Official Organ of the Society of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



Afoot and lighthearted I take to the open road,

Healthy, free, the world before me,

The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

- Old Walt

Printed as often as possible and mailed monthly to members in good standing only, by the Guild at

PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS INDIANA

Fifty cents a year Ten cents a copy

Fournal of the Society of the

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Published at

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#### The Open Road

::: GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA. :::

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Rates on Application.

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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.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune;

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,

Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,

Strong and content I travel the open road.

-WALT WHITMAN.

## THOREAU, HIS CHARACTER AND OPINIONS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

THOREAU was one of the most unique minds in American Letters, "he had decided, it would seem, from the very first to lead a life of self-improvement; the needle did not tremble as with richer natures, but pointed steadily north." Stevenson's handling of the subject is unlike any other Thoreau study and gives us a larger insight into his wonderful nature. We will mail you a copy of this beautiful Brochure for seven two cent stamps. It is illustrated with a portrait of Thoreau, and a full page duotype picture of Thoreau House at Concord. If you are bookish, send fifty cents silver, and receive six Brochures, each a little masterpiece by a great author.

The Caxton Society
Pittsfield in Berkshire, Mass.

YES, THIS is Vol. I, No. 1, the baby number of the OPEN ROAD. The first milestone on our journey—but you know the Open Road is a long one—it has no blind alleys, no end—and you better save this copy, and put your friends next, so they may also start off with the bunch.

I have a suspicion that copies of this issue will soon be very scarce. Those who read subsequent numbers will want

to be in it, from the first.

Truth is neither new nor old, but eternal, and the OPEN ROAD will have just enough truth in its make up, we hope, to render it immortal, and of course enough error to make it readable and safe from the handicap of the painfully perfect.

See that your files begin with No. 1, and let your friends know so they may start with us. We are all off together for our

perpetual tramp in the OPEN ROAD.

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as stood the test of time, now being in its fifth year, and appeals to ll men-not-afraid-of-an-idea (and women) and lovers of the simple

ife. We are living what we preach.

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If you want reading that is not diluted with sky-scrapers, smoke d sewer gas, send us a "long green" sooner!

HE EVERGREENS (That's Who!)

\*LALLA, WASH., U. S. A. (That's Where!)

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### WILLIAM S. CRANDAL

Chairman Membership Committee

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#### "THE OPEN ROAD,"

Griffith, Ind., R. F. D. No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

Vol. I

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

No. 1

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher,

THIS BANTLING quite contrary to all tradition is not come to fill a long-felt want nor to satisfy a great popular demand. I am obliged to admit at the start that it is instigated chiefly by the unquenchable thirst of the author to break into print.

I've waited long enough to be discovered, but no daring Columbus coming my way, I just had to butt into this game, as my neighbor Deacon Hardscrabble, puts up his Sunday morning prayer at Gil Gal meeting house—by main strength and awkwardness. They say the only way to learn to write is to write.

And so here we are, and here goes, and God help us all.

#### No No No

The Open Road is really a highway so broad there is no danger of collisions—elbow room for all and to spare. It's the only road to freedom, and freedom is the only thing that makes life worth while.

#### 78 78 78

I am sorry that I cannot begin this number with any declaration of principles, creed or platform. In starting on this tramp we shall travel light. Small impedimenta. As little baggage as possible. Embarrassed by no platform to uphold, hampered by no creed to sustain, no mission to advance, no fetich to bow down to, we shall freely and fearlessly travel the Open Road of life as we find it.

#### \* \* \*

After all, as for creed—what finer than

the Dear Love of Man for his Comrade?

And as for Mission — what greater and nobler than the Universal Brotherhood of Man—the thought that shall bring peace on earth and good will to all men?

And for a Litany—what more beautiful or more inspiring than the voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops?

#### A 4 4

We're all sailing life's voyage under sealed orders anyway, says Emerson. I do not know whether this is true or not, but I do know that on this trip, we have no itinerary, we simply set out. We shall travel as many miles a day as we feel like—we'll take in the side-trips too, returning always to The Open Road, and if we want to stop and camp by the road-side, we'll do it. Every camping place will be our journey's end for that day. And when we resume our tramp it will be a new trip.

I am sure there are no termini in this road. No breaks. Life itself is an Open Road—a river that flows on unbroken down through the grooves of time. What are centuries? Ages? Cycles even! Simply mile-posts on this never-ending journey. Before us stretches the road as far as that which lies behind us, and farther, and still farther.

10 10 10

Perhaps there is no such thing as arriving—anywhere. At perfection for example, perfect happiness, or absoluted misery, or complete success. Perhaps the perfect and the absolute are terms that have no meaning. The relative only can be known.

So it seems that life is a moving circle. All we have to do is to strike our own centre in this vortex and serenely watch the procession of planets and universes wheeling around us.

All we really know about life is that it is fluid. It is motion. It must never become static. Movement, everywhere motion, change, passing, forward if possible, but movement—even the wrong way is after all progress,—for motion is life, rest is death.

And so, we hail each new day with joy, and we look trustfully into that horizon not knowing nor caring what may be ahead of us. If it be a valley, we'll enjoy the cool, shady depths. If windswept heights await us, we'll revel in the glorious view from the summit. If storms, we'll wait till the clouds pass and then drink in the sunshine, and the sweet refreshing odors of the new earth after the shower.

And what of that long journey they tell us about beyond the hole in the ground—where your true believer checks his baggage for Elysium?

Must we not live in the black shadow of that orthodox hell which theology has so cheerfully painted for us, and is now fighting its last gasp to save—for you know theology will sacrifice its gold-brick paved heaven, its immaculate conception, its dread Trinity, even the Holy Ghost himself—before it will give up its hell. Sure, what fun would any heaven be, I'd like to know if we couldn't look over the edge and see our enemies sizzling in Hell! Give up our bottomless pit, and the lake of fire that burneth forever? Well, I guess not.

#### N 10 10

Must we not then take thought now, and spend our days and nights preparing for that dread plunge into the unknown? No, no dear soul. Not at all. That journey too is an Open Road. It's all life or a part of life, and we need not worry about it at all. We may safely forget it, dismiss it from our thoughts.

We have in fact nothing to do with it. Nature is taking care of that change and the'll do it according to her own fixed aws which are always for our highest good.

A dear old friend writes me on this sery point:

My Dear Mr. Calvert—

Your sample pages received. I cannot tell you sorry I am that you are departing from the good old way; that you are denouncing God, Heaven and Hell. I would like to encourage you if I could in conscience. Where shall you and I spend our eternity? Where! Yours in love,

MRS. M. E. STEELE, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

This is always the last terrifying appeal of your fear-steeped fanatic. "Where shall you spend eternity—WHERE!"

Accompanying my friend's letter is a tract written by some fear-crazed "Hell Tooter," who mourns that he cannot make people "quake with fear for the future" as he used to. He says, "Unbelief does

not annihilate God, responsibility, Sins Judgment, the Lake of Fire, Eternity. And he adds: "I think the sinner who is unconcerned about the salvation of his soul is THE DEVIL'S MASTERPIECE."

Well, I am glad he admits that the devil at least could produce a master piece. According to the theologians their God never did. He never did any thing right. Always repenting of his mistakes, and taking his spite out of poor human people by burning or drowning them, and devising cruel and fiendish punishments for their soul's salvation.

He is not even satisfied when he had done his poor victim to death, but had invented a kind of perpetual torture chamber, which the church calls Hell where sinners are harried thruout all eternity for the divertisement of the saved. Fine business isn't it? Even the Romans got tired of their arena, wearied

f seeing the gladiators bite the dust, but ur loving Heavenly Father keeps it up ill the end of time.

#### A 40 40

Where shall I spend eternity? WHERE! Frankly, my children, I don't know and don't care a tinker's dam where spend eternity. It's none of usiness. I have naught to do with ternity save that portion of it I am bending here and now with you imrades of the Open Road, in this inlit glade. Eternity does not worme at all. I am interested only in e now and here. In the Open Road. I ent to be kind, to do my work the best can be done, to scatter kind thoughts, to look for the best there is in others, d to leave the world a little better for lying lived. That is all I care about, d I have faith to believe that the very st provision for whatever may come is in doing all these things. I do not

know what is to come and I am satisfied that no preacher nor anyone else does.

And anyway, I am sure I can gather enough joy and beauty into my soul is one day's tramp thru the woods or along the Open Road to last me thruout al eternity, whatever that may be.

Eternity—it's after all only one leg o the bogy-man conjured up by theologian to terrify children and the unthinking sheep. Common `human sense an Brotherhood have about kicked the stuff ing out of the old straw scarecrow. H no longer terrifies us. He's only a wretch ed, pitiful object, shorn of his power t hurt.

All we know or need to know abou this journey into another sphere of life! And when we have that it is good. passed thru the portals, we will loo back, as dear Robert Louis says, i

wonder that we were ever filled with apprehension.

And so Comrades, we'll just live today—find our heaven here and now in living the right life, the sane, sweet, useful, kindly life—and be hanged to Eternity. It'll take care of itself.

To our work then, and here in the Open Road we'll drink our cup of joy to the full, nor harbor a single gloomy thought for the morrow.

A 48

A 48

And speaking of Joy, I wonder if any greater happiness can come to any man or woman than the Joy of Good work well done? Surely there is no excuse in this life for any such thing as hopeless misery or despair so long as there is good work to be done.

Recipe for having good neighbors—look for the best there is in them.

**19** 12 18

The old orthodox Heaven is like life-insurance—you have to die to win out.

To'ell with your Punk Pellets, for Punk People—

Take to THE OPEN ROAD.

THE OPEN ROAD is a journal of faith for workers and thinkers. It stands for the simple life of truth, beauty, cleanliness and purity of body, thought and action, and is dedicated to the members of that large and growing society, the the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

New society, you say? Yes, new to him who has never realized his kinship with the race, and yet old, as old as the roof-tree of Creation itself to the initiated. On it's rolls are the sweet spirits of every age who felt within them the tie that binds us all to the throbbing heart of humanity.

Are you a member? Yes you are if you think you are.

Workers and thinkers! What a distinction. Notwithstanding the unnatural system society has built up around itself, there are but two classes of people who have any excuse for existence. The first is the WORKERS and the second is the WORKERS AND THINKERS.

Observe both classes work. The workers and thinkers represent the highest possibilities of The workers man. are the foundation of our social struct-They may and become must ure. thinkers also, thus combining the vitalizing power of thought with useful work which alone makes the perfect man. Thinkers only, have no true place in the economic scheme of things.

JP JP JP

The world is ours. All the precious gems of truth the race has gathered in all the ages behind us are ours by the

right of birth. The store-houses of Nature are not locked. There are no bars to the granaries of wisdom. The way of knowledge is an open road.

#### A 46 48

And, so, we will travel the Open Road of life together and we will go joyfully on our way, gathering as we pass the flowers of love that grow so thickly by the way-side. And from month to month, we will meet here and talk it over. We shall travel much and learn much in this road for you remember it is "The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

#### 19 19 19

Nothing in the Universe shall escape us. Nor shall any "No Thoroughfare" warnings halt us. Human life is our open road, and we have the right of way. Hand in hand we will go together. Whatever we find will be good, and whoever we meet we will hail as brother.

THE OPEN ROAD—for Mental Constipation and Brain Fag. Recommended by Regular and Irregular Physicians and Christian Psychologists.

1 Dose every thirty days for 12 months, 50 cts. Painless Cure guaranteed or

Money Refunded.

In any useful life health is the first requirement. Note that Old Walt starts on his journey "Healthy and free!" Indeed I think the corner-stone of the new religion of man will be health. The sickly saintly sinner of the past must take a back seat; for how can any sick man inherit the kingdom of heaven?

THE OPEN ROAD will teach the new gospel of health, mental, physical and spiritual. We need more fresh air, more attention to diet; better understanding of the needs and care of the body, and less doctoring; more sanity, less superstition; more light, more love, less of gloom; more of life, less of death.

AM JUST back from a most delightful week at Roycroft where the New-Thoughters held their annual convention.

I think the greatest triumvirate in the literature of all time is THE PHILLISTINE THE FRA, and LITTLE JOURNEYS,—published by the Roycrofters at East Aurora, N. Y.

Elbert Hubbard is at once the despair and the inspiration of every writer and would-be speaker in America today. No man of this age is so great at so many angles. He will be canonized and take his honored place on the calendar of the Saints of sanity, sweetness and human freedom along with Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll; his preachments on the Joy of useful work and the sweetness of doing the thing well being worth more to the world than all the theological hash, doctrinal chop sooy and pious punk ever preached from all the pulpits of

#### APPRECIATION.

I am deeply touched by the spirit of brotherhood and kindly interest manifest among leading thinkers and new thought publications towards our little toddler, The Open Road.

Surely here is ample proof that brotherhood lies at the core of every human heart, however deeply it may be covered up by the weeds of greed and grouch—waiting for him who comes with the right knock. Seek and ye shall find.

I can only give here a few of the very, very many good things received. I thank these and all other friends whose kindly, encouraging words and good thoughts cheer us onward.

To-Morrow Magazine-

"The Open Road is a little thirty-two page monthly, of unusual attractiveness. Just issued from Pigeon-Roost-In-the-Woods. Its editor is Bruce T. Calvert, with whose writing many of our readers are undoubtedly familiar. We are indebted to Brother Calvert for many valuable contributions

which have appeared in past issues of To-Morrow.

Bruce T. Calvert always writes good stuff—it's always worth reading and preserving. His writings radiate with health, courage, optimism. Bruce says that his magazine stands for "the simple life of truth, beauty, cleanliness and purity of body, thought and action," and is the Journal of the "Universal Brotherhood of Man." You can not read The Open Road without feeling a little better for it. Bruce writes from the heart. He loves you—all. Like Old Walt Whitman, he says, "By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms." People naturally love Bruce T. Calvert, and the reason for it is that he loves them."

Boss Evergreen Gurgitates!

My God! Am I too late with my copy for that first issue? I am anxious to be represented in No. 1. Good luck to the little "woods colt" you are planning to punish the public with. There is no one I would rather see attain success than your good self.

L. E. RADER, Soundview, Olalla, Wash.

We acknowledge with appreciation specimen pages of your forthcoming OPEN ROAD, and feel that we will be much pleased to regularly exchange our Bible Review with you.

ESOTERIC PUBLISHING CO., Applegate, Calif.

We are pleased with the material and style of the sample pages of your magazine. You have our best wishes for success.

OPTIMIST PUBLISHING Co., Boston, Mass.

I thank you for calling my attention to your new magazine, THE OPEN ROAD. I wish you abundant success in this great work. CLAUDE J. BELL, Editor Progressive Teacher, Nashville, Tenn.

The proof pages of the OPEN ROAD are delightfully inspiring. We congratulate you, and we hope millions will travel the OPEN ROAD with you to health and success.

THE STELLAR RAY, Detroit, Mich.

I read the sample pages of the OPEN ROAD with appreciation. It's good stuff, and will tend to awaken people to think for themselves. W. S. CRANDALL, Chairman Pub. Com., Amer. Society for Psychical Research,

Roycroft Inn, E. Aurora, N. Y.

Comrade-

Your modesty deserves reward. I will send you a \$10.00 check as soon as I reach home, Whiting, Ind., for forty new subscriptions for one year. Most of these will be my friends.

Truly, DR. W. E. PUTNAM:

Thanks, Doctor. If all the doctors in this country were like you, I am afraid there would not be much excuse for the OPEN ROAD. If anybody else wants to add \$10.00 worth of good cheer to the world, send on the names of forty of your friends, (or enemies,) and we will do the rest.

Friend Calvert

Glad to hear from you with the OPEN ROAD. Will do what I can to meet you half way, "where the woods are green and the winds are soft and low." DR. E. ELMER KEELER, Editor, Good Health Clinic, Syracuse, N. Y.

I am very much pleased with the sample pages of your little magazine. With all good wishes,

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Editor, The Nautilus, Holyoke, Mass.

We are in thorough sympathy with the aim of the OPEN ROAD, and wish you every success with the new magazine. We would be glad to exchange, and if there is any other way in which we can testify to our fellowship, we will be glad to do so.

WALKER C. SMITH, Editor Quest, Colorado Springs, Col.

Your prospectus seems to show that you are fearless in what you propose to say, so long as it is the truth, and not dabble with half-truths or theories, with which the world is already overcrowded.

Sincerely yours, expressing life most healthfully and vigorously, CUMMINGS D. WHITCOMB,

School of Dynamic Health, Detroit, Mich.

#### Dear Brother-

Enclosed find my half-plunk for the OPEN ROAD. Am sure I shall enjoy your dope, as a woman in this part of the country needs something to boost her along at times. I give you the addresses of some of my friends who heard your lecture last spring and are interested. Send them sample copics.

With all good wishes, SOPHIE W. EASTERBROOK, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Here's hoping that you make your new magazine a great big success.

THOMAS DREIER,

The Business Philosopher, Libertyville, Ill.

#### Dear Comrade Bruce

Sample pages of the OPEN ROAD received, and its tabloid contents look good to me. I am somewhat of a disciple of Old Walt myself. Shake! Here's wishing you success, but not too much of it.

HENRY D. DEMUTH, New York City.

The magazine you intend to publish certainly has a great mission, and there is more than room enough for only one of these publications. I hope you will be successful and get the necessary assistance to make your venture a success.

BENEDICT LUST, The Naturopath, New York City.

#### Dear Brother-

We are in receipt of your specimen pages of the OPEN ROAD. We bid you welcome to the field of special publishers, and extend to you our hearty congratulations upon the appearance of the sample pages. The plan of your new magazinelet appeals to us. Heartily,

HAROLD A. HOLMES, The Caxton Society, Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Brother Calvert—

Enclosed I am sending you the necessary "dough" to secure the OPEN ROAD, which I feel confident will be a very broad and open road, and which all good fellows ought to take to. If the sample pages you have sent are any indication of what is to follow, I am sure you will meet with great success.

Your key note word "Brotherhood" is the winner. We have had the hell of individualism long enough. It has destroyed many civilizations, and it takes fearless men like yourself to assist in bringing about real Brotherhood, based on Truth, Un

selfishness, Courtesy and kindness.

Make the world smile, old man, and take your place along with "Old Walt" and the rest of the boys.

Yours, very sincerely, Chas. W. DENICKE, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Brother Calvert—

You will have no trouble in separating me from a dollar in behalf of the OPEN ROAD, or any other act you care to perform. The OPEN ROAD sounds good to me. I enclose you \$2.00 and four names to go on the rolls. Next month I will send some more dollars and names. In the meantime you may count on our good wishes.

I look forward with pleasure to hearing more of your good thoughts, a few of which we heard at the Spring with the Hubbards.

DR. S. HOWLAND PYNE, New York City.

Dear Brother Calvert—

I "dig," as per your request. Send along your dope and I'll look it over. While I am of the opinion that your "Universal Brotherhood of Man" is but a Jack-o-lantern or brain-storm, I sincerely hope that in your wild chase you may accumulate some dollars from the roadside, and thereby attain success in a financial way, for the other is impossible.

Very sincerely, J. P. THURSTON, Chicago.

Glad you have chosen the OPEN ROAD, and unfurled your banner of thought and ideas to the world. It takes courage. Hope more will have it.

MRS. IDA S. McNeill, Chicago, Ill.

Judging from the pages you enclosed to me, your magazine is going to be a spicy epoch making magazine, full of things tending to jar people out of old ruts.

Wishing you success, I am, DR. C. S. CARR, Editor in-Chief Columbus Medical Journal.

Christendom.

Those who raise the foolish question, "Is Hubbard sincere?" write themselves down as ignorant of the laws of nature and consequently incompetent to judge.

No man can accomplish what this man has done and not be sincere, because only in sincerity and whole-heartedness could he have the co-operation of the forces of nature, which would enable him to do his work. It would not be possible for any man to do the marvelous things that Elbert Hubbard has done and is doing every day unless he did work in harmony with the laws of being. In his sincerity lies his strength. The forces of Nature cannot be called out except by him who comes with pure heart and in terrible earnestness.

I advise every Open Roader to read THE PHILLISTINE. I read it religiously as I do all of the "good stuff" and I consider it quite the finest bit of mental meat that ever came earthways.

#### Health and Diet Hints.

I make no apology for this department. Surely when the intimate relation of the thought processes and physical health is considered, it will be seen that health—joyous, bounding, natural health—is in fact the first essential in life, the beginning of all wisdom. That wrong thinking and wrong living, ignorance and crime are too often but the symptoms of diseased organs or perverted natural functions.

The new thought wave, so called, or the awakening of the race conscience that we hear so much about, is not alone in the field of philosophy and religion, but we are also feeling its benign influence in our daily lives, in the matters of dress, diet, care of the body, eating, sleeping, breathing, and all that concerns the human animal.

As we are breaking away from our su18

perstitious beliefs in anthropomorphic Gods, Holy Ghosts, and Devils, so we are also loosing the shackles of blind, stupid dependence upon doctors and drugs for health. We are learning that health is in us, and about us, in the air that we breathe, in the sunshine that filters through our blood, in proper nutrition, and we are learning that not all the stuff we see on the grocer's shelves, or on the dining table is food—for us.

We have awakened to the great fact that we ourselves are the authors of our sufferings and diseases, that our dietary sins, chiefly those of over-eating, eating at the wrong time, swallowing our food whole, and wrong food combinations are responsible for much of our misery.

The OPEN ROAD will have something to say each month along general rational diet lines, proper breathing and care of the body, right attitude toward life, etc., based upon the predication that to mani-

fest sanely, sweetly and usefully, we must have sound, healthy bodies to work with.

The very first thing to claim the attention of adults in the process of nutrition is mastication. We must first learn to chew, Fletcherize, that's it, Fletcherize. Chew and chew all food until it is reduced to a liquid state, thoroughly mixed with the juices of the mouth. No incident of my visit to the Roycroft camp this year was more enjoyable than that of meeting Horace Fletcher. No man of his time has done so much to emphasize this one point of mastication. So strongly has he impressed his idea upon the world that the term Fletcherism has now passed into the language as a word in common use.

To Fletcherize properly, eating must be done deliberately in a cool, poised frame of mind. We should partake of our food with thankful hearts, and enjoy it in peace and quiet. Nature will stand for no quick-

lunch methods. The man who bolts his food and haunts the quick-lunch routes is greasing the ways that will land him with a quick rush in the boneyard or the bughouse.

That will be our first lesson then—mastication. Later on will come selection of foods, according to seasons, age, sex, occupation, etc., for this matter of foods and diet is a many-sided question. No one can do more than lay down general rules. man can select a perfect diet for another. Each must be his own diet teacher, but before he can trust himself in the selection of foods, he must get rid of certain inhibitions to a proper understanding of his needs, namely, appetite, sensual indulgence of all kinds, and the superstitions that everything that can be eaten is food, that we have to eat to keep up ou strength, that we live to eat, that the soul and not the body is the important thing, and that life is at the best but a

mere interval of misery in preparation for an eternal paradise with nothing to do.

I say these and a few other misconceptions must be removed from the mind before the average man can trust himself to make proper selection of foods. In short, he must be master of himself.

Along with this will come suggestions as to proper breathing, for breathing is an important part of nutrition, and then later we shall probably include in this department, every month, instructions as to the preparation of healthful dishes, harmonious food combinations, etc.

It is a shame that we have to talk health in this scientific and religious age, but we must do it. We should not have to write and talk about health at all. Health is our normal state, our birthright. The intuitions of the body should care for all that, but the trouble is we have bartered away our inheritance for the flesh pots of indulgence, ignorance,

laziness, superstition. We have no intuitions, we have lost them. Now we have to go to work and by right living awaken these protective intelligences within us into activity, and we've got to keep up this agitation and talk health until health becomes the common thing and disease and weakness the exception, as should be.

And the first step in our effort to return to the normal is to develop the dietetic conscience.

We have no cemetery, not even a graveyard at Pigeon-Roost. No preacher (except myself) no lawyer, and the nearest doctor, thank God is seven miles away. Why shouldn't we be happy?

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The OPEN ROAD is the switch-board through which we come in touch with kindred souls. Love supplies the induction that carries our hearts' vibrations by wireless over the trackless oceans of space.

23

A PUBLICATION of this character needs no apology. If you ask me whether it is needed or not, I point to the times and the conditions that obtain as the answer. So long as the mass of the people are ruled by superstition, almost as hopeless as that of the darkest ages we have passed through, so long as we worship the fetish of the so-called learned professions, so long as we blindly bow to the ukase of the medical graft, educational graft, political graft, sex graft, and theological graft, the need of such work is great.

Some one who has had the great good fortune to escape from the clouds of darkness that are pressing down upon poor, blind humanity, must sound a note of hope, must point to better things, and that is what the OPEN ROAD stands for:—

Freedom; self control; plain living and high thinking; for the Philosophy of Joy, and the Religion of Right Living; Peace on earth and Good will to all men.

Pigeon-Roost. Our wants are few and simple. I never knew how little man really needs for perfect happiness and health, until I took to the woods. Fresh air and sunshine abound. Our garden supplies almost every want. We do not need many clothes. A suit of overalls answers every purpose. The feverish frills of fashion rack us not.

As for art, we have that which passes all art—Nature at work on the ever-changing scenes of her canvas.

As for music, we have that which transcends all human melody—the music of Nature. No orchestra of brass, strings or wood ever equalled our galaxy of performers. Every happy singer a soloist, an artist. And the ensemble of birds, bees, crickets, tree toads, and the myriads of other happy creatures, all pouring out their hearts in song, an anthem that floods the soul with joy.

In the morning we are awakened by our feathered neighbors, and at night lulled to sleep by the hum of the little singers of the wood. The night and the morning each has its orchestra—music all day long—and such music as never was heard in concert hall or band stand.



No peal of deepest organ pipe can compare with the soughing of the wind through the tree tops at night when all is still and the cool and placid stars smile down in silent approval.

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Dear Comrades of the Open Road, how the mad world needs to learn the lesson that the sweetest joys of life are in reach of any and all—the beggar as well as Croesus—all for the asking, all for merely opening the doors of the heart, tuning ourselves to the rhythm and harmony of the life about us—simply opening the windows of the soul and looking out.

Oh! tired and weary traveler of earth's roads, whoever you are, and wherever you are, open the windows of your soul and look out. You'll see a joy-clad world, where beauty and sweetness abound. Oh! tone-deaf plodder after the bauble of society's stamp, or mad with the lust of ownership, consumed with a burning flame that nothing you will realize can ever quench—be still—stop the clatter of your feverish dream—look out and up—drop into Nature's key, and you'll hear the divinest harmony that ever assailed hu-It's in you, and all about you, man ears. all yours for the claiming.

The world is so full of joy and beauty—riches untold—and we need so little. No man knows how little we really need till he allows Mother Nature to take him to her heart and show him the way.

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And now, Comrades, it is not how much we have, but how wisely and well and un-

selfishly we use what we have that makes for happiness—here and now—and joy everlasting.

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And so here, in this shady spot by the roadside—we'll rest under the branches of this dear oak, for this is the end of our journey for to-day.

# Human Brotherhood.

A dear friend of mine assures me that Universal Brotherhood of Man is a beautiful dream, but nothing more. A dream that never can be realized.

Well, if Brotherhood is a dream, I would rather cherish the dream than awake to the horrible conviction that present social and economic cruelties and inhumanities will never be outgrown. But I think my friend is wrong I do not believe that Brotherhood is a dream. I think it is already a fact, a part of our atmosphere, as much so as sunlight

and electricity.

This spirit of love for others is the golden cord that has encircled the race, bringing it up out of the early mists of crudity, through the darkness of past ages to its present stature. It surely is love, brotherhood, that binds the race together. We see it in the home, in social circles, in nations and peoples. Now all we need to do is just remove the barriers of selfishness and creeds—extend our outposts a little to include all mankind.

And I have the feeling that any movement, cult, religion or educational system for the betterment of man, must move toward Universal Brotherhood, else it does not make for progress. It is destructive, reactionary, and must go down, for all the forces of Nature will be against it.

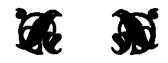
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Many a man is seeking for the solution of life's problem through the door marked "Extra Pale."

# Take to the Woods.

Take to the woods, oh! restless dweller in the jungle of sky-scrapers, telegraph poles, dirty sidewalks, dirtier streets, filthy alleys, smoke, sewer gas, noise, rum-hôles, dreary pulpits, dull school-room prisons, policemen, houses of prostitution, hypocrisy, cruelty and cant. Take to the woods. Get the dust and grime of civilization out of your soul. Live again in the fresh sweet breath of the country, and know what life is.

Yes, take to the woods. There is a beauty and nobility in the great, solemn, and religious woods that expands the heart and lifts the soul to God. You hear his voice in the whispering of the leaves as they rustle in the evening breeze, and under the cool and silent stars your heart finds peace. Take to the woods.



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Abridged Extract from the Constitution and By-Laws.—Exoteric.

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NOTE—You don't have to subscribe to the magazine to become a member of the Society, but you'll feel better if you do, and so will the editor.

ELIGIBILITY—All men and all women who feel their kinship with the race are invited.

INITIATION— Greet the next traveler you meet on the OPEN ROAD with a smile and a hearty handshake, and send fifty cents to the Shrine of the Society for a year's subscription to the Official Journal.

GRIP—The warm, healthy grasp of true friendship.

PASSWORD AND COUNTERSIGN—"Howd'y, Brother," and a sweet smile of kindly, human interest.

CREED—Kind Thought, Kind Word, Kind Deed.

RITUAL—Doing our daily work the best we can, and doing it cheerfully, kindly. Living our lives sanely and sweetly.

LITANY--The voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS—Smile; recognize the divine spark in every man you meet and your kinship with all of God's creatures.

Punishments and Penalties—Man can only punish himself. If you feel that you have conducted yourself as unbecoming a member of the noble Brotherhood; if you have failed to look for the best in your neighbor, or if in a moment of weakness you have let loose a barbed arrow of pain to wound a brother or a sister, just send half a dollar and the name of your victim for a year's subscription to the Open Road, receive absolution from the Shrine, take a new grip on yourself, resolve not to do so again, and forget it.

PURPOSE—To encourage the sentiment for right living, and to express in our lives the beautiful spirit of Brotherhood and love for one another, which is to solve all human problems and bring about peace on earth and good will to all men.

How to Become a Member—Smile, and send half a dollar with your name and address for membership card and subscription to the OPEN ROAD for one year.

I have spoken.

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

Headquarters and Shrine of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. In the Northwest Quarter of Section 32, Township 36, Range 8, West of the Principal Meridian.

By BRUCE T. CALVERT, Keeper of the Shrine.

# LECTURES

# By BRUCE T. CALVERT

the Open Road,
the Religion of Right Living,
larmony in Nature,
In Evening with Omar Khayyam,
In Evening with Walt Whitman,

he Creation according to Science and the Bible.

The Food Question ~ Rational Dietary.

Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in the Philadelphia North American

The New Thoughtists got their First Lesson in Right Living in the Roycroft Chapel this evening. Bruce T. Calvert, of hicago, who is here to reveal it in a series of six lectures, and ho is a mighty earnest and honest devotee, by the way, exlained some of it to a chapel full of people this morning, then he put the whole crowd through the first of the breather exercises, by means of which he says it is possible to about the essential truths of all the systems of religion, philosophy, science and sociology that have been invented or other-

ise procured.

According to Mr. Calvert, nothing in the line of escaped ruth, from Plato to Hubbard, or from Zoroaster to Christ, is a possible to those who breathe the right way. "All good is the human body of man," he declared, "and all we have to is to unroll it and develop it through proper breathing. here is nothing outside the human body. If man is the final roduct of the laws of evolution, working through the years, he cumulation of all powers, potentialities and forces in the niverse, then where in God's name can you look for anything at in the human being." After the singing Mr. Calvert, who is the Fra's antithesis, having no hair to speak of, spoke very sodestly and sincerely about life and its philosophy. He said: The most of us are so hypnotized we look to theologious alone for truth, whereas all we get from them is opinions."

"We eat too much and we breathe too little," says Bruce Calvert, who has been giving a series of lectures in Denver or

the subject of "The Economy of Life."

The world in which we live is insane, our institutions of learning are conducted by insane men, according to Mr. Calvert, and they are insane because they cannot practically apply their knowledge to the art of living. Learning that cannot be applied to life in some form is rubbish, says the lecturer and yet thousands of people who are going through institution of higher education do not know the simplest rules of health and long life and happiness. As an example of this is cited the case of one of the leading educators of the country who was "cut off" in the prime of life. A physical examination showed that his death was due to over-eating.

"Every day," says Mr. Calvert, "we read of men going to sanitoriums to recuperate from 'overwork.' What they are really suffering from is over-eating. It is not the brain of the

man of today that is working too much—it is his jaws!

"Nature that has been working for millions of years know more than the doctor who has been studying medicine for 3 years and nature tells the man who is sick to stop eating. The stomach is constantly over stimulated by too much and the

wrong kind of food.

"People say, 'see that large fat man with the fine recheeks. He is the picture of health.' But in reality he is not the picture of health. He is diseased and some day they real of his sudden death and say 'what a shame. Such a stron man cut off in the prime of life.' Fat is not the sign of strength. Nor is muscle. It is nerve force that means reastrength."

Mr. Calvert placed particular importance upon the art obreathing. Few people, he thinks, appreciate "the breath of

life" or the part it plays in building up the body.

"If we breathed more we would eat less," says Mr. Calvered He gives to illustrate this assertion a number of breathing exercises and especially those calculated to relieve the tension on the body. He believes that the truly great man or woman must be master of the power of relaxation.

#### Jamestown [N. Y.] Morning Post

Those interested in the deeper questions of life found great profit in attending the lecture of vesterday afternoon at Elki

Hall. The speaker was Bruce T. Calvert, lecturer on Hygiene and Body Culture. Among the many interesting statements of

this pleasing speaker we cull the following:

"Breath is a mighty factor that few of us realize. There are forces around us that we know not of. The world which is evident to our natural sense is not all there is. After correct habits of rythmic breathing have been established and some power acquired by the student in controlling the body and the mental operations, the question of diet is taken up in a far more scientific and thorough manner than any school ancient or modern ever conceived. Health, plain simple health, is the requisite to a successful life. We should educate ourselves so that we may live the right life, enjoying the pleasures of perfect health and all that is good and beautiful. Foods are studied from every standpoint—foods and their proper combination—the right foods at the right season of the year. The needs of the body are consulted instead of the appetite."

#### Meadville [Pa.] Tribune Republican.

Bruce T. Calvert of Chicago lectured to the students of the Theological Seminary Sunday afternoon at Hunnewell Hall. The speaker gave a short sketch of Oriental history and philosophy and one of the remarkable breathing exercises as taught by the masters. The lecture was very interesting and was deeply enjoyed by the students. Mr. Calvert has been asked to give the entire course.

### Jamestown [N. Y.] Evening Journal.

Bruce T. Calvert of Chicago lectured on the Philosophy of Life to a large and select audience in the parlor of the Jamestown Lodge of Elks Sunday afternoon. Right living, he said, takes into consideration every day actions, eating, breathing, sleeping, social relations, and gives rules for health and happiness. A remarkable breathing exercise was given at the close of the lecture, Miss Lillian Johnson accompanying Mr. Calvert on the piano.

#### Denver News Times

Mr. Bruce T. Calvert's reading of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is unsurpassed. As an interpreter of the Old Tent Maker he has no equal on the lecture platform today.

"No one who hears Bruce T. Calvert will ever forget the quiet, forceful sincerity of the man. A pleasing voice and manner, his words carry conviction. Even tho you differ with him, you find yourself carried along by his logical and earnest presentation. He does not depend upon oratorical effort but appeals to your understanding, and the highest that is in you goes out to meet him."—

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### NATUROPATHIC HEALTH HOME.

Benedict Lust, Director, Butler, N. J.

N. B.—This is the original Institution of Naturopathy in America. We first employed the name, first proclaimed the doctrine, first proved the science. Don't judge anything by its imitations.

WHAT A sweet, true note, we have here from David Grayson, in the American Magazine for August.

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"It is the prime secret of the Open Road (but I may here tell it aloud) that you are to pass nothing, reject nothing, despise nothing upon As you travel, many things both this earth. great and small will come to your attention; you are to regard all with open eyes and a heart of simplicity. Believe that everything belongs somewhere; each thing has its fitting and luminous place within this mosaic of human life. True Road is not open to those who withdraw the skirts of intolerance or lift the chin of pride. Rejecting the least of those who are called common or unclean, it is (curiously) you yourself that you reject. If you despise that which is ugly you do not know that which is beautiful. For what is beauty but completeness? The roadside beggar belongs here, too; and the idiot boy who wanders idly in the open fields; and the girl who withholds (secretly) the name of the father of her child."

Your hand, David. You speak the password primeval. I know my brother's voice when I hear it.

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Cheer up, your enemies are not without, but within. Nobody is against you. You have nothing to fear. Everything is for you. God is on your side. Nature is your friend. Brace up—lift your chest—breathe deeply and go at 'em again.

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