, from a study of economics — from which so many different things can spring—grew love of a peasant for a prince, and a prince for a peasant.

All that summer, while the soil gave forth the green and the beautiful, their love drew them closer and closer together, until between them there was no bar of class. Katusha to Dmitri, sweetheart to sweetheart, nothing more than that. But what can be more than that? Tyrants forget two things: That men are not machines, and that men, at heart, are lovers.

And all great loves — those romances that will never fade so long as man retains his high estate — are nurtured by obstacles and misfortune. The tragedy of Katusha and Dmitri was his aunts, reared in the tyrannical tradition that servants and their "masters" must never be

more than that. Their prying eyes saw nothing glorious in the affection between the two young people; to them, looking through eyes soiled by a wrong philosophy—it was a horrible travesty.

And so, as summer changed to fall, with the leaves of the trees their thoughts grew darker and their fears for the "class-purity" of their nephew became more desperate. It was with profound relief they saw the dawn of the day which would take Dmitri back to Moscow back to the army.

Katusha woke that morning with an aching heart. Some curious premonition told her as she dressed her strong young body, that out of her life that day would go the only thing that made her life worth living: Dmitri. She wondered, in the great city with its million lures, would he remember the simple peasant girl whose life was built around her love for him. He had told her she was beautiful; he had told her she was his love. She knew she would not forget those ecstasies easily. But would he?

#### Break-up Foreshadowed

That last day they walked in the fields, for one final look at the growing things on whose fruition their love had been a parallel. The wheat was beginning to ripen, waving shimmeringly before them as far as the eye could see. Beneath an apple tree they sat, hand in hand.

"Four years," she said half to herself. "Sounds almost like forever, doesn't it, Dmitri?"

"Nonsense!" he snorted. He laughed. "You think of me thinking of you, and it'll be just a minute. What are four years in a love that's destined — I know it — to be eternal?"

He glanced at his watch, and shrugged his shoulders. "Well" he said, "it's time for your soldier to go off to the wars. And his little Katusha musn't cry. Just kiss me, darling, so I'll leave here with you as much a part of me, as I'm part of you."

He took her in his arms, and for the time of a long kiss, the world, in its crazy course, passed them by. At last, he arose and walked away from the girl, who sat under the apple tree as in a daze. She didn't move for a long long time. Suddenly she straightened up. From the distance, like a thin wail, she heard the whistle of a train. It rose and time to time she heard it, until died a promise and a threat. From finally; after its noise sounded from many miles off, she heard it no longer.

Katusha, the peasant, was alone. Her Prince had left her . . .

TO BE CONTINUED

## YOUR CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

By Dr. ALLEN G. IRELAND  
 Director, Physical and Health Education  
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### A Valuable Lesson

Last week I started the story of the school literally surrounded by milk but none for children to drink. The reason came out when in answer to my question one child said: "My Dad sends all our milk to the city."

On the surface, then, it was a matter of income. But, obviously, it went deeper than that. Milk was being regarded as a mere commodity rather than as essential food for growing children.

To get on with the story, the teacher bought canned milk from her own funds. She used it herself at noon in sight of the children. Naturally, they asked questions. It was her opportunity. She launched a class study of milk, emphasizing especially the advantages of plenty of fresh, pure milk for health. As its values were learned, the children became interested. They wanted to try it and gradually the whole class was enlisted, the teacher still supplying the milk.

After awhile an interesting thing occurred. Apparently, the children had carried the message of milk into the homes, for one day a small group of mothers waited upon the teacher with a message which was, in effect, that the farmers, who were also the fathers, had decided to supply the school with good fresh milk throughout the year, enough for each pupil to have one glass at noon. This was, indeed, a case of "casting bread upon the waters, to have it return a hundredfold."

"School Companions" will be the subject of Dr. Ireland's next article.

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