

FROM A GRAVE 1500 YEARS OLD!

SOME remarkable discoveries just made near Glessen, Germany, indicate that the Dark Ages, the period in European history from about A. D. 475 to 1200 A. D., were not as dark as historians have hitherto believed.

Some ancient graves, dating back to 550 A. D., which have been opened by archaeologists within the past few weeks have brought to light a number of articles which demonstrate that the Germans of that time must have attained a high state of civilization instead of being the barbarians they have hitherto been regarded.

It was at the little village of Lethgessen, about three miles and a half from Glessen, that these discoveries were made. It has been well known among archaeologists that this town was the seat of one of the oldest settlements in Germany, running back to prehistoric times, and in 1908 remains of prehistoric man of nearly 5,000 years ago were found there. It was not until October of this year, however, that the graves belonging to the Merovingian Age, dating back to 550 A. D., were uncovered, shedding considerable light upon that period of the Dark Ages, of which history knows comparatively little.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, declared that the Germans of his period, 120 A. D., were the wildest kind of barbarians, with few, if any, of the arts of civilization, dressing chiefly in the skins of wild beasts, and living a very primitive kind of existence. And this view has been accepted by subsequent historians.

The find just made, however, shows that this theory is entirely erroneous and that great injustice has been done to the men and women of that early period. At this period, it must be remembered, Germany had been overrun by the Franks, but hardly conquered, many of the native tribes living in constant rebellion, and it now appears that the Germans acquired from their Frankish foes and conquerors many of the arts of the time.

The graves thus far opened have been mainly those of women, and in one of these were found not only the ornaments which the women wore but also many of the utensils which they used, indicating clearly what arts they practiced, and what degree of civilization they had then attained.

It was the custom of the Germans of that period to bury with their women all their ornaments and whatever utensils might be useful to them when they came to life again, for they believed in a future



The Grave of a Medieval German Woman Which Has Brought So Many Interesting Things to Light.

life where such things would come in handy, just as the Egyptians did.

Among the objects recovered were various kinds of paraphernalia for weaving, fine specimens of pottery and jewels of all kinds, from beads, necklaces and bracelets to glass bottles and Roman coins.

It is made evident that the artificers of Germany in that age must have understood all about metal working and the women must have dressed far more ornately and handsomely than historians have led us to believe. They wore jewelled pins and girdles, they carried their hair with elaborately decorated combs, and they wore necklaces, bracelets and buckles.

They had not merely the utilities but also the adornments of life, which are indications of much more than barbaric splendor, and their artisanship suggests aesthetic taste and a real civilization. There must have been considerable enlightenment among these people in the age which we, in our ignorance, refer to as Dark.

The Roman coins found in the graves indicate that the Romans must have been in these parts for five centuries or more. One of the coins found is an invaluable denarius of the Roman Emperor Trajan, who ruled in Rome between 98 and 117 A. D., and is looked upon as one of the greatest of the Roman emperors. Other coins



A German Woman of the Sixth Century, A. D.

were apparently used as ornaments, and some of them may possibly have been cast upon the spot.

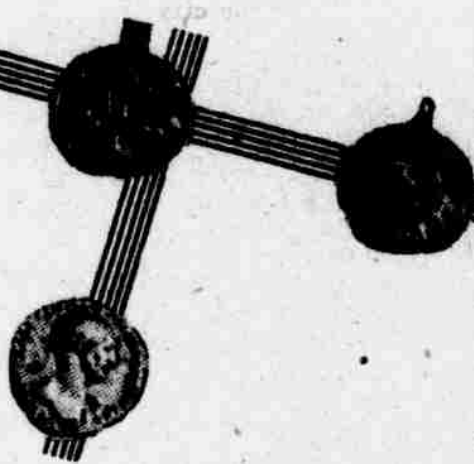
Besides the well-shaped and harmoniously decorated pottery were found wooden plates with a border decoration of baskets containing hazel nuts. The glass bottles were all well shaped and of a greenish color, and the beads were strung

on copper wire and skillfully shaped from hard materials. Here, too, were distaffs, whorls and knives used in weaving, and even a last on which shoes were made, showing that these early Teutons did not go barefoot, but, on the contrary, went to considerable pains to shape their shoes neatly.

There is evidence, too, that they used candles, for a number of tall wooden candlesticks were found which showed every sign of having been used, and which were carefully turned.

All of these treasures have been removed to the museum at Glessen, and it is expected that continued investigation may bring other discoveries which will add considerably to our knowledge of these early times and help to correct the errors and misstatements of historians, which fail to give the Germans full credit for their early achievements.

Much of our knowledge of early



Three Ornaments and a Roman Coin of the Reign of Emperor Trajan Found in One Grave.

German conditions is derived from Tacitus' work, "Germania," although, as has been seen, in some respects his assertions may be open to doubt.

According to this Roman historian, the ancient Germans were a tall, vigorous race, with long fair hair and "fiercely blue eyes." They wore the skins of wild animals thrown over their shoulders and fastened by a thorn or a pin. Their dwellings were wooden huts of rough construction, the inner walls of which were colored in primitive fashion, and which served as a human habitation.

Their principal occupations were fighting and hunting; they had neither the skill nor the inclination for the more peaceful arts. Such household work as was necessary to

Wonderful New Discoveries in an Ancient Tomb Prove That a High State of Civilization Existed in Germany as Early as 550 A. D.

be done they left to the women folk, who were almost as fierce as the men.

Drunkenness, quarreling and gambling usually marked their social gatherings, and the least excitement was sufficient to disclose their cruelty and to bring violent bursts of temper.

Folk-songs and dances, in which the famous deeds of their heroes were perpetuated, were handed down from father to son, and many of them survive to this day.

The family relation was held in great reverence by these early Teutons. The wife was completely subservient to her husband, however, and if she proved unworthy custom allowed him to cut off her hair and to whip her through the village in

boys were taught the use of weapons at an early age.

Among their gods was Ziu or Tiu, the Scandinavian Tyr, the god of war, whom Tacitus refers to as Mars and whose symbol was the sword. Another powerful goddess, Nerthus, was worshipped by the Teutons, according to Tacitus.

Whether these somewhat disparag-

ing views of early Teutonic life will be materially changed as the result of the recent discoveries will depend largely upon the importance attached to them by modern archaeologists and historians, but it must be apparent that at the period covered by the graves so far opened, the Germans had certainly attained a much higher degree of civilization than has hitherto been supposed.

A Woman Genius and "The Forty Immortals."

IN France one of the great questions of the day is to know whether Mme. Curie, the immortal discoverer of radium, is to enter the Institut as a member of the Academy of Science. A private circular has been sent around to the five academies, which sit in the Palais Mazarin, in order to have an

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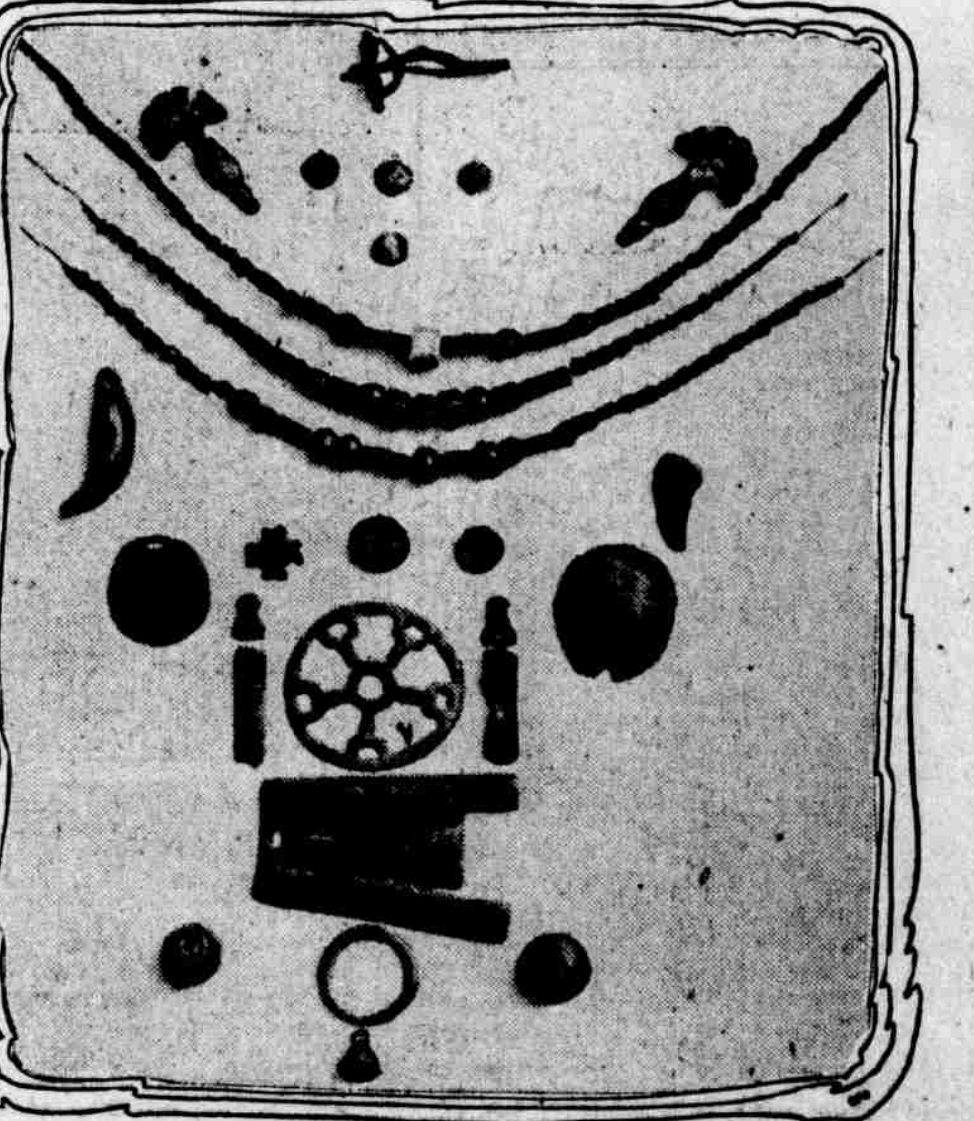
So advanced, indeed, is the character of Mme. le Professeur's teaching that few of her class can follow her in her scientific flights. A woman of quite remarkable intellect, she is none the less a model mother and possesses a charming daughter, who does not disdain dolls. The proposal, then, is that Mme. Curie shall enter the Academy of Science, but that more distinguished Academy, the Academy of Letters—the Académie Française—is profoundly moved.

If Mme. Curie is admitted to one Academy she may presently claim entry to the circle of the Forty, and such an intrusion was never contemplated—certainly not by Richelieu when he founded the Institut.

M. Curie, who met a premature death in the streets of Paris, being run over by a wagon, was made a member of the Royal Society on the strength of a remarkable lecture in London on radium shortly after its discovery, and it was only subsequently that he received Academic honors in France.

While the Academy deliberates on this momentous question of the admission of women, Stockholm has solved the problem in its own fashion by admitting the lady savant to its highest scientific distinction. Thus Mme. Curie becomes "Académieenne," even while waiting the verdict of France. This Scandinavian tribute is significant because from the University of Stockholm proceeds each year the list of laureates of the Nobel Prize.

The personality of Mme. Curie is, in a certain sense, the battle flag of French suffrage. They are only awaiting the entrance of the lady to the portals of the Institut, before advancing the claims of many other women in France to places among the Immortals.



A Comb, Necklaces, Buttons and Other Skillfully Fashioned Articles Used by German Women Fifteen Centuries Ago.

which she lived, although this form of punishment was seldom resorted to. Over the children the father exercised absolute control, and the

opinion as to the eligibility of women to sit beneath the famous dome.

There is no question, of course, as

The Alternative - By Gerald Bliss

DINNER was drawing to a close in a private room at the Savoy. It had been a dainty meal, the choice of an expert, and there was an air of relaxation in the atmosphere.

Good living without excess was one of the few weaknesses of the stern, hard-faced man at the end of the table, whose square chin protruded from beneath a heavy white moustache; but few people would ever have guessed this little weakness. To himself he confessed it cynically, realizing that he had little to live for in the way of the lighter side of life, now that he had worked himself up to the summit of his ambition.

Prince Mechnikoff was the head of the secret police in Russia and an autocrat second to none. His steel-blue eyes had no pity in them, and he had never known remorse. To him a revolutionary was nothing but a cypher and an innocent one at that. They were pitted against him and he against them, and if they lost—well, so much the worse for them. He, on his side, knew that the fastidious was a bomb waiting for him—strange faces lurking around dark corners, lying in wait for their opportunity. His life had been a constant struggle, a constant fight against count, and often he would cynically review his escapes. His life was charmed; it was a proverb among other courtiers and nihilists. Still, it did not make him careless, and he never for an instant relaxed his vigilance; and he felt the awful isolation of it borne in upon him at times.

Even in London, the city of freedom, he dared not venture out unless guarded on every side; and the simplest pleasures, such as going to the theatre or dining in a restaurant, were forbidden to him on account of their insecurity. And in his isolation, his life of loneliness, he had only one real oasis, one softer spot—his daughter.

She was seated beside him, a soft sheepy vision in white, in all the sweet freshness of girlhood hovering on the threshold of womanhood. Twenty years before he had yielded to the fascinations of her mother and had married her, a girl half his age; and she married him because she had been forced to, only to leave her heart, only to leave him alone, never to be seen again, leaving him a young lover in the Imperial Guards, and two years later to lay down her life on the altar of maternity, leaving him a little bright-eyed, helpless creature, who had, from the first, wound her little fingers round his and herself round his heart.

Now she was eighteen, and the light of his world, and his only fear was an intense jealousy that in her case some handsome young lover would ride along all too soon and carry her away, possessing her heart in a way her father never could do, and leaving him more isolated than ever. Yet his love was at the same time great and unselfish enough to wish only for her happiness.

Anastasia Mechnikoff knew nothing of his troubles and anxieties and regarded her "daddy" as she loved to call him, as the dearest and most indulgent old thing in the world. She had only one

grievance against him, that he would never go out and about with her freely, as she would have liked; and she had English wifely, who had acted as her companion and chaperon. She was very fond of Mrs. Archibald, but it was not the same thing as any man, and she missed him acutely.

"Time for you to be off, dear," he said, looking at the clock on the mantelpiece. "These wretched little pieces will begin at eight and not give dinner a chance. I shall be able to stop and finish mine comfortably."

"Oh, daddy, I do wish you would come with us to-night, to please me, just for once," said the girl, getting up and slipping her arms around his neck. "Do hate leaving you—and it would be such a treat for you. You know you never do go out with me."

The prince patted her hand and kissed her tenderly. "No! go on, little girl," he said, modulating his voice to a touch of tenderness. "You go and enjoy yourself, while daddy daddies at Cinderella at home. The Gaiety, or any sort of gaiety for that matter, is not much in my line, I'm afraid; and Mrs. Archibold will look after to stop and finish mine comfortably."

"Look after yourself, little sweetheart," he said. "You are all I have to live for."

Then, before the girl could speak, he had turned to Mrs. Archibold and was holding her cloak for her.

"Pardon me," he said, drawing back into his shell; "I should have helped you before Anastasia, but for the moment I believe my mind, as well as my manners, was wandering."

"Not at all, prince," answered the widow, smiling. "I hope you will never find me an unreasonable person. Come along, Stasia, or we shall miss the opening."

"Good-bye, daddy dear," the girl said, turning round at the door and kissing her hand to him. "I shall be back with you soon after eleven; and then you shall give me such a nice little supper for a special treat."

into a low armchair.

It was answered by one of his own men. Even a Savoy waiter might be an anarchist, and Prince Mechnikoff was not a man to take unnecessary risks. "Bring me coffee, Ivan, and plenty of it," he said, hardly looking at the man, "with some of the old Napoleon brandy and a big goblet, mind you."

Supposes Ivan was a nihilist? The thought crossed his mind, and his lips curved cynically. Suppose the coffee or the brandy were poisoned? What a lot of opportunities servants had!

He poured himself out a cup of coffee, and added a small spoonful of sugar. Each one of those crystals might carry death. Then he poured himself out a liberal liqueur of the old brandy, and drank it with the appreciation of an epicure in subtle flavors.

He felt it coursing through his veins and stimulating his whole body, as only old brandy can do; and he almost laughed to himself. Good God, what a morbid, almost "fey," as they called it in this strange land he was in. He was cosmopolitan, but England was a place he completely failed to understand. It was so free in its habits, almost free-and-easy. Great men came and went without fear or favor, and the head of the police was hardly known by sight to the man in the street. It was the land of liberty, and in his own narrow environment he could hardly grasp the greatness of the fact. Moreover, it lacked the great game of intrigue and plot, at which the subtle brain loved to play.

Then his reverie took a retrospective turn, and the big plots of the past marshalled before him in imagination; and his face grew even more grim and callous than usual, and a strange gleam came into his steel-blue eyes. The very knot which made Europe shudder was a mere toy to him, or a trump card to be used to suit his own hand. There were other methods, too—methods of the old Inquisition, thumb-screws and hot irons—they were all part of the game; and there was no remorse in his heart or on his gray, hard face. It was not a man, but a machine, that sat and thought and smoked priceless cigars and drank brandy worth its weight in gold.

He remembered how, when quite a young man, a big plot had been brewing—a plot to kill the reigning Tsar—and how, by making love to a young and beautiful girl, how, by pretending to sympathize, he had collected evidence to unweave it and convict her father. She—what was her name? Olga something or other—ending with "owski"—had gone to Siberia with her back sealed with many stripes. She was young, hardly older than Anastasia. He did not quite like the thought of that somehow; and he took another unusually long pull at the large liqueur glass beside him. A slight shiver passed over him in the warm room. His only prayer was that she should never know him as he really was.

and that she should always love him as she did. It was his one fear. But what matter Olga sometimes or other? The affair had made him.

And, one by one in solemn procession his victims passed before him, the great sea of judgment, interweaving their pale and frightened faces with the rings of his smoke. Yes, that was a fine young fellow leading a forlorn hope; but he had to go. That woman with the black hair and the lovely eyes had had beautiful hands; but thumb-screws tell their tale. Why was that handsome, tawny giant, a prince of the blood, bent and broken like a hunchback? Ah, it was all part of the game. It had to be. It was all as inevitable as an Aeschylean drama. They were revolutionaries, and had pitted their petty brains against his and his organization; and the cautious backed by unlimited gold, like the bank at roulette, always wins. Poor, miserable fools, to put themselves up against it. It was their own fault; and they had deserved all they got—and more.

Suddenly he came back to himself and his surroundings, and shivered. It was cold; and a rare and abrupt shudder ran through his shoulders. Good heavens, it was half-past eleven. He had not noticed the flight of time in his grim retrospect; but what matter? It had whirled a weary way away. He ran the bell and ordered supper, taking a certain minute care about taking a certain minute care about supper, and nothing was good enough for her.

The clock chimed the three-quarters on the old Westminster chimes; and it seemed to get on his nerves, making him turn, with a sudden gesture of impatience, to the bell.

His finger was actually on the button when he heard the rustle of silk in the corridor, as of a woman hurrying; and the door burst open and Mrs. Archibold rushed in, obviously agitated. "Hear—hear! Anastasia returned!" she exclaimed before he could speak.

He raised his eyebrows questioning, with a sudden grip of anxiety at his heart.

"I don't understand," he said coldly. "Kindly explain. I left her in your charge."

The widow burst into tears, and could not speak for a moment.

"Mrs. Archibold made a convulsive effort and burst herself up with a jerk. 'Fool yourself together and explain. Where is my daughter?'

"We—we left the theatre together, and there was a big crush. I—I could not see Peter anywhere; and somehow in the crowd we got separated. I looked round to find Peter, and when I turned round again, a moment later, Anastasia had disappeared for a minute for her, expecting her back every second, but she never came. Then I began searching for her as the crowd thinned away, but there was no sign of her. At last I was the only one left standing outside the Gaiety, and drawn up was the last carriage, our own electric motor, but Anastasia was not

in it. So—so I thought she must have got into a cab and driven straight back to the hotel, when she found that she had missed me; but—but she is not here."

Her voice broke as she concluded, but there was a pitiless look in the prince's cold, steel-blue eyes.

"Perhaps," he said, in an icy voice, "you will be happier in another situation, madam. I have no use for people who fail to do their duty. Meanwhile, I will ring up Scotland Yard on the private number."

His heart was like a frozen stone as he walked across the room, without the flicker of even an eyelid. If there was nothing behind it, why was not his daughter back? He experienced that feeling of impotence which makes even the strongest man eager to beat the base of his cage, as he had seen so many others do in their time without a single qualm. Now he himself was face to face with that awful dread of unknown and uncalculated danger.

A knock came at the door, and his noiseless attendant entered, arresting his progress halfway across the room and making him look up anxiously at Mrs. Archibold started round.

"A note for you by hand, your highness," said Ivan; and the prince took it from the silver salver somewhat eagerly and tore it open. It meant either good news or the realization of the worst.

It was on perfectly plain, common paper, typewritten and without address, affording no clue; and it only consisted of a few lines.

"Your daughter," it ran, "is detained as a hostage. Come to No. 47 Portland place, and she will be released. Take a cab as far as the Langham Hotel and walk the rest of the way. You will be watched, so come alone and make no attempt to telephone to or communicate with the police. Bring this letter as a token of good faith. If you keep faith, your daughter will be returned safely to the hotel by noon to-morrow. She is by now miles away in an opposite direction to Portland place. It is your daughter or yourself. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Make your choice."

It was unsigned, but convincing in its simplicity.

"Who brought this?" he said, turning away from the telephone abruptly.

"A district messenger boy, your highness."

"There is no answer," he said; and he turned to the widow. "My daughter will not be back till noon to-morrow. If she does not come back then, communicate with the Russian Ambassador. You had better go to bed."

The clock struck 12, and the Westminster chimes on the mantelpiece rang out again, as he opened the door and let the cringing woman out with a formal bow, regardless of the pitiful look in her eyes; but she did not dare to ask questions after a single glance at his stern, set face.

He felt angrily that he ought to have reckoned on it in the great game of life and death, and have anticipated it. There were no revokes, no taking back wrong cards in such a subtle deal; and at last they had trumped with the ace.

His first impulse was to telephone to Scotland Yard and risk it; but he spurned it. It was the coward's way out; and he knew that he could only save himself at Stasia's expense. He did not doubt their good faith for an instant; he had made similar pacts with them himself before, and he had never found them fail. In fact, he was hardly so angry with them as with himself, but his face showed no trace of emotion. It was hard and cold as marble, and perhaps a shade grayer than usual.

The clock chimed the quarter, relentless in its march of time, reminding him that there was not a moment to be lost.

He walked across to the cabinet in the corner, and selected another cigar with unusual care, and lit it. Then he poured himself out a brandy and soda, and drank it off. Next he walked through the suite to his bedroom, where he slipped on a dark overcoat and a cap, and then he let himself out quietly into the passage without allowing himself to be observed.

In the hall he called a taxicab, and ordered the man to drive to the Langham Hotel.

In the cab he looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past twelve, and he would just do it in time. He was celebrated for never having been late for a dinner party or an execution.

He took a puff at his cigar and sat back meditatively. It had never occurred to him to question his decision. In a single moment his iron nature had suddenly realized humanity, which had hitherto been in his life a thin veil, and the power of paternity had gripped his heart. His little girl must never suffer; she must never even know that he had laid down his life for her, or what he had been to others.

What would they do with him? he wondered vaguely, almost impersonally—torment him? Hot irons, thumb-screws, the knout, the rack, or hundreds of other ways he knew so well? How long would they take to finish off? Or would they be merciful and do it quickly with a bullet or a rope? His lips curled cynically, and he blew out a cloud of smoke. He did not think so. As he had sworn, he must be reaped. And in his heart there was no remorse for what he had done.

The cab stopped.

Prince Mechnikoff got out, and gave the man a half crown without looking at the register. Then he drew himself up to his full height and inhaled a deep breath of the beautiful night air.

Then, with his steel-blue eyes set straight in front of him and a strange glint in them, he walked due north with a brisk step. It was just on the half hour, and he had no intention of being late.

He kept his eyes on the numbers, and found that 47 was on the left-hand side.

So he crossed the road mechanically, and found himself opposite a lofty house.

He stopped for a moment, and stared at it with a touch of curiosity. The drawing room floor was brightly lit, as though some one had just turned on the lights, and there was a light burning in the hall.

Then, as he heard the clock of All Souls' Church at the top of the street strike the half hour, he turned round and looked all about him. Not a soul was in sight.

He mounted the three wide steps and rang the bell with a firm hand. It was opened almost immediately by a man in livery.

"I have come," he said simply, as he entered with a coldly expressionless face, throwing away his cigar.

At noon punctually the next day Anastasia Mechnikoff burst into the sitting room at the Savoy Hotel and found Mrs. Archibold awaiting her, white and haggard.

"Oh, I've had such a funny adventure," she exclaimed. "It was quite a mistake, and every one was awfully nice. My daddy! I hope I wasn't anxious."

"I don't know," answered the widow, with a catching note in her voice. "He went out after midnight to look for you, and he had not yet returned."

And that was the last heard of Prince Mechnikoff.

Up-to-Date Jokes

The Friend—Your wife doesn't appear to be in very good humor.

Husband—No; she thinks I've invited you to dinner.

Earnest Pilgrim—Please send a large bunch of red roses to this address and charge it to me.

Clerk—Yes, sir; and your name?

Earnest Pilgrim—Oh, never mind the name; she'll understand.

Visitor—I envy you that light and skilful hand of yours!

Young Sculptor (flattered)—And so you saw my "Anaxoor"?

Visitor—No, but I hear you show your fancy dishes here?

New Boarder—Haven't you got any fancy dishes here?

Rural Landlord—Sure thing! Mama, bring the gentleman that mistake-oup your grandfather used to be!

Your clerk seem to be in a good humor," remarked the friend of the great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant. "My wife has just been in and it takes them to death to see somebody boss me around."

"How are you?"

"Oh, I'm about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe."