

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## ANNA KARENINA

By LEO N. TOLSTOI

Condensation by  
Mrs. Mary F. Russ, Jamaica  
Plain, Mass.

Count Leo Tolstoy was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, the family estate that has become famous throughout the world as the residence of the great novelist, reformer and dreamer. He died in 1910 at a little railroad station which he had reached on a journey, the object of which was to let him end his days in solitude. But a whole world was looking on.

At first he studied oriental languages, then law, and finally became a soldier, taking part in the Crimean campaign. His long series of writings began with "Childhood," "Boyhood," "The Morning of a Landed Proprietor," and articles on his experiences as a soldier. His realism was already a dominant note, as well as his power to see through sham and conventions. He soon retired from the army and began his life of service to the peasants about him at his own estate. "War and Peace" appeared in 1869-69, and the great novel "Anna Karenina," 1875-76. Already he was dealing with the mighty problems of life and humanity and trying to solve them in whatever way seemed to him right, no matter what answer the world had given to them. "My Religion," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," are perhaps the best known books, which have been translated into many languages, including two editions published in America, of some two dozen volumes each, one by Nathan Haskell Doile and others, one by Prof. Leo Wiener. A whole library of books has been written about him in many languages.

Tolstoy is one of the unique figures in the history of the world. Seer, prophet, fearless seeker after truth, no matter where the quest might lead, he drew to himself the respectful attention of all thinking people, no matter how divergent their thoughts from his. His belief that Christianity is a faith to be actually lived by and his championship of the doctrine of non-resistance are the outstanding points of a thought which covered all humanity.

"AND... Anna had friendly relations with the society... which with one hand lays fast hold on the court lest it fall absolutely into the demi-monde which its members affect to despise, but whose tastes are precisely similar."

Anna Karenina's intimates were of this circle in St. Petersburg society. Practically forced into a loveless marriage with Aleksei Karenin, twenty years her senior, Anna had been a faithful wife for eight years. Karenin held a high official position and everything in his life was subordinated to his career. He was a tireless worker and such social hours as he enjoyed were spent in circles best suited to his advancement, but his charming and adaptable wife made friends in all quarters. While a man of admirable character, Karenin had an utterly unlovable personality. He was very calm, cool, absolutely just, but love—warm, human love—was a stranger in his household. All the affection of Anna Karenina's heart was lavished on her seven-year-old son, Serozha, who adored his mother.

Into this setting, so cunningly fashioned for it, stepped Trouble, in the most attractive person of Aleksei Vronsky.

In the city of Moscow lived Anna's brother, Stepan Oblonsky. Stepan, lovable and popular, had a wife, children, a salaried official position and some money, but, being always in debt, this fact and his little "affaires du coeur" kept him just sufficiently worried to enable him to really enjoy life.

While on a visit to Moscow Anna Karenina met Vronsky.

Count Vronsky was rich, handsome, loved his regiment and his horses, and was voted a "capital good fellow." He had appeared in Moscow that winter and had been attracted slightly to Stepan's sister-in-law, Kitty. Kitty was a pretty and popular debutante, daughter of Prince Scherbatsky of the old nobility. Among many admirers, she was sure of two serious suitors. One was Vronsky, the other Levin.

Konstantin Levin was also of the old Muscovite nobility and had known Kitty all her life. As his mother had died in his babyhood, the family life of the Scherbatskys had appealed to him strongly. He was now thirty-two and, although feeling unworthy of Kitty, was determined to offer himself to her. He was really a splendid match. He had a magnificent country estate of eighty-one hundred acres, plenty of money and his share of masculine attractions. He was a thinker, always immersed in the deepest problems concerning the world, everything in it, on it and beyond it. He had been brought up in the orthodox faith, but, since attaining manhood, had been assailed with all kinds of doubts, until now he was practically an unbeliever. "He could not believe; he was also equally unable to disbelieve." After completing his university course he spent most of his time on his great estate, wrestling with his problems of agriculture and peasant labor. He came into Moscow on occasions and dipped into its social life, but his own life was so

clean and simple that he had little patience with the dissipations of his town friends.

Kitty's parents had many quarrels over her prospects. Her mother favored the brilliant Vronsky; her father said "Levin was worth a thousand men." Kitty, herself, had set her heart on Vronsky, although fond of Levin. In due time she experienced the pleasing pain of refusing Levin, but, to her chagrin and deep humiliation, the proposal from Vronsky did not materialize. The latter did not dream that his attentions to her were regarded seriously. Poor Kitty met with her crushing disappointment at a large ball when, instead of choosing her as his mazurka partner, Vronsky led out—Madame Karenina!

In spite of their endeavors to hide the magic glow which enveloped them it was obvious to Kitty, as to others, that Anna and Vronsky had both been touched by the same flaming torch.

Anna Karenina had met her man. She knew it. She was afraid. Her customary serenity deserted her so completely that she left for St. Petersburg the next day, cutting short her visit. The calm routine of her daily life took on a new and attractive aspect; she longed to see her son—even her husband. But—Vronsky took the same train to St. Petersburg.

They met constantly in society. Anna called all the forces of reason, prudence, pride, to her aid, but she could not conceal the rapture she felt in Vronsky's presence. Her intimates became extremely interested. This was, indeed, an affair after their own hearts. According to their code, anything was proper so long as outward conventions were observed. Karenin coolly pointed out the danger of her course. He assured her he looked upon jealousy "as a humiliating and wounding sentiment." (Anna would have respected some truculent conversation.) His spineless attitude enraged her and by the end of a year she and Vronsky had become all in all to each other. They had but one object in life—to be together.

Karenin waited for the blow to fall. It was finally accomplished by Anna's public exhibition of emotion when Vronsky met with a racing accident. Upon being upbraided by her husband, she confessed her love for Vronsky. Mingled with the pain, Karenin felt a sense of relief. He immediately began to plan on getting out of the mud without being splashed. He considered duelling, divorce, separation. Being afraid of a pistol, he concluded that his services to the government were too valuable for him to risk his life. The scandal of a divorce might react against himself and a separation would throw Anna into Vronsky's arms. The latter was the last thing he wanted. It would not punish Anna. His decision was to allow her to remain in his home—perhaps resume their old relations. He knew this would make her most unhappy. His justification for this attitude was its religious significance.

In the meantime, Levin was trying to forget Kitty by devoting himself to work. He became much interested in uplifting his peasants, who did not appreciate his efforts. He reached the conclusion that they had found the way to happiness, but one glimpse of Kitty showed him his error and stirred up his old feeling for her. Kitty's health had so failed after her disappointment in Vronsky that she had been sent abroad to take a cure. Now, having been restored to health and having a new outlook on life, she realized that it was Levin whom she really loved and when he again asked for her hand she gladly consented.

According to Karenin's decision, Anna still had her place as mistress of his household. Karenin was aware that she and Vronsky still maintained their relations, but could do nothing about it. In time Anna gave birth to a daughter and was thought to be dying. Karenin's conduct was magnanimous, even toward Vronsky's baby. Vronsky attempted suicide through sheer humiliation. But Anna recovered, which Karenin had not counted on, and with her returning health came the conviction that Vronsky was the light of life to her. She became so unhappy that, in a moment of weakness, Karenin was prevailed upon to consent to divorce, even to take the blame and give her the boy. This generosity she could not accept and, with Vronsky and her baby, left her husband's home and her son, on that inevitably fatal journey of love without the law.

They went abroad and at first were radiantly happy. Then Vronsky tired of the aimless life. They returned to Russia and settled in the country. Anna's position became so unbearable to Vronsky, who adored her, that he finally urged her to appeal to Karenin for a divorce. When Karenin refused, owing to various circumstances, matters grew worse than ever. Anna could not go into society, so became introspective. Without cause, she grew very jealous of Vronsky. She took to morphine as a sleeping potion. Suicide—under the rushing wheels of a railroad train—was Anna Karenina's way out.

Vronsky's grief was overwhelming. After many weeks of illness, he organized a squadron of cavalry and entered the Serbian war.

Konstantin Levin found his happiness with his wife and small son, and found that his old faith had lived in his heart, although hidden, when an old peasant explained why a certain man was good in the words "He lives for his soul, he remembers God."

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## SIMPLE SILK FROCKS THAT ARE INVITING FOR LEISURE HOURS



TAFETTA has accounted for the majority of the summer's silk frocks used alone and in combination with other materials. Foulard is well represented, but hardly ever alone, nearly always in the company of georgette crepe. These with crepe de chine, are written in this history of the styles as all of equal importance and have been made into simple frocks and more elaborate gowns whose days of usefulness are long drawn out. The simpler silk frocks, and especially those of taffeta, are a joy, summer and winter, the most adaptable and versatile of belongings. "Anytime"—"anywhere" say these frocks—so long as it's a good time and pleasant where.

Two of the least pretensions of these silken invitations to pleasant leisure hours are shown above. Foulard, for once unassisted by other materials, justifies its faith in itself in the frock at the left. Designers apparently make a plain, straight skirt in these dresses because they must, and a tunic because they wish to. The bodice has a square neck and three-quarter length sleeves whose cuffs are edged with plaited frill of the silk. Even the sash is made of the foulard and is draped with a loop at the left side and loop with long end at the right.

The black taffeta at the right, for immediate wear, has a plain bodice with a wide collar edged by a ruffle of narrow white ribbon. The tunic on this frock, as on the other one, is open at the front. It is elaborated with embroidery in white silk and bordered by a flounce edged with the ribbon. Colors, as blue or green, might be substituted for white in the decoration. As usual, in these frocks, there is a chemise of lace and the sleeves are three-quarter length, and familiar these details are, they maintain their unusual charm.

The beloved frock of taffeta has a rival in that of crepe de chine. Each can hold any pace kept by the other although they are as different as can be—taffeta crisp and sprightly, georgette supple and aristocratic.

## FALL HATS MAKE THEIR DEBUT AND IN CHARMING VARIETY



THERE is nothing like a new hat to cheer up the sad hearts of women who must regretfully put behind them the summer's adorable millinery. But the first frost, even the first hint of frost, is the death knell of late summer hats—they are pathetic in anything but balmy, not to say tropic, air, and now the cool September is within hailing distance.

Above, a group of hats for early fall wear, cheerfully undertakes to make us forget our summer loves, and will certainly succeed. Glancing over them one may gather the salient features of the new modes—their hand-made elegance, their subtle and conservative lines, the beauty of the fabric used—including duvetyne and similar suede-like surfaces, moire, satin, velvet of the panne and plain varieties. Above all we are captivated by embellishments which are revealed in familiar and unfamiliar decorations. And when it comes to ornaments—they are fanciful, endlessly original, even amusing. When you make a little journey into the shops don't be surprised if you find

Julia Bottomley

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## WRIGLEY'S P-KS

"AFTER EVERY MEAL"

WRIGLEY'S  
Newest  
Creation10 for  
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A delicious  
peppermint  
flavored sugar  
jacket around pep-  
permint flavored chew-  
ing gum.

Will aid your appetite  
and digestion, polish  
your teeth and moisten  
your throat.

B129

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JUICY FRUITUNITED  
COUPONS

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"Service That Serves"

Satisfaction Guaranteed

RICE BROS.  
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CATTLE, HOGS AND SHEEP

One of the Most Reliable Firms to Ship to.  
Accurate Market Reports Gladly Furnished Free.  
SIOUX CITY CHICAGO SIOUX FALLS

## RECORD OF PLEASANT HOURS POSSIBLY HER LAST CHANCE

"Book of Night Life" Will Make Inter-  
esting Reading in the Years  
to Come.

The responsible position of the old family album has been usurped in the homes of an increasing number of modern young persons by the "Book of Night Life." The new volume is almost as large as the old family album. It is supposed to record the amusement meanderings of the young couple who keep it. Every theatrical program is brought home, together with the ticket stubs, and pasted in it, and the date of the performance inscribed at the top of the page.

Below each playgoer writes his and her opinion of the play with such observation, as "snappy music, but not much plot"; "very sad, both of us cried"; "leading man awfully conceited," or other pungent remarks.

At the end of the season the "Book of Night Life" contains a complete record of the couple's evenings in search of amusement. Visitors find it extremely interesting.—Chicago Journal.

## Of Course.

"This story says: 'The hero drank in her beauty.'" "Through his eye-glasses, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

Some people remind us of postage stamps. When they get stuck on themselves they lose their value.

At All Events, the Object of His Affec-  
tions Perfectly Agreed With  
Her Fiance.

For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full. It was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate.

With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness, he could have almost wept with joy.

His good fortune seemed incredible. Finally he whispered tenderly:

"How did it ever happen, darling, that such a bright, shining angel as yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"

"Goodness knows," she murmured absently; "I must have a screw loose somewhere."

## Baby's First Thought.

Benson—Do you know when a baby begins to think?

Hobson—Yes; mine began to think I ought to walk the floor with him when he was a week old!

## Hold Tight.

Rub—"What do you think of the street car company?" Dub—"I stand up for them every day."

No hot cooking  
No trouble to serve

For breakfast or lunch, no  
food is quite so convenient  
or satisfying as

## Grape-Nuts

Served from the package,  
with cream or milk—full of  
splendid body-building nutri-  
tion. Its flavor and crispness  
charm the taste—a splendid  
summer food.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts  
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