

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*A foot and light-hearted
I take to
the open road.*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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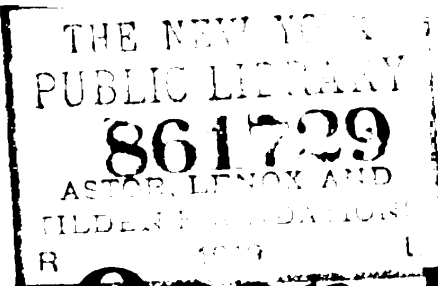
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No. 1 & 2

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

INTUITION AND ITS PLACE IN THE NEW EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

(Continued from December.)

Let me repeat, life is far too short for any one of us to know all there is to know in detail. Of manifestations there are legion. But of principles there are few. Every thing that is, is but the manifestation, the out-flowering or expression of the spirit or intelligence that lies within it. Matter is multitudinous—intelligence is one. Can I really know a thing in the highest sense unless I know the spirit back of it or within it? Know the intelligence of which it is but the expression? And if I do thus know the spirit lying at the heart of a thing, do

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I not know all there is to know about that thing?

Is this good philosophy, good metaphysics, good science? Is it not just where the great intellects of the world are arriving? Does it not square with that enlightened Monism which is every where among thinkers taking the place of theological fallacies and special creation myths? This to me is the tremendous significance of Bergson's message.

Shall I know more about the rose I pluck to pieces and study under the microscope than I will about the rose whose spirit I sense thru that heaven-born faculty of Intuition as being a part of the same intelligence that makes me what I am?

Will a scientific analysis of your form and features tell me as much about you after I have made it as I will learn in a single glance if I know the spirit, soul or intelligence that lies within you and that makes you what you are?

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Are these idle vaporings, or are they the glimpsing of the greatest truth that ever came to this world? Is this a foreshadowing of the educational trend of the future when man comes into his own? Is a whole new world of possibilities opening out before our bewildered gaze, a world to which Intuition is the key?

For some reason I cannot explain, man if he ever did have the use of this godlike faculty—and how else shall we account for the marvellous wisdom of the East which we are just beginning to uncover—has somehow lost it. He is afraid of it. We admit its existence. We see as I have said its perfect functioning in very young children, and we marvel at it in them. We see it also and admit its presence in woman who is somehow nearer the childlike simplicity and purity of that than is man.

Every man who knows the right kind of a woman will readily agree that she can and does make decisions and arrive at con-

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clusions in the most vital matters concerning his happiness or well being, which she cannot at all explain, nor can any one else by any known process of reasoning. Yet these judgments—woman's intuitions we call them—are very much more likely to be right than the conclusions he will reach after the most mature deliberation. She makes her decisions in a flash. Apparently she doesn't think at all but snatches her findings right out of the blue. She cannot tell you "why" and you better not ask her. The important thing is that she is right.

Dr. Holmes refers to this marvellous intuition in woman as her "spiritual antennae." The great masters of philosophy and metaphysics have always given due credit to the intuitive powers of the mind.

Says Schleiermacher:—"In it (intuition) there is contact of the universal life with the individual life. It is the holy wedlock of the universe with the incarnated reason—It is immediate, raised above all error and

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misunderstanding: you lie directly upon the bosom of the Infinite.”

Leibnitz:—“As the eye sees the light, the mind sees that white is not black, that a circle is not a triangle, that three is two and one. This knowledge (Intuition) is the clearest and most certain of which human weakness is capable; it acts in an irresistible manner without allowing the mind to hesitate. It is knowledge that the idea is in the mind as perceived. Whoever asks for greater certitude knows not what he asks.”

Pretty strong language that from Leibnitz. And to quote again from Bergson:—

“Intuition goes in the very direction of life, intellect goes in the inverse direction, and thus finds itself naturally in accordance with the movement of matter.”

The Master Jesus, man-woman, it appears from the printed accounts of his experience constantly made use of that wonderful intuitive faculty with which he seems to have been equipped. Witness the incident of the

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woman of Samaria at the well.

The sense of intuition is then not a new discovery. We have always been acquainted with it. But to know a fact and to make use of it are vastly different things. Men knew of electricity, they saw it in the lightning's flash for countless thousands of years before any use was made of it.

* * * * *

But in so far as any recognition of this wonderful faculty is concerned, or any attempt to make use of it in the education of our children or even in the higher institutions of learning, such a sense might as well not exist. Not only is the Intuition ignored, but we blindly pursue the very tactics in handling children that kills the Intuition effectually after the first few grades of school work.

In our bright pedagogical lexicon the word intuition does not exist. Without actually intending to do so, we nevertheless in all of our school and college training

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without exception manage somehow to dull the keen edge of this natural faculty, Intuition. We seem to render man less resourceful, more helpless thru this weakening of the intuitive sense, while at the same time offering him no compensating advantages, nothing to take its place.

Is not the keen quick natural Intuition more to be desired and actually more to be depended upon in any emergency than any amount of academical training?

Is book or college education indispensable to being a great thinker? Decidedly not. A survey of the past will show us that the men and women to whom the world owes most never had any "educational advantages." They grappled life with their strong elementary forces unclouded by academical saw dust.

Are not the true founts of universal truth open to all? Are degrees and titles necessary to give the right knock? "We are bathed in an ocean of intelligence," says

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Emerson. What did he mean by that? What is the open sesame to that great reservoir of intelligence? Is it book learning, or is it our native Intuition?

* * * * *

Morris Rosenfeld the poor sweat shop poet never knew the accepted canons of literary art. He did not learn from any university the great primal laws of being. He had no literature to speak of in his own language to draw from. He himself is one of the creators of Yiddish literature. And yet he wrote exquisitely and he touches heights and depths of philosophy as profound as any man before him has sounded.

How did he do it? He had no opportunity to acquire this marvelous ability from without. It must have come from within. Where else?

Shall we not all of us live sweeter, deeper, fuller, richer lives if we but draw upon those stores of power and beauty within us? Are not the true sources of all

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power and wisdom within each one of us? And is not Intuition the master key that will unlock for us these treasures?

* * * * *

To be practical then, would not the time now spent in school on dry and dusty lessons in history and geography let us say, or on the dead languages, things that do not touch the child's life at all, be very much better spent in some systematic endeavor to develop the natural intuition or originality of the children?

Intuition is not a supernatural thing as some seem to think, and to be feared. It is not remote from us. It is not something far above us and our experiences. If it is at all, it is right here in each of us all the time, only waiting to be called into use. I maintain that it **can** be used **now**. It is not as Charles Leonard Moore writing in the *DIAL* of Chicago seems to fear—"A strong fortress hanging in the air, the which if we can only win to it we shall be safe." In-

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tuition is immediate, it is now, here, or it is not at all. I assert that it can be incorporated into our educational system changing that assemblage of dead bones into a vital living system responding to human need here, today. To say this never has been done is not adequate, we must have a better objection than that before we shall give up our dream.

Surely every human child has something wholly original and beautiful to give to the world. Is any attempt made to preserve and accent this originality and beauty? On the contrary every detail of school life tends directly to destroy initiative, inhibit originality, smother intuition, reducing all to the lowest common denominator of sameness, which is only another name for dullness. This is not as it should be. Something great and good is being lost out of life and the whole of society suffers in consequences.

Teachers need not fear that anything of

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real cultural value would be lost. It is possible that in changing our methods of teaching we might at the very first lose some of that superficial smartness in the unimportant matters of life. But it will only be an apparent, not an actual loss. Certainly not a loss of anything we should in our sane moments want preserved in our boys and girls. Nothing at all essential to soul growth will be lost. On the other hand we shall be immensely the gainers in individual strength, cleverness, mental power and beauty of character.

Book knowledge alone is the cheapest and poorest thing in the world. It's only a false and artificial standard that exalts academic varnish above real native strength and rugged natural beauty. The reaction will come and the real things of life will come into their own.

But if we are ever to have a new race of men the Intuitive sense must be preserved at all hazards. It is from this Godlike

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faculty that flames in all its celestial splendor that heaven born gift—the creative impulse. Intuition is the divine fire of Olympus and it must not be smothered. From it springs the lambent fire that creates all art, all literature, all music, all poetry. A trace only of the Olympian flame is worth more—vastly more—to the world than all the sciolism that could be crowded into all the interstellar spaces.

* * * * *

There is no doubt that the value of our schools would be enormously increased if at least two-thirds of the present study course were thrown overboard bodily, and the time thus saved devoted to real constructive work. To the real problems of child life. The power to think for oneself is the main thing. Set tasks and text books promote that power but little if at all. Certainly not in any adequate proportion to the time and energy wasted.

A committee of high school girls waited

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upon their teacher recently to protest against the drudgery of the lessons imposed upon them. "Can't you let up on us just a little"—they implored. "Must you pile it onto us so hard all the time? We don't get time to think. Could'nt you let up some in the history work anyway? If you gave us less ground to cover, we might come nearer to knowing something about it. Any how we don't see the sense of our racking our brains over things that happened so long ago. They don't concern us."

Of course the teacher had no comfort to offer her distressed pupils. She was but a cog in the machine herself. She had no time to think either. She could only drive her brain fagged and reluctant scholars over that course of study laid down by the autocrats above—mostly fossilized individuals so far removed from child life and its needs that no intelligent comprehension of the teacher's problems are possible.

I must confess that my sympathies were

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altogether with the girls in this case. I know just how they feel. And I am sure that the intuition which prompted the protest is at the bottom true and good, and that it should receive very grave consideration. In the first place—and this would probably be about the hardest thing in the world to impress upon a school board—it is not at all the multiplicity of subjects slobbered over in the schools that makes for power and scholarship. It is not the “richness” of the course of study that makes bright and capable pupils. But it is the habit of study, the exercise in original thinking, the mental discipline that really counts. And in the hands of capable teachers these things may just as well be accomplished with in fact few or no text books at all, and without any course of study quite as well or even better than can ever be done now under the conditions that obtain in all our public schools.

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It will help us I think to consider for a moment why our educational system is what it is and why it is so faulty. Our educational errors are not at all to be wondered at. They are neither surprising nor strange. They are only what would be expected from the origin of the system. We can draw no indictments against the teachers or school managers alone. The sin is at the door of the whole social system. Society is to blame. Our school system is but a crystalization of the social and economic conscience of the race. It is precisely what we should expect in a system of leisure class origin. It has been imposed upon us from above by those angelic souls "Whom God in his infinite wisdom has intrusted with the property or the wealth of the world."

This is the weakness of our system. It has been handed down to us cut and dried. It did not spring spontaneously from the life and needs of the people. It is from

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above, not from below. It comes from the class which has always been interested in exploiting the common people and not from the people themselves. The people for whom the system exists have had no part in forming it. That is why it is a failure and why it is now being questioned. The people are for the first time in centuries awakening.

For ages we have had what has been called the classical system of education. And every course of study today in every public school all over the land is a direct survival of that obsolete system, excepting only the manual training courses and science studies which are of so recent origin as to have had but little effect upon the old regime as yet.

Classical studies—languages and literature—particularly the dead languages which yet occupy so large a part in school and college curriculum are most admirably adapted to the purposes they have served,

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that is the perpetuation of special privilege and the enslavement of the masses. Let us see why. Classical languages present an inflexible system of arbitrary terminations. Such endings and conjugations are so, just because they have always been so. There is no other reason. None other would ever be asked by the classical mind. There is none other to give. That is sufficient. To that type of mind—the true reactionary—what always has been is right and should not be questioned.

That answer “it is so because it has always been so, and it must always be so because it has always been so,” satisfies perfectly the classical school. No other reason is ever demanded. Students of that school do not raise questions. They only obey. This is the education of conservatism. Opposed to change. Hostile to new ideas. “My mother’s religion is good enough for me.”

Men trained in this school are the safest

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custodians possible for the vested interests of the world. Conservatives do not inquire into the reasons of things. The vested interests of the world have shown marvellous wisdom in insisting upon a classical education or leisure class education for the young. In doing so they are insuring the perpetuity of the iniquities and social injustices upon which our present social and economic system is built. That is why new ideas take root so slowly. We have always had the education of blind unreasoning conservatism and conformity, dogmatism. Initiative, intuition has never had a chance.

You will find the world over that the vested interests are in the hands of men brought up under this reactionary classical regime. A scientific man could not shut his eyes to social injustice of the world. To the scientific mind the matter is wholly different. "Because" carries no weight in the laboratory. A scientist would not at all be a safe man at the head of a big business

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enterprise.

Suppose now your classical man is at the head of a great department store, for example, and an investigation should happen to be under way as to the relation between low wages and vice, let us say. He would never be able to see any connection between the \$3.50 a week salary he paid his girls, when the lowest standard of living was admitted to be \$8.00 a week, and a life of shame for the girl.

This type of man at the head of his department store employing thousands of girls and knowing that a girl cannot live and be decent upon a salary of \$4.00 a week will simply accept the situation. His classical mind will reason that it must be all right because it has always been so. We never have paid girls any more than we had to, cheerfully hiring them for less than a living wage if we could. All our competitors do the same thing, why should we do any different? Other department stores hire girls

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for as little wages as possible without regard to the girl's physical or moral welfare. It has always been so and it must be all right for this occasion. There's nothing else to do. So he pays the girl \$4.00 a week and calmly shuts his eyes to how she finds the balance to keep her alive and at work. That's the kind of man we want for the manager of a department store. This is the spirit and the ripe fruit of our centuries of classical education.

But the mind trained in natural science, biology for example, could never do that. Such a man would want to know how the girl managed to live when he paid her an inadequate wage. He would inquire why a girl who rendered a necessary human service could not be paid sufficient to enable her to live like a human being, but must sell her body to piece out her insufficient wage. Such a man would be quite unsafe as a captain of industry. He would not do at all. Prof. Earl Barnes a scientific investi-

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gator one of the profoundest thinkers of our times, makes these points with admirable clarity.

The introduction of science studies into the schools are the entering wedge which will eventually overthrow the classical system. But it is well entrenched and will die hard.

* * * * *

The people are awakening slowly. Soon they will be questioning the whole educational system.

Bergson and his new philosophy of human evolution opens up the whole question of what is best in human life. He compels us to make a revaluation of things, a recasting of our cherished standards. We must make a place for his new principle in our scheme of life. It is not Bergson that is on trial, but all of humanity.

The matter is now up and will not down. I am obliged to the gifted thinker M. Bergson for forcing it upon our attention at this

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time. We must deal with these issues raised and I dare believe that I have pointed out the way in which to go about it.

But a crisis is at hand. We are facing a general shake up in our school system. A new cycle has already begun. The future belongs to man and the New Education may well heed the call of INTUITION as the light that will lead us out of darkness.

HOME.

By Edward Carpenter.

Sweet secret of the open air—
That waits so long, and always there unheeded,
Something uncaught, so free, so calm, large,
confident—

The floating breeze, the fair hills and broad sky,
And every little bird and tiny fly and flower
At home in the great whole, nor feeling lost at all
or forsaken,
Save man—slight man!

He, Cain-like from the calm eyes of the Angels,
In houses hiding, in huge gas-lighted offices and

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dens, in ponderous churches,
Beset with darkness, cowers;
And like some hunted criminal torments his brain
For fresh means of escape continually;
Builds thicker, higher walls, ramparts of stone
and gold,
Piles flesh and skins of slaughtered beasts,
'Twixt him and that he fears;
Fevers himself with plans, works harder and
harder,
And wanders far and farther from the goal.
And still the great World waits by the door as
ever,
The great world stretching endlessly on every
hand in deep on deep of fathomless con-
tent—
Where sing the morning stars in joy together,
And all things are at home.

From 'Towards Democracy.'

The artist only reaches the last summit of his greatness, when he learns to see himself and his art below him, when he knows how to laugh at himself.

—Friedrich Nietschze, in A Genealogy of Morals.

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CHICAGO'S VICE PARADE.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

FIVE thousand good souls marched up the hill and down again to throttle sin, —a pageant protest against vice in Chicago. And one of the camels chewed up a "Down With Booze" sign from the wagon before him. This unscheduled act was perhaps the only event on the program which lent it seriousness.

As Chesterton points out, the thing that makes Catholicism dangerous is its humor. In South America we have the annual "Judas Iscariot" days, when the populace have all manner of fun with poor Judas; it brings him down to their level, makes him a human being.

But the Chicago parade was in all dead earnest. They did not go after sin with axes and hammers—in which case they might have accomplished something definite—but they went after the law to go after sin. The Jovian paradox of it all was, that on

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this same day the State's attorney found what indictments were levied against the levee "Big Six" invalid—invalid, forsooth, because the grand jury had left the Criminal Court building to hear the complaints. And the gallant crusaders were pushing the law to action.

* * *

The evil of Chicago vice does not lie in the levee district. It lies in the business district. Apart from the significance of the suppression of the vice report "key," the evil of Chicago vice lies in the thousands of young business men who patronize it—not in the old roues who support it, but in the clerks and underlings who give tribute of their wages every Saturday night.

Meanwhile, the Y. M. C. A. prays, and collects money. Meanwhile, the Y. W. C. A. collects money and prays, supposedly. It is not generally known that the Chicago Y. W. C. A. is outcast the country over, that its methods and its treatment of girls have

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rendered it a by-word among other Y. W. C. A. centers who really do good work. It is a money-making institution, no more. No young woman who needs help, who wants a decent room at a nominal price, goes there. Go to any other affiliated Y. W. C. A. offices and you will get scathing indictments of the Chicago affair. I did.

As for the Y. M. C. A., it is very beneficent—if you have the coin to buy beneficence. At any of its buildings one can get a room—a smaller room at a higher price than anywhere else. But the price is not all. There is the Association membership fee to be paid, and your character must be of the first water. Then you get inoculated with the religious bug free.

* * *

So the five thousand charged up the hill and down again, and if vice and liquor could be throttled with words, they had been dead by now. The Boy Scouts were prominent, naturally, and the singing of hymns got out:

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Methodist brethern saving souls as they went. Praise God! Stand up for Jesus and down with liquor! Michigan Avenue was converted **in toto**.

It was a great argument for the Church of Rome, conspicuous as usual by its absence. There's no whoop—hurry method about the Roman Catholics. When they have a thing to do, it gets done without pageantry protests and crusades of glory. They let the others do the hollering, and they do the work. For all its ignorance, superstition, and menace to the country. I venture to say that the Church of Rome does more actual good to the ones who need it than all our blatant Christian workers put together. It is lucky for Chicago that Jane Addams took a leaf from Catholicism instead of following after the false gods of the Philistines.

* * *

It is interesting to wonder what John Wesley the Good would have thought of

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his people's exhibition. "Chicago, thou that slayest the prophets!" Jerusalem slayed with sword and fire. Chicago slays with pageantry and pomp, with hymn singing and crusades. (Where is the Gypsy Smith of yesterday?) When religion grows solemn, it is in danger. As long as the blackrobes sing hymns and preach sermons, the vice-keepers stand afar off and jeer. But let the earnest ones attack with bladders and confetti, and Chicago vice would be in danger.

WHAT WOULD THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM OF TODAY HAVE DONE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

(From The Universalist Leader)

What would modern experts have made of Lincoln if, as a baby he had been put in their care? They would have started him on sterilized milk, clothed him in disinfected garments, sent him to kindergarten where he would have learned to weave straw hats

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and sing about the "Blue bird on the Branch." Then the dentist would have straightened his teeth, the oculist would have fitted him with glasses, and in the primary grade he would have been taught by pictures and diagrams the difference between a cow and a pig, also, thru nature study, he would have learned that the cat bird did not lay kittens.

By the time he was eight he would have become a "young gentleman"; at ten he would know more than the old folks at home; at twelve or fourteen he would take up manual training, and within two years make a rolling pin and tie it with a blue ribbon.

To the high school he would go at sixteen, where in four years he would learn that Mars was the reputed son of Juno, and to recite a stanza from "The Lady of the Lake." Then to college where he would have joined the glee club and a greek letter fraternity, smoked cigarettes and graduated,

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and then become clerk in a banker's office; and never, never do any one harm! Well—perhaps—we don't know and can't tell what might have been, but we can't help feeling thankful that Lincoln's training and education were left to Nancy Hanks—and God.

FUTILE CRUSADING METHODS.

Mayor Blankenburg of Philadelphia, an honest old simpleton, imagines that he is about to eliminate vice in the Quaker City. He has stationed a policeman before the door of every known vicious resort in the city, with orders to allow no one to enter, but to place no obstacle in the way of any one desiring to leave. But although the inmates of these places are thus being driven from their haunts, they nevertheless, refuse to quietly lie down and starve to death. They insist on finding some way to live, regardless of statute law.

So Mayor Blakenburg finds himself con-

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fronted by a situation which he would have foreseen had he been an **“impractical theorist”** instead of the **“practical sane reformer”** he holds himself to be. In all seriousness, he has issued a proclamation urging citizens to give or find employment for the **“white slaves”** he has **“emancipated.”** It does not appear that he has employed any in his own household, although he lives in a mansion, which must need a number of servants to keep in order. **He is the principal owner of a textile mill where a number of women workers are employed, but he does not seem to have found places for any of them there.**

Back of Mayor Blankenburg's crusade is an organization called **“The Christian League.”** This organization joins with him in urging citizens to find employment for the former **“white slaves,”** apparently forgetful of the fact that the granting of this appeal means displacement of workers, who are now employed or who would have been.

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How the matter will end is not hard to guess. Neither Mayor Blakenburg nor any of the "good" citizens who back him, want to get down to fundamental facts. They will keep on shutting their eyes to the fact that the social evil must exist as long as opportunities to earn a living may be extended to or withheld from any person at the pleasure of others. They can not look that fact squarely in the face without also seeing that monopoly of opportunity must be abolished before the vice question can be solved. Failing to do this, they may invoke the law to their hearts' content without settling anything. **So after a few weeks of frenzied shouting Philadelphia will settle back in the old rut. Rather than interfere with such established institutions as land monopoly and other predatory privileges Mr. Blankenburg and other reformers of his kind prefer to have the social evil and other evils continue without interruption.**

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

THE WORLD'S LEAGUE FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS.

A MOVEMENT that bids fair to outrival any reform effort of modern times which is now well organized, and gaining strength by leaps and bounds has for its object the decommericalizing of Christmas and the restoring of the day to its rightful place as one of the great Christian holidays around which center the sweetest and most sacred emotions of the human heart.

Who shall say that the movement for a sane Christmas is not needed? Every one knows the Christmas present has become a burden, so much so that the custom has lost much of its spirit of love. People give presents they cannot afford to people they do not care about. They give presents to get

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presents. They worry over what they shall give and what their gifts shall cost, and there is much anxious speculation over what they are likely to receive from their friends and neighbors.

The ideals of the race are always noble and true. If this were not so, humanity would quickly perish. But we are continually burying our ideals beneath the materialistic rubbish of the ages from whence they must from time to time be rescued if human society is to endure.

In the hour of need, a great idealist, a savior, a group of men or a movement always appears to recall the mad world to its senses.

Such a crisis is now at hand. The spiritual significance of Christmas, the beauty and tenderness and sweetness of loving-kindness, which gave origin to the observance of the day is almost entirely lost from among men and in its place has arisen, a crazy, vulgar, brutalizing custom of bribe giving and re-

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ceiving in the form of foolish, mostly useless, and almost always inappropriate Christmas presents.

The craze has reached a point where there is no sweetness, no brotherhood, no charity, very little love, not even sense or decency in it. In commemoration of Him, who, out of His great love, gave Himself, His Life for humanity, shed His blood upon Calvary for men, we now afflict one another with brass jim-cracks, plush doo-dazzles, popcorn and tinfoil.

All spontaneity and the joy of giving has disappeared. The most stupid and inappropriate things are bought and proudly presented to the helpless victims who perjure their souls to murmur "thanks," littering their rooms with the stuff for awhile, in sham gratitude and admiration, and then dumping it into the ashbarrel.

Is there any sensible reason why December the 25th, the birthday of the Savior of mankind, should be celebrated by

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a wild outburst of emotional insanity which we express in gorging ourselves like vultures on Christmas day and in a mad orgy of indiscriminate buying of junk for our fool friends, who will themselves be out, raging up and down the market places, pawing over the plunder for sale on bargain counters for something to remember us with on Christmas morning?

Is any one made happier, better, sweeter, kinder, by our national game of give and take? Let us be honest with ourselves now and face this matter squarely and candidly. What is the net result of it all? Nothing but shattered nerves, heart burnings, disappointments, envy, jealousy, depleted pocketbooks, not to speak of engorged livers and stomachs on the sick list for weeks to come after the holidays. Worse even than that, hundreds of fool families in debt to installment sharks grinding their noses for the next nine months, to pay for Christmas presents which they could not afford and

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had no business to make.

The spirit which prompts such vulgar display and indiscriminate making of gifts is not Christian, at least, it is not Christlike. It is greedy commercialism gone mad.

But one of the worst features of the Christmas nonsense is the unspeakable cruelty inflicted in the name of the gentle Jesus upon tens of thousands of helpless shop girls. Have you any idea what it means for a delicate woman to stand upon her feet 14 to 15 hours a day for two or three weeks in December day after day and night after night, facing thousands of irritable, capricious, fault-finding shoppers?

Can you imagine what tortures the sales-girls must suffer with double and treble work loaded upon them, with no time for rest, no relief. Is it any wonder that they break down by thousands and are sent away from the stores wrecked in health and nerves by this inhuman and unnecessary pressure put upon them? Do you think that the sales-

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people and delivery messengers see anything beautiful, holy and tender in the Christmas season?

Is it Christian civilization that is willing to buy its pleasure at the price of pain and misery inflicted upon the helpless?

The Christmas insanity must stop. Christian people must rescue the day from the clutch of barbaric display and commercial greed. It has become an intolerable burden, dissipating the resources and sapping the energy of the whole people. Think of the millions that will be wasted this Christmas in such vain, selfish, useless and vulgar display? Think of the vitiating effect upon the public taste, of the tons of vile bastard "art" that will soon be dumped upon us in an avalanche of the cheap and tawdry.

The World's League for a Sane Christmas has no other purpose than to stand for sanity and sweetness. To restore to the Christmas celebration its true spiritual meaning, to encourage the giving of love

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instead of junk. It invites all who believe in a sane Christmas, a sane fourth and a sane every day to co-operate with it. No one will suffer from the work of the League. The whole people will be benefitted. The League offers its strength of organization and the solidarity of united purpose to help those who could not have the courage and the strength to stand alone and combat established custom.

The League has prepared propaganda literature explaining the purposes of its work and a series of neat artistic postal cards are now ready bearing messages of love and good cheer which members of the public at large are invited to use to remember their friends. This is surely the sanest solution of the whole crazy business. It is the easiest way out of the dilemma into which we have fallen. There are no commercial considerations whatever attached to the work of the League—no dues, no assessments, no paid officials—all is a work of

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love. Postal cards and propaganda literature are furnished at cost. All funds contributed are used solely to further the ends of the movement.

Let's make a change this year—we'll all feel better, kinder, more human—we'll regain our self respect and make room for real brotherhood, real human love in our hearts. One hundred thousand people will this season adopt the suggestion of the World's League for a Sane Christmas, to give love instead of junk. It's worth trying.

Bruce Calvert, President.

**The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes,
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.**

—Kipling.

**Everything that has happened in history
has happened because a large number of
men kicked.—Woodrow Wilson.**

THE OPEN ROAD
—
WAY SIDE CHATS
ON THE OPEN ROAD.

By Bruce Calvert.

ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS is the name of a woman. She lives in New York and from time to time when the fates are kind brings out a 'Zinelet called "The East Side," which as its name indicates is devoted to high life and low life—chiefly low—in New York's Utland the great East Side. The principal merit in the booklet is its artistic illustration by a gifted genius called Oberhardt. This East Side Imp is probably the best illustrated magazine in America. I have often wished for some such sympathetic wizard of the brush and pencil to illuminate the OPEN ROAD.

The lady editress has occasionally sharpened her editorial shears on my pachydermitous hide and taken sundry spiteful snips when I was'nt looking. I have never made an outcry, first because I did'nt care

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a cuss, and second because I am old enuff to know the folly of fighting with a female. There's no chance for you. Even if you win, you lose.

But today while racking my sky piece for something to write about I happened to pick up the latest atrocity from the East Side and noticing that Zoe had her hatpin out for me again, I decided to just hand her one for luck and put a stop to her blasphemous fulminations like the following:—

THE JUNGLE.

“For twenty years I lived in the City, that terrible Jungle, filled with noises, smells, dirt, crime, greed, lust, stale air, stale food, stale water, disease, etc., etc.”—Bruce Calvert in *The Open Road*.

Now, we know what's the matter with New York. Bruce lived here twenty years.

“Come back to the woods,” he wails on, and tells how fine it is there, to be sure, with its trickling streams, birds, bees and flowers.

The fact that Bruce is incidentally advertising some farm or other back there in the woods, rather takes away from the general effect, but

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you'll never get me back there again for one.

Nobody ever loved nature better than I do, but the woods are full of poison ivy for me. I never went picnicing by that most beautiful spot in the Universe, Kentucky River, the Blue Danube of America, but I came back covered with it to suffer till I went picnicing again.

I loved the vastness of the Western prairies where the incomparable sunsets gleam with purple, orange and gold, but the wild winds blew and blew and blew till I was glad to get back to the city and sanity.

There is no poison ivy in New York, and unless you strike the Flatiron Building or the tall tower of the times, there is very little wind.

To me this great and beautiful city that Bruce calls the Jungle is the Garden of the Gods.

Its massive skyscrapers are big beautiful boulders, their flashing windows in the sun streaks of pure gold in the gray of their granite. Or at dusk, suddenly flashed with myriads of electric lights, they are like diamonds on the bosom of some marchioness, gowned in gray silk.

What is the trickling stream down the mountain side, sighing its lonely song to still more lonely tall and willowy cedars, to the wonderful

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stream of humanity making its way down the canon, of Broadway, through high walls of splendid skyscrapers to the sea?

And if you really care for cedars we have them, too.

Go up and wander along our Central Park. There'll you'll find them snow covered, perhaps, and sighing a little, but not in a lonely mountain top way, for there across the street from them are many human habitations looking over at their snows from eyelike windows, scintillating with lights.

But if you wish to see the Garden at its best, take the little car that runs along the Palisades and look over.

A dream city of pinks and blues and golds and pale and atmospheric grays.

Then if you are not surfeited with that, come with me to the East Side, to East Broadway and Henry Street, both wide as Fifth Avenue, and look to the West at the domes and towers and minarets of Park Row, their haughty heads cloud high and beautiful, while in the West there stretches like a lovely spider against the sky, the Williamsburg Bridge.

Walk then with me through Delancey Street, where the twin rows of tall small poplars grow,

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and watch another stream of people, my push-cart people, come and go, the chestnut man, the chocolate man—all his earthly goods before him in one small tray—the lace woman and the women who sell pineapples and oranges. Come look at the Jewish funerals with the sad faced mourners walking close behind the dead, the men running along with their little rattling banks, imploring pennies to pay for the prayers for the peace of the soul.

Walk with me under the big spidery bridge and see the fish market with its wonderful blazing lamps lighting the rich red shawls of the women and glittering scales of the fish.

Walk further on to the open air dry goods shops, where they touch you politely on the arm, prettily asking you to buy.

So different from Fifth Avenue, where you must fall prone upon your face if you would have them swap their wares for your filthy lucre.

People, people, wonderful people, so patiently toiling for the pittance to keep the breath of life in their bodies, wonderful people, patient people, beautiful people!

There is another sight I wish you to see from my own roof. The wonder of the Metropolitan Tower toward the North, and toward the South,

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that five and ten cent store, risen to such excessive height it makes the Singer Building look like thirty cents.

It has the appearance of a stately cathedral spire pointing, not to a five and ten cent store, but straight to Heaven.

And, as for hideous sounds of the Jungle, so abhorred by Bruce, to me they are music. The washline pulleys drawling the white clothes back and forth are like the singing of birds, the whirr of the elevated, bearing the stream of people here and there, is like the water that runs the industrious mill, pouring over the dam, the cry of my pushcart people down there on First Avenue is the humming of bees, and on foggy nights the fog horns off there in the sea, the little boats begging the big boats not to step on them, are finer to me than the horns of an operatic orchestra.

And if you wish to hear Grand Opera, go some stormy night to the end of the Brooklyn Bridge and listen to the diapason made there by the wires.

You must go in the storm and stand in the storm to hear it at its best, but it is well worth it.

The bridge is a great aeolian harp in a storm. It sings and sings. Sometimes it wails. Then

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again it sobs, the sound of its sobbing wailing, moaning harpstrings, sighing out to the sea.

Oh yes, Bruce, stick to your pigeon roost, if you like, but kindly leave the Jungle to me.

This outburst sounds well enough. It is at least fair class B stuff. But Zoe doesn't really see any of the things she so glibly talks about. It's a pipe dream. A literary "hangover," the product of fevered imagination. You can get the same stimmung at the all night Cabaret shows or the afternoon Tango Tea dance joints on Broadway. Plain literary D. T.'s, the police sergeant would call it. If you want to see the same thing spend the night hitting it up on the Great White Way. And then as dawn streaks over the tawdry town and you begin to see processions of green monkeys and scarlet lizards, and the lights on Broadway seem to be doing the Turkey Trot, go out to the east side and you'll be in the right frame of mind to translate squalor, filth, misery, crowded dirty streets. stinking

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alleys and holes in the ground wherein breed thousands of human beings like rats in a cellar, into fairy palaces and emerald avenues.

But no man with the clean sweet breath of the woods and fields in his lungs, and the sanity of Nature's great out doors in his eyes can see any such sights or hear any such sounds or smell any such smells as our gifted poetess raves about.

* * * * *

To me beauty means health, cleanliness, sanity, the poise that comes from sound sleep, fresh air day and night—especially at night,—sunshine. It means clean sweet breath, clear eyes, clean tongue, steady nerves, rosy skin. I can recognize nobility in rags but not in dirt. What is finer than health? Carlyle tells us that holy and healthy really mean the same thing. Health does not come out of bottles no matter what they may cost or how cunningly they may be wrapped in pink ribbons and gold foil, or

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how invitingly the corks may pop and zip when removed by obsequious brigands in white aprons. It is not to be found in Ragged Edge or ragged headed clubs. It abides not in any cabaret dining room atmosphere of cigarette fumes, foul air, ribald jests. But Zoe and her kind will never live long enuff to know that. They mistake the sewers and blind alleys and the human dung hills of life for life itself. There are a million people in New York just like that who live blind moles in the underworld of darkness.

* * * * *

If you want to know whether a man is decent and living a clean life—smell his breath. I now propose that as the real Bertillion test for criminality. Let the judge smell the accused's breath and then send him up or discharge him according to the findings. No man with sweet pure breath is altogether bad. If the defendant doesn't convict himself on this test, then try the policeman who

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brought him in, on the breath test. Then bring the lawyers up to the bar of justice and let them show their tongues and submit samples of their breath. And permit no man to engage in litigation, either as plaintiff or attorney who cannot show a clean tongue and pure breath. Would'nt this clean off the court calendars and give the judges a long well merited rest? Well I guess.

* * * * *

I have attended some of those club dinners in little Old New York, and believe me good friends I had to bury my clothes when I got back to the Roost to get rid of the smell. No it was'nt altogether tobacco smoke and stale beer either. But if you pack seventy five or one hundred people all on varying terms of familiarity with bath tubs into a small superheated, low ceilinged room such as clubs seem inevitably to gravitate to, with only sufficient breathing space for about fifteen, even if well ventilated, and close all the doors and windows (provided

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there are any windows—usually there are none), and then turn on the gas and light up the coffin nails, and pass around the red ink and the steins and turn on the oratory—what prithee do you think that atmosphere will be like in two hours? No there's no name for it in any language I'm on speaking terms with.

And yet this is just the very atmosphere your club diner revels in. Not until the air is so thick and black with smoke that you can't see across the room and so saturated with carbon dioxide that your head swims does he begin to have a good time. And as the air grows thicker and more poisonous his wit scintilates ever more dazzling—at least he thinks it does.

* * * * *

Since my ventures into high life I have found that dress suits and white shirt fronts, or daring gowns with long well fertilized trains do not always mean clean sweet and determined bodies. More's the pity, I wish

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they did. So I now select my friends and soul mates by a new test, the smell of 'em. You can get a man's whole history by the odors he carries around with him. Try it some time yourself. Its a good test. You don't need a man's letters of introduction or his assurances of probity to tell where and how he spends his evenings. And by the same token my lady who thinks to hide with patchouli the dearth of ivory soap and plain water, or to cover up with French mints and gum the foul gasses from a stomach filled with rotting food will never be able to get into your inner circle if you adopt my test.

The last time I was in New York I went with a friend to feed in one of the swell feederies on Broadway. No it wasn't Macfadden's nor Mamma Child's—I always go there when in doubt—but one of the high ball cafes whose name is to conjure with in gastronomic circles.

This place is supposed to be a dream of

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beauty decorated, furbished and finished off in all the splendor of Broadway renaissance. The waiters were properly togged in evening garb, and the male diners just like the waiters except for the aprons. The ladies of every shade and degree of sophistication from tender young things out on their first bat, to jaded and carmined habitues long past the point where tobasco sauce or Lobster a la Newburg could give them the tiniest bit of a thrill. Women were there who could consume as much "red ink" out of the long necked bottles nestling comfortably in ice pails at their feet, or hit up as many Turkey Reds as the most hardened male rounder in the place and never bat an eyelash.

The room seemed to me to be literally a cave. I could detect no openings of any kind in either walls or ceilings whence fresh air could come, save only the front doors. It was hot and suffocating altho keen and frosty outside. And the smells in that hell's

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hole! How any human creature could find the stomach to eat in that sickening atmosphere I could not understand. I asked a waiter what was the objection to fresh air. He thot I was speaking in a foreign tongue and sent another waiter to take my order who boasted six languages, as he explained to me.

But neither the accomplished waiter with his six tongues nor the men and women at those crowded tables seemed to be at all conscious of the utter insanity of taking food in such a hole, reeking with tobacco smoke and filthy with the exhalations of bodies,, a foul and foeted dungeon into which no ray of sunlight or fresh pure air ever found its way.

Sickened so I could not eat I watched the people. They one and all seemed to feel that they were just about hitting the high life on the high places. Dining at S'——'s. What more could mortal wish? To be seen there is unquestionable evidence of

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opulence and elegance. Just look at the prices we paid for this meal? Is'nt that going some? And just note the size of the tip we're going to hand the Gannymede who brings us our check in a moment! Yes, yes, this is the real thing sure enough. And so those gorged men and blase women sat and dawdled over their infected fodder as if they were really eating the food for the Gods on high Olympus.

* * * * *

Away down at the further end of the cave I could dimly make out thru the rifts of smoke a freakish long haired consumptive looking individual who from time to time mounted a platform and sawed wildly upon a fiddle accompanied on a piano by the Queen of the Fijii Islands. These strange people seemed to be high favorites as after every outburst they were greeted with rounds of applause. Then three or four gaudily tho I would scarcely say overdressed girls with hectic cheeks and sad

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looking circles under their eyes emerged from behind a screen cavorting down thru the aisles and among the delighted eaters who fairly wriggled with pleasure. This seemed to be the usual dessert.

“What else will you have?”, murmured my host turning in rapture from a bedizzened coryphee capering close to his elbow.

“Nothing more” I replied, “Let’s go.” I had’nt eaten a thing. I could not. Escaping as soon as I decently could, I slipped over to Brooklyn where I lunched by myself in peace and quiet at Uncle Dudley Dennett’s. And even if the coffee was’nt as “surpassing” as it might be, there was cleanliness and I did’nt have to breathe second hand air, nor did my toast taste as if “Breathed upon by some foul infected breath.”

So much for high life on Broadway. Back to the woods for mine.

Education is the ability to meet situations.

—Bruce Calvert.

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THE SOCIAL SPIRIT.

By Eugene V. Debs.

WE need to grow out of the selfish, sordid, brutal spirit of individualism which still lurks even in Socialists and is responsible for the strife and contention which prevail where there should be concord and good will. The social spirit and the social conscience must be developed and govern our social relations before we shall have any social revolution.

If there are any among whom the social spirit should find its highest expression and who should be bound fast in its comradely embrace and give to the world an example of its elevating and humanizing influence, it is the Socialists. They of all others have come to realize the hardening and brutalizing effect of capitalist individualism in the awful struggle for existence and it is to them a cause of unceasing rejoicing that they live at a time in the world's historic development when the very conditions which resulted

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from this age-long struggle forbid its continuance and proclaim its approaching termination.

The rule of individualism which has governed society since the days of primitive communism effectually restrained the moral and spiritual development of the human race. It brought out the baser side of men's nature and set them against each other as if the plan of creation had designed them to be mortal enemies.

Typical capitalists are barren of the social spirit. The very nature of the catch-as-catch-can encounter in which they are engaged makes them wary and suspicious, if not downright hateful of each other, and the latent good that is in them dies for the want of incentive to express itself.

The other day I saw two such capitalists shake hands. It was pitiable. Their hearts had no part in the purely formal ceremony. They happened to meet and could not avoid each other. And so they mechanically

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touched each other's reluctant hands, standing at right angles to each other for a moment—not face to face—and then passing on without either looking the other in the eyes.

This cold and heartless ceremony typified the relation begotten of capitalist individualism in which men's interests are competitive and antagonistic and in which each instinctively looks out for himself and is on the alert to take every possible advantage of his fellow-man.

The result of this system is inevitably a race of Ishmaelites.

How differently two Socialist comrades shake hands! Their hearts are in their palms and the joy of greeting is in their eyes. They have the social spirit. Their interests are mutual and their aspirations kindred. If one happens to be strong and the other weak, the stronger shares the weakness and the weaker shares the strength of his comrade. The base thought of taking a mean advan-

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tage, one of the other, does not darken their minds or harden their hearts. They are joined together in the humanizing bonds of fellowship. They multiply each other and they rejoice in their comradely kinship. The best there is in each, and not the worst as in the contact of individualism, is appealed to and brought forth for the benefit of both.

What an elevating, enlarging and satisfying relation!

And this is the "dead-level!" of mediocrity and servitude to which we are to sink when this relation becomes universal among men as it will in the international Socialist republic!

So at least we are told by those who in the present system have acquired the instincts and impulses of animals of prey in the development of their imagined superiority by draining the veins and wrecking the lives of their vanquished competitors. But we are not impressed by the virtues of the system of which they stand as the

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shining examples.

Through all the ages past men, civilized men, so-called have been at each other's throat in the struggle for existence and the spirit of individualism, this struggle has begotten, the spirit of hard, sordid, brutal, selfishness, has filled this world with unutterable anguish and woe.

But at last the end of anarchistic individualism is in sight. The social forces at work are undermining and destroying it and soon its knell will be sounded to the infinite joy of an emancipated world.

The largest possible expression of the social spirit should be fostered and encouraged in the Socialist movement and among Socialists themselves. In spite of the hindrances which beset us in our present environments and relations, we may yet cultivate this spirit assiduously to our increasing mutual good and to the good of our great movement.

In our propaganda, in the discussion of

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our tactical and other differences and in all our other activities, the larger faith that true comradeship inspires should prevail between us. We need to be more patient, more kindly, more tolerant, more sympathetic, helpful and encouraging to one another, and less suspicious, less envious, and less contentious, if we are to educate and impress the people by our example and by the results of our teachings upon ourselves, win them to our movement, and realize our dream of universal freedom and social righteousness.

IF WE BUT KNEW

HOW little good
Is added to the store
Which lives through years to come,
If we with selfish heart
Or foolish idle play,
Speak not the living truth
In every act and word.
How can we know
The wealth of human thought,

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If each present to light
Other than his own.

We tread the ways of men,
And in each face
We see the marks of toil,
Or pain, or strife, or love.
Each lives his life
Behind the mask
Which he presents to men.
Nor shall we ever know
The scars and wounds
The years have left
Upon these myraid minds.

Could we in pity lay
The gentle finger tip
Upon the pulse of care,
And know the fears
That surge like tempests
Through the trembling soul;
If each his hungry need
should open to the light
Would yearning's cry be heard
Or soothing voice
Bid heart's wild sob be still?

H. C. Thomas.

The World's League for a Sane Christmas

**Is Organized To Stop The Crazy Indiscriminate
Giving Of Christmas Presents.**

We Did Good Work

**Last Year, And We Are Going To Do Better
Work This Year.**

We Need Your Help Now.

**Buy Some Of The League's Literature And
Send It To Your Friends---Sell Some
Postal Cards For Us.
We Need You.**

HERE ARE THE PRICES.

Booklets - - - 4 for 10c

(Full of interesting articles)

Postal Cards - - 20c a Set

(Very attractive and appropriate)

World's League For a Sane Christmas,

PUBLICITY OFFICE,

379 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRUCE CALVERT,

President.

The Open Road

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

FELLOWSHIP FARMS DEPARTMENT.

Edited by George Elmer Littlefield.

NOTES FROM FELLOWSHIP FARM AT STELTON, N. J.

MAY 25, was a red letter day at Stelton Fellowship Farm. On that date the Fellowship Farmers held their first reunion. The Pennsylvania Railroad ran special cars out from New York and a large crowd of acre holders and friends came out for the day. Never a lovelier day, never a happier crowd. Nature was on her best behavior. The sun smiling clear and bright, the earth sweet and fragrant in her new royal robes of green, the birds singing merrily as if glad to welcome the poor shut in slaves of the city to the wide green fields and the pure air of the country. Almost everybody

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Published Monthly at

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Make Foreign Money Orders payable at Chicago, U. S. A.

Remittances in gold, silver or copper accepted with alacrity. Stamps and personal checks received with joy. Don't bother to buy a Money Order. Just drop a William into an envelope and send it on. All remittances mailed to THE OPEN ROAD are especially protected by Providence—and Uncle Sam. We take all the risk.

Shin plasters, Canadian money, perforated dimes and plugged nickles taken at face value. Confederate money 95 per cent. discount.

If none of the above are at hand, send on your subscription anyway and pay later. All we want is your promise to read the 'Zinelet, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

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No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

CHRISTMAS AT PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS.

By Bruce Calvert.

NOW indeed is the heart filled to overflowing with the quiet deep joys of the December woods. The riotous waves of color have subsided. The brilliant shadings of late autumn are gone. The reds and yellows, and greens, and scarlets, and purples have melted into the rich peaceful monotone of winter. Nature's rhythm is changing. The music is softening down. The harmony of the woods is settling into a sweet tender melody woven around the dominant tone of brown.

Over field and forest, over hill and dale is spreading a thin sheet of white. How gently and sweetly Nature covers up and

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tucks away old Earth under that snowy blanket! How lovely is the face of the unbroken snow in the woods! How the trees rise from that great white breast, their dark trunks lifted in the crisp winter air like faithful sentinels guarding the virgin purity of the hour!

* * *

The music changes. An ominous roar trembles thru the forest. Up from the west black clouds are flying. The curled brown leaves shiver and whisper in terror. They know what is coming. And now the storm bursts upon us. Whipped by fierce gusts the tree tops circle and sway in majestic cotillion keeping time to the wild music of the gale. Inside the fire roars and crackles in our wide throated chimney place. What care we for wind or weather.

* * *

Christmas is here again. The oldest year of the world is laying itself to rest while the youngest and best of all earth's years

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presses hard upon the elder's heels. The old and the new meet and pass on the threshold of time, while eternity flows serenely on supreme over all, undisturbed by such small matters as years, centuries, ages, cycles.

For many centuries men have celebrated this season. The idea comes from nature herself. Christmas, Christ, Christos, Krishna—you may trace the word back as far as human knowledge goes into the misty depths of antiquity. It is the time of the fulfilling of the law. The season of readjustment, realization, of readjustment. The passing of the old, the coming of the new, the rebirth.

This is the season when the Christ spirit walks abroad among men. When the heart grows tender. When the affections expand under the warmth of human love. Now for a brief moment we see what the world will be like when Brotherhood rules over all the earth all the year.

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White and pure today like the sweet mantle of human love lies the snow outside my cabin door covering all the rough and bare places of the earth under its gentle folds. We must learn anew the lesson that Nature would teach us at this glad Christmas time. That amid the storm and stress of life, amid the struggle for power or wealth, back of all and greater than all else is human love. The love that spreads its warm robe of charity over all, friends and foe, comrade and competitor alike. That great love which levels all differences of wealth, station, religion, birth, education, attainment when we meet solely as man to man—brothers all.

The dream of every great soul this world ever knew has been to see universal love rule. To see all men going hand in hand to our common goal. Why not? We all came from the same place and we're all moving in the same direction to the same end. I can never get above nor beyond my neigh-

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bor anyway no matter how hard I may strive. However swiftly I travel he will arrive as soon as I. He is part of me. I am part of him. We are one. Mankind is one. If one drink the hemlock all quaff the bitter dregs. The golden dreams of one warms the heart of the whole race.

All the crime, tears and agony of the long past, all the misery want and woe of this world has been because men forgot for a moment these eternal truths. They allowed for a moment the flames of hate to lick up the tender dews of love.

Christmas! Blessed season. Blessed thought. Blessed Christ spirit! Let it shed its pure radiance over all today. Let angels chant anew the old chorus, "Peace on Earth, good will to men"—all men. And may the new year bring us nearer to the realization that the adoption of the Christ spirit as a guiding force in life would solve all human problems and secure the happiness of every individual member of the race.

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THE BOSS OF MEXICO

James Larkin Pearson in THE FOOL KILLER.

Some people call him Hurty,
While others call him Wirty,
An' all his deeds are dirty,
 An' all his motives low;
For all the world's complainin'
He don't do no explainin'
He just keeps on remainin'
 The Boss of Mexico.
Rebellion keeps a-spreadin',
An' lots of blood's a-sheddin'
But Uncle Sam's a-dreadin',
 An' sorter wants to wait.
Of course he's bound to hate 'em,
But facts are like I state 'em,
An' Wilson's "ultimatum"
 Has failed to "ulti-mate."
The Rebs are crowdin' closer,
An' askin', "Won't you go, sir?"
But still he answers, "No, sir,
 I don't intend to go!"
But he's an old fool bluffer,
And for his deeds will suffer
When someone even rougher
 Is Boss of Mexico.

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SELF HELP THRU GOVERNMENT.

From the Office of Secretary,
LANDWARD LEAGUE, RUSKIN,
FLORIDA.

THE money gathered by the Government thru the postal savings banks BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE, and should be loaned to them at one-half per cent. advance over the interest allowed on these deposits, instead of being loaned to the national banks at the small advance of one-fourth per cent., and reloaned to the people by the banks, at five per cent more than the banks pay for it.

The money so loaned by the government SHOULD BE MADE PRODUCTIVE, by security on CULTIVATED LAND, thus ADDING to the wealth of the nation and the independence of many of its citizens.

FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS from the postal savings deposits would enable TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND HEADS OF FAMILIES TO PAY \$250 FOR A FIVE OR TEN ACRE FARM OR GARDEN,

THE OPEN ROAD

sufficient for the maintenance of a family.

Made available ONLY TO MARRIED MEN OR TO WIDOWS WITH CHILDREN, this fund would benefit DIRECTLY, AND AT ONCE, one million people, who, in returning the loan and becoming depositors, would, in conjunction with other depositors, create a fund sufficient to provide loans on five-acre homesteads FOR ALL FAMILIES DESIRING TO LOCATE ON THE LAND.

This could be accomplished within TEN YEARS, providing a way for MILLIONS OF WEALTH PRODUCERS to find self employment in healthful, independent, outdoor occupations, reducing the danger from many loathsome diseases, such as tuberculosis, and AT THE SAME TIME REDUCING THE NEED FOR AND COST OF CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, "HOMES," COURTS OF JUSTICE AND PENS OF PUNISHMENT, thru a saner and more natural mode of life and higher

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ideals of social relations, WITHOUT COSTING THE PEOPLE OR THE GOVERNMENT ONE CENT. In fact, the WEALTH AND STABILITY of BOTH WOULD BE VASTLY INCREASED.

We, the undersigned, petition our Congressmen to consider a bill at the present congress making provision for such use of the postal savings deposits.

To Members of the League: Please use your influence in having this petition reprinted in local papers and send a marked copy to the secretary.

GENIUS.

Something immortal happens, when man brings love to a thirsting woman. . . . The children of women who hunger after spiritual things—these are the children of genius among the hills.”

—Will Levington Comfort.

THE OPEN ROAD

THE HERMIT OF PIGEON ROOST.

(From the Fool Killer.)

The State of Indiana, during the last half century, has given the country a great many shining literary lights. But none of them have got anything on Bruce Calvert, the Hermit of Pigeon Roost.

Old Bruce ain't got no wimmen folks ner nothin' like that to bother him, an' he don't lose no sleep over the fashions. He lives by himself in a cabin in the woods, goes barefooted and in his shirrtail whenever he gets ready, and eats blackberries, raw "rosenyears" and turnip greens.

Bruce Calvert is also the editor of a little magazine called "The Open Road, which is dog-gon good readin', I can tell you, even if he does write it with his old ragged shirt standing open in front, his breeches rolled up to his knees, and the mud squirting up between his bare toes.

Then sometimes Bruce gets on the train and goes to Chicago, New York, and other big places, and delivers lectures. Oh, yes, he can talk, all right, and he don't care two straws what he says nor who hears it, either.

Does Bruce "dress up" when he goes out on these lecturing trips? Well, I should reckon not. He goes to New York in the same garb that he

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wears at Piegon Roost, and he attracts more attention than a box car full of clowns.

Bruce Calvert is as well known all over the country as Elbert Hubbard, and a heap more respected. In his own original way, Bruce is doing a good work. He is trying to teach the world that all this mad rushing around after money and fashion ain't worth what it costs. He wants us to get back to the simple life, and he is willing to set the example.

YOUR life grows what you sow within it;
May the New Year be richly fraught
With cheer for you. And for the minute
Here is a seed of loving thought.

William Wallace Kincaid

Editor the Open Road;—The women of Southern California are fast coming to the front with new ideas in school management since being elected on the board of Education.

They have obtained a large tract of land

THE OPEN ROAD

among the foot hills near Pasadena, from the head of the department of agriculture, and a large summer garden will be worked and cared for by students of the local public schools.

The school children will practice gardening on a purely scientific basis, and it is expected that the boys will spend almost their entire summer vacation in taking care of this farm.

The planting and subsequent work is being done under the direction of an expert gardener. All school boys of the city of Los Angeles and Pasadena, both grammar grades and high schools will be given an opportunity to take part in the work and already two hundred boys have enrolled and are successfully working out the project.

The promoters of the garden feel sure that the enterprise will serve a triple purpose. It will furnish a practical education in agriculture and will also give the boys something worth while to be interested in during

THE OPEN ROAD

the vacation and will give them a tidy sum for spending money at the close of the summer.

As parents and friends of the boys will be able to buy vegetables, berries and all other products direct from the boys and thereby eliminate being forced to pay the middle man's profits, it will be a means of lowering the cost of living to their parents.

It is also planned to have the school boys lease a large tract of several acres next season and to pay for the lease out of the sale of the products.

Yours truly,

F. G. Holcomb.

CHIVALRY.

Woman has a natural greatness which man seems unable to destroy, but marvelously man can inspire this greatness; he can make it immense and world-swaying. This is the perfect chivalry.

—Will Levington Comfort.

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BIFFS FROM BEFFEL.

WE must become better optimists. There is too much fear in our hearts—fear of the Unknown. When business slows up, too many of us stand around and tell how bad it is instead of devoting effort to bring about betterment. We stop planning for the future, we stop radiating good cheer, and look for new ways to cut down expenses. When we begin to paint gloom-pictures we admit that the gods have us guessing—and we are duly qualified candidates for the toboggan.

An enthusiast is a constructionist. His first impulsive ideas for building great structures may have faults, but if the enthusiasm is present the proper ways and means to the pictured end will come of themselves. Any one can be a destructionist. Any one can tear down. The profession of the knocker is the easiest for which to qualify. It is the man who, recognizing all his own limitations, goes ahead and fights for what he wants, that wins.

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HE GOT IT.

“Please mister Santy Claws,” prayed my small nephew Robert aged five, “Please bring me a fiddle and fiddle sticks.”

NUGGETS FROM THE NORSE.

It is easy to take sides against him who has no protector.

One does'nt have to drive a willing horse.

Our Lord is best when to us he appears worst.

If you have no one that chides, you have no one that caresses.

Well married is best wealth.

A pretty wife is better than a farm, but a kind one is better than all England.

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What two agree upon, a third has no business to meddle with.

“How lucky you are to have such an appetite,” said the girl to her grandfather who could not eat.

“It doesn't amount to so much as it whitens,” said the woman who spilled the milk from fourteen cows.

“It was out I wanted to go,” said the man who was thrown out doors.

“I am not much on Arithmetic,” said the old woman, “but this much I do know that 5 and 7 make 9, and tobacco for 1 makes 10.”

The earth is always frozen for lazy swine.

The strictest judge has the hardest heart.

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It is not Folk, everything that our Lord creates.

One can tell by the house what sort of a man lives in it.

One can't tell by the hat whether the head is good or not.

One can tell by the dog what the disposition of the house mother is.

Man is like the sheep, he cries for food with food in his mouth.

You can tell by the feathers what sort of bird it is.

One will have to wish long before the bag is full.

It is better to possess than to wish.

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**PRESS COMMENTS FOR AND
AGAINST PIGEON-ROOST
PEDAGOGICS.**

Boston Globe.

Bruce Calvert, who holds that "the school of the future must be for the child and not for the teacher's comfort, as at present," is the author of "Rational Education," a breezy and vigorous protest against the public school system of to-day. Griffith, Ind. The Open Road Press.

Boston Advertiser.

Rational Education, by Bruce Calvert. 50 cents.
The Open Road Press, Griffith, Lake County.
Ind.

The author of "Rational Education" says the average teacher "is everywhere impressed upon the pupil so that he rarely recovers from it. This is not education. It is damnation." Considering the average teacher, we would cheerfully agree with him, were it possible to accept his primary conclusion. The common instructor of youth makes no

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indelible impression anywhere.

Further, we do not accept the author's conclusion that "the ideal educator will seek to efface himself absolutely," leaving a child free to "flower in beauty as it will." "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." The great majority of children become the great majority of commonplace adults. They are without marked originality, without great possibilities. To make the most of them it is necessary that they be under the shaping influence of judicious teachers, who often have more to do with the making of character than the parents at home. Apparently Mr. Calvert thinks so sometimes, for later in his own book we find him wondering "if our educators will ever wake up to the fact that the personality of the teacher in the school room is worth far more than all the cut and dried programs, schemes, outlines, and mechanical methods of teaching, so much in vogue in all schools." Some of our author's strictures upon educational

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machinery are deserved, but he scatters too much to carry much weight.

Dallas News.

“Rational Education,” by Bruce Calvert. The Open Road Press.

The keynote of this unique little essay is the education that liberates, not enslaves. It is written by the Director of the Rational School Center of Chicago, but the imprint it bears more alluringly directs the reader to “R. F. D. No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.” Mr. Calvert believes in co-ordinating the education of the brain with the training of the hand. He believes that to be born or thrust into a position where work is not required or permitted is a terrible handicap to man’s best development. The individual so hampered is shut out from the moving currents of life, and will rust or rot in aimless eddies of stagnation. He never unfolds. “He who works,” says Mr. Calvert, “only because compelled to do so for food and shelter, and he who takes no part

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in the world's work because he is physically beyond the necessity for it are alike miserable unfortunates. The earth is man's workshop; the universe, his exercise ground; life, his opportunity."

Mr. Calvert's belief is that the rational education, as proposed in this book, would make man joy in his work, give zest to labor and inspiration of life.

**Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer,
New York.**

Rational Education, by Bruce Calvert is a little book that will be regarded as extreme in its criticisms and extreme in its recommendations. The author holds that our educational system is not only dogmatic and tyrannical, but ineffective in developing the minds of children. He says there is no place in our system for initiative or originality. "The child's reasoning faculties are so paralyzed that he does not attempt to think." What he recommends appears reasonable enough as a theory, but it will be quite im-

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possible for a long time to come for want of teachers and room and money. Teachers and parents, however, find food for thought in some of his criticisms, of which the following are examples:

“Our pupils today spend long hours in the over-heated, poisoned air of the school rooms, humped over their books reading about the benefit of fresh air and exercise. They rush home at intermission, grab a vicious lunch that a dog would refuse to eat and bolt it in order to hurry back to the school room to be taught about food chemistry, mastication and digestion. Within ten minutes’ walk of nature’s wealth of flora and fauna they sit and read books and look at engravings on botany and zoology.”

“A little child is as full of intuition and spontaneity as an egg is of meat. A restless little human dynamo, with senses alert, forever reaching out, grasping at the great world about him, if you will only let him alone—even he, the poor helpless infant,

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must be standardized. I never feel so much like committing homicide or suicide as when I visit a kindergarten (Child's Garden)! God save the mark! To see the little fellows all put through the mill, as a horse is trained for the circus, all taking the same dinky little exercise, and playing the same woozy little sissy games. Taught, taught, eternally taught to death." 50c. (Open Road Press, Griffith, Ind.)

The Chamber of Commerce Bulletin— Portland, Oregon.

Rational Education, by Bruce Calvert. 12 mo. Cloth. 76 pp. 50 cents. The Open Road Press, Griffith, Ind.

It is the author's contention that love is the law of life, and that our present system of education is essentially one of authority. It is on these two bases that he builds his theories. He says that the "Rational School will be organized to preserve the intellectual freedom of the child." He tells many truths regarding our present educational system

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and offers what he terms "rational" remedies.

St. Paul, Minn., Pioneer Press.

Rational Education, by Bruce Calvert. 12 mo.
Pp. 76. 50c. The Open Road Press.

A rather bitter and wholesale denunciation of modern education, and a general plea for experiments along the lines advocated by Francisco Ferrer.

San Francisco Argonaut.

The Open Road Press, Griffith, Indiana, has published a little volume, by Bruce Calvert, entitled "Rational Education." It is an attack upon our educational system containing much sound material, but somewhat marred by a note of scolding.

Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal.

Rational Education. By Bruce Calvert. Published by the Open Road Press, Griffith, Lake County, Indiana.

A booklet of sensible reflections on teaching without too much rigidity of method, with some suggestions for real training of pupils.

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THE PUBLIC.

MORE FREEDOM FOR THE CHILD

Rational Education. By Bruce Calvert. Published by The Open Road Press, Griffith, Lake Co., Ind. Price, 50 cents.

“A school something after the model of Ferrer’s on the intellectual and spiritual side, and Booker Washington’s school at Tuskegee, Ala., on the physical and industrial side,” would be an approach to what Mr. Calvert thinks rational education would be. “Provide the child,” he writes, “with the proper environment in which to grow. . . Give him the opportunity for exercising all of his faculties, mental, physical, spiritual, and then—hands off! Let him alone! Leave him to develop according to the law of his own being under which he came into the world.”

When the author goes into practical detail and assigns not more than ten pupils to a teacher and not less than twenty acres to a school, the most richly enthusiastic reader

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will be brought to earth by his neighbor's empty wallet. But he will rise again, and rightly. For however extremely spoken, Freedom for the child is the only open road to Freedom to mankind.

APPRECIATION.

SOME ears are attuned to rarer sounds; some eyes are sensitive to finer sights; so, too, the fragrance of sweet flower may bring into closer accord our spiritual union with and infinite relationship to all Life.

As the vision clarifies, we see how not one leaf moves, how not one song vibrates, but that all obey the Common Impulse that throbs the eternal heart of all things.

Life in its manifold forms reveals hitherto secrets. The little becomes big; the mean becomes chastened, and the noble becomes sanctified because of this Universality of Sight.

An intense gentleness emanates from this Great Spirit, and ere we are aware, we, too, have become Gleaners of its Harvests.—

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

THE OPEN ROAD

LOVE LIGHT.

MY Love, Thou art a glorious light to me
Radiant each morn, each night.
Thou givest me wherewith I now may see
How grand is Life; how great it is "to be."

I see the sun sink slowly in the West
Shadowing the day's bright face.
But Thou art near, Thou givest rest,
Thou sayest to me, "All is best."

In joy, in sorrow Thou art ever nigh
Enshrined within my heart.
No gem is mine; no jewel have I
Worthy with all thy rays to vie.

It seems to me Thy Light is ever burning,
Shining on the altar there.
Toward it I am ever turning,
There and only is the dawning of—my Day.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

UNDERSTANDING.

Moments pass into minutes, minutes into hours
and days, and Life seems but a repetition of
time, except perhaps for now and then the
shadows which throw into greater relief the joys.

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At times, we rebel at this seeming insistent curriculum of Nature. Like little children, who cry out at the willfulness of the Sunbeam when it eludes their eager grasp; so, too, we chafe at this intangible Something which ever hovers about us, yet which tones and colours Life.

But one day, an inward light shown on the faces of those we met; a buoyancy pervaded Life; a radiancy emanated from Nature—and Time opened her sealed casket that we might peer therein.

And treasures hitherto secreted from our be-dimmed vision disclosed themselves. Then we saw that the hours, the days and the nights of seeming vainness had gathered and gathered golden flashes but to assemble them upon a wondrous canvas to clarify all Life.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

URGENCY.

AFTER all, the Essence of living is that Impelling Force which brooks no surrender.

To one who has felt this continuous urgency, its constant throbbing (despite self-analysis), does it come as a revelation, a spiritual recognition that this, in truth, is one of the God-given,

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Nature-given gifts which we should regard with deepest reverence.

This is what lends to Life its Supremeness; which forwards men on to greatest heights; which preserves them from lethargy and conserves their vitality to paramount ends.

So forcibly do I recognize this that I believe, I know that you, that I, that all may safely trust in the efficacy of its guiding instinct to ultimate attainments.

It allows of no rest, it shames the mocker, it scorns the laggard; yet, it rewards its servant, it enhances dull moments, it lends a poetry to life and a triumphant glory to death.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

THE CROWD.

ARE you weary of the dirt and dust, and heat, and smell, and smoke, and strife, and din, and greed, and grab, and the toil and moil of the crowd? Does your soul thirst for the sweet quiet and beauty of God's great out o' doors? For the gentle clean washed air and the fresh healthy green of the woods and fields? For the scent of

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the wild roses and the lush odors of the new grass and the ripple of bird voices thru the trees? For that glorious morning dip of your bare body in the stream? For the kiss of the sunshine and the caress of the winds, and the close companionship of the clouds, and the moon, and the stars?

Do you really ? Well then you've got it—Crowdophobia. That's a new disease. It's a soul sickness. There's only one cure—take to the woods. Come out with me on the Open Road under the blue sky. We don't need the crowd. Just the sweet close nearness of nature is enough. One human companion of the right sort will be ample. Or if you prefer to go alone, I won't blame you. And I can assure you from experience that nature will be your family and friends and sweetheart too if you want her. She will offer you a ready response to your every mood. If you are gay she will laugh with you. If you are serious she will lift the curtains and let you peep into the

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mysteries of life eternal. If you are sad she will soothe your wounded heart with her sweetest lullaby and softly lure you to sleep and rest from all your fever and pain. She will cleanse your soul of selfishness, and meanness, and littleness, and give you the vision of grander, bigger things in this life than the petty groveling concerns of that mad crowd you so lately left. She will presently fill your soul with the sweet peace of fellowship and good will to all God's creatures.

Healthful sanity will take the place of that crazy lust for gold and itch for accumulating things that's been consuming you. Under her gentle ministrations hatred and envy will fall away from you like a tattered and outworn garment. Your hard drawn features will relax. The wrinkles of worry will be erased from your cheeks and the fissures in your soul be healed. Unto you a new heaven and a new earth will be born. Love will guide your eyes and wisdom will

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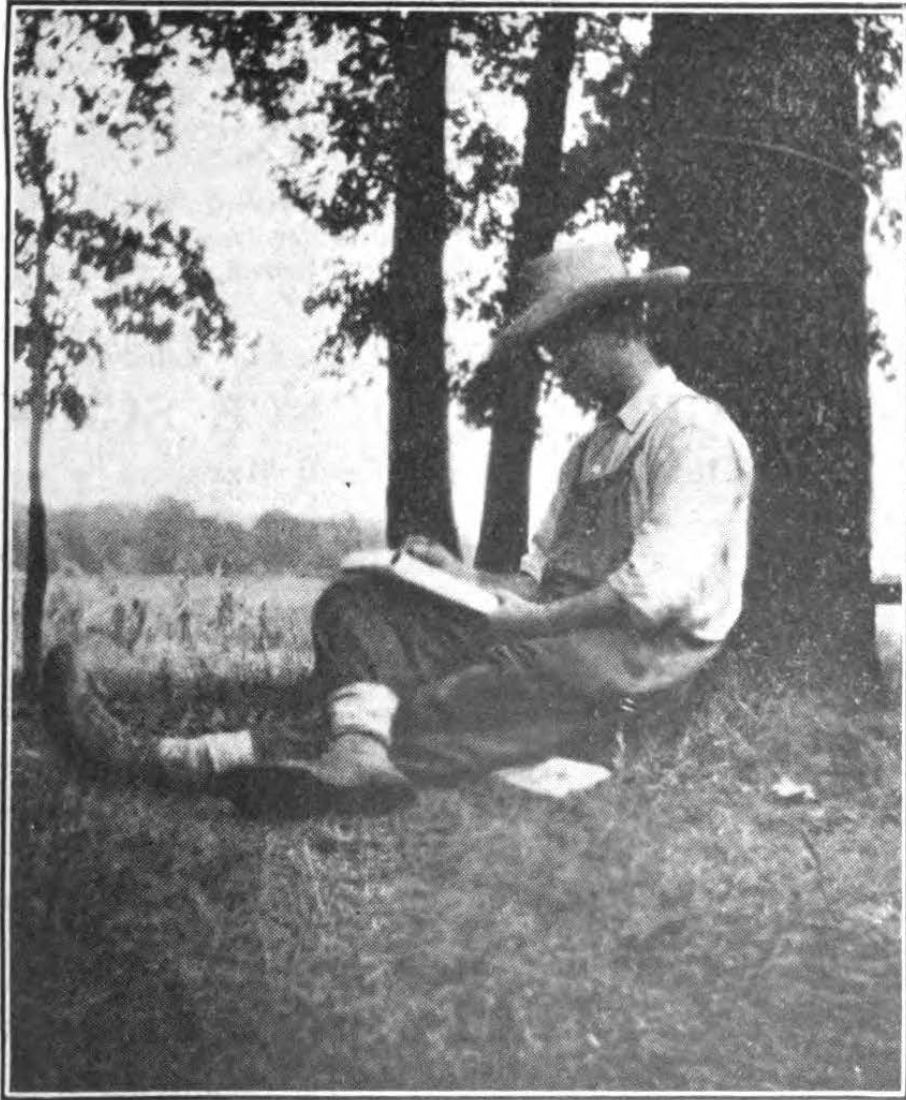
direct your feet. You will think big thoughts, aspire to big things and live the big free open air life of nobleness and beauty.

The crowd has nothing to offer you. Nature offers you everything. The crowd will trample upon you and crush you into the dust and never hear your cries of agony. The crowd hears nothing, sees nothing, feels nothing. It is blinded by its own dust. Drunk with its own effluvia. What chance have you in it? What chance has anyone? Alone you are at least a human being. The crowd is a wild beast. Come out of it before it's too late.

* * *

Yes, take to the woods. There's beauty and nobility in the great solemn religious woods that expands the soul and lifts your heart to the Most High. You hear his voice in the whispering leaves and under the cool and silent stars your heart finds peace. Take to the woods.

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The Editor's Private Office at Pigeon-Roost.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc.: of THE OPEN ROAD, published monthly at Griffith, Lake County, Ind., as required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Owner, BRUCE CALVERT, Griffith, Ind.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1914.

G. C. BREXENDORFF,
Notary Public,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

My commission expires
March 30, 1916.



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THE OPEN ROAD

VOL. XII

OCTOBER, 1914

No. 2

BRUCE CALVERT, Editor and Publisher

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS! ARE YOU AT HOME?

A little personal History. The Romance of Steel. How a Magic City Rose Out of The Desert in a Night. Fortunes Made Out of Sand Wastes. The Fabled Fountain of Youth. A Big Opportunity for all Good Open Roaders.

MANY years ago, long before Judge Gary ever thot of locating the mammoth steel plant at Gary, Lake County, Indiana, I was down in here for a little woodsy outing, fell in love with the place and bought a little patch of ground upon which I set up my "Pigeon-Roost."

I was weary of civilization, almost of

THE OPEN ROAD

life itself. I wanted a change. Wanted to get away from people and their everlasting fussiness. My roots took to the soil at once. From a world-weary, hopeless, sick man, I became a youthful enthusiast. Life took on new interests and new joys. My step became springy, my eyes bright. I was in a new world. Altho but thirty miles from Chicago, less than an hour's ride, this primeval wilderness seemed to me as remote from civilization as the Siberian Steppes. Life was good. It never would be long enough I perceived to exhaust the pleasures of the new world close to the soil.

So I cast my lot here forswearing the crowded evil city forever and started the little OPEN ROAD magazine to tell my neighbors thruout the world about the riches I had found in Mother Earth's sheltering arms close to the throbbing heart of nature.

I selected this spot chiefly because of its out-of-the-wayness. It was hard to

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get at, off the beaten tracks. No one ever came here excepting hunters and fishermen. It was inconceivable that my solitude would ever be disturbed. It wouldn't have been either but for a freak of fate. The unexpected happened. I had the woods all to myself here for a few happy years and then presto! One morning without warning, like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky, appeared the U. S. Steel Company with 5000 men and 8000 horses and mules and began plowing up the sand hills and leveling off the dunes over on the Lake shore just north of me for their big steel plant. Then it was all off with me for any hopes of peace ever again in these parts.

The slimy fingers of civilization had reached out and grasped my Eden. The grimy hands of industry had closed in upon me. The ring of hammers and the hiss of saws, and the shouts and curses of teamsters replaced the sylvan quiet and the sweet songs of birds and the

THE OPEN ROAD

tender whisperings of the leaves. From a handful of tents the place has grown to one of the finest cities in America with a present population of more than 40,000 and increasing so rapidly that the census takers cannot keep up with the score. Gary, the Steel City, youngest Giant of the Mighty West is known all over the world!

The magic rise of this modern city from the sands reads like a story from The Arabian Nights! It was marvellous! Everybody now knows how Gary sprang up almost in a night. How for the first time in the world's history a city was planned and built all ready for the people to move in. I'm not going to tell that fascinating tale again. It's too big a job. Justice never can be done to it. I saw the miracle unfolding daily right here under my very eyes. The steel mills already the largest in the world with more than a hundred millions invested and employing from ten to fifteen thousand men are, so

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they say, but a nucleus, a mere beginning for a plant that will make the present one look like a chicken coop!

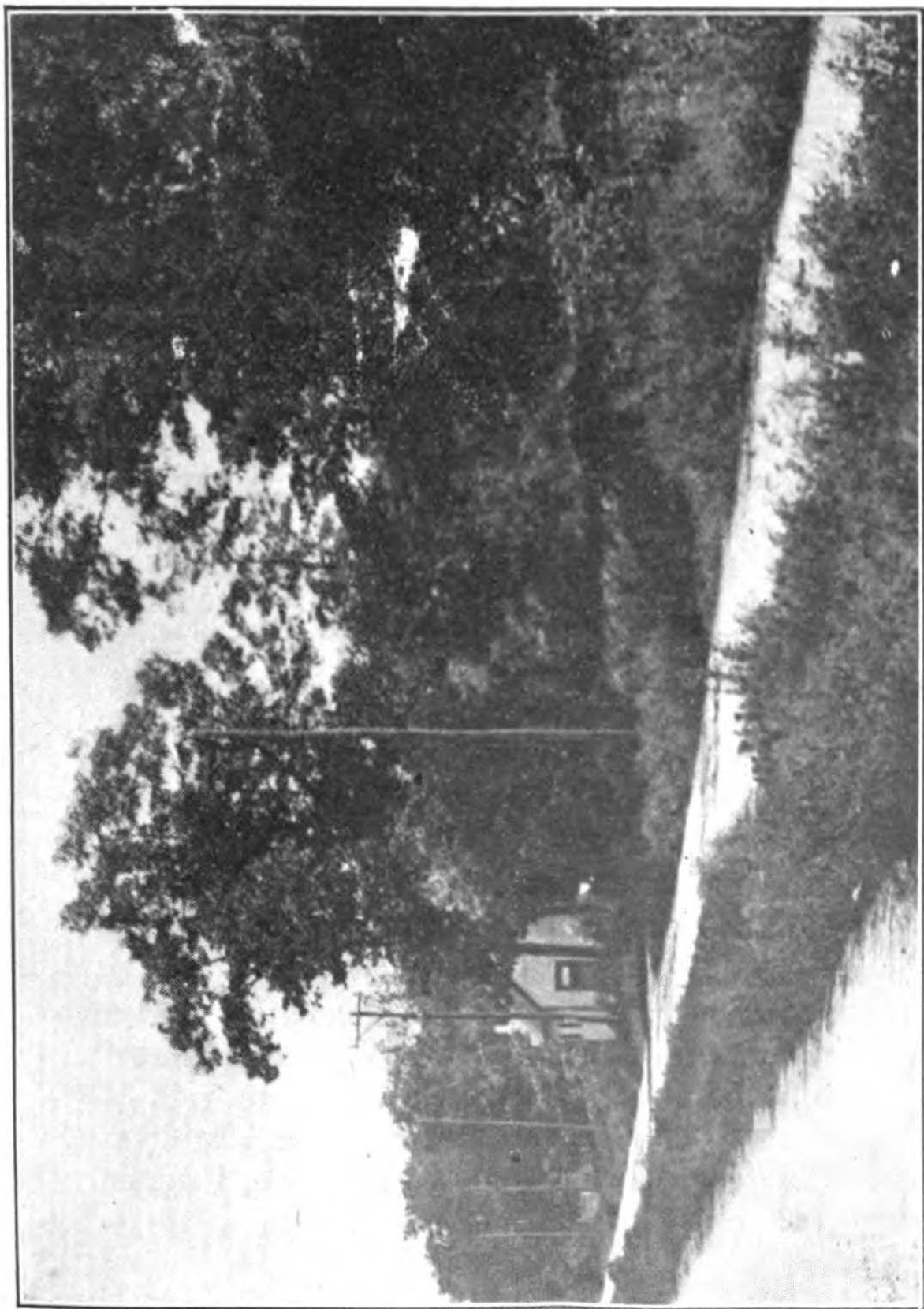
But the tragic part of it for me and my home is that the confounded town has crept steadily toward me until from six miles away it is now right up to my back door, not a hundred yards off in fact clamoring to take me in. Instead of a nice healthful walk thru the woods to the railroad station as formerly, a new electric road flanked on both sides by a fine broad paved speedway runs past my retreat. Cars clang along here every five minutes and crazy autos whiz by me disturbing my peace day and night.

At first my rage knew no bounds. I simply couldn't believe that such a calamity could fall upon me. I notified the Steel Company that its presence was objectionable to me and that one of us would have to move. Mr. Gary never replied to my letter. Somehow I am afraid they don't intend to go, and that

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means that I must. I can't stand this push of civilization snapping at my heels, its clouds of black smoke hanging in my sky all the time, the hot breath of greed and strife upon my cheeks. I must leave here and find a new home far away from harbors and steel mills. These things are all right for those who like them. But I don't want them under my nose polluting my air with the fumes from their forests of chimneys and deafening my ears with the roar of their blast furnaces and the crash of their hundred ton hammers.

So now what's to be done with the Roost? Of course when I first pegged my tent out down in here land wasn't worth a tax-title scarcely. I am ashamed to tell how little I paid for my acre and a quarter. And equally of course just the minute the news leaked out that the U. S. Steel Co., had bought up half the county along the Lake front for its plant land immediately jumped skyward so you



"A New Electric Road Flanked On Both Sides By A Broad Speedway Runs Past
My Retreat."

THE OPEN ROAD

couldn't buy a square inch of sand unless you covered it a foot deep with greenbacks. It has never come down since and now it never can.

Millions have been made here in the last five years. I have seen lots deep in swamps that weren't worth the Recorder's fee one day sell the next for thousands. Land-poor farmers became rich over night. Today they kick up the dust with their benzine buggies and spend their time dodging the income tax gatherer. Yet those who are on the inside and know say that Gary hasn't really started to grow as yet, that in ten years' time it will have a population of 250,000 and will be practically an extension of Chicago, as its sister on the west, Hammond now is.

The little patch of earth I bought for nothing is now worth seven to eight thousand dollars and will in a short time be worth double that amount. It is cut up into sixteen fine building lots 25 x 125 feet, with a fine wide street, Prairie

THE OPEN ROAD

Avenue in front, and a fourteen foot alley in the rear. The electric cars stop in forty feet of me on one side and in a hundred and twenty five feet on the other, the line making a square turn at my corner where it heads straight for Crownpoint, the county seat.

Pigeon-Roost is situated on a beautiful wooded ridge running south from Gary. This is the only way the city can grow. Lake Michigan is on the north, while on the east and west are only reed filled swamps. Just as soon therefore as all the choice building lots along the line of the electric road running from Gary to my place have been taken up, which won't be long at the present rate of growth, land values will soar again.

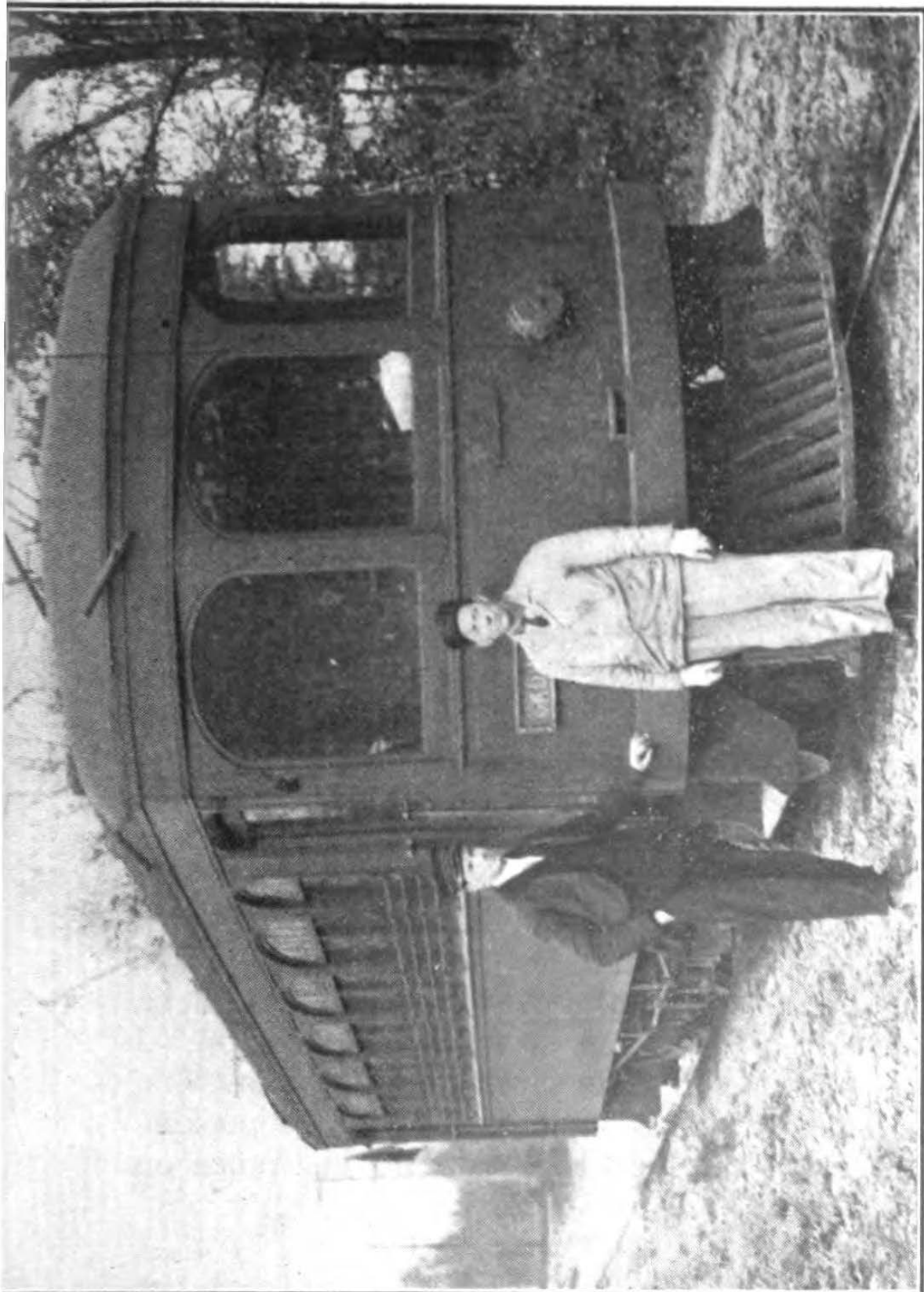
* * * * *

Well, my trouble is that quite without intent or any business foresight on my part I now find myself in the landlord class with the probabilities of an immensely valuable property being saddled onto

THE OPEN ROAD

me. I don't want the responsibilities of property. It was just pure accident that led me to stake my claim here. If I had dreamed then that the place would ever be overrun by big business I never should have come here at all. But I did and now they're after me and I must move on deeper into the wilderness. I am more than ever in love with the soil. I hope never to be drawn away from it.

As I said I don't want the burdens of property on my shoulders. I want to write and publish THE OPEN ROAD, to sally forth from the woods barnstorming whenever people will listen to me, to go and come as I please. But this place is now too valuable and people are pressing too close for me to live here longer. I want to get the thing out of my hands and at the same time help my friends the good loyal Open Roaders who have made life so pleasant to me reading and supporting the Zinelet for the past six or seven years by turning the whole bus-



**“The Line Makes A Square Turn At My Corner Where It Heads Straight For
Crownpoint, The County Seat.”**

THE OPEN ROAD

iness over to them excepting a small interest that will afford me a little income for life—just enough to live on. That's all I want.

I have consulted with good business men and two responsible attorneys and upon their advice here is what we are going to do. Build sixteen tenement houses on the sixteen lots, rent them out to mill workers and others and hold this corner of the earth as an income earner forever. Houses are already in big demand here and none to be had. Real estate is held so close by owners that no one can buy ground to put up houses on. Just as soon as you talk buying to anyone the price goes up out of sight. Owners know perfectly well that the longer they hold their land the more valuable it will become without a cent of expense to them, and all who can do so are holding on. I have just a rude shanty on one of my lots, hardly worth calling a house, so poor in fact that I could obtain no insurance on

THE OPEN ROAD

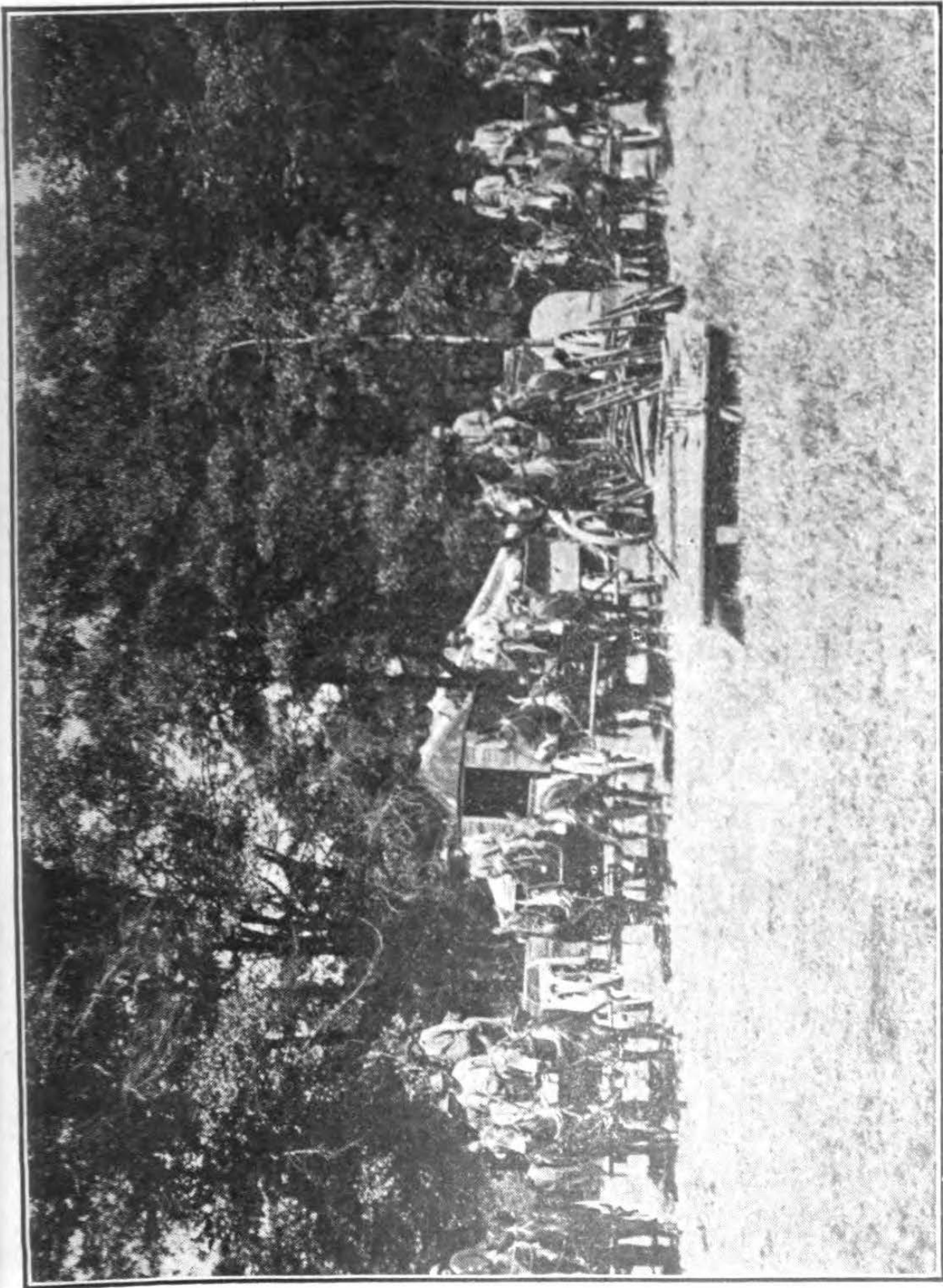
it—with no water, not even a well or cistern. But this shack has been rented the past two years for \$7.00 a month. I could easily have had ten, but hadn't the bowells to ask for more.

The trolley cars run from here right into the Steel Mills in thirty-five minutes. \$8,000.00 will put up sixteen good five or six room houses with wells, outbuildings, sidewalks and everything needful that will rent at once for ten or twelve dollars a month at the start and will never be empty. The renting value will go up every year. It will in a short time reach twenty dollars or more for these same houses. Lots here are valued at \$300.00 to \$500.00 each. The property as it stands with the slight improvements is worth from \$7,000.00 to \$8,000.00. Call it \$6,000.00 tho to be on the safe side. I have a mortgage plastered upon it for \$2,200.00. Clearing off the mortgage and putting up the sixteen cottages will take about \$10,200.00. This gives us a proper-

THE OPEN ROAD

ty worth from \$15,000.00 to \$20,000.00, for with the beginning of building operations values all over the neighborhood will jump. The sixteen houses will each bring in annual income of not less than \$120.00 at the first which will increase to \$180.00 and \$240.00 later. But figuring now on the lowest, we have a gross income of \$1,920.00 a year based on ten dollars a month. I'm not sure we should let them for that, but I use the figures so as to err on the right side if any.

Deducting for taxes which are very low—\$1.48 per \$100.00 of assessed valuation—insurance, upkeep, depreciation, collecting rent and other expenses not to exceed \$620.00 in round numbers leaves a clear net income of \$1,300.00 a year from an actual cash investment of \$10,000.00. That means 13 per cent. Pretty fair interest for a real estate investment that is better than government bonds, isn't it? And the property will in a short time pay double that amount.



Construction Gangs Now Putting In The Connecting Link Which Gives Us Direct
Car Service Into Chicago Without Change.

THE OPEN ROAD

There can be no doubt of it. The city is pressing this way rapidly. This is the choicest residence section of the whole county. It is high and well timbered. Gary must grow this way, for there is no other way for it to spread. This is the logical centre for the residential part of the city in a few years.

* * * * *

A corporation under the laws of the state of Indiana will be formed to take over the property and develop it as explained. I am willing to put in my interest at \$4,000.00 and take stock in the company for just that amount. I ask no advantages over any other stockholder. I do not even care to be an officer in the corporation, except perhaps for organizing purposes. My small interest will I figure pay me an income of all that I shall ever require. If I do need more I can easily earn all I want at my trade of advertisement writing which has been my diversion for fifteen years. If I wanted

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to devote my entire time to that business alone and give up my freedom to come and go as I like, to work when I please and play when I feel like it, more than one concern in this country would pay me \$5,000.00 a year for my services.

But the business life is not for me. Not any more. I am not now nor do I expect to be a business man ever again. I have something else that I want to do with my life which means more, to me at least. I have had my fling in the business game, just enough to prove that I could have made a big success had I so chosen. When I first heard the Call of the Wild I was a sales manager and was drawing down a hundred and fifty a week. I saw a future ahead of me that simply could not help landing me within a few years in the ranks of malefactors of great wealth. I helped to organize and put on its feet a concern, and had an urgent offer from them to go in as a stockholder with a big salary to begin with, which today

THE OPEN ROAD

has branches all over the world. It's the biggest in its line. If I mentioned the name everybody would know it, and ninety-nine out of a hundred would say I was a bigger fool than Thompson's colt which swam sixteen miles up the river to get a drink from a spring on the bank, for rejecting the offer. The hundredth man would understand why I did and agree that I acted just right. But I deliberately turned my back upon it all and took to the woods. All my friends predicted first that I would starve to death, and second that I would be back in the city begging for my old job in three months. Neither happened. I have never regretted my course for a moment, not even when the flour barrel was empty and carrots were my staff of life. I am only sorry that I did not leave the jungle sooner. Not all the riches of earth could buy from me the few simple things I learned living in the woods alone.

* * * * *

THE OPEN ROAD

Please note that I haven't said a word about THE OPEN ROAD. This is not a publishing proposition. The magazine may or may not be a good investment. It depends entirely upon one man—Bruce Calvert. It would wither in a day if he dropped out. I think it will eventually be a big success. I know it, in fact. But I am not permitting my friends to take any chances on me. I'm too uncertain a quantity. I won't stay put.

But Gary, Indiana real estate in the great steel district of the world is beyond all question. It depends upon no man or set of men but upon the whole world. Steel goes from here to every market on the globe. The hand of destiny has set her seal upon Gary. It is the coming city of the future. Nothing on earth can prevent it. The old natural waterway of the Calumet River passing in a semicircle entirely around Gary connecting with Chicago and with outlets at both ends into Lake Michigan is to be dredged and

THE OPEN ROAD

opened up to form the greatest waterway, harbor and shipping front in the world where thru the Great Lakes and the Drainage Canal will be gathered the commerce and shipping of all nations.

If a sure 13 per cent. with 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. in the near future together with an enormous increase in the value of your original investment appeals to you and you want to be on the inside, turn back right now to page 64 and put your name down as one of the incorporators for the amount of stock you can carry and then be getting your funds together so that the moment the incorporation is completed you will be ready to honor our draft upon you for your subscription and the building operations may be commenced at once. Winter is the best time to build because outdoor work is scarce and good workmen may be had at low figures.

* * * * *

My attorney, Mr. John M. Stinson, First



Open Road Work Shop At Pigeon-Roost.

THE OPEN ROAD

National Bank Building, Hammond, Indiana, who will probably act for us in getting the incorporation papers has the Abstract and all title papers which are guaranteed by the The Lake County Title & Guaranty Company. I can send you a new map of the Gary district showing the exact location of Pigeon-Roost, car lines etc. The maps cost me 25 cents apiece. They are published by W. D. Jones, City and County Surveyor, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

We shall incorporate for \$15,000.00 Capital Stock divided into 300 shares of \$50.00 each. All common stock. I will take 80 shares for my holding and the other 220 shares will be distributed to whosoever gets in first. I would prefer 220 one-share holders than other wise but some of my friends have already spoken for more so I will not undertake to place any limit upon any individual's holdings.

But act at once if you want to be in on

THE OPEN ROAD

this. No other announcement will be made, and no other appeal in any form sent out. It's now or not at all, and that with very little correspondence. I can place all the stock with capitalists if you do not want it. If stock is all subscribed when your letter reaches us, your subscription will be returned. I am not in the real estate business. I only have this chance by accident. There are other grand opportunities here and will be for years to come, but I am not interested in them. I simply want to get this off my hands by putting it into the safe control of a corporation and then to slip on deeper into the wilds for another Pigeon-Roost home.

I shall want a new location somewhere for my publishing business. I would like a beautiful spot on a river or lake, rolling country preferred, about, thirty acres partly wooded. Those who have such to offer may write to me with full description and price. BRUCE CALVERT.
October First, 1914.

THE OPEN ROAD

WAYSIDE CHATS ON THE OPEN ROAD

THAT ridiculous Calendar of ours invented by some unknown Egyptian, no doubt, and later improved by Omar Kayyam of cigarette fame, J. Caesar and one Pope Gregory may say it's September, but we wise ones of the inner circle know that it is only February. If you have any doubts look at the number of this blessed magazine and you'll be satisfied. Your Keeper of The Shrine and Guardian of The Faithful has wandered far and wide, but like the wild pigeons he has come back to the woods to roost and with the help of good ever faithful Aunt Sapphira and one Ananias, chief of the editorial staff, and Sir Sam Lightfoot, the carrier, one or more numbers of your favorite will hereafter be delivered every J. Caesar month to Dad Ellis, Post Master General over at Griffith until your ticket expires.

Funny thing about the way folks take the non appearance of the 'Zinelet. One

THE OPEN ROAD

fellow raised such a howl that I up and sent him back his dollar, by gum, just like that! Then I looked up his card in the subscription files to take his name out, and whadaye think? He was a dead-head subscriber, never paid a cent! He hasn't said a word about that dollar either. I've been wondering ever since whom the joke was on. Now I look up the kickers and I find that the paid-in-advance subscribers never say a word. It's only the other kind that complain. Now wouldn't that gouge you?

HENRY DUBB! Ever hear of him? Well then take it from me he's worth meeting. The Dubb family is not so small, but this particular Henry who sprang from the versatile brain of Ryan Walker, one of the greatest cartoonists of the world, has become an international character. Ryan's lecture "The Adventures of Henry Dubb," has been delivered before thousands of audiences in this

THE OPEN ROAD

country and abroad. With lightning speed Ryan draws his wonderful caricatures before the audiences as he talks. Mirth and tears mingle as you listen to the man and witness the struggles of poor Henry to grasp the fundamental facts of our economic problem, all graphically depicted right before your very eyes under Ryan's swiftly moving crayon.

You can't help laughing at Ryan's cartoons; they're so irresistibly funny, yet human for all that, but down under it all you feel the great heart of the man who knows and feels the burdens of the toiling disinherited masses, and you go away with newly awakened sympathies for the suffering and helpless.

Ryan has just collected 32 of his funniest Henry Dubb cartoons into a portfolio printed from the original plates and bound in book form. This booklet "THE ADVENTURES OF HENRY DUBB" will be mailed to any address for a quarter. I guarantee it's worth the money.

THE OPEN ROAD

You can get a sample of Ryan Walker's wonderful powers from the little sketch on last cover page. This is just a piece of the artist's fun. Every time he writes me he takes fiendish pleasure in putting me into a drawing. I have a whole collection of them and they are so good that I am going to print one once in a while to liven up the pages of the 'Zinelet. Altho these sketches are done in a second almost with a few swift careless strokes of the pen, and while they are caricatures and meant to be so, yet so marvellous is his power for seizing the expression and putting spirit into a few scraggly lines that they say every picture really looks like me. I hate to think so, but you can judge for yourself. In the meantime send today for Henry Dubb and laugh your troubles away. Ryan's address is 107 West 45th Street, New York City. 25 cents is the price.



THE OPEN ROAD

AUTUMN.

Homeward through the shady lane,
I was strolling solitary,
In my hands a gift of flowers,
In my heart a tinge of sorrow,
These autumn days, these autumn nights.

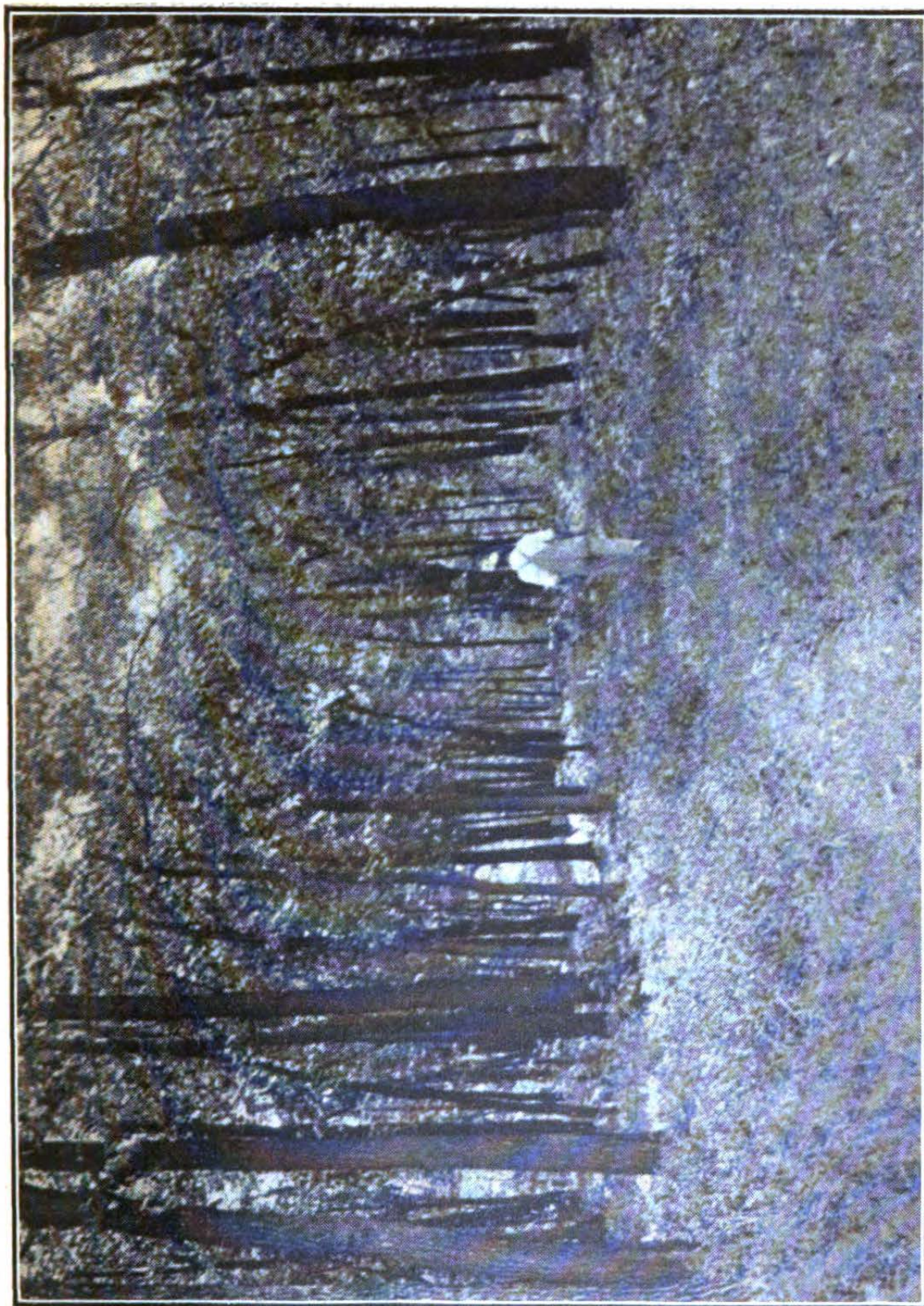
Fain I would but linger here,
'Mid the flickering shadows,
With my thoughts my company,
Sensing near sweet sympathy,
Soft autumn rays, soft autumn lights.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

BILL REEDY of THE MIRROR, St. Louis was in London when hell broke loose in Europe. Trust the Irish to be on hand where there's a scrap. His letters in THE MIRROR are the best war news that comes to America.

There have been great lovers who were not great men otherwise, but never a great man who was not a great lover.

—Will Levington Comfort.



My "Cathedral Woods"—Soon To Be A Jungle Of Streets And Alleys.

ORDER FOR STOCK

.....1914

BRUCE CALVERT

Griffith, Lake County, Indiana

I hereby subscribe for shares
of stock at \$50.00 a share in the real
estate company you propose to organ-
ize as outlined in this issue of *The
Open Road* for which I agree to pay

\$ (..... Dollars)

and I will accept sight draft for this
amount through the

Bank of

upon receipt of notice that the incor-
poration is accomplished and the
stock ready for issue.

Signed

Address



THE OPEN ROAD

Yes, take to the woods! There's beauty and nobility in the great solemn woods that expands the soul and lifts your heart to the MOST HIGH. You hear His voice in the whispering leaves and under the cool and silent stars your heart finds peace. Take to the woods.

—BRUCE CALVERT.

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HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

Dept. O. R., Springfield, Mass.

The Open Road

VOL. XII

MAY, 1915

NO. 3

Bruce Calvert, Editor

WAYSIDE CHATS ON THE OPEN ROAD.

WHEN I lifted that Macedonian cry in **THE OPEN ROAD** for October 1914 about a new location with more room to grow; a new Pigeon-Roost far away from the smoke of the steel mills and the snapping, snarling pack of dollar chasers, I little dreamed that my steps would be led to the garden spot of the world, in Sullivan County, New York. But here I be, and here's **THE OPEN ROAD** in its new home and here the pigeons who have wandered far and wide in their flights will fold their wings and rest their weary feet for a time in this Land of the Sky Blue Water and pure mountain air.

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THE OPEN ROAD

Many were the welcoming hands extended. From the beautiful Ozark Mountains, from Sunny California, from northern Michigan and from the far South invitations came. But somehow this fascinating and picturesque region in the foothills of the famous Catskill Mountains, washed on its southern boundary by the head waters of the lordly Delaware River, and with its innumerable other mountain streams proved a stronger lure than all other candidates.

Rarely has nature done so much for a country as she has for this favored land. All the beauties and attractions that go to make a paradise for man seem to have been scattered here with lavish hand. The pure, clean, invigorating mountain air; the quiet and restfulness of the country side; the mountains just rugged enough to offer good exercise in climbing and affording matchless views for miles up and down the river when once you have gained the lookouts; the sparkling moun-

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tain brooks rippling and singing their way to the sea; the streams filled with finest brook trout in the world anxious to be wooed; the everlasting springs of ice cold water bursting forth in hundreds of places from the hearts of the mountains; and then to crown all the Delaware rushing past our sleepy little village, pausing now and then for a mile or two, as it does here, loitering in slower eddies or currents giving us our name Long Eddy, where boating, bathing and fishing are a joy, make this a vacation paradise if ever there was one.

Sullivan county has long been famed as the summer playground for New York City's tired millions. It is but four or five hours' journey from the city on the Erie railroad. And this southern section on the head waters of the Delaware is probably the most attractive part from a scenic point of view, of the whole county. There are many mountain passes in this region thru which the Delaware

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hurls itself in mad torrents equaling in beauty and grandeur the famed Delaware Water Gap itself.

The people are kind and neighborly. They take their time, getting all the best there is out of life. Altho but four hours distant in time from the city, the spirit of these mountains and streams and lakes is about a million miles from the crazy madness of Broadway. Here nature is supreme. She is well protected. These mountains will never be turned from their bases by the mad passions of restless men. The spirit of the early fathers still broods over the country. There are primeval spots, hundreds of them, where the foot of man has never trod since the wild red hunters roamed the woods. Take it all in all I don't know a pleasanter spot anywhere in the whole country for a vacation near to nature; or for that matter to spend one's days. There are no mosquitoes and the rattlesnakes are so tamed and domesticated that we use them for

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house pets and mousers in place of cats. I fancy that I shall be unmolested here. There is no steel plant or great city near enough to reach out its slimy tentacles over my new Eden.

I CAN'T help thinking as I write these lines of the years that are past and gone. How well I remember that September morn seven years ago when I hitched up Ol' Belshazzer to the wagon, loaded in the first number of **THE OPEN ROAD** and set off thru the woods to the post office at Griffith where I nearly gave Dad Ellis, the venerable post master, heart failure by offering him my child of the woods for entry as second class matter. Dad was in a panic. No application for second class entry had ever before been made to that post office. It was a red letter day in the history of the town. The old fellow didn't know what to do. But I had an application blank with me so together we fixed it up.

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And then I had to hunt all over the township to locate Squire Holzapfel, the only Notary in twenty miles. I finally ran him down in a cornfield about three miles out of town.

When that was off our minds Dad got cold feet again. As I started to carry in the bundles all neatly tied up he halted me.

“What you gonna do with all that stuff?”

“That isn’t stuff, I want you to know,” said I, “that is literature and I’m going to bring it into the office.”

“Wall I don’t care a consarn ef it’s Shakespeare hissself, you can’t bring the dadburned stuff in here. Ain’t got room enough now t’ cancel stamps ’thout sticken my elbow out th’ winder,” replied the old man.

We compromised on the cow shed and I carried the bundles there and left them piled up until Dad could get bags to send them out.

Seven years. That’s a long time—sometimes. I can’t tell you how many, many promising journalistic wayfarers that were on

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our exchange list for that first number have since grown weary of the struggle against an unresponsive public, faltered and fallen by the road side. But doubtless for some good reason best known to the great gods of fortune that look after publications, the Pigeon-Roost messenger is still in the race and coming stronger all the time. Some one must have needed its message. I hope some one does still. "Pigeon-Roost" is known wherever the English language is spoken. The 'Zinelet goes into all the corners of the big, round earth. We have readers in far away Australia, in England, Russia, Spain. I don't know whether we have any left in Germany, France, and Belgium or not. I hope so.

AS for the old OPEN ROAD family. Ananias, sometime circulation liar and general roustabout, has left us and has applied for a star cast in Billy Sunday's Gospel Menagerie, believing that his peculiar talents will

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be appreciated there. Billy (our Billy), the noblest Roman of the bunch, is in California. Ol' Belshazzer has passed to his well earned rest. I'm glad I didn't have to leave him to the tender mercies of strangers. Dad Ellis has likewise gone to his reward. Col. Sam Lightfoot, who faithfully carried our mail for seven years in winter sleets and summer dust, has given up the route and taken up farming. He says that without THE OPEN ROAD mail the R. F. D. job won't be worth having. Of them all only Aunt Sapphira, hale and hearty, and sixty-six years young, alone remains at the Roost. There she reigns in solitary glory. All thru the years she has been my severest critic and most faithful helper. And so the old page is turned and a new chapter begins. The good things we find in this we shall share as heretofore with our companions of the Open Road.



THE OPEN ROAD

OF this beautiful country I shall have more to say. For the present let it suffice that the road is open and the 'Zinelet will once more make its appearance regularly every month. I wish to thank the good loyal souls who have been with us so long for their encouragement and I hope that we shall never again part company, even for a short time. Please spread the news far and wide, if you will, friends, that the pigeons from Pigeon-Roost, Indiana, have spread their wings and flown to the mountains and that we want all our old friends and many thousands more on our visiting list.

Vale, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana!
Hail, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, New York!

LOVERS.

There have been great lovers who were not great men otherwise, but never a great man who was not a great lover.

—Will Levington Comfort.

THE OPEN ROAD

IDA VERA SIMONTON of African fame is reported to be engaged upon a new novel of life in the black belt that will eclipse her wonderful story "Hell's Playground." This is the dauntless woman who invaded the dark continent alone, living for three years in the bush with only native black servants. Her stories of African life are the greatest things since Paul du Chaillu.

REDIVIVUS MIKE de MICK! What I mean is that Michael Monahan, he of the nine lives, founder of THE PAPYRUS which disappeared in a cloud of smoke a year or two ago, now clutters up the horizon again with his new magazine THE PHOENIX. It starts in June, which is surely a good month for reincarnations if ever there was one, and it hails from South Norwalk, Conn. If it prove as good as its step sister, the old PAPYRUS, may it live forever. I used to read the PAPYRUS between spells of gather-

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ing potato bugs at the Roost and I got much good meat and drink out of it. Mike is a funny Mick. He has no philosophy of life, no religion that I could ever discover, no politics, no hobby. But he has style and tho you read him and then wonder afterwards what it was that he has said, still you read him led on by the mystic lure of his style. Skaal Mike!

EVERYTHING in life is a mystery. Existence itself is a miracle. The wisest of us see only surfaces of things. Almost the whole fabric of what passes for human knowledge is but a mass of empirical generalizations. We do not actually know anything. We never meet causes—only symptoms, results. The real source of every human action is unseen and unknown. At the best we can but guess at what goes on behind that curtain that shrouds every human soul in impenetrable darkness. I do not know myself. I

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cannot even tho I speak many languages express a thousandth part of what passes thru my own mind. How can you then say you know me when you live so far away from me? As far away as the east is from the west. Human injustice—there is no such thing as justice in human affairs—can see but one side or surface of any matter at a time. Justice would mean seeing both sides and the heart and center of every question at the same time. No human being will ever be able to do that.

Wouldn't we better be humble in the face of our sublime ignorance? Be charitable in view of the fact that every judgment of our minds is prejudiced because we can never see but one side, can never know but the half truth?

THIS seems an ill balanced world. All human attachments must at last be sundered, all ties broken. Life appears midway divided between joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain. With some I fear the balance is all on

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the wrong side. Is there justice in this allotment of fate?

I AM glad to see the sex slobber in literature dying down a little. It was time. The air was getting pretty thick. As in other reforms it has been those least competent to say anything on the sex question who have done all the talking. Happily they ladled out their spew in such strong doses that the public got its stomach turned which like an overdose of arsenic saved its life by reaction. One of the most disgusting sights I think in life is a woman crazy drunk reeling thru the streets. But I don't know as a ranting loudmouthed female on the public platform haranguing on the delicate matters of sex life that ought to be studied only in the clinic or in the sacred privacy of the home with mother or father, is not about as bad.

The flabby sentiment in the air following the newspaper exploitations of the "White

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Slave'' phantom—that a girl's virtue is a subject for legislation and a matter of the pay envelope chiefly—may not be altogether good. If the stern old idea that the girl must be taught to take care of herself, to preserve inviolate the sacred flame of life that burns within her, gives place to this maudlin notion that her downfall is not to be laid to her own weakness but to society's failure to safeguard her against temptation, and she thereby comes to enjoy immunity for her dereliction as a consequence, the effect may be to lower somewhat the tone of woman's fine feeling for purity. This would be distinctly bad. Nothing in this life that can be acquired or retained without struggle is worth having.

Human life is not a matter of easy complacency. It is and must always be a battle against enemies within and without. Man is the meeting place of contending forces. There must always be good and evil, right and wrong, up and down, cold and hot, cruelty

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and kindness, building up and tearing down. Nature with only a constructive principle and no destructive principle would be no more conceivable than the opposite. Physical and spiritual life alike must depend upon this constant warfare and balance between the katabolic and anabolic processes.

Every thing in this world, good or bad, has its price. We must pay for what we get. We are entitled to nothing excepting what we earn. Nature owes us nothing. There are no natural rights, no vested interests in the universe. We cannot take out of this world any more than we put into it, nor any less. Nothing can be added to or taken from what is. The account of nature must balance every second of life. Anything else is inconceivable. If the balance were not maintained, annihilation would instantly ensue. We cannot escape this law. We don't want to. It is beneficent if we only understand it. It makes the universe square itself with truth.

THE OPEN ROAD

THEY'RE JEALOUS, DRAT 'EM

I congratulate you, and extend my heartfelt sympathy to the Norse Song Bird you have captured. How did you do it?

—Dr. J. H. Tilden,
Editor "The Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo.

Well, all I got to say is, God help her if she has to look at your homely mug the rest of her life.

—William Marion Reedy,
Editor "The Mirror," Saint Louis, Mo.

Your news comes as a terrible shock to me. I remember well the first time I heard the Norse singer in her beautiful folk songs. I could understand how she might be attracted to a man like myself—but, you, Bruce, My Gawd, you!

—George Bicknell,
The Catha School of Expression, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE OPEN ROAD

DON'T get excited about the war in Europe. We are no worse than we were before this awful explosion. Civilization never was more than skin deep. The war will continue until all the blood-crazed combatants have been killed off. Then out of the smoking ruins of devastated nations will arise a new conception of man's duty and man's relation to man that will, let us hope, make war again forever impossible. Our boasted civilization was a myth. Our foundations were all wrong. We will build wiser next time. And hereafter we will see to it that those who cause war and who profit by it shall do all the fighting. We will never again give our bodies as food for the buzzards to gratify the vanity of crazy war lords or the greed of industrial robbers. Once we make that fact clear, complete disarmament of all the nations of the earth will occur and the white winged dove of peace will come back to dwell with us till the end of time.

THE OPEN ROAD

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE—BACK NUMBERS FREE!!

As a move to get acquainted with other fine souls on our wire we would like to send you a few back numbers for propaganda work. We have a limited number of old issues which could not be used for a better purpose. If those of you who are willing to pass along the good things (and that I am sure includes every Open Roder) will kindly drop us a card we will send you a nice bunch of stuff to give away where it will do the most good. Are you there?

CIRCULATION manager Ananias and my faithful and efficient guardian of the war chest Aunt Sapphira have ordered me to say in these columns that there is no embargo on against subscriptions at Pigeon-Roost. We are still on a peace footing here. Col. Sam Lightfoot will hotfoot it out here to the Roost every day from the post office at Griffith with

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any money orders, cheques, chicken feed, greenbacks or graybacks you see fit to start on their journey to immortality in exchange for the philosophy that made Pigeon-Roost famous. So these two good faithful comrades having requested me to do so, and I having done so, you may now do so, and in doing so enjoy the fullest assurance that you have written your names high upon the rocky ledge of fame. The Price is still the same, one dollar for twelve numbers, and satisfaction guaranteed or money back—if you can get it. Obey that impulse! Do it now, please.

(This was written before our hegira from our Hoosier home. But as the conscientious compositor has set it up I will let it go: It's good stuff and I mean every word of it.)

JUDGMENT.

A man is about as good as his best work,
and half as bad as his most lamentable failure.

—Will Levington Comfort.

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IDIOTORIALS.

By James Larkin Pearson.

Get a firecracker and celebrate your poverty and misery. _____

“Executive ability” is the science of earning your bread by the sweat of other people’s brows. _____

One thing is certain—the party that expects to run Roosevelt for president will have to put a plank in its platform endorsing the Roosevelt river. _____

“Who paints the daisies?” asks a spring poet. Hanged if I know. I have known a good many Daisies and I always thought they painted themselves. _____

The new currency law was going to make the currency “contract and expand.” Well, it has “contracted” all right—but I don’t see much sign of any “expanding.” What about it, Mr. Serat?

THE FOOL KILLER.

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A PHANTASY.

I gaily play the hours away,
 What matters care to me!
I sip the cup from Lethe's fount.
A tale, a word of little count
 In merry repartee.

I grasp a sunbeam's straying ray.
 In pretence it I kiss,
Though shadows in its place soon come,
I roguish follow up the game,
 Till every one I miss.

Then whirl I merrily round and round
 In gayest random bent.
And e'en the leaves take up the dance
Preceding me as though entranced
 In wild abandonment.

And on and on in selfish glee
 My spirit nothing spent.
When lo! from out a secret maze,
A little bird its song did raise
 In sweet accompaniment.

It trilled aloft such joyous notes
 Forth from a throat divine,
That I a moment hence so free
Paused—thrilled with inward ecstasy
 To worship at this shrine.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

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“Mountain streams rippling and and singing their way to the sea, filled with the finest brook trout in the world anxious to be wooed.”

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A LETTER.

May 15th, 6:45 P. M.

My Dearest:

The miles are slipping away behind me and so far I have been able only to feel the pain of parting and the widening distance between us. I suppose it's because I'm overwrought and tired and perhaps tomorrow my mind will snap back into action and I will be able to bite into what I am going out to do. I hope so. But so far I've just crouched in this car seat too dazed to think.

7 o'clock. The sun is setting behind the hills over across the Hudson on the west bank. It's going down in a fire red blaze and as it sinks out of sight the glow on the clouds above the mountains is the grandest sight imaginable. It's like a gigantic furnace of seething flames on a dark night.

Such a sight! I hope, my sweetest, you are also seeing this glorious sunset from our

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house top or from the west windows of our dear little home.

Just slowed down for a minute thru Poughkeepsie. Now we're off again at express speed and as we come out into the open once more the dying glow of that setting sun is simply past description.

The country is lovely. Trees all in bloom. How good they look to my strange and hungry eyes. Just flashed past some dogwoods in full flower! You know what that means. How we love their snowy pale blossoms!

Gods! I wish you could see that pile of clouds and the open door of that fiery furnace sending its streamers of flame up into the face of the western sky!

Such a scene! Now it grows darker—more yellow and cloudy blue like the rays from a dying fire. Such masses of cloud all alive and changing faster than I can write!

You ought to have been with me on this trip. It's too hard to go alone. I will never

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leave my home again, no, not for anything or anybody.

The mountains grow darker, and dimmer — the light fades. It is hazy. Long, dark shadows paint the surface of the water as the sun goes down. The mountains seem further and further away. How peaceful and quiet and self contained and satisfied they look as they withdraw into the black shadows of the night!

Here's an island and some people fishing in boats. A woman standing on a narrow tongue of rock with a fishing pole, her white shirt waist pinned against the dark waters.

How mysterious are mountains! How inscrutable! And how fascinating. Nothing happens in a prairie. Everything in plain sight, nothing concealed. Anything might happen over yonder in that strange, mystery-steeped range of hills.

A wagon road just flashed past the car window. My eyes followed it far into the

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green of the low hills lying near the river. How I should like to get out of here and walk with it beyond that bend into the unknown.

The further ranges of hills are now only dark blue masses of shape with sky showing white above them.

The water of the river is smooth as a duck pond. The shadows cut its surface into a thousand planes and angles. Such grotesque shapes!

7:20, still light, but getting darker. The green of the low hills lying near the river is fast turning to deep blue. The distant mountains have disappeared into the night. Daylight will soon be gone.

I begin to feel a little like tackling those sandwiches. How I wish you could be here to eat them with me. It would be a lark in place of just dull misery.

Well, the truth is I'm only writing to disguise the fact that try hard as I can to avoid

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it, I'm miserably unhappy and desperately lonesome. Perhaps after having written I may feel better.

The lights and shadows on the dark waters are turning the river into silver and indigo. The shadows so black and the light spots so bright.

George is making up the bed in front of me. I will eat a little soon and be ready for early bed. I hope I may be able to sleep.

7.30. The day is going now so swiftly. All color and fire and blue and green and brown and gold are fading into the murky monotone of shadowless darkness. No more highlights. No more color. No more fire. No more silver or gold. No more blues and grays—only the black gloom of night.

I'm tired of writing. The young lady sitting opposite me appears to be getting ready to leave the train at Albany. I'll ask her to mail this letter if she does.

Goodnight, then, my little lost woman. I

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hope you feel better than I do. You are busy with the supper things by now and you too like me have only memories with you.

Your Lonesome One.



I HAVE NEED OF THE SKY.

I have need of the sky,
I have business with the grass;
I will up and get me away where the hawk is
wheeling
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by,
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass.
I will get me away to the woods.

RICHARD HOVEY.



The truth or falsity of a thing can never be proven by a book, but by the thing itself. The proof is within.

—Bruce Calvert.



DEAR BRUCE CALVERT:

Enclosed is the announcement of our next Roycroft Convention. You are invited to come and speak to us as your spirit dictates. Wherever I go throughout the land I hear your name spoken and always with love and appreciation.

Your sincere

ELBERT HUBBARD.



BRUCE CALVERT,

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You were more than kind to send me your little book "Rational Education," which has just come with your sweet greeting inscribed in it, which makes it a precious gift indeed, and for which I thank you with all my heart.

There is in all you write the candor, simplicity and sweetness of a true interpreter of nature and of a soul unpolluted by the heartless convention of our false and cruel civilization. You and Mrs. Calvert are rich beyond dreams in one another's possession and gifted as you both are for public service there is no reason why you should not love and sing your way deep into the hearts of the people. May you live long and realize your splendid hopes and beautiful dreams.

EUGENE V. DEBS.





Photograph by C. H. Kingsbury

AT THE ROYCROFT FOUNTAIN

Elbert Hubbard, Anna Gulbrandsen-Calvert, Bruce Calvert

The Open Road

VOL. XII

JUNE, 1915

No. 4

Bruce Calvert, Editor

ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD.

WORD comes flashing over the world to-day that the great English trans-Atlantic steamer Lusitania has been torpedoed off the coast of Ireland by the Germans and sunk with a loss of more than fifteen hundred souls.

As if the cost of this awful war in Europe were not already terrible enough in the loss of life among those actually engaged in the business of fighting in the trenches, now it seems that the red hell of murder has been turned loose upon innocent and helpless civilians. War and the killing of men by one another under fire with a chance to protect themselves is horrible enough, God knows, but

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who can find words to express the brutality, the utter fiendishness of men so lost to every impulse of pity or decency that they could torpedo a passenger ship in mid-ocean filled with unarmed and defenseless men, women and babies, sending her to the bottom in twenty minutes without warning and then calmly steam away leaving the helpless hundreds to struggle and die like rats in a trap with no attempt at succor.

The wreck of the Titanic last year was a tragedy of the sea that filled the whole world with horror, calling out sympathetic messages from all governments, Germany included. That, at least, was an accident of fate due to the blind forces of nature. How much more horrible is this thing of cold blood! It shows us with a shock to what abysmal depths of savagery this unholy war has brought us.

AND so my friend Elbert Hubbard, the good Old Fra, is gone—gone with Alice his wife to a dreadful end at the hands of

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bloody-minded maniacs, in that ship of death, the luckless Lusitania. I am trying not to hate the murderers who did this cruel deed, but just now in the first sickening shock of the news I can only think of how many thousand blood-crazed killers it would take to make up to humanity for the loss of the Hubbards, Charles Klein, Charles Frohman and other great souls, not to speak of the mothers and babes on that ill-starred vessel.

It seems unbelievable to me even though the news is confirmed that my friend of the years Hubbard is gone, disappeared from earth in so shocking a manner. Somehow I never associated the Fra with death. He had the air of a defier of mortality. And yet he is gone. I shall see him no more in this world. When I pass thru Roycroft this summer on my annual pilgrimage, as has been my habit for many years, I shall look in vain for that kindly rugged face and comradely welcome.

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The friendship of both "John" and Alice is a dear memory to me. I have tasted of their salt as an honored guest. I have ridden and tramped and played with them in the woods and fields in moments of relaxation. It was on such occasions when away from the sight and sound of people, off in the great open or in the leafy shades of the woods, that the Fra would take off his pose and unbosom himself. In these rare moments I saw and touched the real man. He was no god. He was very human. Much more so than many thousands of his blind worshippers ever suspected or would believe. And because he was very human, because he was of the earth, earthy, like myself, he was more than ever endeared to me. The best things he ever said were not on the platform nor yet on the typewriter, but out in this way with friends, when all restraints were removed.

I REMEMBER well the first time I ever came to Roycroft. Alice was not at that

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time in the public eye. She had not yet won any recognition on her own account. She was in fact under a cloud, and often the troubled brow of the Fra revealed the shadows that passed over his spirit. I was invited to harangue the assembled guests at the Spring. In the course of my rambling talk, while getting the range, I recall as if it were yesterday, that I took occasion to pay some compliments to "the woman who must have been the Fra's inspiration and who doubtless tho unknown to us was the main-spring back of the best work he was doing, etc." Hubbard happened to be sitting right on the front bench under my eye. I was surprised to see him cover his face with his hands, the tears trickling down his cheeks. For once the ready Fra had no comeback. When I had finished he dismissed the meeting and left the grounds without a word.

Those who have attended these informal meetings at Roycroft in the early days know

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how much a part of the show was the post mortems upon speakers after they had said their say, and how the Fra was wont to dexterously but not unkindly remove several square yards of their skin when he came to bat before the auditors dispersed.

Well I thot I had offended the old man and was searching my mind for what fool thing I could have said that upset him so. I did not see him again, however, until late in the afternoon when I was passing thru the shop. It was after work hours and no one was there but the Fra and Alice. He called to me and said he wanted to give me something. It was a book in which he had written his name and the date.

“Bruce,” said he (nobody ever called me mister at Roycroft), “Bruce, do you know why I am giving you this book?”

“I don’t know,” I replied, “unless it’s something you can’t sell to anybody else.”

“Well,” continued the Fra, “it’s not that

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I care a damn for you, but you did the handsome thing by Mrs. Hubbard at the Spring this morning. It was the most graceful tribute I ever heard, and do you know, old man," and here his voice faltered and almost broke, "do you know you're the first man of all the visitors that have ever been to Roycroft to speak in this kindly way of Alice from the platform, and—and—I want you to have this with our love."

And then to Mrs. Hubbard, who sat at her desk some distance away. "Alice, come here and put your name in Bruce's book. He paid you a most beautiful compliment at the Spring to-day."

Alice came and added her name. And thus began a friendship which lasted until poor Fra's death this week.

I AM not going to analyze Hubbard as a writer, business man or speaker. There will presently be a flood of articles from writ-

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ers and near writers of all degrees filling the public prints to do all of these things. But it is too soon to do the man justice. He was a bundle of contradictions. He had all the delightful erraticisms and chameleon-like qualities of a true son of June ascribed by astrologers to those born under the happy stars of the gemini. He was a child of June; that was his birth month. I know the type. I am a June baby myself.

Hubbard unfolded in periods. It is perfectly clear to those who followed his work what these periods were, and to a great extent why they were. In his first period, at least, he was a dauntless free thinker; a bold challenger of the smug, the fixed, the conservative or conventional. It was at this period that he did me the most good. But he inspired many to battle with the bogies of conventionality and assert their individualism who have gone and will go much farther in these directions than ever he himself could or

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would have gone. That was his greatest and best gift to the world and the one solid stone on which his fame rests securely—his power to inspire others to aspire to freedom.

AS for Hubbard, the inmost conviction of my soul, and he knew it, is that he just missed the chance of immortality by failing to espouse the cause of the under dogs, the men, women and—alas—children, those hard-ridden economic slaves who do the work of the world. With his ready sympathies, with his marvelous gifts of tongue and of pen he could have been the economic saviour of the western world. No man since the gentle Nazarene Himself, excepting Lincoln, had the opportunity that Hubbard had to become one of the great saviours of the race. With his great genius thrown upon the side of the weak and the helpless he would have been invincible, and the ages to come would have seen him enshrined high on the battlements of fame

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with the mighty ones of earth who have given themselves for the eternal causes of right, freedom, liberty, justice!

YET it is not for me to judge. Perhaps I, in the same situation, hedged in by the same forces, would have done the same thing he did. No man has a right to say what he would do in another's place. And at any rate it is not in the critical mood I write to-day. The loss of a friend is yet too close to me. This that I have written and that and spoken many a time before is not nor was ever in criticism, but in sorrow.

ONCE away back in the early nineteen hundreds, when the Philistine was just becoming a success and the subscription list was going up by leaps, I met Hubbard on the train going to Jamestown. After some talk and looking over some work I was then doing, he asked me to come to Roycroft and become

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his aid. The offer was fascinating and for a moment I wavered on the point of acceptance, but I have always been thankful that I had the blessed intuition to decline it. I know now that my going there would have been a ghastly mistake.

Many people, dazzled by Hubbard's genius and anxious to be in his presence, went to work in the Roycroft shops hoping to bask in the rays of his greatness. Such were always disappointed. The Fra used to say that no man could be a great man all day every day. If he was a great man for five minutes he was lucky, and most like to be a mutt the rest of the day. The force of Hubbard's personality was too dominating for any other to survive in its radius. That's why Roycroft has never produced another genius. It was always and ever a one-man institution. The master mind could brook no opposition. The fires of his power burned out all originality and left only

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imitators around him. With him it was, "Get in line or get out."

ELBERT HUBBARD was loyal and generous to his friends. He played his pranks and sometimes they hurt, for which he was always sorry, but he could take a joke too. Once he wrote me, about the time THE FRA magazine was started, something like this:

"Dear Bruce:—I am taking some of your hide off and nailing it up on the barn door in the next number of THE FRA. But you understand of course it's all in love and I hope you won't be hurt."

To which I replied, "My Dear Fra:—Go as far as you like. When you get thru with me, if there's anything left, I'll take a punch at your slats myself."

But the threatened roast never appeared. I have wondered what it was he would have done to me. The last time I saw him I said,

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“Fra, why don’t you quit it and take to the woods before you are absorbed or turn into a cash register?” His reply came with a sadness that lay too deep for tears. “Bruce, you know as well as I do that I can’t quit it. It’s easy enough for you to talk, out in Pigeon-Roost, five miles from a postoffice. Look around you here. Can you see me lying down on the job, getting out from under this load?”

I confess I couldn’t, and he couldn’t, and so death had to come to release him. I would give much to know the Fra’s last thots as hand in hand with the sweetheart of his youth he felt the dark, cold waters of death closing over him and faced the Unknown. No word has yet come of his last moments, but I’ll bet the old Fra went down as he lived, with his face to the east and his colors flying.

I owe much to Elbert Hubbard. He was one of three men who influenced my life profoundly. Two are dead. One still lives.

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Perhaps some day when the grief of the present has passed I will try to tell just what in my judgment was Hubbard's greatest claim to greatness, for he was a great man. No one will deny that. And if in later years I had grown somewhat out of sympathy with him spiritually, the man himself was always lovable, always the good comrade, and I love his memory.

MOTHERHOOD.

Motherhood is the loveliest of the arts. . . . Love is the genius of mothering. The love that a man inspires in a woman's heart becomes her expression of the Holy Spirit; and according to the degree and beauty of that love does their child lift its head above the brute. . . . As a human mother brings a child to her husband, the father, so Mystic Motherhood—the Holy Spirit—is bringing the world to God, the Father.

—Will Levington Comfort.

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WAYSIDE CHATS ON THE OPEN ROAD.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from my cabin in the woods at Pigeon-Roost, Indiana, my old home for many years, I remember a tract of virgin timber which I called the Cathedral Woods. Ordinarily this patch of timber had nothing remarkable about it any more than the beauty of any woodland that has lain undisturbed for a long time. But every afternoon when the sun reached a certain position in the west, the woods as seen from my back porch took on a wonderful beauty. The long slanting banners of light streamed in thru an opening in the edge of the timber, lighting up the darkened arches and shadowy aisles under the trees for all the world like some giant St. Peter's.

I never missed a day when at home watching for that particular moment, and always thrilled at the sight. It lasted for but an instant, yet what a vision it gave of the mys-

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terious deeps of the forest transfigured by the red glow of the setting sun! Tho I saw the picture a thousand times it remained every day as new and fresh and overmastering as if I were beholding it for the first time. This became my hour of silent worship; the vesper call to the spirit.

Gradually the lesson came home to me. How like my beloved Cathedral Woods were all human lives. Colorless, most of us, when looked at in the ordinary light of every-day associations, yet all capable of transfiguration into beings of marvelous beauty when seen at certain unexpected angles by the light of discerning vision. We are all common, ordinary, uninteresting mortals. And yet on occasions, seen in the right light, how we flash out into creatures of dazzling glory! What more fascinating quest in the world than the setting of men and women in the right light and searching for the angles of beauty that must be there in every one. And the joy un-

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utterable when a new angle of beauty in friend, neighbor, companion or loved one is discovered!

IF any of our good Open Roader friends would like to hear the Norse song bird's beautiful Folk Songs on the Victor or Columbia disc records and will please write to the Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., or to the Columbia Graphophone Co., Woolworth Building, New York City, asking that these records be made, I think the companies will soon grant your requests. To-day, now, while you are in the mood, might be as good a time as any to write.

CORRECT YOUR ADDRESS—PLEASE.

LOOK at the address on this wrapper; see if it is correct. If not advise us at once. We want to keep our mailing list corrected up to date.

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IF you get an extra copy of this number it is to be packed carefully away in the bottom of that old chest of drawers in the northeast corner of the attic where it will never, never be seen again of men—NOT.

AMERICAN WAR NOTES.

By Oscar Ameringer.

THE Zeppelin which rose two weeks ago from Fort Poverty to reconnoiter the high cost of beef has met with a serious accident by getting hooked on the upper horn of the moon. According to a wireless, received from the captain, the dirigible will proceed in the general direction of the Milky Way as soon as the necessary repairs are made.

A job was reported in the vicinity of Chicago yesterday morning. Immediately the unemployed army hurled its combined forces in the direction of Lake Michigan. The job, however, succeeded in extricating himself

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from the enveloping movement by going up in the air on a sky-blue aeroplane which carried a lubricating apparatus for greasing the atmosphere.

The Slav army which has surrounded the Free Employment office since last November has hammered down the outer defenses and captured two jobs.

An Austrian trench digger who was shot in the abdomen by a dum dum bullet refuses to have the missile extracted. He says it felt good to have something in the stomach.



Every man comes at the truth from a different angle. Each has his own bias, his own individuality that requires a different method of approach from that of all his fellows. Twelve men may fire at a target and every bullet may cut the bull's eye, yet no two will travel exactly the same path.

—Bruce Calvert.

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NUGGETS FROM THE NORSE.

Sorrow increases with the years.

He is not poor who possesses himself.

She is indeed poor who does not own her own bosom.

The food bag hangs in front of us all, but it isn't equally big with everyone.

He who has a big mouth must have a strong back.

Quite often a good word is better than a banquet table.

One word can cause seven years of strife.

Wisdom is better than a fair face.

Forest fall—Folk Fall.

We don't get any worse than we give ourselves.

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FRANK R. STOCKTON'S STORIES.

By Anna Gulbrandsen-C'alvert.

I Wish all the avid readers of up-to-date fiction, the devourers of the magazine stories and Sunday Supplement atrocities always so keen on the scent of something new in sensations would pause for a moment in their giddy gyrations and turn aside to the deep, quiet waters of beauty in Frank R. Stockton's tales. What a change from the perfervid fiction of the day to the sweet, sane fairyland of a wizard ever new, ever fresh, ever thrilling for the mind attuned to real beauty and real art; to the land of gnomes and sprites more real than reality, to a world of delicious topsy-turveydom, the Never, Never Land created by Stockton in his immortal stories of the impossible doings of impossible people.

If you would know rest from the work-a-day world and its prosy problems, refresh

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your weary soul by drinking at the living fountain of this versatile magician. Few writers have such power of charming both young and old. Frank R. Stockton combines fanciful improbability with stern reality and his fairy tales are stamped with an element of realism that makes them more than fairy tales.

In the "Clocks of Rondaine" his imagination finds a happy outlet, the story thruout being a delightful example of his unique style. It deals with an episode in the life of a little peasant girl Arla, who lived in an imaginary town where were clocks of all kinds. There was as much variety about the time they kept as there was in their mechanism. Arla was the proud owner of a dainty rose clock which fascinated her by unfolding from a bud into a full blown rose. But the fact that the town clocks were at variance with her little time-keeper disturbed her. She thot it her mission to go about the town informing those in

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charge of the clocks of the incorrect time they were keeping and have them set right.

The efforts of our little reformer met with rebuff. The nonprogressives and conservatives typified by the old lady with the white hair told her that what was good enough for their forefathers was good enough for them. How sorry we feel for her when we read of the pathetic discovery that her own clock was ten minutes slow! Alas for the reformer.

In "Old Pipes and The Dryad" we have a pastoral of rare beauty. It reveals the delicate sensitiveness, the whimsicality, the purity of heart of the author. Old Pipes was so called because it was his business to pipe the cattle down from the mountainside. He was getting very old, Father Time stealthily diminished his power to pipe. Finally he grew so feeble that the cattle could no longer hear him and children drove them home each night, taking care not to hurt Old Pipes by letting him know. They continued this commend-

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able deception until one day a boy accidentally blurted out the secret. In despair Old Pipes shakes his rattly old rheumatic bones and descends to the village to save his pride and redeem his respect by giving back to the town the salary he knows he has not earned.

Scarcely has he started when he hears a voice. It is a Dryad who begs to be let out of her tree. Forgetting his own troubles Old Pipes sets her free and is rewarded with the Dryad's kiss. Ten years younger! And as happiness is not a one-sided thing but radiates, so the Dryad fills the cup of Old Pipes by kissing his old mother also.

If you are of a scientific turn of mind read "A Tale of Negative Gravity" which in a most serious vein tells you of a force applied to heavy loads which makes them light as feathers and convinces you of its efficacy in the case of a wagon drawn by horses but upsets your mental equilibrium when you read that negative gravity applied to people makes

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them walk on air! And you believe every word you read. Try if you can to find a dropped stitch in the whole plausible fabric.

For the nautically inclined there is the series of fantastic shipwrecks with miraculous rescues. They never drown; they never starve. There is always an obliging cargo of canned goods, such for instance as in the "Christmas Wreck," where the crew sit in the rigging with cans of luscious, juicy peaches, making you actually swallow the tart-sweet liquor and wipe the corners of your mouth.

And then the delightful Rudder Grangers! Euphemia and her eternal feminine sweetness. Pomona and her adventures. The Treeman and Lord Edward! And so on thru the host of fanciful tales. Read them.

POVERTY.

A people glutted with what it wants is a stagnant people.

—Will Levington Comfort.

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MME. GULBRANDSEN - CALVERT'S many friends will be glad to learn that the Edison Company has engaged her to make records of her charming Norse Folk-Songs for the Edison Phonograph. Those who have heard her wonderful voice in concerts may have the joy of hearing her again in their own homes. And those who have not had the good fortune to hear her can now for a little cost enjoy the next best thing to seeing her on the platform.

These records are exceptionally fine. Clear, perfect tones and exquisite accompaniment with piano and with full orchestra. As an authoritative interpreter of Norse Folk-Songs and Lyrics Mme. Calvert now stands admittedly first among all American singers. Her voice is well adapted to phonograph work, making what is seldom found, a perfect record. Born in Norway, this gifted singer laid the foundation for her musical career at her mother's knee learning to sing the beautiful

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Folk-Songs and Lyrics of her native land. The mother, herself a singer of wonderful gifts and phenomenal range of voice, was a pupil of the renowned Ludwig Lindeman, to whose untiring devotion Norway and the whole world owe a debt of gratitude for the rescue from oblivion of hundreds of lovely Norse Folk-Songs and much old Folk Music.

Coming to America the young girl continued her musical studies in New York City under the best masters. To a voice of rare natural sweetness and power she now brings all the grace and charm of the highest art. She is the pioneer in this work of introducing Norse folk music to American music lovers. Her original programs of Norse songs sung in the old Norse language in which they are preserved and in her native costumes have delighted enthusiastic audiences wherever she has appeared throughout the United States. She follows the charming chautauqua method of explaining each song fully in English be-

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fore she sings it, so that her audiences understand the song and appreciate its beauties to the fullest.

See order list of records on another page. Order from your nearest Edison dealer or direct from the OPEN ROAD Folks at Long Eddy, N. Y. All records sent prepaid.

AN INDIANA IDEA.

WELLS liable to infection; flies swarming about food; living and sleeping rooms into which sunlight rarely enters; windows hermetically sealed from one month to another in cold weather; criminal carelessness about contagious disease; dirty butcher shops and fruit stands—all those things are still amazingly common in the country. Nearly half the people who die in Indiana between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five die of preventable disease; and in that respect Indiana is strictly typical.

“Now, therefore,” says the governor’s proc-

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lamation, "I do proclaim October the second, 1915, as disease-prevention day; and I urge that such exercises be given in the public schools, and such action be taken by the municipalities and civic and other organizations in Indiana, as will emphasize the importance of public health and the joint responsibility of all citizens therefor, and will inspire in every one a desire to meet that responsibility by active co-operation in all sane efforts for the prevention of disease."

Science cannot prevent disease. It can only tell people how to prevent it. To repeat the instructions over and over, to get them into everybody's consciousness, is an important duty. We should like to see more disease-prevention days.

—SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The real curse of money is that it divides the world—Separates people.

—Bruce Calvert.

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WHAT IS EDUCATION?

A man is educated only in so far as he is able to relate his knowledge and acquirements to the business of human living here and now.

Learning is not education. A man may possess a vast amount of learning and yet be a fool. Mere information is not education. To know how to make the right use of information is the only education. The encyclopedia is packed with all the scientific and literary facts of the world but it cannot use one of them.

There is a great deal more learning than education in the world. Our schools and colleges are for the most part well called, "Institutions of Learning" That they are, but of education, I am sorry to say—not.

To yoke up learning with life must be the great educational work of the future.

—Bruce Calvert.

It is good as often as we can to get away from people, away from the sight and sound of things, to be alone with nature for a season and get acquainted with ourselves.

—Bruce Calvert.

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A TEACHER'S POSITION FOR SOME
ONE.

Santa Cruz, Calif., R. F. D. No. 2.

Dear Bruce Calvert,

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana.

For a long time I have wanted to express to you the joy that your book "Rational Education" has given me. I came to America with high expectations of the educational facilities in this country, but was disappointed in many ways. The public schools hereabouts are just what you say they are. We have so far preferred to let our children run wild to sending them to school. However, I am looking for a teacher. I could not pay much of a salary, but could offer a little piece of land and free board in return for services such as I want. I wonder if you might come across some one in your travels who would be willing to teach in return for a living? I know that the teacher who would seem good to you would satisfy us.

We like THE OPEN ROAD and look for it with pleasure every month. If you hear of any one let me know.

—Mrs. A. W. W.

THE OPEN ROAD

LULLABY.

If you'll only come with me, laddie-boy,
I'll sing you a lullaby.
How the big Teddy Bears
Nod and snore at their prayers;
How the naughty Kewpies
Scramble over their knees,
In mischievous, riotous joy.

Dear little lad, come with me, please do,
And to Dreamland we will go.
Where the butterflies gay,
Hide-and-seek with us play;
And the grasshoppers dance,
Out of sheer happiness,
As they catch a glimpse of you.

Back to Joyland we'll sail, little lad, Ahoy!
As soon as the golden sun,
With her chariot red,
Drives close to your bed
And the dear angels bright
Touch your eyelids so light
To awaken their own laddie-boy.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.



Photograph by C. H. Kingsbury

AT THE ROYCROFT FOUNTAIN

From left to right—Miriam Hubbard, Alice Hubbard, The Fra,
Anna Gulbrandsen-Calvert, Bruce Calvert.

EDISON PHONOGRAPH RECORDS OF
Mme. Gulbrandsen - Calvert's
NORSE FOLK SONGS

Madame Gulbrandsen-Calvert, America's Greatest singer of Norse Folk Songs, has been engaged by the Edison Company to make records of her beautiful Norse Songs. Nine songs are now ready.

EDISON BLUE AMBEROL FOUR MINUTE RECORDS

- 9232—(a) Bissam, bissam baadne. (Lullaby Song.)
(b) Ifjor gjaet eg geitin. (Last Year I Herded The Goat.)
(c) En liten gut ifra Tistedalen. (A Little Boy From Tistedalen.)
- 9234—(a) Huldre Lok. (The Huldre's Call.)
(b) Huldre aa en Elland. (The Huldre and the Boy.)
- 9236—(a) Jeg lagde mig saa silde. (I Lay me Down So Late.)
(b) Paal paa haugom. (Paul on the Hillside.)
(c) Ha du 'kji hoppa. (If You Haven't Hopped, You Will Now.)
- 9238— Synnöves Sang. Kjerulf—Björnson.

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LONG EDDY, SULLIVAN COUNTY, NEW YORK
R. F. D. No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods

The Open Road

VOL. XII

JULY, 1915

No. 5

Bruce Calvert, Editor

WAYSIDE CHATS ON THE OPEN ROAD.

THIS is the best season of the whole year—the vacation season. Now for a few days, weeks or months as the case may be, thousands of cooped-up convicts doomed to a life sentence in the city sweat shops, black holes of offices and counting rooms, dingy dungeons of stores and factories will get out into the great green open and live the rational life they ought to live all the time.

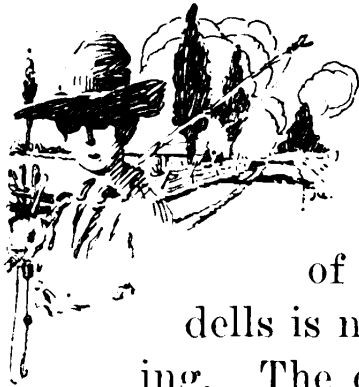
The only trouble with vacation time is that it's too short. I hope to see the day come when vacation will last all the year round. When healthful out door play will rightly be intermixed with healthful work every day. When all work will be play. That's the kind

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of a world I'm looking forward to. We shall never have a rational world until this comes to pass.

But short as the vacation spell now is, in it lies our strongest hope for a better, saner society. The few economic galley slaves who do get away to the woods or sea shore or to the mountains are coming to see the value of the out door life. More and more will take to the open every year to carry back with them the gospel of fresh air, outdoor exercise, and clean living.



In the open air is life, health, sanity. In the rippling waters and rushing winds is peace. In the woods, the leaves of the trees and in the flowery dells is new life, hope, courage, healing. The out doors, the blue sky, the wind and the rain, the sun shine and the

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storm are medicine for the mind, food for the soul.

AREN'T you weary of the dirt and dust, and heat, and smell; of the smoke and strife, and din, and greed and grab; of the toil and moil of the crowd? Does your soul thirst for the sweet, quiet beauty of the country side? For the clean washed air and fresh healthy green of the woods and fields? For the scent of the wild roses and the lush odors of the new grass and the chatter of bird voices in the trees? For that glorious morning baptism of your bare body in the stream? For the kiss of the sunshine and the caress of the winds; for the close companionship of the clouds, and the moon and the silent stars?

THEN come. Let us away to the Open Road, out under the open sky. Nature alone is the one great healer. She has a panacea for every affliction of body, mind or soul. She will lend you a ready response to your

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every mood. If you are gay she will laugh with you. If you are serious she will lift the curtains of mystery and allow you to peep at the secrets of life eternal. If you are sad or discouraged she will take you by the hand, offering balm to your wounded heart, solace and hope to your bruised and aching spirit. She will soothe you with her sweetest lullaby and softly lure you to rest from all your fever and pain. She will cleanse your soul of selfishness, and meanness, and littleness, and give you the vision of grander, bigger things in this life than the petty groveling concerns of that mad crowd you so lately left. She will presently fill your soul with the sweet peace of fellowship and good will to all God's creatures.

Healthful sanity will take the place of that crazy lust for gold and itch for accumulating

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things that's been consuming you. Under her gentle ministrations hatred and envy will fall away from you like a tattered and outworn garment. Your hard drawn features will relax. The wrinkles of worry will be erased from your cheeks and the fissures in your soul be healed. Unto you a new heaven and a new earth will be born. Love will guide your eyes and wisdom will direct your feet. You will think big thoughts, aspire to big things and live the big free open air life of nobleness and beauty.

IN any great crisis of your life, go out into the open. Take a long walk to the woods or the sea shore and there you will find the wisdom to decide and the courage to do what is right and best. Take to the Woods.



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IDIOTORIALS.

By James Larkin Pearson.

Men are the salt of the earth, and women are the pepper.

The smaller a man's soul is, the more meanness it will hold.

Money makes a move, and the devil seconds the motion.

The suffragettes are not half as dangerous to society as the "snuffragettes."

A college education is often the beginning of a brilliant failure.

Caves in the mountains will rent for a good price now. Save one for me.

THE FOOL KILLER.

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Much misapprehension exists in certain quarters as to the true function of woman. I am glad to be able to set this matter at rest for all time. Woman's mission on earth is to act as an accelerator to man. So there.

—Bruce Calvert.

PLAYING THE GAME AS A WHOLE

My friend, Bruce Calvert, editor of THE OPEN ROAD, takes a series of shots at New York in his September magazine.

Bruce and I both love the open country, but he is just a "leetle" prejudiced, I'm thinking, against the city. He sees only confusion, inharmony, greed and vice in the city.

To me there is a sort of harmony in action in a great city like New York. It is a matter of vibrating in will and interest with your surroundings. Of taking an interest in the Romans when you are among the Romans.

Bruce goes into New York or Chicago with the picture of green meadows and winding streams and cool woods fixed before his mental vision and lets the noise and crude force and confusion of

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the big cities jostle and disgust him. It used to disgust me. But I set my will over on the other side. I did this for the reason that I realized I was lop-sided. We should be able to appreciate every section of life. I cannot surround myself with an atmosphere of seclusion, personal prejudice toward one section of life, or with intellectual superiority toward another without losing something.

If I cut myself off, so far as sympathy and understanding go, from the life of the big city, if I assume superior virtue because I prefer the country, I am simply dwarfing my own normal growth and development.

So I am learning to enjoy crowds. I am acquiring the knack of looking both ways, forward and back, when I cross the streets in New York. The noise and fierce rush of street life no longer oppress me. It is like an interesting game in which I become one of the players. Like a knight going forth to battle, I meet and conquer the problems of locomotion along the crowded streets. I find a sort of rhythm in it all, and so will anyone who lets go of himself and becomes interested in each section of life as a part of the whole.

Bruce and I, enjoying ourselves beneath our

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favorite oaks, are still related, more closely than we realize, to the tense, throbbing life of New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Let us acknowledge the relationship and play the game, when circumstances require, instead of standing in the background and feeling superior.

THE NAUTILUS.

I had to laugh when I read this gentle poke in that spicy magazine THE NAUTILUS. My good friends, William and stately Elizabeth, who is the handsomest woman editor in America, live in the peaceful, quiet little town of Holyoke, Mass., in the peace-fullest, quietest street of that quiet and peaceful village. But even this is not quiet enough for Elizabeth and William, so they have a peaceful retreat far out at Netop on the secluded mountain side where they retire to commune with nature and write the inspiring copy that has made their publication so tremendously successful.

Be assured that William never wrote the above diatribe on roaring Broadway. I can

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see him now at Netop in their cozy little bungalow nestling deep in the shadows of the pines far from the noise and ruck of people, comfortably tilted back in his William Morris, his feet cocked up on the porch railing, his trusty fountain pen in hand and his scratch pad on his knee, with Elizabeth bustling about in her long, white, clean, starched apron, sleeves rolled up to her elbows, a rose in her hair, getting tea ready while William—amid the silence broken only by the robin's love call to his mate or the sweetly tender lullaby of the thrush—sits and dreams and writes his rhapsody about the pastoral scenes at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street!

Ah, me—well, it's a blessing none of us have to live our philosophies. It's enough for us to write or preach about them and let others live, or try to live them.

The penalty of life is death.

—Bruce Calvert.

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HAPPINESS VERSUS SUFFERING.

By Bruce Calvert.

NOT long ago I saw in a great book by a noted writer the statement that "Happiness is the most irresistible teacher of goodness on earth or in heaven." I got to thinking about the truth of the assertion. Is happiness really a better teacher than suffering? We have all heard it preached all our lives that only through suffering is the spirit freed. That only in the fires of pain does the soul purge itself from the dross of selfishness and flame forth in the pure white light of beauty.

We say to the musician—"Ah, yes, your technique is perfect, you have real musical feeling, but there's something lacking. You are not yet a great artist—you haven't suffered!" To the painter—"Your command of color and your perception of tones is truly wonderful. Your talent for drawing is unequalled, but wait, wait until you have suf-

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ferred and then—then, you'll be a great master!"

What does it mean? Has suffering a real spiritual value in the unfoldment of beautiful character? Is there something to be gained thru suffering of an ennobling nature that can be secured in no other way?

Are there certain spiritual areas aroused by pain and misery that love cannot reach? And if there are spiritual awakenings that can come only from suffering, as they say, must we not then commend pain and unhappiness as educational influences and is it not irrational to combat or seek to evade them? And granting this is the general trend of civilization which is toward eradicating pain, suffering, misery, ethically wrong?

It is a good question to think about. We do know this—that suffering softens the heart to the cry of pain. It fills us with a great sympathy for those who suffer because we ourselves have felt the barbs of pain. To this

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extent then is not pain or suffering ennobling? On the other hand there is the principle in pedagogy as old as teaching—that love opens the doors of the understanding. We know that we do learn under the impulse of love, happiness—that joy is an inspiration to the highest and best within us.

Where then is the truth? Are happiness and suffering both great teachers? Do these universal preachments as to the value of pain mean that we must learn thru sorrow? Or is the old saw a ghastly mistake, and should we rather say—“You ought to learn from joy, love, happiness as you might, but inasmuch as you cannot or will not, then if you would attain, you will have to suffer for your soul’s good”? And could we say to the painter and the singer—“Wait until you have loved and then you’ll be great”?

There are those who assure us that we can only know things by their opposites. That to attain to full development we must have con-

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trast. If we would know joy we must have known sorrow. I am not in sympathy with this doubtful philosophy. It smacks of that sensualist theory that we must experience everything to know it. That only personal experiences count. If this were admitted it would dethrone the reasoning and imaginative faculties. There is a better, more rational way of learning than by personal experiences. That is by making use of the accumulated experiences of the race. Those who assert that they must experience sensations in their own bodies to know them, as do some of the protean school in apology for their wallowing in filth, belong to the lower order of beings. If they place sensation above reason and imagination, they clearly belong to the animal creation and not to the estate of man.

If pain come to us, if sorrow beset us, we can only rationally make the best of it seeking to learn the lesson contained in it. But to place suffering on an equal plane with love,

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and to hold that love is less powerful than suffering as a teacher is a dangerous fallacy. Love, happiness, is the most potent force for good in this world.

A REPLY TO THE ABOVE BY THE TK IN "LIFE AND ACTION."

I APPRECIATE this good letter from my Esteemed Friend and the spirit of courtesy and generous consideration in which it is couched. Although I have never had the honor and pleasure of meeting Mr. Calvert personally, nevertheless he has honored me with quite a number of his most charming and gracious letters, and in each of these I feel the friendly touch of a kindred spirit and recognize the outstretched hand of fellowship as distinctly as if he were with me in person.

I want to thank him for giving me this opportunity to say a word by way of explanation, and then, perhaps, add a word more in

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response to the interesting suggestions contained in his letter above quoted.

His letter is not the only one I have received on the subject of "Happiness and Suffering." In truth, it would appear that quite a number of my readers have been interested in the subject from their various angles and points of view; and there seems to be a very wide range of differing opinions and beliefs growing out of the varying experiences of life to which humanity is heir.

One dear Friend whose sensitive soul has been surfeited with the agony that follows from years of pain and suffering, physically, spiritually and psychically, looks upon Nature as only a cruel and heartless monster whose delight is in gloating over the suffering of helpless humanity.

Another sees in pain and suffering only a carefully colored background on which to bring out in vivid proportions the joys and the happiness of human nature.

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Between these two opposite and extreme views lies a vast field for philosophical speculation, consideration, discussion, disputation, argumentation and debate. So vast, indeed, is it that I could not hope to cover it adequately, least of all to my own satisfaction, in such an article as the pages of **LIFE AND ACTION** would accommodate.

In this connection, however, let me say that I would not take from my answer to Question 62 so much as a word. In so far as I have therein considered the subject I have expressed the position of the Great Friends. There is, however, much that I might add thereto and still cover but a fraction of its legitimate possibilities. And then, there is much more that I do not profess to understand nor comprehend.

How beautifully and clearly Friend Calvert has brought out in his series of questions the difficulties of the subject! Quoting his words: "Has suffering a real spiritual value in the

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unfoldment of beautiful character?"

To my own mind, there can be not the least possible doubt of it. It is the rich black loam of life in which grow the seeds of understanding sympathy, of mercy, of forbearance, of kindness. For it is only because we have suffered that we can understand what suffering means to others. It makes us kind because we know what kindness means to those who suffer. It develops sympathy and forbearance in us because we know what these qualities mean to those who suffer.

“Is there something to be gained through suffering of an ennobling nature that can be secured in no other way?”

Again let me say that I have not the least doubt of it. While love—and the happiness that flows from it—teach us many things, and inspire in us many ennobling impulses, emotions, ambitions, desires and purposes, suffering added to these gives to them all a richer coloring and a deeper meaning.

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“Are there certain spiritual areas aroused by pain and misery that love alone cannot reach?”

I believe this must be true, else suffering would be without purpose in nature, and I cannot believe that anything exists in the economy of nature without its purpose; and I will go further and say that I believe there is a constructive purpose running throughout all nature, if we but have the wisdom to see it and understand it.

“And if there are spiritual awakenings that can come only from suffering, as they say, then must we not commend pain and unhappiness as educational influences, and is it not irrational to combat or seek to evade them? And granting this, is the general trend of civilization toward eradicating pain, suffering and misery, ethically wrong?”

Ah, my beloved Friends, see how easy and almost natural it is for the mind of man, intelligent, honest, brilliant, searching, purpose-

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ful man, to get lost in the mystic maze of ethics and psychology.

I am sure that there are "spiritual awakenings that can come" (to some of the members of the human family) "only from suffering."

But this is not always true; nor is it true of all men. There are some men and women who have received the lessons of suffering—or many of them at least—and these fortunate advance guards in the army of humanity are entitled to pass on into the beautiful vale of LOVE, in the Land of Liberty and Light. As rapidly as we learn the ethical, spiritual and psychical lessons of suffering and pain nature's purpose in pain and suffering is accomplished—as to us; and we are entitled to pass on to something less painful and more enticing.

Suffering, as an educational and a spiritualizing institution in the economy of nature, is for those only who cannot learn to walk in the constructive pathway of evolution by the

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ennobling influence of Love and the inspiration of its reward, Happiness.

And at some period in the evolutionary journey of life each and every individual must pass through the dim and shadowy valley of Pain and the Armageddon of Suffering. But there comes a time in the evolutionary experience of every individual man and woman when the primary education of the soul in the school of suffering has been accomplished, and the individual is permitted to pass on into the higher grades of learning.

As to these it is perfectly rational "to combat suffering and seek to evade pain." And as to these "the general trend of civilization toward eradicating pain, suffering and misery"—is not ethically wrong. On the other hand, it is the most righteous thing in all the world, because it is in the line of the evolutionary progress of the individual.

But just as the primary grade in our public schools remains as a part of the great educa-

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tional system of our country after the years have come and gone and the thousands upon thousands of children have passed through it and graduated into the higher rounds of education and the experiences of mature manhood and womanhood, so also the primary school of suffering remains as an integral part of the great educational system of Nature; and the millions of men and women yet to come will pass through this educational department of the School of Nature, just as all mankind has done to date.

In this sense only would it be "wrong," and even foolish, for humanity to seek to eradicate pain and suffering from the educational system of Nature and the School of Evolutionary Progress.

Even if we tried with all the power of our being to eradicate pain and suffering from the curriculum of Nature we could not do it. We might succeed in mitigating its destructive effects upon those who have graduated from

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that department and grade in the process of individual evolution. And in this we would not be doing "wrong."

"That suffering does result in fear and hate, as asserted, is not questioned; but is this always so?"

No, it is not always so. Many a time and oft does it "open the heart to the cry of pain." So also does it oftentimes awaken in us a great and profound sympathy for those who suffer, solely because we, too, have suffered and know the meaning and the hurt of pain and the agony of suffering.

Likewise is it true that "LOVE opens the doors of the understanding" and leads us onward and upward to the Land of Liberty and Light.

Again my Friend asks: "Where, then, is the truth? Are Happiness and suffering both great teachers? Do these universal preachments as to the value of pain mean that we must learn through suffering and sorrow?"

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Or, is the old saw a horrible mistake, and should we rather say, 'You ought to learn from Love, as you might; but if you cannot, or will not, then if you would attain you must be made to suffer for your Soul's good?' And could we say to the singer and painter, 'Wait until you have loved?'

In this final summary it seems to me that our brilliant and searching Friend has uncovered a great Truth and made its beauty and its radiance shine forth with a power almost divine.

Undoubtedly it is true that Happiness (the reward of Love) and Suffering are both great teachers in the School of Nature. They are both a part of the great educational plan in the School of Individual Evolution.

But does it not now appear that Suffering is more naturally a primary department in the great School of Nature, and that Happiness belongs in the higher curriculum of the Soul? Both are necessary; both are important; but

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still it appears that the author of *Harmonics of Evolution* was not romancing, nor was she speaking without due consideration of all the elements involved, when she said: "Happiness is the most irresistible teacher of goodness on earth or in heaven."

Of course, I do not mean to controvert those who may view the problem from other angles. I believe I am free from the kind of intolerance that would deny to others the liberty of thought and action I demand for myself.

Even my Friend whose experience in the *School of Pain and Suffering* causes him to see in Nature nothing better than a monster of insatiate cruelty, with no Love anywhere in the universe, commands my sincere respect; and I cannot restrain a deep sense of pity, because I know that he speaks from the depths of an agony of soul to which few have descended. I know also that he is honest, and that, to him, his words are the reflection of what he believes to be the Truth. To him

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they are the Truth.

Nor do I doubt the sincerity of my good Friend who assumes that because I know something of Love and Happiness I therefore know nothing of Pain and Suffering. She has her viewpoint, and I respect it with all my heart. If she has misconstrued my meaning it is not her fault, but mine because of my failure to express myself fully and clearly.

And I agree with her unreservedly in that suffering leads to knowledge, love and sympathy. But I feel that she has been just a little dogmatic in her declaration unreservedly that "Suffering does not lead to fear and hate."

Nevertheless, she is entitled to her views, and the freedom to express them—even though she mentally "wipe up the earth with me" and prove me unspeakably ignorant, to her own satisfaction.

At some future time I hope I shall be able to write more fully of the Psychology of Suf-

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fering. It is a subject that has led many into the wilderness of doubt and disbelief in the goodness of God, or the beneficence of Nature.

In the light of my own personal experience there is nothing that shines out more beautifully and radiantly than does the Constructive Principle in all Nature. And nothing has afforded me greater satisfaction, nor deeper gratification, than has the living consciousness of Nature's Consistency.

Some day I hope I shall be able so to elucidate the subject as to bring the Truth as clearly to the consciousness of others as it has been made clear to me.

Once more, let me express my sincere appreciation of the courtesy and kindness of Friend Calvert, and these other good Friends, for making it possible for me to explain more fully the meaning and intent of my brief statement in the last issue of LIFE AND ACTION.

I am always glad to receive an honest criti-

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cism, when it is couched in the language of courtesy and kindness, and especially so when it comes from the heart of a real Friend.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TROUBLES.

Funny answers received from pupils of High School age in recent examination papers.

Girl. An isothermal line is a straight line which runs eigzagly over the globe from large cities to large cities.

Girl. The Nile is unlike any other river in the world in this respect, it has many beautiful cateracks and spouts in it which no other river has. There are crocodiles and other wild beasts there too.

Girl. An isothermal line is a line in which when the boats pass that line, they are then in another longitude, either east or west longitude.

Boy. The Dardanelles are points of land

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bejecting out into the water.

Girl. The Dardanelles are ditches. They are important now on account of the war. The soldiers have them for hiding places.

Girl. The Dardanelles are a big city and it is important at present on account of having the amunition there for the war in Europe at present.

Boy. The climate of the east part of Oregon is mountainous and the climate of the west is fertile.

Girl. The Dardanelles are England, Italy, France, Germany and Russia.

Girl. The Dardanelles are swift winds. They help the men now at sea.

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. . . If a man has a message to deliver, he must drive it home through women. It is the women who are listening to-day; women do not analyze; they realize.

—Will Levington Comfort.

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SING THEM INTO HARMONY.

There is nothing on this plane of manifestation that reaches the hardest hearts so quickly and thoroughly as the music of the human voice when it can sing well.

If I could sing, I would do all my missionary people congregate for unholy purposes and I would sing to their hearts until I had awakened harmony in their beings, and I would keep going and singing to them until harmony became the ruling force with them and then they would "go, and sin no more." All the darkness of inharmony would be turned into the Light of Good, I know that this could be done.

I would like to induce those who can sing well to sing on the streets and even in the saloons, if there are any left, and go to the homes of the outcasts. If only someone can be induced to try it once, then others will soon follow."

—LUCY A. ROSE MALLORY.



It's a poor kind of a man who cannot rise above the limits of his religion when occasion demands it.

—Bruce Calvert.

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COME TO THE TREES.

Come to the trees for companionship, come—
Even when Agony blanches Lips dumb,
Trees are responsive. I know, for I've tried;
Telling in silence when Hope in me died
Yes, you can live without Hope, little Chum.
Rich is the yield of the Apple and Plum;
Forest Forms seek thou companionship from.
Ever have I from my hut leaned and cried,
"Come," to the Trees.

Now they surround it; my finger and thumb
Reach from the porch to greet Live-Oaks, these
grum,
Gnarled—and to others—Usurpers; I dried
Heart-tears upon them, while they replied
Much as a Mother would, "Growth is the Sum,"
Come, to the Trees.

EDWIN BRENHOLTZ.

Copied for my beloved comrade, Bruce Calvert,
April 8th, 1913. At the Live-Oaks, Turnersville,
Texas.



No woman can possibly be as sweet as she
looks. —Cynic.

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THIS BOOK OF MINE.

(To—A Friend.)

'Tis all in all this world to me,
This Book of mine I treasure
I hold it reverently in hand
For there I know at my command
Are joys in fullest measure.

From its dear leaves a perfume breathes
Of ancient Truths divine.
And I, emboldened, eagerly
Approach in deep humility
This Book beloved—of mine.

There find I surcease from Unrest,
And hunger satisfied.
There tread I paths of wondrous ways
Illumined by such radiant rays
That all is clarified.

A halo with a precious light
Surrounds this Book of mine.
I guard it with a sacredness
For there I find all happiness
And inward peace sublime.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

The Open Road

VOL. XII

AUGUST, 1915

No. 6

Bruce Calvert, Editor

WAYSIDE CHATS ON THE OPEN ROAD.

THE UNKNOWN. I am glad there are so many things we do not know. What would be left to live for if one knew all? Can you imagine anything more terrifying than the thought of an all-seeing, all-knowing intelligence doomed to eternal existence? Take away the lure of mystery and life would not have left in it enough zest to make it supportable.

Our illusions keep us alive. They are the divine quicksilver threading thru our veins which defies dissolution. All known things perish. The unknown only is immortal. A world of cold fact would be intolerable. The unseen, the unknowable, the dreams of things

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to come that lead us onward thru the fogs and brambles at our feet ever pushing us forward in search of unattainable beauty and joy are the true wine of life.

MAN did some things so well in his early days that he does not seem able with all his later culture to surpass them. Literature and art have not advanced a great deal in the last three thousand years. We still go to the Greek art for our models and inspiration in architecture, sculpture, literature, philosophy. Homer still stands secure as the model for epic poetry. Our builders have never surpassed the Acropolis. We quote and refer to Plato to-day. All study of philosophy still begins with the Greek school.

THE enriching of our language by the addition of some hundred thousand words or so since Shakespeare's time does not seem to have enabled us to express ourselves any

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more clearly or with any greater beauty and vigor than he did without them. The multiplication of books and newspapers from a scant armful to the millions that we now have seems scarcely to have advanced culture appreciably.

WE read more and think less than ever before in the history of man. With all of our modern libraries and periodicals deep scholarship really appears to be decreasing. We have an increasing number of superficial thinkers but fewer of the serious diggers after truth. Our culture is spread over so much surface that it gets pretty thin in places. Concentration is the secret of attainment and we seem to be losing that power. We more and more scatter our forces, in education, our literature, our uplift and all that goes to make up our modern civilization.

I do believe that if the publication of all books, newspapers and all magazines except

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one or two I won't mention was stopped for one year the cause of education would not suffer at all. A man who knows many books never knows any well. Those who have many languages never use one with any great skill. Mind seems to follow the laws of physics to a very great extent. Expansion in one direction means contraction in another. What we gain in speed we lose in endurance, and the opposite. The general level of the ocean is never disturbed. The waves that roll mountain high, sink just as deep in the trough that follows.

WE need a saviour or a movement to call us back to the simplicities. Back to fundamentals. Our modern conceptions of what is good seem to be based upon quantity rather than quality.

In this school we have a larger attendance than any other educational institution in the world. We graduated this month the largest

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class ever known. Yes, but how well are they taught? How excellent is the scholarship?

We turn out in our shops a complete automobile every sixteen seconds. Yes, but how long and how well will it run? How soon will it be in the scap heap? Or how safe am I in trusting my life to its integrity?

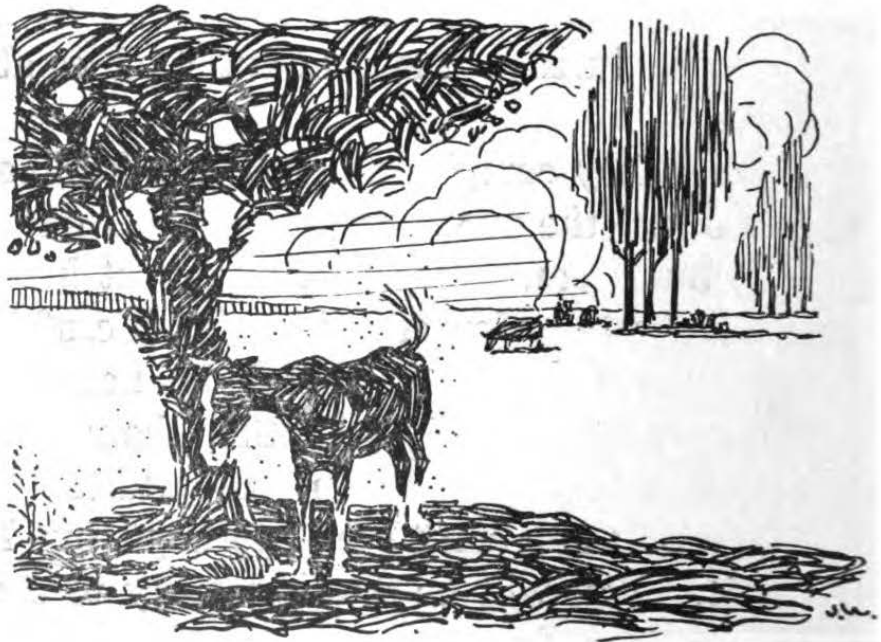
We serve here a sixteen course dinner for one dollar. Yes, but how much dyspepsia, and how much ptomaine poisoning or auto-toxæmia lurk in those awful food combinations?

Our Mary completed her high school course this June, the youngest graduate in our city. Yes, but I saw Mary. What about her thin little chest? Her stooping shoulders? Her bloodless lips? Her twitching nerves? If she were my child I had rather she never saw a high school than be in the condition your Mary is. You can't see it perhaps, but I can see it. You will be sending Mary to a sanitarium in a few months, and she will never

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live to bless the world with her education. She has sapped her life energies before ever she could flower into beautiful womanhood.

WHO will stop us in our mad rush and lead us back to the sanity of simplicity? Our engine is running without a governor. Who will help us put on the brakes?



MUSIC AS A FIRST AID TO LITERATURE.

MUSIC undoubtedly has the power to set in motion new trains of thought, to change the current of ideas and even to stimulate inspiration.

In my workshop is a talking machine. Frequently when I am stuck for an idea or am tired out from a long session over my typewriter I start up the phonograph and sit back in my chair listening to what the music has to offer. After hearing a Beethoven sonata, or some great singer or brilliant performer I find new ideas come trooping into my mind, my mental machinery winds itself up as it were and I turn again to the copy machine to grind out the stuff with renewed energy.

I may be struggling with the problem of dramatizing the uses of a vacuum cleaner or it may be some new kind of lighting apparatus I am exploiting. Just the right word or idea refuses to come, when the music starts my accellerator and the copy flows freely again.

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ABOUT FOLK SONGS.

By Bruce Calvert.

PROBABLY the oldest form of human expression is the dance. Dancing undoubtedly came before speech. Man danced before he talked. The baby man does so yet. Dancing is indeed a universal mode of expression thruout all nature. All animals express emotion in various rhythmic movements. The waves of the sea dance. The sunbeams come dancing to earth. The whole solar system swings thru space in perfect rhythm. The earth threads her way among the stars doing her grand right and left along with her siderial partners in majestic cotillion. It is more than likely that all art and all literature as well as human speech had its inspiration in the dance.

The dances of the different tribes or nations would naturally be characteristic of the people dancing them as the dance is but a form

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of self expression. Hence in time the movements crystallized into certain fixed forms and definite figures peculiar to the different people and therefore called folk dances or people dances. Each nation has its own folk dances which are as different as the people themselves. The Norse dances for instance are vigorous and athletic with a peculiar positive rhythm and an accented step quite unlike the oriental or southern dances with their sinuous steps and sensuous movements. The folk song is so old that we cannot tell its exact origin any more than we can determine the actual beginning of language. But the folk song did begin sometime, somehow, somewhere, for it is here, we have it with us, and that is about all we can ever know about its actual origin. All nations or peoples old enough have folk songs.

America I am sorry to say has no folk song or folk dances. The American Indians may have had folk songs and dances, the records

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are very meager, but the Indian belongs to a vanished race. His habits and customs can no more be called American than could those of the Aztecs or Mound Builders. Certain misguided enthusiasts have attempted to elevate the southern negro melodies to the status of American folk song. But this upon consideration is too ridiculous to merit any serious thought. The negro is not and never was an American. He is in no sense indigenous to the soil. He was forcibly brought here, bringing with him an alien language, habits and customs. If he did bring any folk songs or dances with him from his native land they have long since disappeared. No record of such now remain excepting in the heated imaginations of certain Afro-maniacs. The negro cannot by the widest stretch of the imagination be classed as representative of America. His melodies, plantation songs, and ditties will be found upon examination to arise out of his attempted imitation of the white man's music.

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America is too new among the nations, if indeed we can be called a nation at all, to have developed folk songs. These things do not spring up over night. They evolve thru centuries of homogeneous national life. Then too, the evolution of folk songs belongs to an age in the history of the race that is past. Man moves not backward but forward. America will never have a mass of folk song, legend, folk lore and folk dances such as the European nations possess, because we cannot go backward to the primitive times and conditions that produced them.

In his early days man had the time to do certain things that can never be done again because the same conditions can never again be known. The growth of the folk songs, legends, stories and myths upon which our modern civilization rests is among those things that man will never have the time to evolve again. This took endless time and a life of simple association with the forces of nature

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close to the soil. Man's deepest and holiest expressions come to him only when his feet are firmly planted upon the soil, when his heart is in tune with nature. All great deeds are inspired, all great poems born, all great dreams dreamed in the open and of the open. When we listen to the simple, sweet folk melodies developed in the childhood of the race, yet having in them a beauty, a nobleness that later cultivation and later civilization has never surpassed, we see again the simple, sweet, beautiful, neighborly life that evolved them.

We study folk songs and folk dances and legends because they have that primitive something in them that we can get in no other way. It helps us to understand the evolution and the history of the race if we can see some of the steps taken in that long, upward sweep from savagery to civilization.

Folk songs and music, folk lore and legend are of value to us because of their intimate

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relation to the culture of the present. We can understand the present only by knowing something of the past. We are what we are to-day because of all that the mighty past has been. Our music, art, religion, philosophy, education, are all the products of what has gone before.

Every experience thru which man has passed has been a benefit to him. It has had its lesson to teach. The development of folk songs and music comes up out of man's primitive days when he was making experiences that he can never make again. That's one reason why we study folk songs. Not only for their beauty but for their cultural and historic value. In his language we can trace the history of man. His devious path is written unmistakably in the development of the words he uses to express his thot. It is so in music and all forms of art.

Folk songs are the wild flowers of music. They have a sweetness and a wild charm that

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affect me more profoundly than the elaborate symphonies of the present day. Like the wild flowers that spring up in the fields and woods and fight their own battles against the forces of nature that would destroy them, taking thereby a sturdy beauty and charm not found in the tenderly nurtured hot house flowers, so these primitive folk songs have that tang of the soil, that spirit of nature in them, that strange, wild beauty that makes the pulses leap within you. They seize and hold you in spite of yourself and will not be denied.

You hear in them the wild scream of the rushing winds and the gentle murmur of summer breezes thru the tree tops; the rippling of mountain brooks leaping and singing their way to the sea and the moaning of the ocean waves in rhythmic beat upon the shore. You see the stars and the rolling clouds, the mystic moonbeams, the flashing sun shine and the lightning's forked tongue bursting thru black storm clouds. You hear in them all the voices

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of nature, voices of the earth, the air, the trees, the flowers and all growing things.

One great fact in Anthropology now becoming universally recognized is that in the folk lore, legends and tales and folk songs of the common people are found the true poetry and the true music of the race. The spontaneous expression of the people is always clean, noble, beautiful, pure. While with the so-called upper classes expression is nearly always colored by self-interest or smothered in the artificialities of convention.

The great poets and dramatists have taken their themes from legendary folk lore of the people. And the great masters of music have taken their melodies from the folk songs of the people, enriching the simple themes, of course, with elaborate harmonies and all the embellishments of the great composer, but going for their inspiration right down into the music of the great common people.

Painters and sculptors have taken for their

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noblest works the great ideas expressed in the myths and legends of early man. Thus we trace the roots of all true art, music and literature back to their sources in the inner soul life of the people, the common, everyday folks close to the soil. It is good for us to be thus brought back to the sources of our present civilization. It is reassuring to know that all our greatest music and literature rests securely upon the foundation of this great mass of folk music and folk lore. It relates our highest art to the soil without which the life blood would be absent.

The truth, beauty and nobility of folk songs and legends is proven by the fact that they have survived. Only the true, beautiful and noble will at the last perpetuate itself. Only that will endure which is worthy. If the folk songs had not been worthy, if they had not ministered to a deep fundamental need of man's soul they would have perished ages ago.

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We American born people lose much by reason of this lack of early familiarity with the wonderful and beautiful folk music of the older races. If we could have had folk songs before we ever had grand opera or music dramas in this country we should have better understood and been much more appreciative of good music than we are. But having no folk music of our own and seeing the great cultural value of such music we now turn to Europe and are studying the wealth of folk song and music found in those countries. And so we find the folk songs and dances of Europe being taught in the public schools of the United States.

Among the most beautiful music of all the nations are the Norse Folk Songs and lyrics. In the Norse folk songs we find a peculiar grim, somber, plaintive quality seen nowhere else. A dark, serious thread of tragedy seems to run thru the whole warp and woof of Norse music, indeed in the literature, art, and life

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itself of the Norse people. Not a morbid, not a diseased or pessimistic note, but a stern, rugged seriousness as if like the shadows flung at midday across the fjords and valleys by those towering mountains, there always hovered in the background of Norse life the stern, hard facts of life and the relentless struggle for existence.

The Norse songs have in them a tender, haunting melody and sweetness, a lyric quality that lingers in the memory forever when once heard. They are the most beautiful songs of all nations excepting perhaps the Russian. But the Norse songs have not that sad, hopeless melancholy that is too deep for tears of the Russian peasant song. The Norsemen were never slaves. Never abused and crushed as the Russian moujik. He is of all God's creatures the most hopeless and helpless. Freedom and liberty have never flowered in his poor, stunted life. The heavy hand of the Romanoffs lies crushingly athwart

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his spirit. But those wild sea robbers of old Viking days never bowed the knee. From the days when they ravaged the coast of fair Britain and then escaping to their boats, their long, yellow hair flying in the winds and crying back to the outraged Saxons, "If you want us, come and take us!" down to the present these people have always been untamed and free.

The Norse people are intensely imaginative. From their very birth they are saturated with stories, legends and tales of the supernatural. Folk tales, songs, and fairy stories are a part of every child's education. In Norway fairies, brownies, huldre, or wood sprites, and trolls are very real things. Every cataract has its nök, and every glen its Huldre. Nisser peep out from every eyrie nook in the mountains.

The inner spiritual life of the Norse people is essentially intense, emotionally deep. In the men we find a rugged boldness, daring,

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tenacity, stern fibre that brook no difficulties. It is the survival of the ancient Viking spirit which five hundred years before Columbus drove the restless Norsemen across the stormy Atlantic to the shores of America. Captain Roald Amundsen, who went to the south pole and came back again, a heroic feat unequaled in the annals of daring deeds of men, is the type.

The women are endowed with a capacity for love and self-sacrifice terrible and tragic in its intensity. Read Ibsen and the marvelous stories of the great Swedish writer Selma Lagerloef if you would see the exquisite revelation of the northern woman. Even in that land of ice and cold, romance rides free thru every glen, love whispers in the waterfall and fierce passion defies the eternal snows. The world has produced no finer type of woman than the devoted Norse mother.

Leading educators everywhere are advocating the teaching of European folk songs and

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dances as a means of culture quite unequaled. Those interested in the best things of life should lose no opportunity to hear the folk songs sung by singers born into the spirit of the music. Great music may be learned by great artists, but folk songs of any country can only be sung by those born to the language and the soil and the spirit of the music.



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HIS METHOD.

WHAT, you ask, is my method? . . . I do not know myself and can never find out. When I am in particularly good condition, perhaps riding in a carriage, or in a walk after a good meal, or in a sleepless night, then the thoughts come to me in a rush, and best of all. Whence and how—that I do not know and cannot learn. . . All the finding and making only goes on in me as in a very vivid dream. . . . What now has thus come into being in this way, that I do not easily forget again, and it is perhaps the best gift which the Lord God has given me.”

—MOZART.

The perfectly balanced man would be a non-entity. To be interesting or to accomplish anything in this world a certain amount of one sidedness, enthusiasm or partisanism for something or some one is necessary.

—Bruce Calvert.

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EVER THY FRIEND

“Ever thy friend,”

Words so lightly written, what do they portend?
Is it the Soul that speaks, tell me, does it know,
The long road, the weary road, which we must go?

Thou art my friend?

Wilt thou walk with me unto the very end?
Or only clasp my hand a little while,
Where the ways are smooth, and the Heavens
smile?

If I must go,
Through valleys dark, where tempests gather low,
Must bruise my feet on stones and thorns I tread,
Oh, shall I turn to find that thou hast fled?

Or if I divine,
I cannot go thy way, nor thou go mine,
Wilt thy voice call in accents sweet and clear,
“I love thee still, my heart, and still am near”?

We cannot know,
Ah me! until we face the fading sunset glow,
And only there at our long journey’s end,
May I know, in truth, if thou art my friend.

LIDA MAY BRIGGS.

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THE LIBRARY SHELF.

HELL'S PLAYGROUND, by Ida Vera Simonton, New York, Moffat, Yard & Co. Cloth, 447 pages, \$1.35.

THE queer thing about "Hell's Playground" is that it was written by a woman. It grips you with its broad, masculine, almost brutal Jack London treatment of the great primal facts of life. What Jack London has done for the Yukon country, this intrepid little woman has done for the jungle of West Africa where she lived a lone white woman among the native blacks.

Seldom does the spirit of adventure in woman lead her further than the puffing at a cigarette in bravado or sipping a cocktail in public. Could it have been the unsatisfied wanderlust of some male ancestor that found an outlet in the writer and landed her in Hell's Playground? You are mystified by her tremendous grasp of vital things, her big world knowledge—yes, and her bold, ruthless painting of life among the savages. Whether it be the thrilling storm at sea or the maddening loneliness of the bush she depicts, the author holds you keyed up, and I had almost said awestruck. Miss Simonton writes from life, and the realism in her work was paid for in bitter experience.

A. G. C.

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THE CRADLE ROLL.

Keystone, Oklahoma.

I was just scanning the skies for a sign of the spring pigeons this morning when the mail man stopped at my box down at the end of the lane and left the May issue of the 'Zinelet as you call it. I rejoice with you that you have lifted your eyes to the mountains whence cometh understanding. I am sure your new Sullivan County Roost must be a paradise or a near one. Rush on your next pigeon. I can read 'em as fast as they light on my box. I am 73 and nothing gives me so much pleasure as a visit of the carrier pigeon that's been coming to my doors for nearly eight years. I see you got a new bird at the Roost. Good for you. If you get any extra like that one you caught, there's a plenty out here that would grab one like her quick.

Yours till the next turn in the road,

JOSEPH L. PATRICK.

THE OPEN ROAD route seems to be conducive to health and longevity. Every once in a while I get a letter like this from some

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frisky young lad or lass of sixty, seventy, eighty or ninety years on the road. I wish I had started in long ago to save them. But this one jarred some new brain cells into vibration suggesting the cradle roll. I have a curiosity to see just who and where the oldest Open Roader is. So the roster is now open. Send in your names and addresses, you young bucks and belles and let's see where you stand. No candidate under sixty-seven eligible to this list. We can't bother with chickens. Only grown-ups admitted here. The first to head the list is Open Roader,

J. L. Patrick, a gingery young colt of 73, Keystone, Okla.

Who's next? What about you, Uncle Charley, or you, Mother Just?

Remember now, no trundle-bed trash.

All the education aimed at the brain is futile if the heart be not touched.

—John Nicholas Beffel.

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Schenectady, N. Y.

DEAR COMRADE:

Thank you very much for the folder; it is fine. Am enclosing \$1.00 for a renewal subscription to THE OPEN ROAD. Have been living in the city for one year, in a world gone mad, and it is only in such magazines as yours that I find inspiration to a sane life

Fraternally,
CARRINGTON CALLOWAY.

VANITY.

. . . There is a stirring of the spirit captive in the worn mesh of the body. People are breaking down under the tyranny of material possessions. There was never a time when women's intelligence was so eager and inspirational; never a time when men were so weary of metal and meals and miles. It is all clear to a prophetic understanding that we are nearing the end of our lessons in three dimensions and five senses.

—Will Levington Comfort.

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THE PICTURE—TO C. S.

So gentle-wise, and sweetly posed
Awaits my lady there.

While I my palette in my hand
Resisting, yet obey command,
To paint the picture fair.

'Ere long the strokes their mission wrought,
There on the canvas' view.

Forgetful of the hastening time,
I lend me to this task of mine
To render vision true.

With eagerness I ply the touch
Here to the drapery.
Now to the eyes of deepest tint,
There where lights are all aglint
In sweet conspiracy.

With reverent hand and gently so,
I touch the forehead true.

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Here add a bit of color sheen,
There where the sunlight left its gleam
I change to softer hue.

A Genii then took up my brush,
And o'er the canvas bent.
And with a magic all his own
Transformed my picture with a tone
To dear embodiment.

FRANCES B. SKINNER.

MY PATH.

By John Nicholas Beffel.
Mine is the age-old pagan trail
That knows no creed nor caste,
And often brushes Death's own sleeve
But leads to Rome at last.

It is easy to learn what you want to know.

—John Nicholas Beffel.

It is never any trouble to do things for people
we like.

—John Nicholas Beffel

When a man truly reveres a woman he is silent
about her in the hearing of the crowd.

—John Nicholas Beffel.

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MY BIRTHDAY.

Full sure this day would find me older,
The late weeks were gray with fear
To feel thus soon my life-fires smoulder
In ashes of the year.

I heard the impatient mace of Duty
Beat the posts of my outer door,
And saw the ghosts of indignant Beauty
And spent hours to count my store.

I thought to guard the day, unvaunted,
As 'twere a sin—until forgot—
Avoid the friendly feast so haunted
Of Youth that now was not.

There came a perfume from the mountains,
A message heart-warm from the west;
Singers with songs like lyric fountains,
A book of verse, a guest.

A great white steamer crossed the water,
Bride-proud in the summer blue;
Moving like some Olympian daughter,
On cycles ever new.

And then I woke, new-born to living
And learned my soul is ever young—

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As a life of Love and self-forgiving,
A song forever sung.

I fear the waiting wrath no longer,
I count the measured years no less;
I take the road before me stronger
Shouldering my cross.

IVAN SWIFT.

Harbor Springs, Mich.

THEIR FIRST DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

“Hey! Youse, Muggsy, keep off o’ dat grass! You wanter be pinched!”

“Ah Gwan, what’s eatin’ yer. Dis ain’t no park. Dey ain’t na cops yere.”

“Hully Gee! Is dat straight, no cops? What yer givin’ me now? Co’s e dey is. Cops is everywhere. Youse can’t put nuttin’ like dat over on me. I keeps off’n de green, I do.”



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. . . A great man is a woman's dream incarnated. Only through the potential greatness of woman can appear the militant greatness of man.

—Will Levington Comfort.

ALIENS.

Man's world always, this has been—everything arranged for men—and the women are foreigners.

—Will Levington Comfort.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

He wondered how the artist had made the light fall upon the dull clay always where the Christ stood or walked or hung. He was struck by the fine modeling at the outer edges of the palms, and the trailing length of the fingers. One could not quite tell where the flesh ended and the healing magnetism began.

—Will Levington Comfort.

Dear Open Roaders.

We are again packing and shipping GERALDSON'S FIGS, and shall be very glad to supply you, as in the past. Our prices for the season will be the same as last:

5 lbs. to any express office in U. S., prepaid for.....	\$1.00
5—28 oz. "cans" anywhere by express, charges collect	1.00
10 lbs. to any Wells Fargo office, prepaid.....	1.40
48 28-oz. "cans" 100 lbs. gross, any where in U. S. by freight prepaid	12.50

In addition to GERALDSON'S FIGS we are now packing a nice line of other fruits in one pound paper "cans." We tried this line out in a crude way last season and found it very popular. These fruits go 24 one pound "cans" to the case, which we will ship either in straight cases or in assortments as follows:

Prunes, straight cases	\$2.50
Peaches, straight cases	2.75
Pears, straight cases	3.25
Apricots, straight cases	3.50
Assortment, 6 each of above.....	3.10
Assortment, 4 each of above and 24 9-oz. figs.....	4.00

All of these prices f.o.b. Winters, you to pay transportation, which will be at the rate of \$2.20 per 100 lbs. by FREIGHT to Eastern points when shipment exceeds 100 lbs., or between 3 and 6½ cts. per lb. by EXPRESS according to distance and number of companies involved.

Straight cases of figs weigh about.....	50 lbs.
Straight cases of other fruits weigh about.....	32 lbs.
Assorted as above weigh about	50 lbs.

In addition to the above we are offering a special express assortment of 1 "can" each of the peaches, pears, prunes and apricots, and 6-9-oz. "cans" of figs here, you to pay charges... 1.35

Or, to any Wells Fargo office in U. S. charges prepaid..	1.35
Or, to any other express office in U. S.....	1.50

Order to-day. Money back Guarantee.

Yours truly,
GERALDSON FRUIT COMPANY.

Winters, Calif.

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3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
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Part or all of this series will be given anywhere on most reasonable terms. Dates now being made for the coming season.

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GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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No. 1 & 2

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

THE SICK HABIT.

For those who enjoy poor health.

WASTE no sympathy on the sick man or woman. I mean maudlin mistaken sympathy. They have too much of that already. That is partly what is the matter with them. Sickness and the desire for sympathy and coddling with the exemption which invalidism offers from the sterner responsibilities of life has developed a sort of invalid mania or sick habit. And this muddy strain runs deeper into our life stream than we think. It actually taints one or more members of nearly every family.

What the sick man needs nine times out of ten instead of coddling, is a sharp stick. He wants a bucket of cold water poured down his back—so to speak—something to

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GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA.
R. F. D. No. 1. Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*A foot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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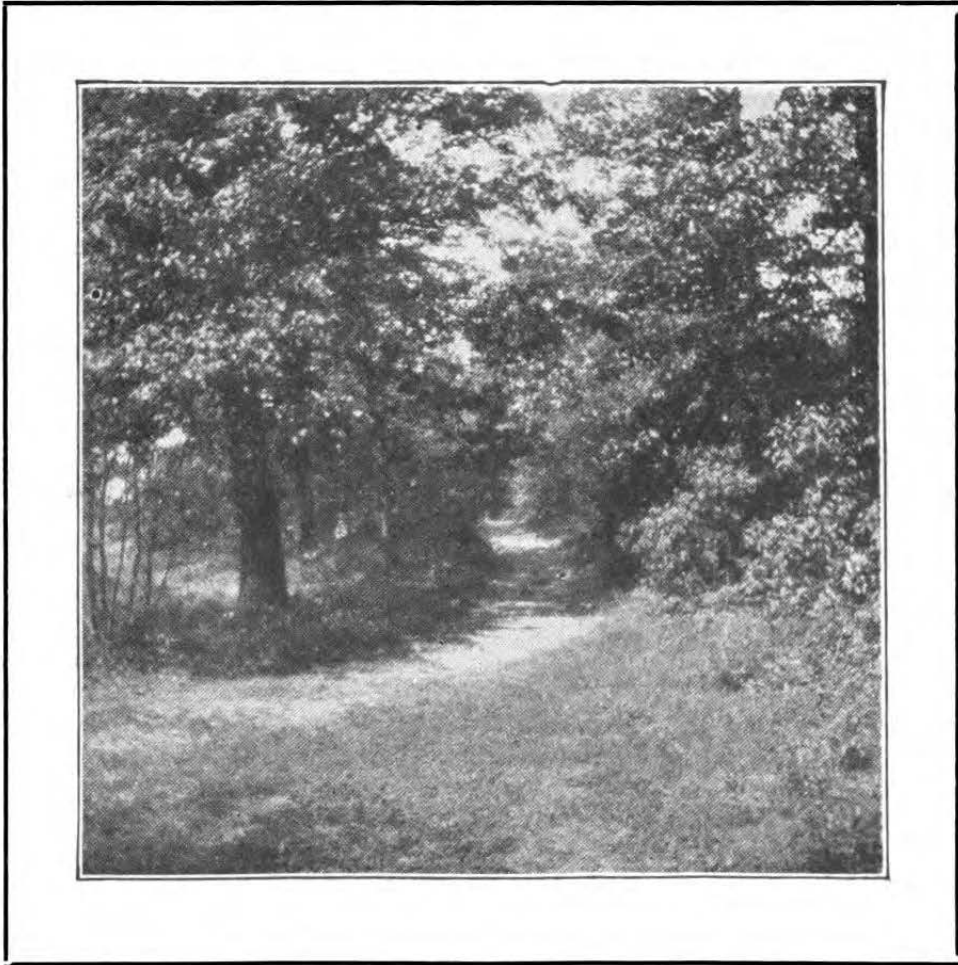
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YOU are one with the eternal rocks. From the same substance as your own is fashioned the everlasting hills and the waterfall and the plain and the valley and the sunshine and the dew drops and the deeps of ocean and all that is, and outside of you there is room for no god.

—BRUCE CALVERT.



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and will regale us each month with his inimitable sermons and stories in pictures. Ryan can tell more in three strokes of the pen than I can in a thousand words, and I am believed to be some writer, such is his marvelous power for seizing the Spirit of things and impaling it upon the moving line.

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Art Director

Of scarcely less importance to the OPEN ROAD and its good friends is the announcement that Jack Warren, a young genius from the literary and artistic belt of Indiana, now in the Art Department of The New York Sun, will hereafter be the Art Director of the 'Zinelet. Jack's work with the pen and crayon has much of the mystic beauty and sympathetic understanding of that master illustrator, Thomas Fogarty, who, by the way, was one of Jack's loved teachers and inspirers. I have already some of our new Art Director's little sketches in hand that will shortly begin to appear. They are genuine and sincere in conception and give promise of a great future for the young man who has set his ideal in the stars. Look for them.

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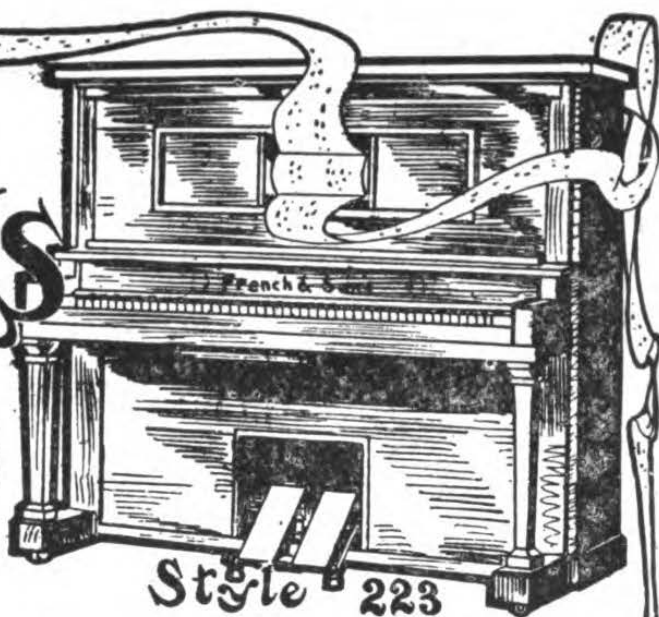
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and around and 3 on the way

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