

day and night. Many were carried in, crippled by the knout. Sobbing wives told of husbands killed before their eyes. Often the poor wretches literally grovelled, clasping my father's knees, begging him to read the manifesto again and find it was a mistake, beseeching him to search for help in that mysterious region, the law court. From such interviews he came to me worn and haggard.

"I now saw how ineffectual were my attempts; I felt that tremendous economic and political changes must be made; but I was still a Liberal, and thought only of reform, not of revolution. To seek guidance, to find out what older heads were thinking, I went at nineteen with my mother and sister to St. Petersburg. Into our compartment on the train came a handsome young prince returning from official duties in Siberia. For hours he discussed with me the problems that were rushing upon us. His words thrilled like fire. Our excited voices rose steadily higher, until my mother begged me, as my nurse had done before, to speak low. That young prince was Peter Kropotkin."

In Petrograd, Catherine joined the central group of Liberals, men and women of noble birth and university training; doctors, lawyers, journalists, novelists, poets, scientists. Since higher education for women was strictly forbidden, they had already become law-breakers by opening classes for women in the natural and political sciences. All these classes she attended.

Her mother fell ill and had to go home. She wanted to take Catherine with her; but the young girl objected. She longed for independence; she believed it to be a duty to earn her own living. Many of the younger nobility had come to the same conviction. Prince