

4 LITTLE GRANDMOTHER OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

She would go to bed full of good resolutions, but when the next day came, again she would speak Russian when bidden to speak French.

When the children went out to walk, Katya used to keep apart from the others. She loved solitude. She had a passion for scrutinizing things and meditating over them, as her father did. This was one of her chief "sins." Governesses found the child quite unmanageable in this particular. She would persistently disappear from the rest of the group, and have to be hunted for with excitement and anxiety, until she was finally discovered and driven back to the fold. One German governess was so vexed by her habit of suddenly vanishing that she exclaimed, "Katya is a spider!"

Her mother could not understand this eccentric child. What added to her concern was that the little girl's neck was slightly crooked. "*Malheureuse enfant!*" she would sigh, with a mournful shake of the head. And Katya, hearing it, would wonder, "What are they bothering about?" Her crooked neck never troubled her. She was wholly indifferent as to her looks.

She used to run off to the meadows and watch the cows grazing, and then go to the huts of the serfs, and mingle with the peasant children and their mothers, studying their life, and entering into every peasant woman's troubles.

From earliest childhood she was vividly impressed by the sharp contrast between the condition of her father's hundreds of serfs and that of her own family. Sometimes she would seize a little peasant boy by the hand and hurry him into her beautiful home,