

The World of the Author of "Paris."

Paris! That name suggests more ideas to more people than any other word among the languages of men. It recalls the revolution which at the close of the last century overthrew the old order of things, signifies the most brilliant realization of the present social system, which that revolution brought into being, and now, more potent than any other one word, intimates a prophecy of another revolution and a new social order yet to be.

All the world reads with interest of Paris, or if any one here or there is so sated and staled by the frequent repetition of its story as to turn aside indifferently from a book bearing as a title that magic name the flagging interest would be revived and the faded curiosity roused again by seeing upon the volume inscribed as author the name of Emile Zola. To-day the name of the man is almost as famous as the name of the city.

Whenever in intelligent circles either is mentioned the other is soon heard. Each name serves contending parties as a battery in the conflicting opinions of the time. Each has strong friends and bitter enemies. Few men regard either with indifference.

For these reasons "Paris, by Emile Zola," is destined to be the subject of as many controversies as has ever been waged in the annals of literature, and an excellent translation into English by Ernest A. Vizetelly just published in two volumes by the Macmillan Company of London and New York, will give to British and American readers a fair cause and opportunity to take part in the conflict with as much keenness as the French themselves. The work is for sale in this city by all booksellers, and San Francisco, therefore, is as well situated to share in the fray as any other community.

which was to come the filter of love and eternal youth." This being the conception of Paris out of which the story and all of its philosophy grew, it is scarcely necessary to say the book will not find favor with those to whom a novel is merely a means of passing with pleasure an idle hour. It is not meant for those who desire only a pleasant tale or an exciting romance to amuse them. It is a work for the study of the serious; to be read as an illustration of total depravity, or as a prophecy of the speedy coming of the dawn of a brighter day. It is a challenge to every form of conventional religion, to the Church of Rome and to the whole scheme and dogma of Christianity.

The keynote of the book is a denunciation of religion founded on charity and a demand for a religion founded on justice. The hero whose experiences and intellectual development constitute the continuity of the plot throughout the trilogy, sought first for satisfaction for his aspirations at Lourdes, but found there only the glorification of mysticism and renunciation of reason. He turned to Rome to see if the faith and ardor of primitive Christianity could be renewed by the church, but found there what Zola calls "the rotted trunk of a tree that could never put forth another spring time." He went at last to Paris and sought consolation in works of charity, only to find that charity itself is a blunder, that the religion founded on it has become bankrupt, and that aims can never cure the suffering of mankind.

The story opens with Froment serving in one of the churches of Paris as an unbelieved priest, convinced of the uselessness of all his efforts to help others toward salvation. He goes forth on a mission of charity, and straightway the narrative plunges into the slums and miseries of Paris. Froment is wrecked, tenets of his poverty dies of hunger, and enforced idleness breeds the mad spirit of anarchy, he goes to certain rich philanthropists to seek aid for a starving man. Here he enters into the stream of corruption which wealth breeds, and comes into contact with one of the leading characters of the story, Baron Duval, who "rotted and devoured, corrupted and swallowed everything he touched, and was also the tempter personified—the man who bought all consciences that were for sale."

In this circle of the aristocracy of wealth he finds many patrons of charitable institutions, but not one to help the dying wretch in whom for the moment he is particularly interested. He turns from the statesmen of the time and a striking chapter of the story describes a scene in the Chamber of Deputies when a scandal breaks out over the bribery resorted to by Duval to carry through a great railway scheme. Among the characters introduced in this scene are many which can be recognized even by American readers as portraits of well-known politicians and journalists. To me heaven is the vision of Christ. "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." He will be there and to know him perfectly and see him without any veil of doubt between will be heaven.

the laboratory of a great scientist, Guillaume Froment, and the first act of the drama ends with an attempt of the anarchist to blow up the house of Duvalard, an act which results only in the killing of an innocent working girl. From this point the story moves slowly forward through a maze of philosophical discussions, dissertations on society, diatribes on religion, studies more or less profound of all the complex problems of our disturbed and perplexed civilization. There are scenes of all kinds. A spiritual sermon by a popular and eloquent preacher, a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, a public execution by the guillotine, a marriage in high life, love among the



EMILE ZOLA, AUTHOR OF "PARIS."

laboring and love. Guillaume, the man of intellect, discovers that through the sacrifice of self there comes a nobler self, a broader sympathy with humanity and a finer and fuller enjoyment in the exercise of the intellect itself. He turns the power of his great explosive to use in

and with sincere hearts the light comes at last, and with it peace and work and the one lesson, wide as space as are the souls and those of the mad anarchists, the profiteering rich, the lying journalists, the self-seeking statesmen, the devouring courtisans, the almost equally vicious women of the class where money rules and licentiousness after the most unimpressive brought out in a multitude of scenes of dramatic intensity. Through all there runs the one thought, the one lesson, wide as space as are the different characters of the story, and diverse as are their fortunes and their ambitions, the unity of the drama is never broken. The fate of Salvat, the anarchist, is linked with the political fortunes of the statesman, and on their turn depends the outcome of Sylvaine's desire to be admitted to the Comedie Francaise. The life of each affects the lives of the others, and every incident has a bearing on the fortunes of all. Never has the constructive skill of Zola been better displayed than in the management of this complex drama, and if the movement of the play were not so hindered by the mass of didactic discourse the story would rank as one of the most intense and dramatic he has ever written.

In the closing chapter Zola sums up the substance of his philosophy and preaches the moral of his tale. Out of the seething vat good is to come. What matters all the wrongs and sins and miseries of the time, since humanity always advances. Liberty sprang forth from the vat to wing her flight throughout the world. And why in her turn should not justice spring from it? It is by science the revolution is to be achieved. Now that science has destroyed that false idea of heaven, and shown what dupery lies in reliance on the morrow of death, the slave, the workman, weary of dying for happiness sake, demands that happiness and justice shall be given them in their work. There lies the new hope. Justice after eighteen hundred years of impotent charity."

This, then, is the philosophy of Zola, the lesson he has drawn from his life and labor and love in Paris, and which he has chosen to teach to the world in the form of a study of the city from which he has drawn so much inspiration and so much hope. The book closes with a triumphant burst of world music. The city glows in the light of the declining sun. The beautiful Marie calls the attention of her husband to the glory of the scene: "Look, look," she exclaimed, "Paris is all golden covered with a harvest of gold." Zola adds: "And Paris shines with light, and where in glory waved the great future harvest of truth and justice."

So runs the plot of this dream, the romance of ideas wider than any romance of action. And now for reality: At the very time this excellent prophecy of a better future was passing through the streets Paris was in an uproar. A man who asked for justice was being haled through the streets while an angry mob followed howling at his heels. A man who asked for justice was being haled through the streets while an angry mob followed howling at his heels. A man who asked for justice was being haled through the streets while an angry mob followed howling at his heels.

"The realization of the best within us."—Rev. William Rader.
 "It is the vision of Christ."—Rev. J. G. Gibson.
 "Heaven is a place."—Rev. C. B. Cherington.
 "A place of many cities and many heavens."—Major Frank Robinson.

MY IDEA OF HEAVEN.

WHAT is heaven like? Fervid eloquence, inspired by ardent imagination in thousands of pulpits, during the Christian centuries has been employed to describe the unseen glories of the blessed place or condition.

Wise men have differed as to whether heaven is a place or a condition. Belief differs still concerning that. Faith and hope lead all worshippers of the unseen God to look forward to a life of bliss beyond the grave as a reward for good deeds done in the flesh. The following opinions are in line with that view, but at the same time there is a wide divergence of opinion on the question: What is your idea of heaven?

The doctrine of heaven is so inextricably connected with pagan fancies and unreal and impossible definitions that there is an inclination on the part of theologians to surrender to the well-established fancies of the popular mind and to speak of heaven in terms of poetry and symbolism. But it is this old idea that prompts Frederick Harrison to speak of heaven as a vacuum, eternity, a future of ceaseless psalmody, and who asks with fine scorn: "Why should this great end staring at all of us along the vista of each human life be forever a matter of dimly remembered hypotheses and the same time intelligible I would say that I do not believe that heaven is the Elysian plains of the Greeks; nor in the green paradise of the Scandinavian; nor in the conventional dream of streets of gold, and songs and harps, for which the orthodox Christian longs. I say I do not believe in these, but, strictly speaking, I do, and so do you, my reader. We all believe in the fundamental truths of these grand old pictures painted by the common mind, and respect, with reverent admiration, the mighty rose of Dante, with its petals made up of living angels, its glorious center the very holy of holies; in the transcendent pictures of Milton; and in the city of the new Jerusalem, which John saw descending out of heaven.

We always think of heaven through the imagination. Nobody has returned to tell us what heaven is, and I confess that we all must be agnostic, just as Paul was when he said: "Now we see through a glass, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then we shall know even as we are known." Heaven is not up nor down; neither here nor there; but, in the thought of the New Testament, it is the absence of sin. It is life, without life's agonies, it is a temper; it may leave locality if there is to be a place, then this present world will probably be that place. Heaven is harmony. It is progressive because it is life; redemptive forever, because it is the very expression of eternal love; a condition of spiritual satisfaction.

Heaven is the realization of the best within us. It is life at its highest. Every soul makes its own heaven; its own hell. I believe in degrees there. Some have greater capacities than others. Heaven is time winnowed of its limitations and imperfections. The social problem is the attempt to translate the dream of heaven into present industrial and political conditions.

As a Christian I like to think of heaven in the words of Christ. "In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go I shall come back again and receive you unto myself." Where heaven is I do not know. The Bible, as far as I have studied it, does not tell. From my reading of the old book it seems to me it is a place of abode and not a mere condition or existence. Will it have pearly gates and streets of gold? I do not know. In fact I do not care. There will be no

golden stair, but to describe gridirons and toasting forks and furnaces and all such paraphernalia would be no trouble whatever.

My idea of heaven is a place where stage-struck girls, young and old, have dropped their mistaken ambition along with their earthly habiliments, and who have no desire to exchange their earthly robes for tights, or the trailing garments of a Lady Macbeth. I would want to see each unhappy damsel or dame transformed into a smiling and contented forever. Stage-struck men and women are afflicted by a fever hard to cure. Perhaps their ruling passion, strong in death, "will be unquenchable by all the waters flowing in the river Styx."

I was born a Methodist, and believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. This earthly existence is a probation. At the day of judgment all will be judged justly, yet mercifully. That there is a future state in which all human beings will attain immortality and develop for good or evil is recognized by the lowest savages, as well as by the brightest minds of the highest civilization. That the streets of heaven are literally paved with gold, I am not prepared to admit. Any human being who lives up to the Master's maxim of "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them," which is an epitome of the Ten Commandments, will be sure of everlasting bliss in heaven, whether it be real city, a place of abode or a condition in existence.

"In my Father's house are many mansions" was always a clear statement to me. I thought it to mean just what it said. Lately, however, I have shifted around to believe that Christ spoke figuratively when he made this statement, and am inclined to believe that heaven is a pleasurable spirit existence, attainable only by Christian work and spiritual well doing during life.

If the Book of Revelation is any guide, and it certainly is, heaven is a city of streets, beautiful buildings and flowers and wonderful things far beyond the conception of man in his present state of existence. Just where such city is built or its size, I do not know; neither does that worry me. Heaven is described in the Revelation as a sure enough city. As John saw it, heaven was very much of a city, a place of abode.

Of course I believe in heaven. As to its location, I have never given any thought. That's a matter too deep for me. I like to think of heaven as a place where there is no more sorrow, nor care, nor trouble of any sort. Somewhere in God's great universe there must be a central point or rather a place of spirit abode. That is heaven.

What is heaven? If it be all that is said of it, certainly there must be peace and happiness. If such be the case, the seed which is sown in the mind of the soul at birth, of ambition or slothfulness, study or indolence, social prominence or a desire for a retired life, placed there by nature, which never deviated, and which has followed man's footsteps in earth-life, certainly is not laid aside at the grave, if the spirit lives and passes on to the beyond. That being the case, to have a haven of repose and perfect happiness, the nations of the world could

not be massed together, all of one mind, enjoying the same phase of happiness, for what would be pleasure to the one would be misery to the other. Then my idea of heaven-life, death and hereafter is that it is a state of progression, and as we leave this sphere we shall we begin in the other, and the seed which we sow here will be reaped according to their merits in the land to which we have through the laws of nature been transferred.

Heaven is God's presence and Jesus is the door. When the Redeemer taught his apostles of the life to come he said: "I am the way." His clearest description of heaven is residence in the Father's house. Christian belief asserts its right to consciousness in the presence of God, and God is everywhere when sin is vanquished and Christ is all and in all. Jesus says: "Ye, therefore, shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." If this law were not in force in heaven, the earth would be a better place for perfecting the soul.

Heaven and hell are states of consciousness, very near to each other. Heaven is not a place, but a condition of consciousness. Consciousness is of the soul or individuality. We do not have to lay down this soul to reach heaven. Aspiration and an act of the will set spiritward will lift and keep the soul on a plane of consciousness above the discordant vibrations of the lower levels of the world's consciousness. We must have a God within the interior of their own being and persistently hold the thought of at-one-ment if they wish to find heaven.

It will be difficult indeed to form a conception of heaven that would be endorsed by all members of the Theosophical Society. The society has no dogmas, and composed as it is of persons of all ages, classes and creeds it must of necessity contain the faiths of all conceptions, varying with their understandings. Logically a man could believe nothing else, at a given time, than that which he understands to be true.

The Theosophical Society offers a wide field for research in which reason should guide, and observed facts from the basis of understanding. Every belief should be proved logical, unreasonable and within the bounds of probability. In dealing with religious questions one must not depart from the rational. If heaven means anything it means a state in which freedom and happiness exist.

Freedom in the abstract cannot exist where one single desire binds. He who performs beneficial acts in the hope of reward is not happy unless the reward is obtained, and if the reward is obtained happiness ends. Among the Buddhists the very desire for heaven is considered a supreme selfishness. Jesus is made to say, "do good for the love of good," "the kingdom of God is within." He who does not care for heaven, but is contented where he is, is already in heaven. The fulfillment of duties brings its own reward.

It would appear from the foregoing statements that heaven then is only a condition, an existence, but it is more. There can be no conditioned existence without some place of manifestation. Among the Brahmins man is considered a septenary being, related to seven planes of cosmos, the planes interpenetrating each other as do the principles of man. The four lower principles—the physical body, a sublimated physical counterpart, the principle of life and the vehicle of desire—form what is called the lower quaternary. These four lower principles are necessary to all organized animal life. They are all of the earth and disintegrate with the physical bodies.

Were there nothing more man would be merely

be recommended to students of art. Its author is a well established for herself a reputation not only in the circles wherein she moves, but has succeeded in gaining a clientele to be envied. The principles enunciated by Mrs. Heuermann have apparently been found by her to be of a most helpful character, and they are stated with a clarity that is remarkable. The work under review is well illustrated and printed and strongly bound.

NEW AMERICAN NOVELS.
WARREN HYDE—By the author of "Unchaperoned." New York: R. T. Fenno & Co. For sale at Dosey's.
ON THE WINNING SIDE—By Jeannette Hyde. New York: R. T. Fenno & Co. For sale at Dosey's.

We do not know who the author of "Unchaperoned" may be, but it is to be regretted that he or she has been let loose on the literary market without a guardian. Presumably the writer is a woman and we would humbly advise her to engage at once a cultured chaperon, who might keep her wayward fancies within bounds and teach her at least the elementary canons of good taste. "Warren Hyde," not to waste adjectives upon it, is a mawkish, pretentious volume, unworthy of notice save to protest against its offensive motif. It is inconceivable that a self-respecting firm of publishers should have put its name to a story which is so obviously, through all the windings of its complicated plot, the product of a diseased brain.

The second of these novels comes under a different and more pleasing category. It is full of the warm sensuous coloring of the South. The plot is inconsequential, the story loosely put together, the interest carelessly sustained, but these faults are atoned for by vivid word pictures, characters and scenery. The idea, too, is original, embodying the trials in the old slavery days, not of slaves or slaveholders, but of the poor "white trash" that stood between. Eliza Martin, come of an overseer's family, nearly breaks her proud heart on returning, after many years of fashionable schooling, to her sordid home in the "quarters." Her brother, Strong Martin, educated at college with his master's son, has his life embittered by the prospect of a theft which the said son committed. The war comes to level all things. Strong wins distinction and honor on the "Blue" side, and though repudiated by his family, eventually wins happiness, while Eliza, the heroine, becomes a mistress of one of those stately homes she once could not have entered.

BOOK NOTES.
 In "The Imported Bridegroom and Other Studies of Abraham Cahan and the Story of the Russian Jewish quarter of the East Side in New York. His volume of short stories will appear this month from the Riverside Press.
 Richard Le Gallienne has been giving a series of readings from his own works at the Lyceum Theater under the management of Major Pond. It is stated that he intends to stay for several years in America. Mrs. Le Gallienne accompanies him.
 Francis Wilson has made a record of his friendship with the late Eugene Field in a volume called "The Eugene Field I Knew," which is in the Scribner's press. "Like the Apostle," says Mr. Wilson, "he was all things to all men—and much to many. . . . He was a terror to the

politicians, a Homer to the children, and different to, as well as from, everybody." Out of his intimacy with the author of "Little Boy Blue" he has made a book full of fascination.
 "The Loves of the Lady Arabella," is the title of a new novel by Mollie Elliot Seawell, author of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," and "The History of the Lady Betty Star." It is published by Macmillan Company early in the spring.
 "Out of the 500 letters I receive daily," says M. Zola, "barely 5 per cent contain insults." Many people might think twenty-five abusive letters a day a generous allowance, and, if he reads them all, M. Zola will have an unusually rich vocabulary for his next realistic novel.

The Macmillan Company announce a new edition of Gilbert Parker's novels to be published early in the spring. This edition will include "An Adventurer of the North," "The Boy of the Mountains," "The Snows," "Pierre and His People," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac."

We are to have a new edition of the poems of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson. The only American edition of her work up to the present time was brought out some years ago in San Francisco, largely for private circulation. T. Fisher Unwin of London has the reprint, which has been on sale in England.

"A Voyage of Consolation" is the title of the new book by Mrs. E. C. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. In this book Mrs. Cotes returns to the field which she developed with such success in "A Social Venture" and "An American Girl in London." Some characters which delighted thousands of readers reappear in this new book, and their entertaining experiences on the Continent are set forth with unflinching good spirit and an apt appreciation of the picturesque and humorous features of European travel. The text is admirably supplemented with vivacious illustrations.
 Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. of Boston will issue, in conjunction with Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London, an important publication entitled "All the World's Fighting Ships," by F. C. Jones, illustrated with portrait details of over 1000 warships, with notes and other useful statistics; the second volume of the "History of the Royal Navy from the earliest times" by William Laird Clowes; also a new edition of "Ironclads in Action," in two volumes, by H. W. Mahan, with a preface by Captain A. T. Mahan.
 "The Disaster," the new romance of the Franco-Prussian war, by Paul and Victor Marguerite, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., has already been the subject of favorable comparisons with "The Fate of the Father of Marguerites" was a distinguished French general who was killed at Sedan, and the younger of the two brothers has had nine years of military service, so that they come naturally by their intimate knowledge of military affairs. The picture of the struggles of the Army of the Rhine in various battles and they describe the surrender of Metz and the capture of the city of Metz, and the soldier's experiences are relieved by episodes of friendship and love which add brightness to their strong pictures of war.

"Heaven is but a higher plane of Cosmos."—D. J. Lawrence.
 "A place of spirit abode."—Chiquita.
 "A state of progression."—Mark Thall.
 "The kingdom of heaven is within us."—Rev. D. V. Bowen.

REV. WILLIAM RADER, Congregationalist.

REV. J. G. GIBSON, Baptist.

REV. C. B. CHERINGTON, Baptist.

MAJOR FRANK ROBINSON, Christ's Rescue Home.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, President, Stanford University.

REV. F. B. CHERINGTON, Plymouth Church.

CHIQUITA, The Cuban Atom.

S. H. FRIEDLANDER, Theatrical Manager.

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