

“BLACKED OUT.”



EW readers, outside of Russia, are aware of the extent to which the expression of opinion and the dissemination of intelligence in that great Empire are hampered by the governmental censorship of the press. Most Americans, probably, know that such a censorship exists, and that it acts as a check to progressive intellectual activity in general, and to political and revolutionary activity in particular; but very few have had an opportunity to see or to know the full extent of its power for evil. The Russian censorship acts not only as a gag to prevent discussion of public affairs, but as a bandage to close the eyes of the Russian people to the real nature of their own situation. It is hardly an exaggeration, I think, to say that an Englishman who lives in London, and who reads attentively the Russian telegrams and correspondence in the “News,” “Times,” and “Standard,” has a clearer and more accurate knowledge of a whole class of important facts and phenomena in Russian political life than can be gained by a citizen of St. Petersburg from a careful perusal of all the periodicals in the Empire. The reasons for this extraordinary and anomalous state of things may be found in the thick volume published under the direction of the Russian Minister of the Interior, and known as the “Press Laws.” How these laws operate to prevent not only the discussion, but even the mention, of certain important public questions may be shown by an illustration drawn from my own personal experience.

In the month of June, 1886, there assembled in the old Tartar city of Kazan a quasi-representative body of Russian citizens, which was half-humorously designated by the liberals of the town as the “Plague Parliament.” It consisted of delegates from the zemstvos, or local assemblies, of all the provinces lying adjacent to the river Volga, and it met for the purpose of discussing the then prevalent cattle plague, and taking such measures as might be found necessary to stamp out the epidemic. I happened at the time to be in Kazan, and on the morning appointed for the opening of the “Parliament” I was in my room discussing Russian affairs with the city editor of one of the local newspapers and a professor in the Kazan University.

“I think,” said the editor, “that I will go back to the office and write an editorial suggesting

that, inasmuch as delegates from all the Volga River zemstvos have assembled here to discuss the cattle plague, a favorable opportunity is afforded for the discussion of certain other important questions in which the Volga River provinces are interested.”

“Do you know what will happen if you attempt anything of that sort?” inquired the professor.

“What?” said the editor, laughing.

“Your newspaper and the ‘Plague Parliament’ will be suppressed before noon tomorrow.”

“Do you mean to say,” I interposed, “that a newspaper would not be allowed to make a mere suggestion of that kind in good faith?”

“Certainly it would not,” replied the professor. “I happen to know that the governor here has received the strictest orders from the Minister of the Interior not to allow discussion in the ‘Parliament’ to go outside the limits of the single question submitted to it, and to telegraph him every day a full résumé of the proceedings. Mr. A—— [the editor] may word his suggestion as carefully and cunningly as he likes, but I assure you that the censor will prohibit it.”

“I’m going to make it, nevertheless,” said the editor; “and if you [turning to me] will come around to the office between eleven and twelve o’clock to-night, you shall know the result.”

At the appointed hour I went to the editorial rooms of the “Daily Gazette,” and took a seat near the desk of Mr. A—— to await the return of the proof-sheets of the next morning’s paper. About midnight a small bell rang in an adjoining apartment, and a moment later a boy rushed in with a drawling cry of “C-e-n-s-o-r!” and threw down upon one of the office tables a bundle of proofs. Mr. A—— took them up, glanced hastily through them, and presently handed to me, without comment, a slip containing an editorial article headed, “The Meeting of Delegates from the Volga River Zemstvos.” The tone of the editorial, as a whole, seemed to me perfectly unobjectionable, even from the point of view of the most narrow-minded and conservative bureaucrat; but in the concluding paragraph Mr. A—— had made, mildly, meekly, and in timidly cautious words, the suggestion that it would perhaps be well for the delegates from the zemstvos to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the meeting to consider

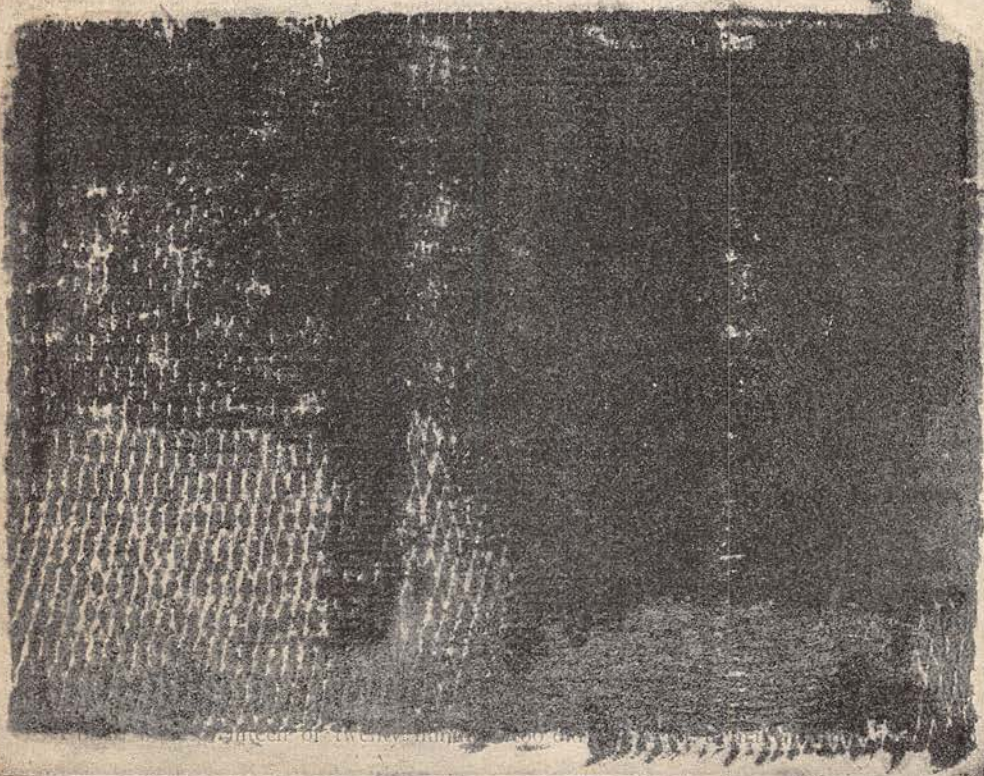
as "Dora," and "Enoch Arden." Their beauty is not in themselves alone, but in the air that breathes around them; in the light that falls upon them from the faith of centuries. Christianity is something more than a system of doctrines; it is a life, a tone, a spirit, a great current of memories, beliefs, and hopes flowing through millions of hearts. And he who launches his words upon this current finds that they are carried with a strength beyond his own, and freighted oftentimes with a meaning which he himself has not fully understood as it flashed through him.

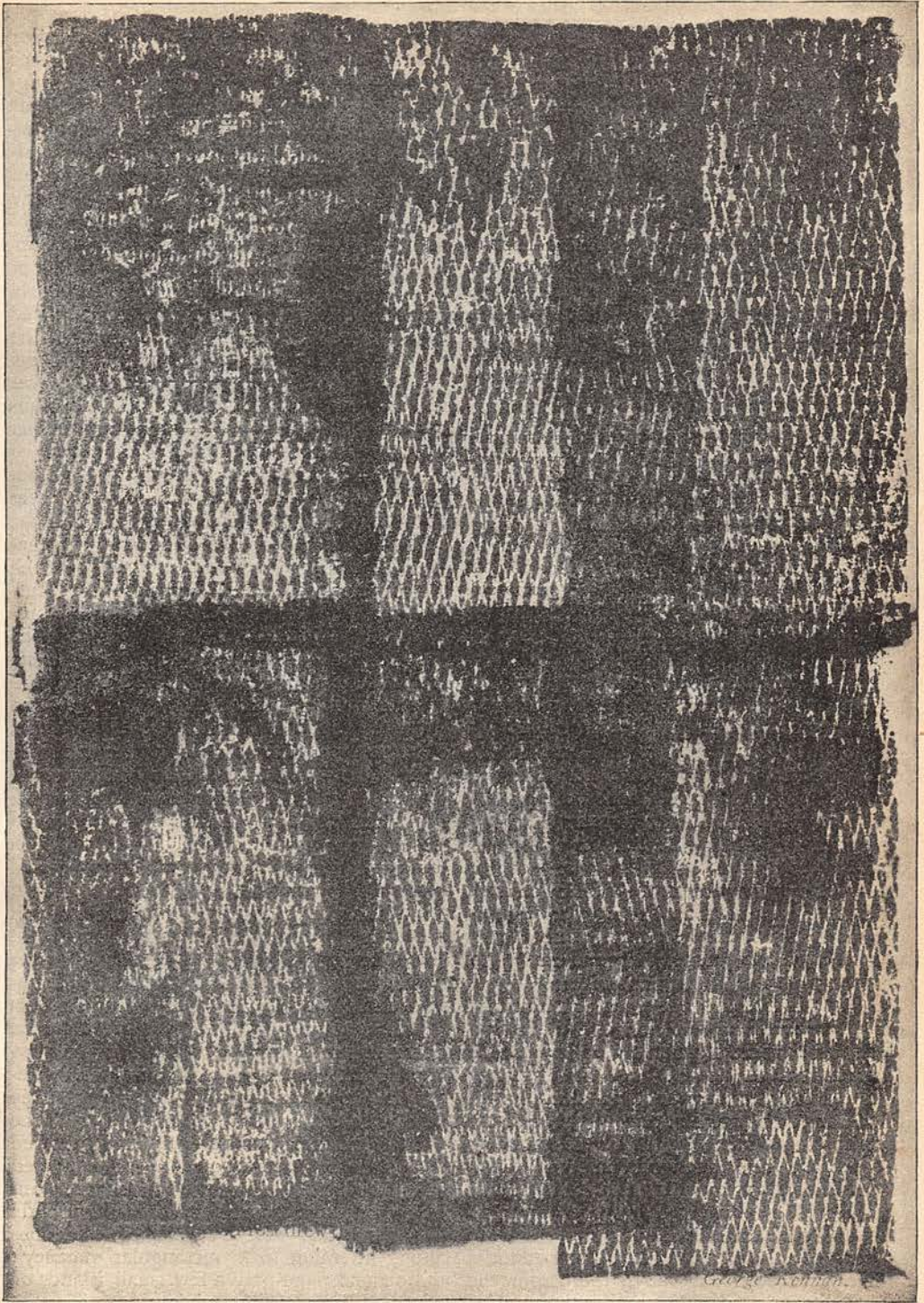
But on the other hand, we cannot help seeing that the Bible gains a wider influence and a new power over men as it flows through the poet's mind upon the world. Its narratives and its teachings clothe themselves in modern forms of speech and find entrance into many places which otherwise were closed against them. I do not mean by this that poetry is better than the Bible, but only that poetry lends wings to Christian truth. People who would not read a sermon will read a poem. And though its moral and religious teachings may be indirect, though they may proceed by silent assumption rather than by formal assertion, they

exercise an influence which is perhaps the more powerful because it is unconscious. The Bible is in continual danger of being desiccated by an exhaustive—and exhausting—scientific treatment. When it comes to be regarded chiefly as a compendium of exact statements of metaphysical doctrine, the day of its life will be over, and it will be ready for a place in the museum of antiquities. It must be a power in literature if it is to be a force in society. For literature, as a wise critic has defined it, is just "the best that has been thought and said in the world." And if this is true, literature is certain, not only to direct culture, but also to mold conduct.

Is it possible then for wise and earnest men to look with indifference upon the course of what is often called, with a slighting accent, mere *belles lettres*? We might as well be careless about the air we breathe or the water we drink. Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence. The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malaria of modern letters—an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height.

Henry van Dyke.





FOR AUGUST, 1889, AFTER PASSING THE RUSSIAN CENSOR. (INTERMEDIATE PAGES CUT OUT.)

some other public questions that were quite as important to the people of the Volga River basin as the cattle plague. Through this paragraph the censor had drawn three or four heavy slanting lines with red ink, and on the margin he had written in crabbed chirography the single word, "Forbidden." The prediction of the professor was fulfilled. The "Daily Gazette" was not permitted to make even so much as a suggestion that the delegates from the zemstvos might, with benefit to the public, consider certain other important questions not directly connected with the prevailing epidemic. The Government had no objection to the discussion of measures that related exclusively to beasts; but a proposal that the delegates turn their attention to the needs, trials, and sufferings of oppressed human beings was a seditious attack upon the sacred privileges of the Crown. The cattle plague might properly be abated; but the bureaucratic plague was a special dispensation of "the Lord's Anointed" and must not be referred to, even as a "certain other important question."

My experience and training as a newspaper man naturally made me feel more than an ordinary interest in the practical working of the Russian system of press censorship, and after my return from Siberia to European Russia I devoted all the time that I could spare to a study of the subject. I talked with all the editors and authors whose acquaintance I could make; visited newspaper offices and listened to the comments of the editorial staff upon the censor's erasures, interlineations, and prohibitions, and made a large collection of original proof-sheets to illustrate the working of this system of repression, and to show how narrow are the limits within which Russian editors and reporters are allowed to express their opinions or display their activity and enterprise.

In the office of a Russian daily newspaper the last proof-sheets are received from the censor between twelve and one o'clock at night. The whole night staff usually assemble in response to the cry, "C-e-n-s-o-r!" and one of the editors looks over the slips and announces to his co-workers the nature of the changes that have been made by the official guardian of the public mind and morals, and reads aloud the titles or headings of the articles that have been forbidden altogether. A hasty consultation is then held with regard to the course to be pursued. If the very vitals of an editorial article have been cut out by the censor, the night editor must decide whether the remains can be patched up by means of a skillful surgical operation so that they will have the semblance of organic life and unity, or whether, on the other hand, they are so mutilated that nothing can be done with them except to bury

them in the waste-paper basket. If the censor has merely suggested unimportant changes or modifications, the night editor must pass judgment upon them and return every article to its author for such corrections as may be necessary. A large quantity of matter that has already been submitted and approved is kept standing in type, and with it are filled up the gaps left by the striking out, at the last moment, of items or editorial articles that are declared by the censor to be "out of place" or "pernicious in their tendency." When the revised proofs have been again examined and the censor has gone home, the work of the editors and reporters is ended for the day. Moscow may burn to the ground or the Tsar may be assassinated, but after the censor has retired to his couch not a line of new matter can be put into the columns of the paper.

It may perhaps be thought by persons not familiar with the Russian censorship that cases of wholesale prohibition are rare—that the censor, as a rule, exercises his power with reasonable discretion and forbearance; but such is by no means the fact. I have copies of Russian newspapers in which from eight to fourteen articles or editorials have been stricken out and prohibited altogether, to say nothing of changes and modifications in the language of the items that have been allowed to stand.

On the 9th of May, 1881, Mr. Adrianof, the editor and publisher of the newspaper known as the "Siberian Gazette," received from the censor in Tomsk a set of proof-sheets in which more than half of the reading matter intended for the next number of his journal had been wholly or partly stricken out. Irritated and disgusted, he resolved to go to press without substituting any "approved" matter for that which had been prohibited. In other words, he determined simply to leave blank spaces where the censor had crossed out objectionable matter, and let the public draw its own conclusions. He did so, and the "Siberian Gazette" that appeared on the morning of May 10, 1881, was perhaps the most extraordinary looking newspaper that ever went into the hands of a subscriber. In one place might be seen a blank space of half a column, followed by the remains of a beheaded and mutilated editorial; in another appeared a stray, meaningless paragraph, without beginning or end; just below that were two or three headlines calling attention to a rectangular vacancy; and on one page only a few small islands of print had been left in a miniature sea of white paper.

The appearance of the "Gazette" on the street that morning naturally created a sensation. The demand for it was unprecedented. Everybody understood the significance of the

blank spaces, and everybody wanted a copy. The attention of the police, however, was soon attracted to the paper, and an order was promptly issued to seize and destroy the whole edition. So thorough was the search made for copies of that number of the "Gazette" that hardly one escaped. Mr. Adrianof himself could not show me one four years afterwards, nor tell me where one might be obtained. He could, however, give me a copy of the following number, in which the press censor, with characteristic stupidity and inconsistency, had allowed him to publish the following "Notice to Subscribers":

The editor of the "Siberian Gazette" regards it as his duty to inform his subscribers that No. 11 of that paper cannot be sent to them for the following reason: Not finding anything in the press laws to prohibit the leaving of blank spaces in columns where printed matter had been crossed out by the Government press censor, the editor, in the last number of the "Siberian Gazette," adopted that course. Upon sending a telegram, however, to the Minister of the Interior with regard to the subject, the editor received the following reply from Hofmeister P. P. Viazemski, Acting Chief Director of Press Affairs: "Blank spaces in the pages of newspapers are an implied protest against preliminary censorship, and cannot be permitted."

A copy of the number of the "Siberian Gazette" that contains this remarkable "Notice" — No. 12, May 17, 1881 — is in my possession. The "Gazette" has since that time been twice suspended for "manifesting a pernicious tendency," and has finally been suppressed altogether upon the nominal charge of giving employment to "untrustworthy" (neblagonaděžhni) persons and publishing an obituary notice of the dead political exile Zabaluiief. The "pernicious tendency" of the "Gazette," as appears from the mutilated proof-sheets of it now in my possession, was "manifested" in the patriotic attempts that it made to call the attention of the Russian public to cases of fraud, bribe-taking, extortion, and acts of cruelty among Siberian officials. Mr. Adrianof, its former editor, is a man of the highest and purest personal character, and since the suppression of his newspaper he has been engaged in making archæological researches for the West Siberian section of the Imperial Geographical Society. Archæology, since it relates to a prehistoric period, is one of the branches of human knowledge over which the Russian press censor does not claim original jurisdiction and exercise supreme control. Unless Mr. Adrianof should be so unfortunate as to exhume an inscribed brick or find a cliff hieroglyph bearing evidence of the existence somewhere and at some time of a people not dominated by a Tsar and regulated by a press

censor, he may, perhaps, be able to pursue his labors unmolested.

To an American newspaper man it would seem absurdly inconsistent to seize and burn the whole edition of one number of a periodical for leaving blank spaces where the censor had crossed out matter, and then to allow the editor in the very next number to explain all the circumstances of the case, in the form of a notice to subscribers; but the ways of Russian officials are past finding out. In the history of the Russian press censorship I know of only one more remarkable attempt than this to evade governmental prohibition and call the attention of the public to the injustice of Russian gag-law.

In the early part of the year 1886 preparations were being made throughout Russia to celebrate in an appropriate manner the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs. Quarter-centennial celebrations are common in Russia, and nobody outside of official circles supposed for a moment that the Government would interfere to prevent the commemoration of the most momentous event in modern Russian history. In pursuance, however, of the reactionary policy that has characterized the reign of Alexander III., Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who was then Minister of the Interior, caused to be sent to all provincial officers of the Crown an order prohibiting the public celebration of the 19th of February throughout the Empire, and directing press censors to notify all newspapers that on that day editorial reference to the emancipation act or to any of its consequences was strictly forbidden. As a result of this order, every daily newspaper in the Empire, except one, appeared on the morning of February 19, 1886, in the attitude of a gagged and beaten slave. Not one of the journals that actually went to press dared make an allusion to the significance of the day or to the great charter of liberty that had rendered it famous.

All the newspapers of the Empire, however, did not appear. The "Russian Gazette" of Moscow, finding itself unable to voice the thoughts suggested by the great quarter-centennial anniversary, resolved to celebrate the day in the only manner possible — by suspending publication altogether. It would hold its tongue voluntarily, but the Government should not force it to appear with a gag in its mouth. If the Minister of the Interior had been aware of the resolution formed by the editors of the "Gazette," he would perhaps have found some means of compelling them to bring out their paper that morning as usual; but no intimation of their intention reached him, and on the night of February 18-19, 1886, the presses of the great Moscow newspaper were still. When

on the following morning people began to inquire of one another what had happened to the "Russian Gazette," the reply was whispered about, "It is celebrating by its silence the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs."

From the illustrations of Russian press censorship that I have given, the reader can form a fairly accurate idea of the summary way in which the Government of the Tsar dealt with its own journals when they "manifested a pernicious tendency." But Russian journals were not the only periodicals that circulated in the Empire. Newspapers and magazines published in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York City came constantly to Russia, bearing in their closely packed columns the seeds of discontent and "sedition." How were the subjects of the Tsar to be protected from the "pernicious" influence of this foreign literature? The Russian press censor, omnipotent although he might be in his own field, could not cross out with red ink an obnoxious editorial in the proof-sheets of the London "Times," nor suppress THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for publishing a series of articles on the exile system; and yet the Russian people must be prevented in some way from reading the objectionable parts of such periodicals. When confronted by this difficulty, the Russian Government acted with characteristic directness and vigor. It made the mere possession of forbidden literature a penal offense, and then, as if that was not enough, it violated the sanctity of its own mails, seized, opened, and examined every foreign periodical that came into the Empire, and appointed a staff of censors to tear out or "black out" every editorial that criticized unfavorably Russian governmental methods, and every magazine article that, in the judgment of such censors, was "pernicious" in its tendency.

Under the term "pernicious" were classified, of course, all the papers upon Siberia and the exile system that appeared in THE CENTURY. Some time before the announcement of this series of articles I began sending the magazine to a friend in Western Siberia, with the hope of establishing for it in the censorial mind, while it was yet innocent, a reputation for safety and "trustworthiness." I thought that the censor would probably look over three or four successive numbers, and, finding in them nothing of a "pernicious" character, would relax his vigilance to such an extent that I could get two or three articles of the exile series through unnoticed. I soon discovered, however, that

the Russian frontier censor was not to be lulled into a feeling of security by an examination of three or four harmless numbers of a foreign periodical. The very first article upon a Russian topic that made its appearance—the article entitled "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," in THE CENTURY for June, 1887—was partly torn and partly blacked out, and not a single paper of the exile series escaped.¹

In the summer of 1888 Mr. Holl, an American gentleman traveling in Russia, received from the postal authorities a copy of THE CENTURY from which had been torn not only the Siberian paper for that month, but nearly all of the leaves that contained advertisements. Curious to know why THE CENTURY advertisements were regarded as objectionable, Mr. Holl called upon one of the police officials in the town where he happened to be, exhibited the mutilated magazine, and asked for an explanation. He said that he was not particularly surprised at the tearing out of the article upon Russia, but he could not understand why the advertisements had been removed. He then added—as a mild American joke—that it might perhaps be attributable to the fact that many of the advertisements set forth the virtues of American soap, and that, from such observations as he had been able to make in his journey through the Empire, he had already reached the conclusion that soap must be a prohibited article, and in that case, of course, it was only natural and proper that the censor should tear out and destroy all soap advertisements in foreign magazines. The police official, whose intelligence had not been cultivated up to an appreciation of American jokes, took offense at this innocent bit of raillery, and Mr. Holl had some difficulty in placating him. When, however, his ruffled dignity had been smoothed down, he informed the American traveler, with an air of severe condemnation, that THE CENTURY advertisements had been torn out "because they contained notices of irreligious books!" From what aerial standpoint of pure orthodoxy he passed this judgment upon the books advertised in THE CENTURY, I do not know; but, as a member of a church that encourages ignorant and superstitious peasants to hang articles of clothing upon "miracle-working" pictures and images and calls that sort of fetish worship religion, he was doubtless quite right in regarding the books advertised in THE CENTURY as irreligious.

Since the visit of Mr. Holl to Russia every copy of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE that I have

¹ This statement refers only to the copies of THE CENTURY that I myself sent to Russia. I learn from Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, who was in St. Petersburg last year, that after making a formal complaint to the

authorities with regard to the mutilation of her copies of the magazine, she was finally permitted to receive them in their normal condition.

sent to friends in that country has been more or less mutilated by the censor. My own articles have always been cut or blacked out, and many chapters of the "Life of Lincoln" have met with the same fate.

The removal of objectionable articles or items from foreign periodicals in Russia is accomplished in two ways. If they are long and bulky, they are torn or cut out bodily. If they are brief, they are blacked out by means of a rectangular stamp which has about the width of an ordinary newspaper column, and which is "cross-hatched" in such a way that when inked and pressed upon the paper it makes a close network of white lines and black diamonds. The peculiar mottled or grained appearance of a page of print that has been blacked out with this stamp has suggested to Russian readers a descriptive slang term for it, namely, "caviare." Any one who has ever seen the black salted caviare of Russia spread upon a slice of bread and butter will appreciate the felicity of the metaphorical comparison. From the noun a verb has been formed, and every Russian now understands that "to caviare" means to "black out" an objectionable page or paragraph by pressing upon it the censor's stamp.

The illustrations that accompany this article are reproductions in facsimile of the first page and the last page of an article entitled, "State Criminals at the Kara Mines," which was printed in *THE CENTURY* last August, and which was partly cut and partly blacked out after the magazine reached Russia.

It is a curious and noteworthy circumstance that while this record of *The Century Company's* Siberian investigation has been "caviared" by the stamp of the press censor, the names of the two investigators have been allowed to stand. At the bottom of the last page of the article may still be seen the name of the author and the brief but significant statement that "Frost drew." The record of our work has been "blacked out," but our names have been spared. For this mercy many thanks! The Russian reader who is curious to know what "Frost drew" and what Kennan wrote has only to ask a London news-dealer to cut out the article and send it to him in a registered letter.

The futility of this peculiarly Russian method of enforcing ignorance is almost as striking to an American as are its cool impudence and audacity. For reasons that are perfectly obvious, it does not accomplish, and cannot accomplish, the objects that its authors have in view. As long as the Russian Government permits letters to come into the Empire without censorial examination, any citizen of St. Petersburg or Moscow can write to a dealer

in periodicals in Berlin, Paris, or London and ask him to cut out and forward in a sealed envelope either a particular article that has already been "caviared," or all articles relating to Russia that may appear in any specified newspaper or magazine. Thus far the efforts that have been made by the Russian press censors to exclude from the country the Siberian papers of *THE CENTURY* have utterly failed. The "blacked out" articles not only have made their way into Russia, but have there been translated and hectographed, and are now circulating from hand to hand throughout the Empire. Many of them have even reached political exiles in the remotest parts of Siberia. I regret to say, however, that some of them have brought disaster upon the recipients, and that at least one young Russian is now lying in prison for having them in his possession. Some time ago, in response to an urgent request, I sent a number of them to a young journalist of my acquaintance in Central Russia named Ivan Petrovitch Belokonski. I was afraid that they would get him into trouble; but he insisted upon having them, and I could not do otherwise than send them. I have just received from one of his acquaintances the following letter:

X—, RUSSIA, Dec. 16-28, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. KENNAN: I avail myself of a favorable opportunity to write you a few words and give you some melancholy news. I do not know whether you have heard or not that your friend Ivan Petrovitch Belokonski has gotten into trouble as a result of two large pictures (one of an exile party on the road, and the other of an attempted escape) that you sent him.¹ An acquaintance to whom he had given them was arrested, and so much importance was attributed to these pictures that Mr. Belokonski was subjected to an examination with regard to them, and orders were received by the police from St. Petersburg to watch him "with especial attention." This was in December, 1888. On the 29th of the following April the police entered Mr. Belokonski's house at three o'clock in the morning for the purpose of making a search. Nothing of a forbidden nature was found except Leroy-Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars" and three of your magazine articles. Searches were made that same night in eighteen other houses in —, but for what reason no one knows to this day. On the 8th of May, Mr. Belokonski was again summoned to the police station for examination, and was sent from there to prison, where he has been ever since. It may seem to you very strange that a man with a family dependent upon him should have been arrested in this way and should have been held already eight months in prison—and for what? Merely for having your articles in his

¹ These were two large advertising sheets or posters printed and distributed by the publishers of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for the purpose of calling attention to its Siberian articles.

possession. We Russians however are so accustomed to such things that they do not in the least surprise us, but they make us sad at heart. Even under the evil conditions of our life we still retain an ardent love of freedom—and how much freedom have we? Even the Turks are freer!

The family of Ivan Petrovitch consists of five persons. They are in great need, and yet Mrs. Belokonski has been forbidden by the governor to teach or give private lessons, and she finds it very difficult in a small provincial town to get any other work. You may ask, "How, then, do they live?" Mrs. Belokonski has thus far been able to support herself and her children by selling or pawning her furniture and moving into smaller and cheaper quarters. She has to support, moreover, not only herself and her children, but her imprisoned husband. The Government allows him only two rubles and thirty kopeks [$\$1.15$] a month for food; and in order to keep him from losing strength and breaking down from semi-starvation, she has to buy food and carry it to him in prison. Fortunately, she is a woman of strong character. If she were not, there would be nothing for her to do but lie down and die.

I should like very much to read your last articles, but I dare not ask you to send them to me, and must postpone a perusal of them to a more favorable time. With a warm grasp of the hand, and with most cordial regard, I am,

Yours sincerely,

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Comment upon this letter is unnecessary. My friend Mr. Belokonski will probably go to Siberia by administrative process for having my articles in his possession, and I am almost powerless to help him.

What does the Russian Government hope or expect to accomplish by "blacking out" articles that aim simply to tell the truth with

regard to Russian affairs, and by throwing into prison every man in whose possession such articles may be found?

The Russian author Prugávin, in a book that was inadvertently sanctioned by the press censor, but that was afterward seized and burned, asks this same question, and says: "Can an idea be choked to death? Can thought be killed, buried, or annihilated? Are not truth, and love, and justice, and freedom immortal? It is the most terrible of mistakes to suppose that ideas can ever be crushed. People have perished — men have died in chains and casemates, their bodies have decayed, their graves have been lost, and their very names have been forgotten; but their ideas and aspirations live on. Washed in the blood of suffering, such ideas and aspirations have become the dream of every man in whose brain a thought stirs and in whose breast a heart beats."

The press censor, when he burned Prugávin's book, thought that he had destroyed forever its "pernicious" influence; but the "ideas and aspirations" of the gifted author "live on"; and his words, although burned by order of Government in Russia, will appeal to hundreds of thousands of sympathetic hearts in England and the United States.

Some time in the far-distant future the free Russian patriot, no longer blinded by the censorship of the press, will look over the pages of his national history that record these attempts to gag public opinion and strangle human thought, and will wish from the bottom of his heart that so humiliating and shameful a record might be "blacked out."

George Kennan.

A STUDY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.¹



HE extraordinary success of the novelettes "Archibald Malmaison" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been largely due to the dramatic excitement of their plots, but part of it has been the result of the amazed interest with which even the imperfectly educated are in these later days beginning to contemplate themselves. For centuries the questions, Whither am I going? and What shall I be? have thrilled and dominated human thought and human feeling; but as the strange nooks and crannies of the human organism have been more and more

revealed by the light of research, side by side with speculations concerning the future press forward inquiries as to the present. Not only do we ask, What shall I be? but also, What am I? In consonance with this questioning, in pulpit and on platform the Ego is perpetually the theme of eloquent discourse. To define, in terms clear and sharp, the exact meaning of the Ego of the popular philosopher would be a task of difficulty; but certainly underneath all human individuality is the faculty or attribute of consciousness.

If, in a general company, the question should be asked, Is there such a thing as unconsciousness? almost every one would at once reply, "Of course there is. The stone is unconscious; the corpse is unconscious; we are unconscious in sleep." Such answers

¹ See also "Memory," by the same author, in THE CENTURY for March.