

# YOUNG MAN BEWARE!

### THE PITFALLS POINTED OUT BY DR. TALMAGE.

Make the Home Pleasant for the Boys—Keep Holy the Sabbath Day—Teach Industry and Integrity Always—Glorify of Virtues.

**WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1895.**—In his sermon to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from 2 Samuel 18: 29: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun, David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided; the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks out and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance, the father cries out: "Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: 'Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?' Oh! no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the King, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs to his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "Oh! Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the King, asked in regard to his son, is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yes, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going, must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position, and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity to get overthrown. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words, and petulance, and scolding may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness, and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but oh! how much it means to you. Fresco a palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough-hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering-places or country-seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house, and singling under the weeping willows. The

barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress, does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it, and you on the other; she gone fifteen years ago into glory. That scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred forever. There you established the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home." Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He falls twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great city. He is seated in his room at a rent of two thousand dollars a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copybooks of other merchants' signatures! Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to cultivate the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses, and pour into his cup a bitter draught that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace, and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death, and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhymes. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut, or a St. Mark's Cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymeyester's botch. Out of one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine have no life-plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh! young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life-plot. Alas! that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port. They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Oh! young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm, and of the stout heart, and of the bounding step, I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign lan-

guages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequalled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say: "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh! young man, cheer up, I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life, and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long-suffering mercy. Despire all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the Gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the sermon a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in this house. God help us. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theater, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theater. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home, and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the Gospel. I am the other young man."

**Lost His Heart.**  
One of the stories the great C. H. Spurgeon used to tell was as follows: I knew a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and he did not seem to have it himself.

"That is odd," say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He had scarcely enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were around him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent; she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money he had loaned him; the debtor's children went crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for bread, he would have his money. He had lost his heart.

I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day and saw an iron safe. It stood behind the door of an inner room, and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry as the kernel of a walnut, seven years old. It was his heart.

If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.

**The Truest and Highest.**  
Let us have the courage to live by the truest and highest revealed to us. The life of our best hours and experience is our true life. Not to strive to make these best hours the standard by which we daily live; to be disloyal to that which we see and worship and love in the most exalted and most radiant moments of our existence; to make no effort to preserve and perpetuate the glory of this occasional spiritual life, is to resist and quench the spirit.

**Electricity in Art.**  
Electric lighting is to be applied to art in Brussels. On the Anspach memorial St. Michael is represented on horseback slaying the dragon. The sword will be made to blaze like a sword of fire, lights will be put in the saint's eyes and in the insides of the dragon.

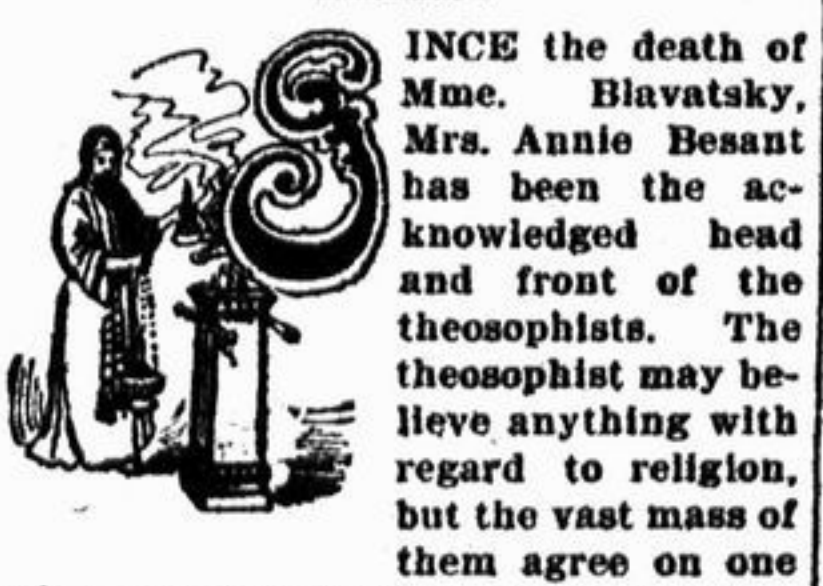
It is when a man rises above his circumstances and moods that true manhood shows itself.

You can coax a man a red cedar tree you can push him an inch.

# BRAVE MRS. BESANT.

### THE THEOSOPHIST LEADER IS COMING HERE AGAIN.

Story of Her Life from the Time of Her Marriage to the Present Day—A Glimpse at the Religion She Is Advocating.



SINCE the death of Mme. Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant has been the acknowledged head and front of the theosophists. The theosophist may believe anything with regard to religion, but the vast mass of them agree on one point, and that is that the great religious teachers were men who had reached perfection through having lived many lives on earth, and that they constitute a secret brotherhood, from which members are sent at intervals to teach humanity. As Mrs. Besant is said to contemplate a third visit to the United States in the near future, it may be expected that the agitation of this peculiar religious theory will soon take on new life.

Viewed from any aspect Mrs. Annie Besant is a strangely strong woman. Born in England, of Irish parents, her childhood was spent in an atmosphere of pure religion, and, upon attaining the age of young womanhood, she was of an exceedingly devotional nature. With a



ANNIE BESANT.

strong inclination for the cloister, she was diverted from the purpose of seeking seclusion in a nunnery by the belief that she could accomplish more for religion by marrying a clergyman, and at 20 she became the wife of Rev. Frank Besant, brother of the novelist, Walter Besant. She soon discovered that her husband's life did not conform to the lofty ideas of perfect religion which she had formed, and resented the disappointment by not only refusing to go to church, but by resisting his authority as a husband, and finally becoming a heretic. The result was a separation, then a divorce, and, after that, all sorts of trials and troubles for the woman, which culminated in making her a leader among the socialists of London, a collaborer with Charles Bradlaugh in promulgating the doctrines of infidelity, and subsequently the disciple of and then the successor of Mme. Blavatsky as the leader and teacher of theosophy.

Mrs. Besant has had a trouble life, and it must be said that she has borne her trials with much fortitude. Her association with Bradlaugh, which was maintained without interruption until his death, resulted in ostracism from society and all sorts of condemnation, from conventional people. But she pursued her course unimpaired of all this, and even in the face of the fearful protestations of her mother, whom she dearly loved, and who is said to have died of a broken heart because of the actions of her daughter. It is through Mrs. Moncure D. Conway that she became acquainted with Bradlaugh, and through William T. Stead that she subsequently met Mme. Blavatsky.

But Mrs. Besant's life has not been barren of good results. She became the champion of the poor in London, and by her tongue and pen did much toward ameliorating their condition in life. She procured for the overworked and underpaid match girls such reforms in their work and wages as materially improved their condition. It was due mainly to her agitation that John Burns was given a seat in parliament, and under her guidance the working people of London were organized, with the result that many improvements in their social condition followed. During this period of her labor she stood one night at the head of an army of workmen in Trafalgar square and when a regiment of soldiers charged upon her force with fixed bayonets, she stood her ground, remarking they had a right to be there. Her bravery won for her the admiration of all England.

After this Mrs. Besant became the pupil of Huxley, and under his tutelage studied science and philosophy. She first visited this country in March, 1881, and delivered several lectures. In 1893 she made her second visit as a delegate of the theosophists in the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair. Her contemplated visit is for the purpose of

delivering a series of lectures in the leading cities of the country.

### Hansel and Gretel.

The German composer, Humperdinck, who is introduced to American audiences this season by the presentation of his famous fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," is forty-one years old, and a man of pleasing personality. He is regarded as Wagner's heir, and his opera has enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent. The libretto is based on the nursery tale of the "Babe in the Wood." As a student in the conservatories of Cologne and Munich, Humperdinck bore off all the prizes, and after teaching in the Barcelona Conservatory he settled, in 1890, in Frankfurt.

### Last Days of Leo.

Cardinal Gibbons has given a graphic description of the pope, who, now, in his eighty-sixth year, is pale and emaciated, "with a pallor almost of death upon him." This pallor is intensified by the white ecclesiastical garments he habitually wears. His body is considerably bent with age, but his eyes are bright, his mind clear and luminous and his power of physical endurance astonishing.

### A Great Undertaking.

A ship canal from Bordeaux to Narbonne, connecting the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, is one of the coming public enterprises. The distance is three hundred and twenty miles, and the breadth is to be one hundred and forty-four feet at the narrowest and two hundred and fifteen feet at the widest points, with an average depth of about

# CHICAGO THEATERS.

### AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Operatic Engagements.

**M'VICKER'S THEATER**—"Bonnie Scotland" will continue to be presented at McVicker's Theater till Saturday evening, Nov. 30. The play is strong in interest, plot and situations. The highland costumes are remarkably picturesque and the scenery equally so. The company that is presenting the play is of exceptional ability and all the points of the play are brought out prominently. The bagpipers and sword dancers are a novelty and create much enthusiasm.

Following "Bonnie Scotland" at McVicker's, Dec. 2, Mr. Joseph Jefferson will begin his annual engagement in Chicago. It has as yet not been decided whether he will open his season in "Rip Van Winkle" or in "The Cricket on the Hearth."

On the afternoon of Dec. 5, Thursday, at McVicker's Theater, a benefit will be given the Actors' Fund of America. Those who will participate are Mr. Joseph Jefferson in the one act comedy, "Lead Me Five Shillings," the fourth act, which is the strongest, of "The Witch," an act from "The Brownies," and a number of other prominent features. The charity is a worthy one, as it takes care of any number of the sick and needy in the theatrical profession.

"Rory of the Hill," an Irish drama, by James Connor Roach, which had a six months' run at the Academy of Music, New York, will shortly be seen at McVicker's Theater. It is said to be the best Irish play written since Boucicault's days. Mr. Connor Roach, who also plays the leading character, has been praised by both pupil and press for his great work both as an actor and author.

**CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE**—Beginning last Sunday, Nov. 17th, at the Chicago Opera House, Miss Camille D'Arville and her excellent company of lyric artists presented for the first time in Chicago, Ludwig Englander and J. Cheever Goodwin's historical comic opera, "A Daughter of the Revolution." As the title indicates, the story follows historical incidents of 1776. American patriotism in comic opera form should be successful. There will be seen British and Hessian military officers, colonial dames, American officers and troops, who will make the scene most realistic. J. Cheever Goodwin, who wrote the libretto, is well known here as having written "Wang," "The Merry Monarch," "Doctor Syntax" and other successful operas, and in "A Daughter of the Revolution" has made a special effort, and much comedy in action may be expected. Miss D'Arville has a great part in the title role. She has three changes of costume to make during the opera, which gives her opportunity to appear as soldier, servant maid and grande dame. It is one of the most pretentious offerings that Miss D'Arville has yet been seen in, and her voice was never richer than the present season, and one may look forward to a great operatic night on Sunday, and another brilliant triumph for Miss D'Arville.

**Other Attractions for Next Week.**  
Columbia..... Brownies  
Hocley's..... Hansel and Gretel  
Grand..... A Trip to Chinatown  
Haymarket..... Joseph Murphy  
Alhambra..... Girl Wanted  
Academy of Music.....  
..... On the Mississippi  
Lincoln..... Hanlon's Superba  
Hopkins (West Side).....  
..... Continuous performance  
Hopkins (South Side).....  
..... Continuous performance  
Olympic..... Continuous performance  
Havlin's..... The Land of the Living  
Sam T. Jack's..... Burlesque  
Lyceum..... Vaudeville  
Schiller..... The Witch

**Dramatic Notes.**  
Robert McCleery and Thomas Fitzpatrick, who courteously preside at the Chicago Opera House box office, will have a benefit at that theater on next Sunday evening. The program includes volunteers from all the current attractions at the other theaters, and the evening promises to be a veritable "passing show" of Chicago amusements.

At Hooley's for two weeks, commencing Monday, Nov. 25, will be "Hansel and Gretel," the fairy opera that so much has been said about. The tour in America is under the direction of Augustin Daly.

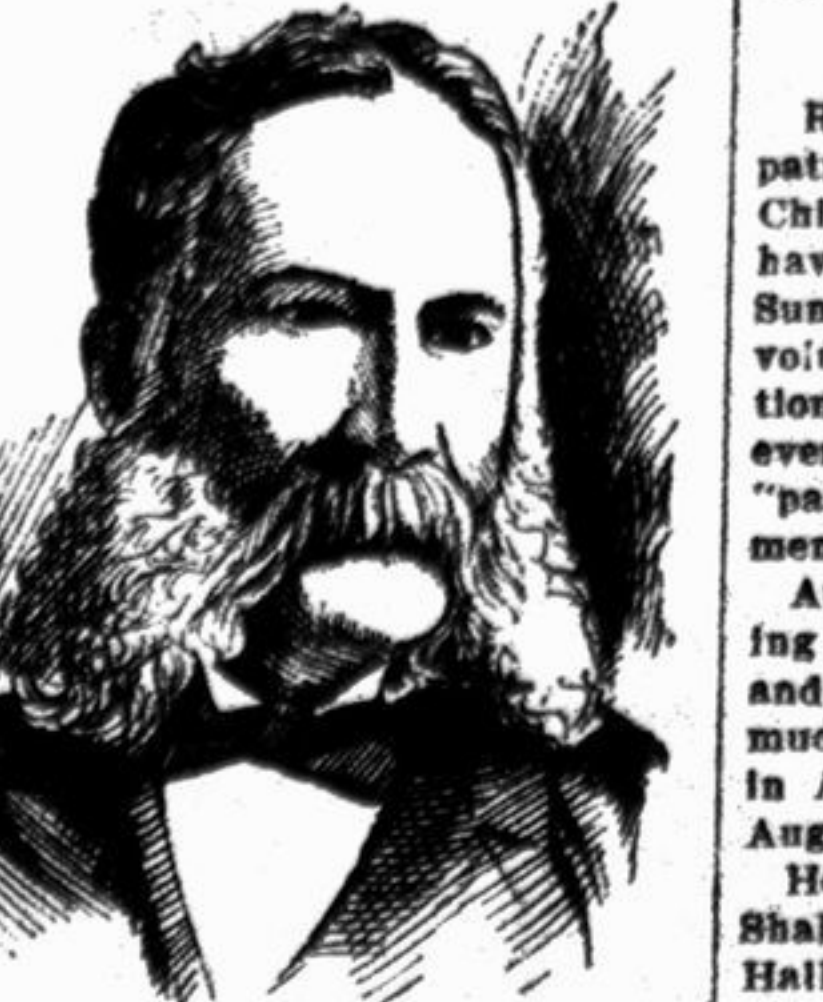
Henry Dickson will give a series of Shakespearean recitals at Steinway Hall late in the season.

Augustin Daly has, it is said, surpassed all previous efforts in his production of "The Queen's Necklace," which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellows bring to the Chicago Opera House following Miss D'Arville's engagement. "Le Collier de la Reine" will, it is said, reveal many charming dramatic episodes in the life of the fascinating and unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

H. G. Somers is receiving a number of letters every day from prominent players offering their services for the benefit to be given the actors' fund at McVicker's Theater Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5. Arrangements have been completed for an act from "The Beggar King" and an act from "The Wizard." Joseph Jefferson will appear Goliath in "Lead Me Five Shillings." Hayden was the

### Gen. Longstreet Is Falling Fast.

According to a Philadelphia newspaper man, who gave him careful scru-



GEN. LONGSTREET.

(By recently, signs of age are becoming manifest in General James Longstreet, the last of the Confederate corps commanders. It is not only in his thin white hair and white whiskers, but in the stoop of his shoulders, his slowness of step, and the lack of fire in his eye. His deafness is worse. General Longstreet is very unlike a military man in his attire, for he affects clothes of sober black, not too well made, and it is alleged that a stranger might mistake him for a preacher.

### Arms and Legs.

By actual measurement of fifty skeletons the right arm and left leg have been found to be longer in twenty-three, the left arm and right leg in six, the limbs on the right side longer than those on the left in four, and in the remainder the inequality of the limbs was varied. Only seven out of seventy skeletons measured, or less than ten per cent, showed the right arm longer than the left leg.