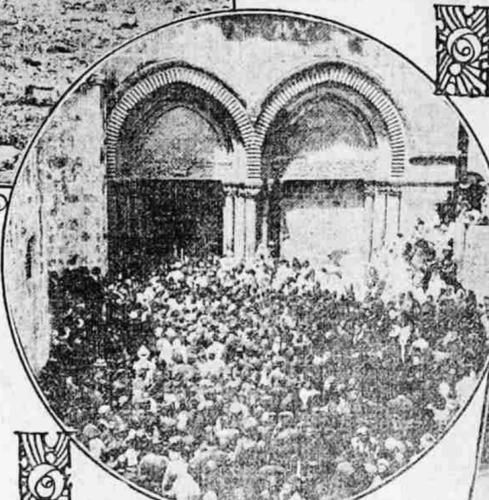


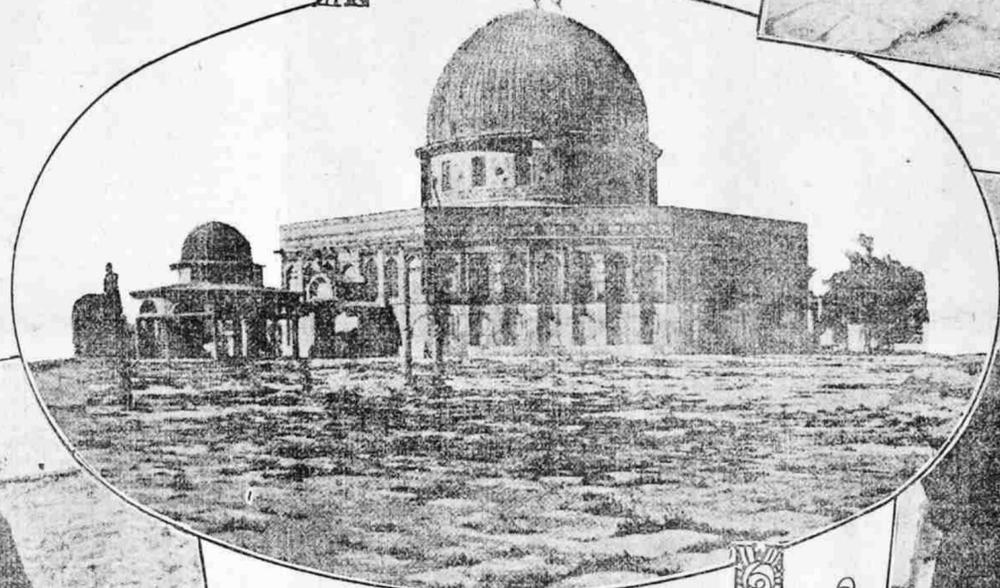
# TURKEY, GUARDIAN OF SACRED TREASURES FROM CHRISTIAN VANDALS



### Pilgrims to Holy Land Declare A. Rustem Bey Is Right in the Defense of His People Because Without the Moslem Interference



### Tourists Would Despoil Ancient Churches



If one of the sons of Anak could be restored to life after 4,000 years beneath the sod, he would shake hands with A. Rustem Bey, Turkish Ambassador, who a few weeks ago upheld the standards of civilization of the Ottoman Empire.

True it is that when the word of the Prophet was first spread with the sword, the old-time places in many nations were broken down, but that is not true of the land of Canaan. The Saracen invader of Palestine and the Turk is more careful of the ancient and historic spots than any other people.

It is the Turkish soldier who today is preserving the Holy Land from pillage. Should the Turkish authorities be withdrawn and no similar organization be appointed immediately to take their places Jerusalem would be looted, Palestine would no longer hold many attractions.

Even the sacred rites of the ancient worshippers of Baal are retained intact in the ancient land of Canaan. Pilgrims to Palestine have borne testimony time and again to the generosity of the Turk and his kindness in protecting him.

Palestine is a land of no changes.

Except in the cities the people dwell as they dwell in the days of Abraham. They live in the tents as Abraham lived. The chiefs send their servants to seek wives for their sons as Abraham did. Two men grind at the mill as they did in Abraham's day. The religious rites are much the same as when Baal was worshipped. In the strange land of the Samaritans they have rites which the Canaanites would readily recognize.

The Turk is responsible for the preservation of these relics of antiquity. More than that, the Turk has protected the ancient churches built by the early Christians before the rise of Mohammed.

Soldiers are placed in these churches to keep the pilgrims, who throng to the Holy Land in droves of thousands upon thousands yearly, from carrying off the sacred candles and sacred vessels from the churches of stone, built more than a thousand years ago and kept in repair through the thrift of the Turks.

For it is thrift indeed, which impels the Turk to assume the guardianship of the Holy Land. It is thrift which keeps him from slaugh-

tering the Christian tourists and pilgrims. From America, from England, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Norway, Australia, Africa and the remotest parts of Asia and the islands of the sea come these pilgrims eager to dip in the sacred River Jordan, which was considered sacred thousands of years before Christ was baptised there. The Baal worshippers considered it sacred. The Jews held it sacred. The Christian pilgrims turn their eyes toward the river and the Mohammedans worship before the waters.

**PILGRIMS AND TOURISTS BRING MUCH MONEY.**

The pilgrims and tourists bring great quantities of money yearly to Palestine. It is a felony to kill a Christian in the Holy Land. The reason it is a felony is that a great source of revenue would be cut off if the pilgrims did not come.

A. Rustem Bey was right when he said Christians are protected in the Holy Land. Even when the crusades were in progress a thousand years ago, the Mohammedans permitted them to visit the tombs of the saints. They allowed them to worship at the Church of the Nativity. They allowed them to call at the Tomb of Jesus and to follow his footsteps up and down Palestine.

There are students of history who believe it would have been a loss to the world had the crusader been successful in driving out the Saracens. The old-time Saracens were not as tolerant as the Turks of today, but at the same time they preserved the holy places. Had Christian civilization had full sway in the Holy Land it would have meant the introduction of new methods. American capitalists would have bought the site of the Church of Nativity for an office building site and have caused a new and finer church to have been erected out in the suburbs where the more fashionable people dwell.

It must be remembered that the great Roman Empire extended as far east as Babylon. It occupied all of the Northern portion of Africa. With the rise of the fanatical Saracens the Christians were driven out of Asia and Africa, and for a time their existence in Europe was at stake. The European cities changed, but Asia and North Africa progressed but little. There is no rea-

**AT TOP, from left to right**—Rachel's Tomb, entrance to Church of Ascension, front door to Church of Nativity, Turkish Ambassador. Below—Mosque of Omar, on site of Jewish Temple, and two types of pilgrims.

son to doubt but that Jerusalem would have kept pace with the other cities had it not been for the Saracens.

While it probably would have been better for the world to have brought about the changes, yet our great museum of Bible days would have been destroyed had it not been for the Mohammedan rise.

The Mohammedans are fatalists. What is, is right with them, and cannot be improved upon. If it is the will of Allah that a certain skyscraper should be built in New York it will be built. If it is the will of Allah that a certain church shall remain a thousand years in ancient Bethlehem it shall be so.

But when it comes to guarding the sacred treasures the Turks do not trust to Allah. At the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, which is built over the spot where the stable stood in which Christ was born, a cordon of Turkish soldiers is constantly on guard. This church was built by the Roman Christians, and for a time was a Moslem mosque. But the Moslems did not disturb the sacred art treasures there. They left the altars and when pilgrims came from Europe of the Middle Ages they were allowed to enter.

Various branches of the church were given quarters in the Church of the Nativity. The Greek Church has one corner. The Armenians have another corner. The Russian division of the Greek church has a corner and the Roman Church has still another corner. Members of the Protestant churches also come there to worship on the site of the birthplace of their Saviour.

There are certain of these pilgrims who are jealous of the others. They want more room to worship and fights actually have occurred

in this sacred place. Only the Turkish interference keeps order.

**TRIBUTE OF CHRISTIANS.**

The tribute of the Christians fills the coffers of the Turks. They charge the pilgrims and tourists for the camel rides. They charge them for their food and lodgings. They charge them for guides who show them about the Holy Land. They sell them worthless junk explaining that the junk is sacred matter.

Palestine is an interesting country, and is especially interesting to a Bible student. In the cities and along the main line of travel the East has changed somewhat. Commercialism has entered into the scene, but out in the country conditions are so much like they formerly were that one thinks he is walking in the footsteps of the Saviour. The Jordan River is still flowing quietly on to the Dead Sea. It is a muddy stream, but its surroundings are picturesque.

While the inhabitants of the land are picturesque they are no less interesting than the pilgrims or tourists whichever we wish to call them. Of course many of the pilgrims are not tourists, and many of the tourists are not pilgrims. Many go to the Holy Land just to see what is there. Others go there through a pious sense of duty. Their joy in seeing the sacred places where Jesus walked is good to see, and perhaps there is justification in Turkish occupation through their presence.

**Lost Actress to Return.**

Mrs. Harry Shepard Coykendall of Kingston, whose husband died at his home here a few days ago, has admitted that she is Hope Latham, known to every theatergoer on Broadway as an actress who has won first rank within the last five years. Hope Latham's last appearance

was not playing and were thoroughly mystified by her complete disappearance.

The Hope Latham whom everybody liked simply vanished in February, 1913. Two or three intimates knew that she had married. Some believed she had gone on a long honeymoon trip around the world. Others felt a little frightened not to be able to get any trace of her.

None knew that her husband of a year and a half was an heir to two great fortunes, that for his sake she had given up the best work of her life and all her hopes when their fulfillment lay open before her; none knew that she had gone to live in this sleepy city on the Hudson and had given up even visiting old friends at her husband's wish; none knew that from a certitude of wealth she had been cut off by her husband's death and that now she intends to return to the stage again and "hopes there will be a place for her."

Hope Latham told the story as she sat in the soft lamplight of her home on the Hudson hills.

She had returned a short half hour before from the cemetery, where she had seen the earth close over the husband who so hated the theater that he refused ever to see her act and tried never to think that she had been an actress, even in the company of such artists as Mrs. Fiske and John Drew, even on the stage of so distinguished a playhouse as Charles Frohman's Empire Theater.

"My husband was an outdoor man," said Hope Latham. She wore the simplest sort of close fitting black silk gown. There was not a fold or a frill. Her black hair was drawn back smoothly on each side. Her dark eyes were moist.

"I presume it is thought that he must first have seen me act, as you inferred, but it was not that way



on the New York stage as Jane in A. E. Thomas' play, "The Rainbow," is so recent that New York playgoers had generally supposed that a countrywide tour explained her absence since the summer of 1912. Her friends among actors and actresses, however, knew she

at all; he detested the stage. I met him first at a social gathering, party or what I hardly remember. When he understood that I was an actress it shocked him. He said to me: "You're so unlike what I ever thought one of those people could be!"

"To him they were always 'those people.' He writhed at the thought of my taking a part.

"We were engaged for three whole years. I played in New York in 'The Rainbow' and then went to Philadelphia, where we were getting 'Ransomed' ready. Our long betrothal was becoming a hard strain for me, and I think it must have been nearly intolerable for him. I knew that I must give up my work for him. So we were married on February 6, 1913.

"What a heavenly time that was after our marriage I can't tell you. He had the finest, most lovable heart in the world. His mind was as clean as a young girl's. We came here to live and were always together.

"And now he is dead, and only 46 years old.

"I shall go back to the stage. There is now nothing for me here. I have this home, this old-fashioned house, and I have a small income—that is all."

Her husband was one of several children of Samuel D. Coykendall of Kingston. The father made an unusual will by which his fortune was, so far as possible, entailed. The will provided that the estate, of a value of more than \$2,000,000, should be undisturbed until after two deaths. Upon the death of the youngest of his children, who shall be living at the time of the widow's death, the properties of the elder Coykendall are to be divided among his surviving children. Mrs. Samuel D. Coykendall lives in the big red stone mansion two doors away from Hope Latham's home. Hope Latham's husband is the third of her children to die before her.

With him dies his share of the Coykendall fortune, and also his share in a greater fortune, that of his mother's father, Thomas Cornell, founder of the Cornell Towing Company. Had there been a child the outcome would of course have been different.

The Coykendall and Cornell wealth was made in boats and railroads, in the Delaware & Hudson Canal and the Ulster & Delaware Railroad, which the family owns, and in the towing business. Estimates of the united fortunes have always been exaggerated through the Kingston countryside—\$40,000,000 is a common belief of folk along the Hudson.

**Meanest Man.**

The world's meanest man has been discovered. He is Dr. D. Percy Hickling, an alienist of Washington, D. C., and he has presumed to put love on a scientific basis. He has issued a formula by which a doubting avain may ascertain without fail the name of his closest rival for "her" affections.

Here it is:

Carelessly hold "her" wrist, as if carelessly. Craftily place your forefinger on "her" pulse. Then name over, in casual conversation the rivals you fear most. When you name the right one "her" pulse will jump scandalously. If it increases something like a hundred beats you might as well quit the race.

To offset this mean betrayal Dr. Hickling has issued some hints to the fair sex on how to avoid nervousness. "Scorn gossip," he says, "and don't attend to other persons' business or worry over their troubles, and you will be all right."

But he doesn't say a word as to how Dulcinea might have kept the fatal pulse jump from giving her away.