

# ANNA KARENINA

ADAPTED BY GERTRUDE GILBIN  
From the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

RESUME—Anna Karenina and Alexei Vronsky meet for the first time at the Moscow railway station. Even as Anna feels herself irresistibly drawn to him a trainman is killed. She looks upon the tragedy as an evil omen. Vronsky pursues her throughout her stay in Moscow and after her return to St. Petersburg. They soon become the scandal of society. Anna's husband refuses to divorce her, saying she must remain his wife and give up Vronsky—or else relinquish all her claims to Sergei, her son whom she adores. After bitter months of struggle, love conquers, and Anna flees to Italy with Vronsky. They are blissfully happy, but her longing to see Sergei again brings them back to St. Petersburg. She tries to see her child and Karenin throws her out of the house. The attempts made by Vronsky and herself to go out into society prove a humiliating failure. Vronsky takes her to his country estate. The monotony of life there wears on him. Anna, hoping to divert him, gives a dinner for his regimental companions. Vronsky learns the entire regiment is enlisting in the Serbian-Turkish war. He announces his intention of going with them. Anna is overcome with grief, knowing that if he goes, everything will be over between them—he will never come back to her.

## CHAPTER XII. GOODBYE

ANNA burst into Vronsky's room and found him surrounded by his bags, his valet packing speedily as he called off items. She rushed to him in horror, clutching his arm. He motioned to the valet to leave them alone.

"It's true then," she cried, "you are really leaving!"

"Yes," he faltered. "You see, I've just had a telegram from Yashvin. We are ready to go to the front. I have to go to Moscow to say goodbye to mother."

He was going to war immediately! Her eyes filled with tears.

"Shall I go with you to Moscow?"

She saw him frown.

"Please, Alexei," she begged, "let me."

"Believe me, Anna," he said, conciliating her, "it is better not I will have so much on my mind there."

She turned away, stung by his refusal. "I see." Her face was lined with the hate born of despair. All hope, then, was futile. Then let him suffer as she was suffering! "So this is how you love me?" she sneered.

"Please, Anna. Don't let us quarrel on our last day together."

"Not even these last few hours," she whispered. "You don't want to give me these—"

"Anna," he interrupted, "It's of you I am thinking. You know how painful it is for you to come into contact with the outside world. Let us say goodbye to each other here. In a few months I'll be back. We'll go to Italy again."

"No," she cried wildly. "That belongs to the past. That's done—and you know it!"

Vronsky reached for a bag and snapped it to with impatience. "Please, Anna." His voice strained with the effort of control. "I beg of you. When you are calm, you will admit—" he stopped abruptly. She was making it impossible for him to continue.

"I love you," she cried—"and you are are tired of me. I am a

millstone around your neck. That is why you are enlisting in a foreign war."

"I must fill my life with something," he replied through clenched teeth.

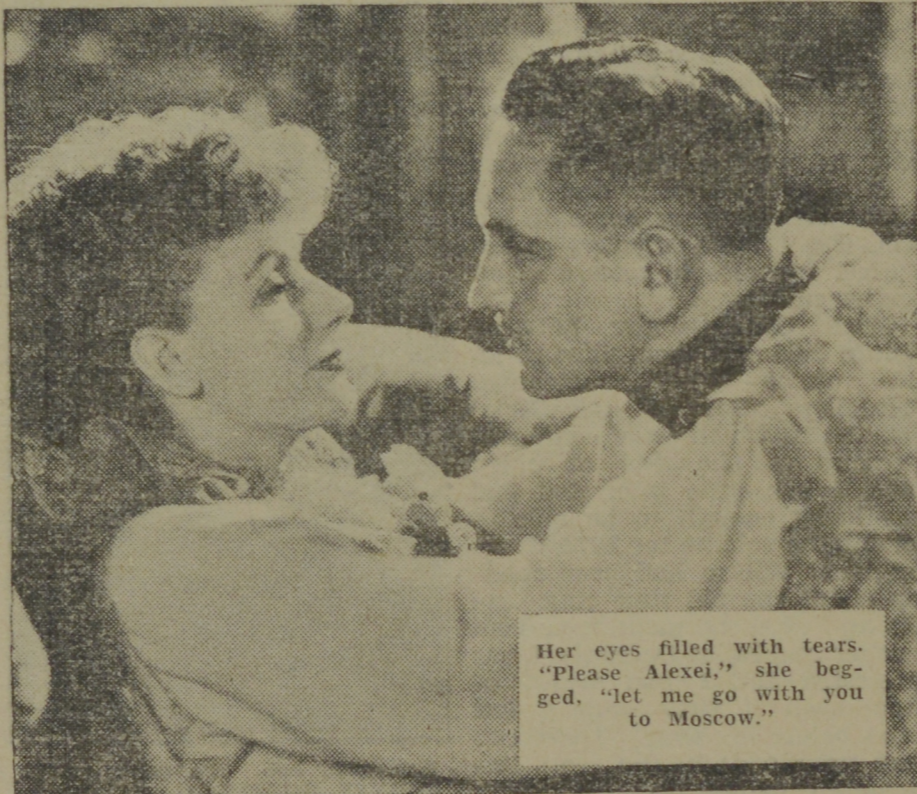
This volunteering is only an excuse for leaving me. The gallant, the heroic excuse," she accused bitterly.

Vronsky turned to her in a passion. "You know me—and yet you have no understanding of my character. You think me capable of any baseness, of any deception. I love you. You know that. But—" he paused, and then faced the issue squarely. "Love isn't everything," he said with finality.

"One only says that when love is over—over and done with," she pleaded desperately.

Vronsky jumped to his feet. "I wish you'd stop chattering to me about love," he shouted. "There are other things. I want you to know, once and for all, I'm a man. This continuous talk of love makes me hate the sound of the word." His voice rose to a scream—the scream of nerves frayed and patience shattered. "I'm sick and tired of love!" he cried.

Anna fell back. "This is the truth then, at last," she said quietly.



Her eyes filled with tears. "Please Alexei," she begged, "let me go with you to Moscow."

"This is unbearable," he muttered and reached for his coat. "So it is over then?" She was deathly pale.

He stared ahead of him in silence.

"You will regret this." Her calm was ominous and foreboding as she walked slowly out of the room.

Vronsky started after her, but checked himself. With a shrug of his shoulders, he called to his valet, picked up his bags and strode out of the house.

Anna heard the front door slam. She sprang from the couch on which she lay weeping and rushed to the window. She saw Vronsky enter his carriage and drive off without a backward glance.

She fell heavily into a chair.

"It's over," she whispered. "It is the end."

And quick upon her realization followed a last desperate need to reclaim their love. "We can't part like this. I can't bear it," she wept. "He hates me. He mustn't hate me. I must see him before he goes."

She rang for her maid. "Pack my bag. I'm leaving for Moscow."

She sat down at her desk. "Alexei," she wrote. "I must see you once again. I'm afraid. I shall wait for your answer at Stiva's."

She rang for her butler and crammed the note into his hand. "Quickly," she ordered. "Bring this to Count Vronsky. He's at his mother's, in Moscow. I shall be at my brother's—at Prince Obelenski's house, in Moscow. Bring his answer back to me there."

Stiva's household was thrown into confusion by her appearance. Kitty and Levin were visiting Stiva and Dolly—and at first Kitty refused to see her. She was happily married—and her first born had brought new joy into her life; but she still recalled the heartache she had known when Anna took Vronsky away from her forever.

Dolly was disturbed, not only for Kitty's sake, but also for her own. How could she hope to keep a check on Stiva if she accepted Anna in her home—and thereby condoned disloyalty to the marriage vow. And Stiva, feeling the pressure of Dolly's reaction, greeted Anna coldly, preferring to credit his feelings to her disgrace—for how else should a man treat a sister who was declassée.

mured, and rushed out of the house.

She arrived at the depot, confused and bewildered by the crowds. She looked from one face to the other, and then up and down the long line of trains. At last she saw Vronsky. He was leaning out of his train window cheerfully bidding goodbye to two women. Anna braced herself against a platform pillar to keep from falling. She peered wildly at the women. They were his mother—and the Princess Sorokina, lovely, young, and tear-stained.

Anna's eyes opened and closed in a convulsion of weeping. The whistle sounded and the train chugged out of the station, carrying with it all she held dear on earth.

Suddenly she picked up her head.

A rhythmic tapping had found its way into her unhearing ears. An old, withered and bearded trainman shuffled down the platform. He moved toward the trains and with his little hammer tested the rails and couplings. Tap, tap, tap went his hammer. Now the rails. Now the couplings. Anna rose from her seat, her eyes filled with horror and fascination. Tap, tap, tap. The rhythm of his hammer called her to Vronsky. Why, she could not fathom. "Follow the sound and you'll find him again," an inner voice insisted.

Anna hurried after the workman. She came to the end of the platform and saw him disappear into the crowd. His job was finished. But the tap, tap, tap continued in her consciousness, drowning out the warning blast of the train whistle and the first puff of the engine.

Tap, tap, tap.

The rhythm echoed the sound of Vronsky's voice: "You don't know me, of course, Madame Karenina." And her own: "It is an omen—an evil omen." In a momentary burst of clarity, she saw again the station tragedy which marked her first meeting with Vronsky. And then all was submerged as the tap, tap, tap—now of the rail—now of the coupling—mingled furiously and tore through her mind in a gigantic wailing and tortured crescendo.

With a quick movement, Anna threw herself upon the rails.

The train mowed down upon her.

And her bag, outflung in her crushed hand, fell open. Her letter to Vronsky fluttered high into the air; her miniature of Sergei fell upon the tracks, its glass splintered in a million pieces.

THE END.

etc., when burnt are immediately rebuilt. Woodstock has got tired of fire, and intends to try the effects of a good water supply. The head offices, shops, etc., of the New Brunswick Railway are located here. Extensive and peculiarly valuable deposits of iron ore are being worked a few miles above Woodstock. The iron is very hard and durable and makes an excellent tough steel. Steamers run to Grand Falls during high water in the Saint John River, spring and fall.

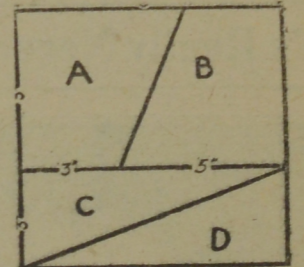
## NOT IN THE NEWS

By WORTH CHENEY

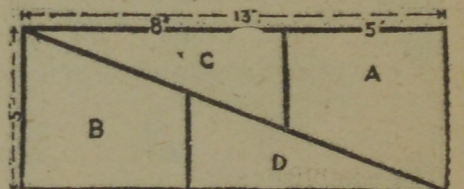
### HERE'S ANSWER TO PUZZLER

WE INCLUDE herewith diagrams to show how it is possible to cut up an eight-inch square, containing 64 square inches, and rearrange the sections so it will total 65 square inches.

The first diagram shows how the square is cut into sections.



The next diagram is the rectangle containing the sections from the square.



The rectangle is 13 inches in length by 5 inches in width, or a total of 65 square inches.

If you can't believe the diagrams, try out the actual measurements and see for yourself.

WHERE DOES the extra square inch come from? If you have an explanation, we would be glad to have you send it on to this column, in care of "The Maritime Broadcaster."

THE OTHER day, when we wrote about silly riddles such as "In what year was the War of 1812 fought?" we had enough confidence in human intelligence to believe that the vast majority of people wouldn't be stumped by such a question.

Now we're not so sure. Recently a midwestern university asked its student body ten questions on general information. But one was a catch question. It was this:

"Who wrote the most popular autobiography of Benjamin Franklin?"

One-third of the students questioned didn't know.

### SURE TO GET IT

The Conjuror—"Now, if any lady or gent will give me an egg I will show you a really marvellous trick."

Voice From the Gods—"Don't talk silly! If anybody 'ere 'ad an egg you would 'ave 'ad it long ago."

## BRICK BRADFORD—On the Isles Beyond the Ice



by WILLIAM RITT and CLARENCE GRAY