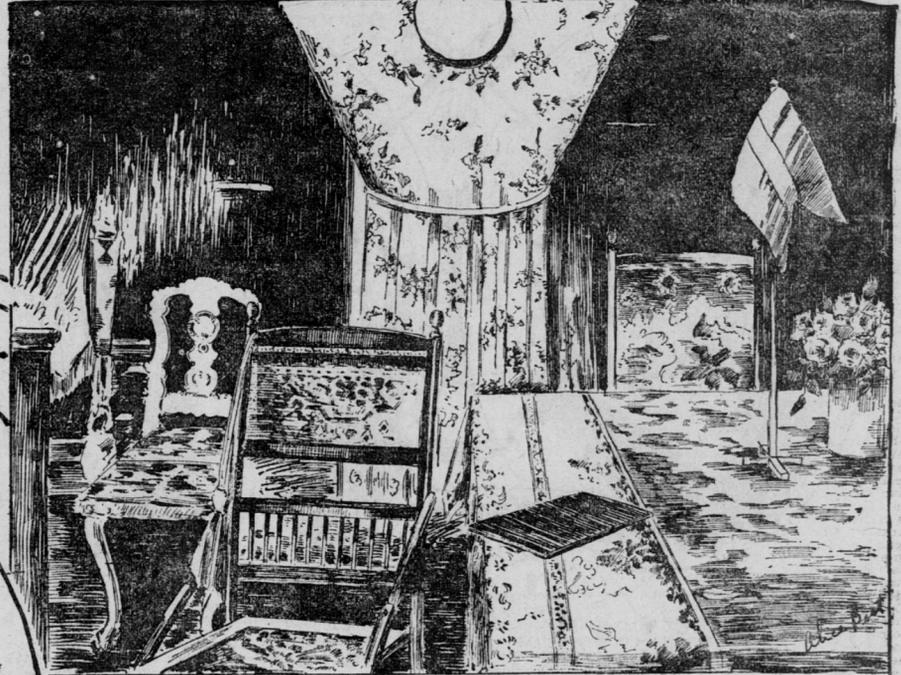


CRUISING OVER THE WORLD TO SAVE LOST SOULS.

Unique Expedition of a Danish Noblewoman, Who Has Sold Her Jewels and Left a Luxurious Home to Preach Among the Water-Front Slums of the World. With Her Three Adopted Sons She Has Just Come to America in Her Private Yacht, Duen, and is at Present Working in the Cities and Towns Along the St. Lawrence River.



THE DECK OF THE 'DUEN' AND THE CAPTAIN.



CABIN OF THE COUNTESS.



COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN.

A UNIQUE expedition, attempted by a woman of noble birth, is the cruise of the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, of Denmark. After touring most of the important seaports of Europe and doing missionary work among the sailors, wharfmens and incarcerated criminals at those places, she, with her three adopted sons, set sail for America to do similar work in this country. Coming by the way of the St. Lawrence River in her splendid yacht Duen to Montreal, Canada, some months ago, she visited many of the Thousand Islands en route, holding meetings and being entertained by numerous prominent families at their summer homes there.

From Canada she went to Niagara Falls, where her two younger sons entered school. A brief visit to Rochester and a stay of ten days at Buffalo preceded her arrival in Cleveland. The Duen, anchored just inside the breakwater and flying the Danish flag, with a crew of seven men and a sturdy old German captain, secured expressly to conduct the vessel through the great lakes, has attracted considerable attention the last few days. Countess Schimmelmann arrived by train from Buffalo Friday morning and went at once on board her ship. I was rowed out a few hours later, and was cordially greeted by the Countess, who in a lengthy interview spoke of her life-work and her methods of soul saving.

When I stepped on board the trim, handsome yacht the grizzled old captain and an immense St. Bernard dog loomed up on the immaculate deck. Count Paul Friedrich Schimmelmann, eldest son of the Countess, a fair-haired, well-built young Dane, advanced and carried my card below. A moment later the Countess herself advanced to the foot of the stairs and extended her hand in graceful courtesy. I was surprised to find so young a woman. She is evidently not more than 42. Her smooth brown hair is untouched by gray, her complexion still fresh and rosy, and her blue eyes luminous and tender. She looked very picturesque standing in the doorway of her tiny cabin, with her small headpiece of white lace and her figure enveloped in a long cloak of violet cloth and satin. She wore no rings or jewels of any kind.

Gentleness, dignity and a sweetly frank manner of speech were impressions speedily gained of my hostess, who bade me sit by her tiny coal stove

while we chatted. She spoke with considerable animation and fluency of speech, her English being perfectly intelligible although marked by a decidedly foreign accent.

"That is the picture of the castle wherein I was born," said the Countess, pointing to a photograph of an imposing pile of masonry on the wall. "You are puzzled by my accent. I am Danish-German. My father was a Dane and my mother a German. My father was international in his ideas of education," the Countess continued. "We had French and English as well as Danish and German governesses, and I became proficient in all these languages, being able now to speak in five tongues. When I was a very young girl I was taken to visit at the German court. Empress Auguste, wife of Wilhelm the Great, as he was called, took a deep interest in me and asked me to spend some months with her. From thenceforth I divided my time between my Danish home and the imperial palace of Germany. I became the pet and protégé of Empress Auguste, who made me a lady of honor. I was present at many grand functions of state. When General and Mrs. Grant made their tour of the world I had a long conversation with him at the palace.

"Empress Auguste was a cultured woman, with much force of character and sweetness of spirit. She had three of the best literateurs of Germany to read all the newest books and periodicals each evening in a conversation, which I was invited to attend. These men imparted the information gleaned by them to the Empress, with critiques of literature and art. Here it was that my dead religion vanished. My Bible had new meanings for me, and I became converted to Christianity in the true sense. Surrounded as I was by luxury and wealth, I saw the selfishness of my life, and the poor and sinful and suffering in the great cities of Europe appealed to my heart as never before. Empress Auguste was interested in the work I began and helped me substantially. Of course, persecutions of the most violent and persistent kind were begun by my titled relatives, who abhorred the idea of my speaking of temperance and salvation and helping wretched drinking men by building coffee houses and providing proper food for them and their families. The impression even was given that I was insane and must be sent to a madhouse, but no earthly power could stop me when God was at my side. In exchange for a racing cutter I secured the yacht Duen, from Prince Waldemar, youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, and began my work among the

sailors.

"I am a spinster, and my three sons, Paul Friedrich, Wilhelm and Otto, are adopted. I took them when they were babies in need of a mother's care. They are now such a blessing to me. Paul Friedrich attends to all the financial and practical affairs of our journeyings, opens and closes my meetings for me and in countless ways assists me in my work. Each year we have aimed to touch once at the large ports of Europe and do missionary work. London, Berlin, Hamburg and Genoa are some of the places in which I have worked months at a time. Last year I visited fifty-eight cities, including some in Denmark and Scandinavia.

"My plan of work is to enter the harbor of some city," continued the Countess, "appraise the sailors and wharfmens of my presence, let their curiosity be awakened by the yacht and the fact of my being a lady of gentle birth. I go ashore and speak to them in a hall near by if possible. I had not present the Gospel, but endeavor to establish coffee houses and induce men to give up strong drink. The results of our meetings are often marvelous, I believe." This modestly, "I am never patronizing in my manner, and because I, a Countess, have left behind me a life of ease and am spending my fortune to advance the cause of Christ, the anarchists and infidels are often touched and won to righteous living, because they believe in my sincerity and accept salvation as a good thing. Work is very hard in Germany, where even the Christians fight me for advocating temperance. Oh! there is no city so bad as Berlin for drunkenness. Hamburg and all the German towns are wretchedly intemperate in the matter of drink. London is not so bad. Strange to say, the socialists of Europe are the ones

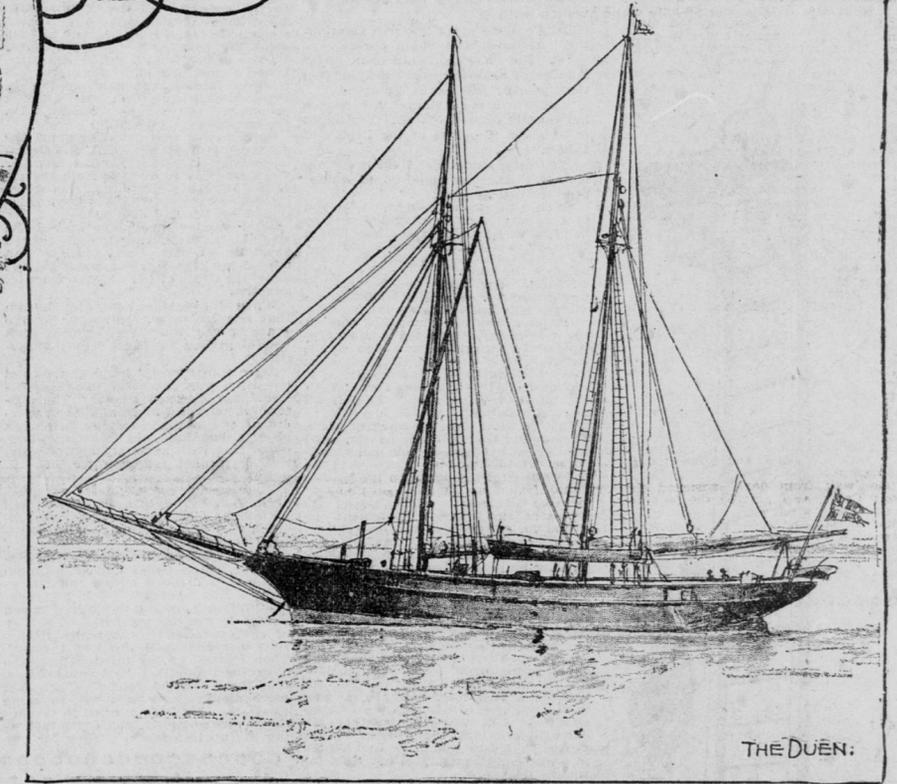
who do the most active temperance work.

"The poverty and intemperance in Old World cities are vastly greater than in America, where the women—mark the women—are so actively employed in good work—in mothering boys and girls who need help. In Germany the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Christian Endeavor Society have obtained but a small footing. It is yet very hard for women to do public philanthropic work without ridicule and contempt.

"I have gone from city to city, hoping my object lesson would inspire other women to take a positive stand. I have never taken up collections at my meetings, defraying my expenses from my own fortune. I have had contributions from the lately deceased Queen of Denmark—a noble woman and a friend to me—also from the Princess of Wales, but nothing ever from the Prince. I have sold my jewels and am now about to dispose of my country house in Denmark.

"As to my plans here, I hope to address a large audience on Sunday afternoon in a public hall in Cleveland, where people of all classes will feel free to come. I shall tell of my life, my work, my journey on land and sea, and also of what a Savior I have found. I would like every one to know it will be free and no collection taken.

"When I arrived at Montreal I was astonished to find a great crowd of fishermen, sailors and wharfmens assembled to greet me. I had not heralded my arrival, but somehow they had learned of it, and I addressed them many times during my stay. Ah, I have sailed away from harbors with pardoned convict, and still others from rough sailors and seamen. There was one also from a wealthy young



THE 'DUEN'.

German woman of rank who wrote to tell of her conversion.

"I am going to spend the winter in Chicago, where our yacht will go into quarters," she said. "I do not know how or with whom I shall carry on my work there.

"After Chicago, I think I will go up into Lake Superior," she continued. "I personally investigate the conditions as a settlement place for Danes and Scandinavians, that I may take back to anxious people in the Old World exact knowledge of the conditions there. Then I may return to Cleveland and go down the Hudson to New York,

which, of course, I dare not miss seeing, since it is such an important part of America."

The Countess then showed me through the apartments of the yacht. Her own room—very daintily furnished and furnished, with pretty airy curtains and bed draperies, quantities of photographs, including a large autograph one of Empress Augusta of Germany; bits of oil and water color scenes—a marvel of elegance and coziness. The same artistic taste prevailed in the other rooms. The Countess and her crew leave Monday for Detroit, whence they go to Chicago.

interesting? They have told me here in America that Chicago is very wicked—terrible, in fact. But nothing can exceed the vice and misery of Old World cities, in whose slums and prisons I have labored. One of my most pleasant tasks is the searching for parents of wayward boys, who, when converted, want father and mother to know of it.

The Countess here brought forth a file of letters and read touching extracts from several—one from a converted anarchist Hebrew, another from a pardoned convict, and still others from rough sailors and seamen. There was one also from a wealthy young

MAX NORDAU DISCUSSES THE RELATIONS OF POLITICS AND CHARACTER.

The Distinguished Author Declares the Degree of Respect Political Opponents Pay One Another Is the Standard of a Nation's Public Life.



SWEET THINGS ONE WOMAN SAYS TO ANOTHER.

Lady of the house (to bore, who generally calls just as she is about to go shopping)—Won't you let me ring for a little refreshment for you?
Bore—I think I'll take a little something just before I go.
Lady of the house—Oh, then, DO have it now.

The English, who were the first people in Europe to have a political party in life in the modern meaning of the words, used to say, "Even in attacking a political antagonist one must treat him so that one can dine at the same table with him on the next day without embarrassment." And it is evident that English professional politicians carefully adhere to this rule.

The degree of respect which political opponents pay one another is the best standard of the state of health of a nation's public life. We should be warned against the deceptive inference that "politics ruins character," as if the contagion of the personal relations between the contending parties resulted in poisoning public life. Exactly the reverse is the true case. It is from the existing unhealthfulness of public life that the evil forms of the relations of political parties to one another develop. A deeply dissatisfied nation which is not aware of the real sources of its economical or critical discomfort has a natural inclination to listen to swindlers and quacks who offer it obvious, easily understood though childishly incorrect explanations of its condition and suggest pleasant remedies, or which flatter its inclinations and weaknesses.

A nation that finds itself in this psychical condition brings to the surface a political personnel which owes its rise to the most corrupt methods—of unscrupulousness, chicanery, deception of the people, courting popular favor, untruthfulness and actual or virtual immorality. But this personnel, of course, uses in the party press and in Parliament the same means by which it has succeeded in popular meetings and district associations. Cleon cannot speak or act except as Cleon, whether he is in the market place in the midst of the shouting mob or in the council of the responsible directors of the destiny of the country.

Therefore, politics does not corrupt character, but bad character corrupts

politics. From this proposition it follows that evil methods of procedure in party life imply bad character in partisans.

Why should a man hate his political opponents and assail them in a base personal way? If we seek every possible cause which can explain such conduct we shall find that each one of these causes must necessarily have for its foundation a contemptible soul.

We may think first of intolerance. We will not allow that our opponent can have a different opinion from ours. If he contends against it it must be done in bad faith, for, like every sensible and honest man, he certainly must perceive that our view is the only correct one. Intolerance in this case is the result of artless dogmatism, but this always proves incapacity for objective thought, and thus mental inferiority.

Another cause might be that one imputes dishonest motives to our antagonist. This, too, no decent politician, no decent man will do. To suspect another of double dealing we must be capable of it ourselves. Whoever is sure of the purity of his own intentions will not easily, not without trebly sure proofs, suspect a fellow man, even though he is an antagonist of dishonesty.

Patriotism is as universal, as natural a feeling as love for our own parents or children. Its absence is morbid, a perversion of feeling. But as soon as we concede that our opponent loves his country as well as we do, we must also admit that he plans and recommends his political belief because he is convinced that it will best promote the welfare of the nation.

This conviction may be erroneous—it is the business of party strife to enlighten the people as well as the ruler—but it has a claim to respect because the motives from which it springs have this claim. What impulse save the desire to serve his people and his government would induce any one to go upon the stage of public life in Germany? In countries actually ruled by parliaments one may hope to find the way from parliament to a ministerial palace.

Therefore, among those nations, politicians under certain circumstances might, without offense, be expected to pursue their political career, not solely from patriotism, but also or even exclusively from personal ambition.

In Germany parliament is not the stepping stone to ministerial positions. Or, to be exact, at the utmost it is only for a single party, the conservative. In all other parties place hunting is excluded because it must always be futile. In Germany there is no sort of advantage connected with the profession of a politician who does not stand by the government through thick and thin. Why should a man subject himself to the toil and annoyance of this career except from unselfish zeal for the common good?

So in Germany distrust of the motives of a political opponent is less intelligible than elsewhere unless he is himself pursuing in politics an unfettered selfish subordinate purpose either for himself or the caste to which he belongs.

A third cause, personal enmity to the opponent, would be especially base. It would flatter an aversion, perhaps even active hatred, whether of a part of the nation or of high positions against certain men or classes. In this case hostile assaults upon opponents would be nothing but a form of tale bearing, sycophancy, currying favor by means of denunciatory tales, and the word which alone could fitly designate the man capable of such acts would better remain unwritten here.

Thus personal enmity toward the political opponent always proves either intolerance from dogmatism or incapacity to impute proper motives to him, or criminal speculations upon certain convictions of influential circles, which implies narrowness of mind or baseness of character or both at once.

A broad, candid intellect always distrusts its own discernment sufficiently to admit the possibility of a mistake, and therefore allows every divergent standpoint a certain degree of theoretical appreciation. A lofty nature is always ready to believe every man honorable until there are proofs of the contrary.



Proof Conclusive.

The Leading Man—What makes you think Stormer is only getting about \$40 a week?
The Comedian—Why, he told me himself that he was only getting a hundred.