

me careful attention and sometimes manifested approval. The newspapers have been uniformly courteous.

Most of all I value my talks to schools—to the world's future—to the Wendell Philips High School, Chicago, to Mills College, the University of California, Stanford University, Reed College, the University of Oregon and Willamette College. To these young men and women, I spared no fact in my indictment of the attitude and crimes of white Europe and America against the black world. I noted with interest that my words were received with deep thoughtfulness.

AUDIENCES

SOME audiences stand out in my memory—others fade and blend. I remember the sea of faces at Los Angeles, Oakland and Portland; the smaller audiences in San Diego and Sacramento and the intensely individualized groups in central California and Oregon. But above all, I remember friends—new and old who rose like developing souls out of mists of men and were kind, sympathetic, inspiring almost beyond conception—far beyond words.

We who serve, publicly serve, the Negro race to-day complain often of lack of gratitude and comprehension, of bitter attack and childish gossip; but I never go on a trip like this without a choking sensation—a realization near to tears of the immense, the unfathomable gratitude and appreciation of the Negro American for his leaders and workers. The black man is poor, his knowledge is limited, his experience is narrow. But his heart is rich, his head is level and there is no sacrifice to which he will not respond with like. I have seen tears of thanks in the eyes of

strangers, joy and appreciation on the lips of friends, and with all this well-nigh infinite desire to make me comfortable and happy and to spread the truth with which I labored.

All the more have I appreciated this because I have made no appeal to emotions. Less than ever have I sought to arouse passion of any kind. I have talked to my audiences without gesticulation, with scarcely a raising of my voice—quietly but distinctly. I have told no jokes and yelled no climaxes. I began my talks without excuse or flattery and ended without peroration. I have simply reasoned, with fact and logic and illustration. This has not pleased all persons in my audiences but for the most part the thought and attention given has been most gratifying and encouraging.

Particularly have I noted my white listeners. For many years white folk shrank from my frankness and what they were pleased to term my "bitterness". Few white audiences invited me and often fought against my possible appearance. They preferred Mr. Moton. Then came a change. Mush and shallow optimism after all convey little information and to-day the white world wants to know. What is the dark world thinking? What is the race clash? What does the Negro want? Since the War, my white audience has been growing. I have sought to be fair with its members but I have never for one moment flattered or faltered. The crime of white humanity toward black is the most awful crime of the ages. Dress it and excuse it as you will—its stark and bloody filth makes every honest heart shudder. I have not insulted my white listeners. I have not assumed human perfection nor forgotten the things that extenuate and explain but I have thrown the stark and awful facts in their faces with calm and unemotional insistence. It is not because I do

not believe in white humanity that I have spoken frankly but because I do—'η αληθεία ἐλευθερωσὶ ὑμᾶς. All of them have not understood me. Some came to hear the old Tuskegee flattery and the Hampton "plea". A few such persons arose and walked quietly out. Others stared at me with unsympathetic resentment believing me a bitter carper and falsifier of facts. But most of my white auditors, to my surprise and gratification heard me with sympathy and rapt attention. They knew I was stating and not overstating the truth. And they wanted the truth.

THE PLACE

ABOVE everything on a Western trip looms the Place. The immensity of the thing. The mighty sweep of desert hill and mountain on a scale that dwarfs the East. From the flat Mississippi valley the earth swells slowly like the wave of some infinite ocean until we ply 7000 feet above the sea. Then mad with its awful strength the waves break with the mighty crags and snows of the Rockies. We fight for entrance and escape—Man against God. We work and run and fall and fly through cleft and seam and vale and hole, to win to the peaceful sea. Before and beyond lies the Desert. The desert is a Color, a chameleon-like drift and turn of stark forbidding beauty—grey—gray-white to northward, buff-brown-purple-violet to south—grim, grim, grim, desolate, fateful and grim. Then come scenes—scenes so beautiful as to be indescribable: the lilies and geraniums of San Diego, the palms and roses of Los Angeles—the vines and valleys and shades of haciendas, and the Sea, the Peaceful Sea where the Sun has always set and never rises.

DREAM-SCENES

UYOMING had a purple carpet, black beneath the dim new moon, that lifted itself in folds as ruffled by some eternal silent wind and then dropped, pink-broidered, at the world's edge. Came Utah with ghost mountains that rose and went suddenly, silently, full draped in white; and Salt Lake City, new, old, bleak, grim, thrifty, sordid, with factories, mines and mystic cult; and then the desert, hard, dry with fantastic saw-edge mountains, empty, empty.

SHASTA AND SISKIYOU

UP we clambered from summer to spring and from spring to snow. There rose before us a pale, yellow mountain—slim and cleft with double points and its heads were veiled. It swung mysteriously and curiously before, now near and simple, now ghostly remote and terribly vast. Around it ranged the snow-swept hills, dark green with pine. But always the mountain withdrew—now right now left, now gone. But they say that behind, crowned in everlasting snow looms a vaster mountain—Almighty Shasta—but to me its face was veiled in whitened mists. Only the butte, calm sentinel stood before the awful face of the hidden mountain.

I peered and could not see. Before me rose a stretch of land and hill, rose to a black, deep and poignant blue and stopped—stopped clean cut by a cloud like a sudden knife; and Shasta was not, for God took it up to Heaven in a cloud.

Then we strained at the great flank of Siskiyou—strained and jerked and climbed, circling and scrambling until we stood a mile above the far off sea. Afar Shasta veiled its everlasting snows and round about the black and solemn hills—the bleak and ragged hills—listened and waited. Once we fell a moment down to a