

all this is, it is at least as edifying as the existence of exclusive and hostile forces in the Christian quarter.

In the next section dwell the dreadful degenerate Jews, with their long side-locks and their long side-looks. Their physical filth is appalling, and their entire abiding-place but a paradise of fleas and vermin. It is one of the ironies of history that the race whose unique and wonderful Hebraism made Jerusalem a place apart from all the world should now be that city's chief disgrace. Almost amusing is their famous Wailing-Place when we consider what, bad as it is, the Holy City might be like did these unworthy specimens of a noble people control it. Even Lord Rothschild, Sir Moses Montefiore, and other enlightened Hebrew philanthropists have not been able, either by money or influence, to do much toward the betterment of this quarter. According to the Jews, Jerusalem is one of the four holy places, the others being Safed, Hebron, and Tiberias; from which four, did Hebrew prayer not constantly ascend, the world would at once come to its judgment day.

After a while these four quarters and their queer streets weary the foreigner, and it is then that the housetop becomes an inevitable haven of refuge. From ours the view embraces the Mosque of Omar, rising in stately solitude not far away; it would rival the more famous buildings of Solomon and Herod. Other Old Testament names become vivid, too, as we look away from David's Tower straightway down into Hezekiah's Pool. But there the historic stops, and we begin to realize that this is only one of many Jerusalems, each resting on the ruins of the preceding, and that we are now looking at a Jerusalem the Very Modern. However disappointing the city, the country compensates somewhat, and we feel a new sympathy with our Lord, who at evening so often sought the Mount of Olives; indeed, we have no record of his passing a single night within the walls. In Jerusalem itself there is no trust-worthy souvenir of the Saviour, but Olivet must ever bring him to remembrance. If a multitude of absurd traditions disgust, one such sight as this atones, for, even if the country have become barren, its configuration cannot have changed much during these eighteen centuries. The Jaffa road still passes over the only bit of high land connecting Moriah and Zion with the other scantily herbage hills. Such excavations as the Tombs of the Kings, like Joseph of Arimathea's, must have always existed in the soft rock, full anyway of natural caves. The summit of Scopus, from whence is the best far-off view of the Holy City, must always have been as bare as now, and, too, that other peak, Neby Samwil, the ancient Mizpah; the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its myriads of graves (for the Hebrews believe that at the Last Trump those here buried will rise first); Siloam, nestling down in the hollow as we turn towards the Valley of Hinnom and the hills about Bethlehem, where David and his piping come to mind—all these cannot have changed as has the Mount Zion which David conquered and Nehemiah strengthened. Lastly comes our Olivet, grayer and with fewer trees than one has fancied. Like the rest of Judea, the mountain is made up of little ledges of stone, as if they were the petrified and crumbled milk and honey of the Promised Land. Right outside the gate named for him one gets a good idea of the ease with which the mob took up stones to stone Stephen. Just around the mountain is Bethany, "about fifteen furlongs off;" and as we ascend between the cactus walls and then through the furze and gorse, we detect some of the road which One took to come from that village to Jerusalem, when the people spread palms in his path. Olivet's summit is so high that we look directly down into the Jordan Valley with its muddy river in place of the blue streak of the geography books. But really, strangely blue, and bordered by the steep Nebo mountains, lies the Dead Sea in plain sight. Only just under the hills, yet distant by six hours' hard and necessarily slow horseback journey through the brook Cherith and the valley of Achor, is Jericho. One involuntarily listens for the priests' trumpets, as if Joshua were still marching, till it is remembered that neither the house of Rahab nor the house of Zaccheus remains as a finger-post of the old city. Beyond the Jordan lies Moab, with not a town nor

village to break the vast monotony which melts finally into the great Arabian Desert. From the sight of this country "round about Jerusalem" we return to the sight of the Holy City itself, with its natural "four-square foundation," and then every evening from Olivet it becomes ideal for the nonce and not disappointingly real—becomes what it was and may be again, the type of that City "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."



## American Women at German Universities

By an American Woman

Germany is so unpleasant a place for women—unless one has a very exceptional experience—that I am always sorry for any of my countrywomen who go there. There are a few professors at certain universities who are in favor of the higher education of women; and if one has to do with these alone, one is likely to get on comparatively well. Still, I remember the tales that I used to hear at Zurich concerning the earlier days of women's study there; and even during my time there were some decidedly unpleasant events. For the publication of a certain most scurrilous poem concerning a very lovely German girl, the Senate of the University called the editor of the "Kneipzeitung," in which it appeared, as well as the writer of it, to account, and the young lady received a private apology for a public wrong; she showed her appreciation by later withdrawing from her course of study, giving up her intended profession, and marrying the editor of the "Kneipzeitung" in question. I remember another similar case. A certain professor in the medical faculty at Zurich, who avows that one of the objects of his life is to get the women students excluded from the University, is, or was, in the habit of making scurrilous remarks and vulgar jokes in his lectures for the purpose of causing women to remain away. Now, a great deal of indignation being excited, at one time, on account of these remarks, a paragraph appeared in one of the Zurich newspapers, the trend of which was as follows:

"Is it just or right that, at a Swiss university which has opened its courses to ladies, a German should be permitted to render his lectures so disagreeable to the latter that they are obliged to withdraw?"

No names were mentioned, and there are a number of German professors at Zurich; but the professor for whom the paragraph was intended made no mistake as to its import; and so there appeared, in another paper, an answer to the effect that "ladies" would not place themselves in a position where they could hear such things said; while as for the women who were trying to ape the men, these assuredly ought to be able to listen to that to which men listened. To this the writer of the first paragraph replied that such of the men as were gentlemen did not themselves wish to listen to the things to which reference had been made. Now the professor in a German or German-Swiss university is a very sacred personality, to speak against whom is almost as great a crime as a *Majestätsbeleidigung*; and so, although no names had been mentioned, several persons were taken to task by the irate professor on the supposition of having written the offending paragraphs, and one young woman was, I believe, haled before the Faculty on the charge, but was able to clear herself of the accusation. It was, moreover, characteristic of the German spirit that even those who disapproved of the professor's methods of ridding himself of women students thought it due to professorial dignity that the offender should be punished.

Yet, in general, I think that the Swiss are more advanced than the Germans on the woman question. I distinctly remember a Göttingen student who told me, in a conversation that was a very friendly one, entirely without anger on either side, that he believed the savages showed us woman's natural position, there being fewer artificial elements in their customs. He added that he thought savage customs needed a little modification, it was true. Of

course not all Germans are so narrow as this young man; but only a small minority are at all advanced even in theory, and of this small minority few show much liberality in practice. I have heard beautiful theories with regard to women stated by Germans, who, when it came to action, conducted themselves in a manner that would have resulted in their being ignored by good society on this side of the ocean. In some of the university towns where there are fighting-corps students, it is even the custom of the latter to make every one else turn out for them; and I remember a very lovely New York lady, the mother of a friend of mine, who used to come back to her boarding-place after a walk, often with wet feet, and filled with indignation because she had been compelled to turn out into the mud of the road by corps students who insisted on monopolizing the narrow sidewalk. Of course even the corps student will generally turn out for a young and pretty woman; but that is not much to his credit.

As to the attitude of most German professors with regard to the ability of women, I remember my first interview with one of the species—also my second. The second interview was with a man who is supposed to be neutral on the question of the university study of women, if not friendly to it. He handed me two American magazines devoted to his special branch, saying, with a broad grin as he did so, "I haven't read them, but I don't think much of them." And when I, in some astonishment at such sweeping *a priori* conclusions, asked the reason of this adverse opinion, he merely pointed, with a still broader grin, to two articles under which stood the names of women.



## Book and Heart

By Kate Erskine

"You can wait for me, James," Mr. Leverett said as he stepped from his carriage. "I shall not be in here more than twenty minutes or half an hour." "Perhaps not more than ten," he murmured to himself, as he gave the bell of an up-town apartment-house on the East Side a sharp ring and then stood looking curiously about him.

The electric light in front showed him that he was standing before one of a block of brownstone houses which had lately been made over into flats. There were still placards in most of the windows flaunting the words "To Let" before the eyes of the public; only in the third story appeared a dim light, and even that, as he watched, was put out.

"It is quite a change for her," he said, half aloud, as he gave the bell another pull. "It is quite a change for her," he repeated, meditatively, glancing at two packages which he held, and then at the carriage moving slowly up the street. "Perhaps if I had known—"

"Is Mrs. Ellsworth in?" he inquired of the boy who opened the door.

"Third floor, first door to your right," was the answer. And then, as a dime pressed his hand with the gentleman's card, he consented to ascertain the fact himself.

"She says you're to wait down here five minutes," was the message he brought back, "an' then you're to go upstairs, an' you'll find the door open, an' you're to walk right in."

And so this was the way that Mr. John Leverett, editor and publisher, found himself a few minutes later in Mrs. Frederick Ellsworth's diminutive drawing-room. He placed the packages in one corner where they were partially hidden by a screen, and then ran his keen glance around the room. It rested longest on a large oil-painting over the mantelpiece; and it was while he was looking intently at this that he heard a woman's voice behind him.

"You remember where it hung, Mr. Leverett?"

She did not offer to shake hands with him; simply stood by his side, looking at him as quietly and calmly as if she had seen him only the day before, instead of after a lapse of four years. And he, glancing at her quickly, answered as unconcernedly as she had spoken.

"Ah, very well, Mrs. Ellsworth; in Fred's study, didn't it?"

"Yes, you are right. I thought you had smoked too many cigars there with him to have forgotten it," and she gave a light laugh. "It just happens that this painting has stayed with me the longest; but I have spoken to Knaus about it, and given him a description, and he will sell it when he can. It only *happens* that it is left the last of all," she repeated, distinctly. "Come," she continued, gayly, "I want to show you all the things we have left, Freddy and I, to remind us of old times; there are not many, but you will like to see them, and be reminded, too." He watched her as she moved lightly around the room, calling his attention to this object and that, all the time wondering how soon he could mention his errand, whether she had noticed the packages, and casting longing looks at his carriage going slowly up and down.

"And this is the last," she said, stopping in front of an exquisite little water-color of an Italian child. "I took it down to Lusardi's once, and he was so pleased with it that he bought it himself; gave me two hundred dollars for it, cash down. That means a good deal to us nowadays—cash down; doesn't it, Mr. Leverett?" and she gave a hard little laugh; then, suddenly changing her manner, continued gently: "But, do you know, my boy cried so hard the next morning when he found the little child was gone, and grieved so for him, that I took the money back, and the picture was returned. Wasn't it absurd! A farce in two acts, though, for it goes back to-morrow—and then the curtain falls."

She motioned him to a seat, and, after poking the fire in the grate until a dull glow was started, threw herself into an easy chair. Her face was turned slightly from him as she looked absently into the fire, and it seemed the best time for him to speak.

"I called, Mrs. Ellsworth," he commenced, "on an important matter. Of the utmost importance, I consider, to you and your child."

She moved restlessly in her chair, without turning her head, and, murmuring something about the heat from the fire, put up her hand, so that her face was shaded from him as well.

"It would have been a thousand times easier for me," he continued, "not to have come here to-night. I argued that you had planned and thought the whole thing out for yourself, and that the result was simply what you had hoped for; and I did not see why, under those circumstances, I should interfere. Then, again, you know an editor's conscience is never supposed to be very tender, and should I be held accountable, or feel it my duty to inquire into the motives of all the writers who choose to send me their stories?"

He had been watching her very closely while he spoke, and as he uttered the last word it almost seemed as though his eyes forced her to remove her hand, and she turned her pale face toward him.

"You should not," she whispered.

"So it seemed to me. I could not be expected to lay that tax upon myself. I can read a manuscript, pass careful judgment upon its merits, and decide whether it is adapted for my publication or not. But I cannot then sit down and write, perhaps to a young man in Maine, 'Your article is well written, but your premises are wrong,' or to a clergyman that his ideas are not co-ordinate with mine. That is not my affair; it is theirs. Mine is to place before my readers the most interesting and greatest variety of matter that I can secure. And yet—"

He arose, and, going behind the screen, returned with the smaller of the two packages.

"If I had remained in the West a little longer," he continued as he untied the string, "instead of returning last week, the first four chapters would have been published in this month's magazine, which is out to-day. They shall be in the next, if you desire. I have not come to return the story to you, for I have no right to do that; it was accepted three months ago." The editor ran his fingers lightly over the typewritten pages. "These could not deceive me, nor the assumed name either. I felt so sure