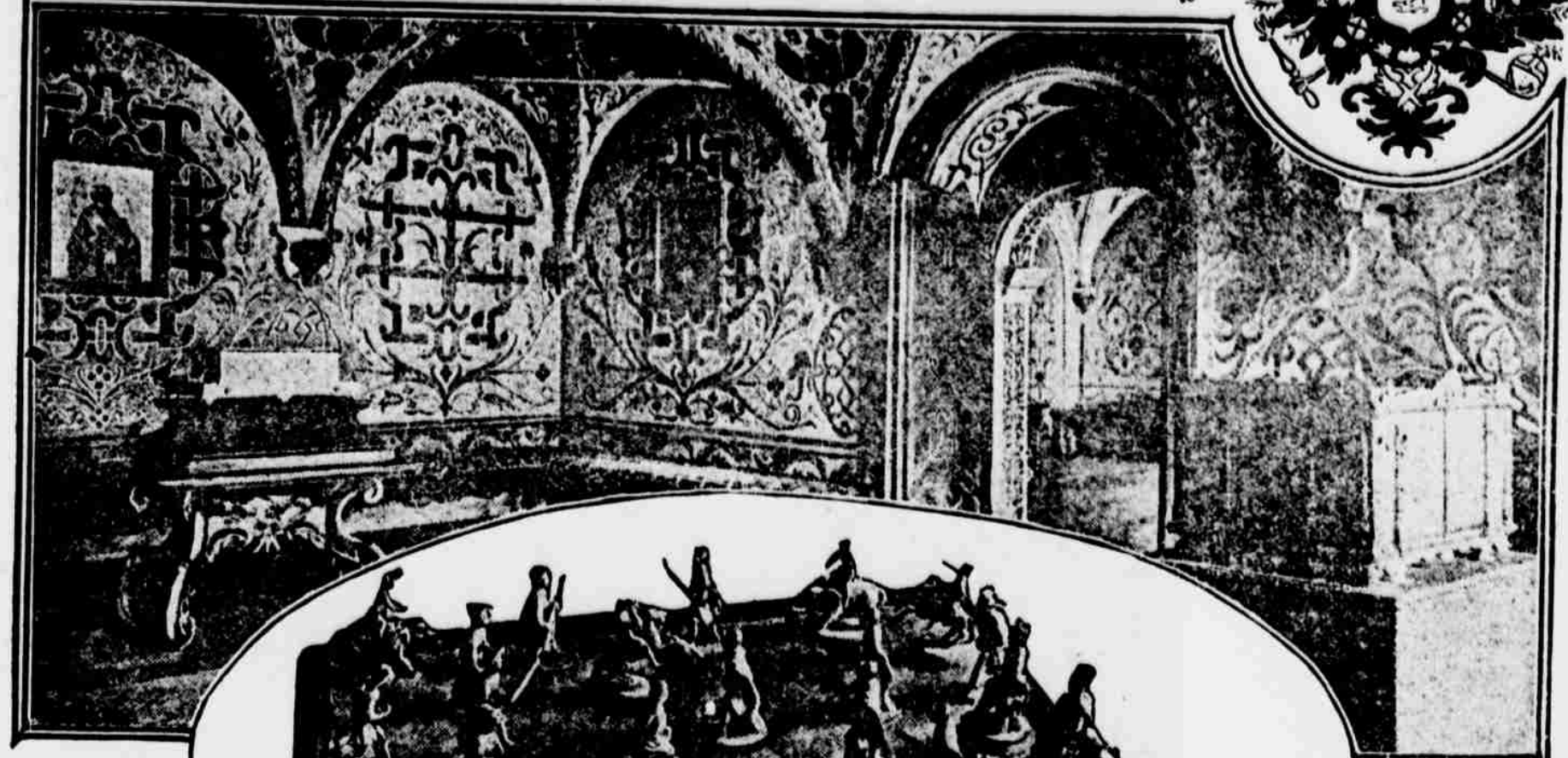


# The BEGINNINGS of MODERN RUSSIA



RECEPTION ROOM OF THE CZAR IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW



CHESSMEN OWNED BY MICHAEL ROMANOFF



It would have been a bold man indeed who had foretold in the year 1613 that the future held greatness for Russia and utter ruin for her adversary, Poland. Indeed, it seemed somewhat doubtful whether Russia could even maintain her independence. The story of how a line of men, resolute to shrink from no means, even the most shameful, in the pursuit of their end, built up after the havoc of the Mongol fury a new state around the obscure city of Moscow, is one of the most remarkable in history. Yet in 1611 all their work seemed undone. Ivan IV., prematurely aged, worn out, broken-hearted, having murdered his eldest son in a fit of maniacal fury, passed away in circumstances of the utmost horror in 1584. For the next twenty years the real ruler of Muscovy was Ivan's great minister, Boris Godunov, one of the "new men" whom his reforming zeal had called to the front. Godunov was in many ways an excellent ruler—he was perhaps the most enlightened of the pre-Petrine monarchs of Russia. But the great nobles disliked him, and there is little doubt that he cleared his path to the throne by making away with Dmitri, the half-brother of the nominal Czar, Feodor I., and his natural heir. The great family of the Romanoffs stood near the throne, for Feodor's mother had been a Romanoff. While Feodor lived Godunov dared not attack them, but when the weak monarch died in 1598 and the minister, despite his more or less feigned reluctance, was elected his successor, the whole family was banished.

Suspicion was the bane of the otherwise beneficial rule of Boris. Finally, an adventurer named Gregory Otrepev gave out that he was Prince Dmitri, who had escaped from the assassins of Boris, and raised a formidable insurrection, aided by Sigismund III., king of Poland. In the midst of the war Boris died, and the fatal "period of troubles" of Russia began.

The supposed Dmitri soon overthrew the youthful Feodor II., son of Boris. He proved an admirable ruler, but he was a Roman Catholic and was murdered by the nobles. Shuiski, one of the conspirators, was elected Czar under the title of Vasili V., but obtained no firm footing. Revolt everywhere broke out, sprang up in every direction, raised armies of miscellaneous ruffians and Polish adventurers, and spread terror and devastation to the gates of Moscow. For years this anarchy lasted. The worst of the pretenders was "the Thief," whose lair was at Tushino, near Moscow, but everywhere the wretched country was overrun and wasted by gangs of Cossacks, i. e., robbers. The desolation was fearful; in five years the fruits of a century of effort appeared to have been hopelessly lost. The wretched Shuiski purchased, by the surrender of territory in the Baltic provinces, the aid of Sweden; but the result was to bring about a Polish invasion. In 1609 Smolensk was besieged; next year the great Polish general, Zolkiewski, defeated and captured Shuiski, entered Moscow, and proclaimed Wladislaw, son of Sigismund III., czar. By skillful diplomacy he occupied the Kremlin, and gained some measure of support for Wladislaw.

Russia seemed lost. Smolensk held out with bitter desperation for two years, but was at last taken. "The Thief" was murdered, but his followers held together and contested the possession of Moscow desperately with the Poles. Half the wretched city was destroyed in the course of the struggle, but the famous Troitsa monastery near the capital resisted siege after siege during the anarchy and refused to submit.

Here the movement to put an end to the prevailing misery first took definite shape. The abbot, Dionysius, and the administrator, Abraham Palitsin, took the lead. In October, 1611, letters were sent all over Russia calling upon the people to unite in defense of their religion. Nijni Novgorod, led by Kurma Minin, a master butcher, at once responded with enthusiasm. Kazan, jealous of Nijni Novgorod, held back, but all down the Volga the towns joined the movement, and men and money came pouring into the patriot city. Prince Dmitri Mikhailovich Pozharski, a brave noble who had consistently opposed the Poles and had been wounded almost to death in the fighting round Moscow, was elect-

ed to the command. Minin was appointed treasurer. They issued an appeal to the people at large refusing to recognize either the Polish Czar or the Demetrian pretenders. Early in 1612 the patriot army took Kostroma and advanced to Yavoslari, where by means of skillful negotiations Pozharski withheld the Swedes, who were overrunning the northwest, from occupying more territory. Meanwhile the Cossack hordes were wasting to the southward, and the small Polish army at Moscow was practically besieged in the Kremlin. These brigands simply fought for plunder; they hated the patriots more than the Poles and actually tried to murder Pozharski in July.

On August 18 Pozharski, intending to coerce the Cossacks, arrived outside Moscow, and three days later Chodkiewicz, the Polish general, came up from the west. Fighting went on intermittently until the middle of October. The Cossack host simply looked on, but Chodkiewicz could not break through Pozharski's blockade of the Kremlin, neither could Pozharski drive away Chodkiewicz. At last, on October 15, the Russians made a night attack on the Polish entrenched position. They were repulsed, but Chodkiewicz had lost nearly half his small Polish corps, and next morning he retreated. On October 22 the Polish in the Kremlin, who were existing on human flesh, capitulated.

The Russian patriots in the ruins of Moscow then called a national assembly for the purpose of electing a native sovereign. There was great confusion and much fruitless discussion. Princes Pozharski and Mstislavski declined the crown, and it appeared that nothing would be decided upon, when two delegates—one Russian, one Cossack—independently suggested a Romanoff, that family being nearest of kin to the old Rurikovich house. The head of the family had been tortured by Boris and was a prisoner in Poland. He was a man of great ability and vigor, and perhaps the assembly thought that by choosing his son strong government would be insured once they could release the father. On February 21, 1631, Michael Feodorovich was elected by the notables, and on his name being proposed to the army and burghesses of Moscow he was chosen with enthusiasm.

Michael—he was only sixteen years of age—was sheltering with his mother in the Spasovski monastery near Kostroma. He was not discovered until March 24, and then shrank from assuming the crown. His mother supported the shrinking boy; she must have felt that only misery and a violent death awaited whoever dared to call himself Gosudar of Muscovy in those terrible days, but at last Michael gave way. The delegates told him that on his head would be the blame for the utter destruction of his country if he refused to accept the crown.

The state of the country was fearful; in many places it was a desolate wilderness. Travelers from the west passed horror-stricken through villages after village containing not a living soul.

On his way to Moscow the youthful Czar encountered nothing but misery and horror, and at last stopped at Troitsa, unable to face the wretchedness of Moscow, where even in the Kremlin the palaces were roofless. His own guards were starving and in rags, and their needs were supplied by gifts from the great merchant house of the Strogonova. Something was done to alleviate the distress, and on May 13 Michael was escorted into Moscow by the entire male population. On July 13 he was solemnly crowned.

The troubles of Muscovy were not yet over. Years of effort were needed before the bandit hordes were finally put down. Sweden had to be bought off with cessions of territory. In 1617 a great Polish army under the titular Czar Wladislaw invaded Russia, captured town after town, and marched against Moscow in 1618. Prince Pozharski was once more called to the command, and saved the capital by defeating the Poles in an assault on October 18. A truce was concluded at Deullino near the famous Troitsa monastery. Poland kept her conquests but acknowledged Michael as Czar. Also Philaret was released and returned to reorganize his country. For nearly fifteen years he was practically the Czar, and did much to bring peace and order out of the chaos that still existed. He was the true founder of the Romanoff dynasty. Michael himself was a gentle, pious, and amiable man; his merit is that he had the sense to accept the direction of other men than himself. His wife, the ancestress of the present emperors, was Eudoxia, the daughter of one of the poorer nobles. He died in 1645, and within a generation Russia, aided by the increasing anarchy in Poland, was able to turn the tables on her old antagonist and to commence a process of expansion that has continued until the present day.

## MAINE'S LOBSTER HATCHERY.

Half a billion lobsters will be the number hatched at the government station at Boothbay Harbor, Me., for the present year. It is a huge figure, bigger than most people can realize. It will also mark a record, says the Portland Press, for the number of shellfish brought to life at the government place.

At the present time there are at the Boothbay hatchery 13,529 seed lobsters from which eggs will be secured.

The season for collecting the seeders extends into the spring of the year, so that it is safe to say that fully two-thirds as many lobsters as have already been collected will be added to the number on hand. The average number of eggs secured from the mother lobster is 20,000. The percentage of fertility of these as they are hatched at the government station is so high that it is safe to say that practically all of them will be hatched.

Reckoning on this basis, the number of seeders now at the hatchery will produce 270,000,000 lobsters. The number yet to be collected will very nearly total up to 500,000,000.

## BURIAL GROUND OF LONG AGO

Many Quaint Inscriptions Found on Tombstones in Old English Cemetery.

London.—Not far from Petticoat lane is the old Bunhill Fields graveyard. No one has been buried here for more than a hundred years and from the odor that hangs around the place one can easily believe that this is true, and yet the poor grass-hungry Whitechapel mothers use this for a park, and here sit holding their sickly babies in their arms, basking in the dusky London sunshine, and from the contented look upon their faces one knows they smell naught but fragrant flowers. In this old cemetery lie Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, Isaac



Petticoat Lane and Staple Inn.

Watts and William Blake. Many of the inscriptions on the tombstones are very quaint and funny. One is "The wiflin has gone to rest." Another, which was by far the best preserved tombstone in the cemetery, was decorated by this brave, but not over-elegant inscription: "Dame Mare Page, 1728. In 67 months she was tapped 66 times. Had taken away 240 gallons of water without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

After spending a half hour in Bunhill Fields one longs for some place bright and beautiful, and Chelsea is a fine place to select. Even the name Chelsea has a beautiful sound. It has always been the favorite residence district of the artists, literary men and actors of London, past and present. Cheyne Walk along the Thames is very delightful. The old Battersea bridge, which Whistler made so famous, is gone and a new bridge has taken its place. It is not an unattractive bridge by any means, but still one longs to see the high old bridge that has centered in so many "Nocturns" and "Symphonies."

Rosett's house on Cheyne row is still standing, and near it the house of George Elliot, and the house of Count D'Orsay. A garden marks the spot where Sir Thomas More lived for so many years. Farther down the street is the house where William Turner died. This house is marked by a very beautiful tablet designed by the eminent English artist, Walter Crane.

In upper Cheyne row stands the house of Leigh Hunt, and near it is the spot where Katharine Parr is said to have lived.

## LAST RELICS OF THE MAINE

Six Thousand Pounds of Brass and Bronze Fittings Stripped From Vessel Cast in Tablets.

New York.—Six thousand pounds of relics from the U. S. S. Maine, which were taken from the battleship before she was towed out to sea from Havana and given her final resting place, have arrived at the John Williams bronze foundry, to be cast into a fitting and permanent memorial.

This disposition of the brass and bronze fittings of the battleship which for twelve years had lain beneath the sea is in accordance with an act of congress.

The parts of the wreck that were thought to be suitable for the purpose were first sent to Washington, where they were melted together, purified and cast into thirty-pound ingots. It is in this form that all that is left of the Maine has just arrived in New York.

One thousand tablets, designed by Charles Keck of this city, are being cast by the Williams foundry, and will be delivered upon request to patriotic societies all over the country. Two hundred applications have already been received at the office of the assistant secretary of the navy.

The tablets will have a natural bronze finish; they will weigh twelve and half pounds and measure 13 by 18 inches.

## Legless, He Still Farms.

Paris, Mo.—Earl Craft was taken with necrosis of the bone when twelve years of age and both his legs were amputated at the hips. He lay in bed six weeks and then began the laborious task of learning to walk by means of his hands. In less than three years he was doing farm work and today can hook or unhook a team, ride a horse, drive a gang plow, cultivator or binder, and do almost anything else on a farm save gathering corn. Recently he built and roofed a hen-house without assistance.

## ON AN ISLE OF BIRDS

Commodore Salisbury Tells of an Expedition to Laysan.

Retired Naval Officer With Party of Scientists Spent Eighty Days Gathering Data on a Mid-Pacific Island.

Kansas City, Mo.—Straight from the exploration of an uninhabited isle in the Pacific ocean, Commodore George R. Salisbury of the United States navy, retired, has arrived at the home of his brother, Mark Salisbury, two and one-half miles northeast of Independence. The contrast is great between life in this old mansion hidden among gigantic pines in a quiet Jackson county farm and life on the island of Laysan, where no man lives, and where myriads of water fowl darken the air or hide in the low-lying sandy slopes, barely rising above the ocean level.

Commodore Salisbury was busy writing out a report of his voyage to the government, but not too busy to tell a representative of the Kansas City Star of some of the strange sights on the island.

He was in charge of an expedition sent out by the department of agriculture, which has charge of the bird reservation of United States territory. With him were three naturalists. The party left San Francisco December 5, 1912, in the United States revenue cutter Thetis. Their destination was the island of Laysan, eight hundred miles northwest of Honolulu.

Laysan is peculiarly rich in bird life. Eighty days were spent there. They returned to Honolulu March 22, and a few days later took passage on the United States transport Sherman for San Francisco. They reached that city April 11. There specimens taken on the voyage were shipped to Washington. After a few days spent in the coast city, Commodore Salisbury started back to Independence, arriving there last Sunday.

A map of the island of Laysan made during their stay shows it to be of peculiar formation. It is about two and one-half miles long and one mile wide. In the center, occupying about one



Bird Island of Laysan.

hundred and sixty acres is a lagoon. This gives the island the appearance of an elongated doughnut. At no place does the island rise more than twenty-five feet above ocean level.

The place swarms with birds. "I learned more about birds on this trip than I had ever dreamed of before," Commodore Salisbury said yesterday afternoon. "We brought home with us 175 rare specimens. These will be mounted and placed in the government museums.

"We found two varieties that are found nowhere else. One is the Laysan rail. It is about the size of a quail and has small wings, but they do it little good, for it cannot fly. We started home with eighty living specimens of the rail, but the return trip was so cold that all except five died. The survivors were left at the Golden Gate park in San Francisco. The other bird peculiar to the island is the Laysan teal, a fowl smaller than the mallard duck, but resembling it in general appearance. Incidentally, we found a pair of mallard ducks that had come over from the mainland of California, thousands of miles away."

## BAD TEETH CAUSE OF CRIME

So Says Boston Sheriff, Who Installs Dentist's Chair in Prison.

Boston.—Treatment of the teeth of criminals as a means of preventing crime is being tried in the Charles street jail, under the direction of Sheriff Quinn. The sheriff has had a dentist's chair installed in the prison, and has employed a skilled practitioner to fill or otherwise treat the defective teeth of the prisoners.

"A bad tooth," said the sheriff, "often lands a man in jail. A large number of crimes are committed by people who are badly nourished. Malnutrition leads to morbid mental thought, which results in crime. A dentist's chair and a good dentist in every correctional institution will prevent hundreds of inmates from returning again, once they are free. "The dentist's chair is an accessory in that direction."

Kills Self at Son's Funeral. Brooklyn.—As funeral services for her son, Herbert Johnston, Jr., were about to begin in the parlor of her home, Mrs. Mary Johnston left the room and drank poison. She died an hour later in a hospital.