



THE OPEN ROAD.

OF LIFE immense in passion, pulse
and power
Cheerful for freest action form'd under
laws divine
The modern man I sing.

—WALT WHITMAN.

The Religion of the Future

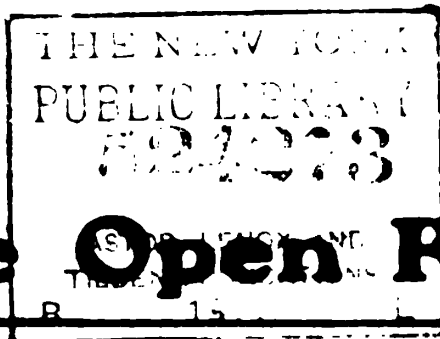
by *Charles W. Eliot*

(President of Harvard University for forty years)

¶ President Eliot is the most able educator this country has ever produced; a man of master mind, with broad and liberal ideas. In this little volume he dispels the fog that has ever surrounded our religious beliefs, and gives us the truth. A few years ago he would have been ostracized for writing such a book; but the world has changed, and now we have no fear of the old orthodox hell and the accompanying fireworks. President Eliot is not an atheist, he does not seek to destroy our beliefs; but he does tear away the creeds, cant, and conventional forms, that man in all ages has tacked on. If you are a believer, a non-believer or if you do not know just what you believe; read this book—it will set you right. ¶ Made into a classy lit volume by the Caxton workers, printed from large c^l type, in two colors, on special grey paper, portrait front piece, bound in stiff grey covers. And the price is only 50c.

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The Open Road

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No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

A Man.

OUT IN dry and dusty Denver lives a man who is making a fight against the powers of darkness that should go down in history as one of the decisive conflicts of the ages. But because his battle-ground is not spectacular, and because his weapons are intelligence and reason, as opposed to stupidity and ignorance, instead of thirteen-inch guns and lyddite shells, and partly also because of the innate modesty and shyness of the man himself, he will probably be known only to the awakened few of his generation.

Single handed, and alone, this man, Dr. J. H. Tilden by name, is waging one of the most courageous and pathetic battles in all

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history. Pathetic because those for whom he labors, those who will benefit most by his efforts are ready to crucify him at every step of the way.



Tilden's name will never be blazoned in the annals of medicine alongside of Pasteur, Jenner, Koch, Lister and others, yet he has done more for the healing art than all of these brilliant men combined.

There isn't a doctor today in this country who is not already on a saner, safer footing, in a better position to throw pretense and charlatanry to the winds and use common honesty and decency in his practice than would ever have been possible without Tilden's work. Yet we find the medical profession lined up solidly against him, and all that intrenched ignorance, petty spite, professional jealousy and downright damnable cussedness is capable of in the way of making it hot for a man is coming Tilden's way.

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Ask the next doctor you meet what he thinks of Dr. Tilden of Denver. Nine to one he'll show his teeth and say, "O, that quack. He's the lunatic that starves people to death." And yet that very doctor if he is worthy of his degree at all, is doing things today in his practice, using common sense in place of the crazy superstitions of the profession that he never would dared to do had not Tilden blazed the way and let in the light.



Just as Voltaire freed France from the disgrace of human torture, as Ingersoll and Elbert Hubbard have freed the preachers of America from their shackles of superstition and pious fraud, so is Dr. Tilden freeing the medical profession from the most dangerous and terrible obsession that ever cursed humanity—the drug fetich,—along with the fraud and pretense that is always necessary to perpetuate error.

And just as Ingersoll and Hubbard are

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today crucified by the preachers, so Tilden is handed the hemlock by the medicos.



What's Tilden doing? O, he's only trying to teach a stupid world that all sickness and disease are caused by persistent violation of nature's laws. That all physical ills are built by wrong habits of living. That doctoring and drugging cannot change a man's habits of life, hence cannot cure disease. That the road to health lies not thru doctor's prescriptions, medicine bottles, hospitals and surgical butchery, but thru self-control—thru correcting the errors of life and living in accord with the laws of health. In short, that there's only one disease—wrong living, consequently only one cure—right living. That no doctor and no drug ever did or ever can cure anything. That nature alone cures, and that she will do this abundantly and unerringly just as soon as the conditions of health are complied with and that she will not nor cannot do it in any other way.

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Now this is not a new principle at all. It's only a new application of the ages old statement that we live in a universe of law. Behind every fact is a cause. Nothing happens. Something for nothing is an immorality that cannot occur in nature's operations. We must pay for what we want. If you have thru a long course of abuses of your body built up a sickness—do you think you can get off by winking the other eye and taking a few gelatine capsules or tablet triturates? Not a bit of it. You've got to retrace every step of the way you've been traveling. Got to replace your bad habits with good ones, and got to pay off that old debt of accumulated error to the last jot and tittle with double complex and compound interest added besides. It's a blanket mortgage on your life and don't you forget it. There's no statute of limitations, and no bankrupt court in nature's adjudications. Only one thing—pay—pay.

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The only wonder is that physicians have never seen this before. They are fond of posing as educated men. They display their sheepskins to show that they belong to the "learned profession." There used to be only three of these, law, theology and medicine. Now there are seven hundred, and our three bluffers just mentioned are not on the list at all. I say doctors being educated men, should have known the simple truth that this is a world of law. And yet since Galen and maybe long before, the profession has been flying in the very face of nature. All down thru those eighteen hundred years doctors have been claiming to cure disease by the administration of drugs. Of course they couldn't do it. They never did do it. But the stupid public has been so under the spell of the doctor's diploma and his great learning (which the doctor never denied) that not even killing could awaken it to its error. Only yesterday people began to ask

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how it was that with all its boasted advances in remedies and germ knowledge, and with all the serums and disease sure-killers, the medical outfit wasn't curing sick folks now any more than the old calomel, blue mass and quinine dispensers of a generation ago did.



And now at last out of the ruck of the ages emerges an obscure Illinois country doctor, born with the lust to know, and the courage (alas how rare) to follow the truth when he sees it. And this man goes to Denver to work out the dream of his life which is nothing short of a complete revolution in the practice of medicine (science it is not and never has been), an abandonment of the drug doping, bug chasing, serum lunacies of present day medical schools for a new science which will be called Health. Doctors of the Tilden school will not practice medicine, but health, and the doctor himself will have

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to show some health before he can get his diploma. Of all the absurdities of this silly world isn't a sick doctor past the limit! The doctor of the future who cannot show forth a clean healthy body, or whose family is always on the ailing list, won't be sent for to doctor a sick pig.



And so from his mountain home our doctor who has at last broken the death grip which the medical profession has so long had upon us, flings out to the world the joyful message that each of us may be free from doctors, disease and drugs (what an assortment of deadly d's), from sickness and pain, if only we will learn to live right, stay close to nature, learn her laws and obey them. Health is in us and all around us. We must only so live that we are entitled to it.



Can you wonder then that the medical trust is against such a man? Even the majority of the people are against him, for doc-

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tors are but an excrescence evolved out of the stupidity, laziness, filth, and ignorance of the people. The average man doesn't want to earn or deserve health. He wants to buy it from some doctor, get it out of bottles. He wants health, but doesn't think for a moment of giving up his degrading habits to get it.

Of course the medical thimble-rigger resents being disturbed in his little game of juggling the dear people who pay the bills, fill the hospitals and surgical annals, take the dope gratefully and cheerfully shuffle out at 35 just because it's all strictly scientific, don't you know. People get well without medicine? Well I guess not if we know it! A man able to pay for the removal of his appendix be allowed to carry it around with him? Perish the thot! Out with it!



The doctor who believes in the delusion that drugs cure is too ignorant to be allowed to ply his deadly vocation, and the one who

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knows that drugs do not and cannot cure, but gives them because his patients know no better is compounding a felony against nature. Both are dangerous members of society.



But lo, a change is coming. Here's what's going to happen. More and more people will get their eyes opened. Men will come to the conclusion that it's better to be a live man full of health, than a dead one full of doctors' dope, no matter how up-to-date the medicine may have been or how thoroly scientific the treatment. And right in the storm centre of this great awakening stands J. H. Tilden. From Denver the waves of enlightenment are spreading to the ends of the earth. The people are awake to this new movement but the medical profession is not. Not since the age of Hellenic triumph has the human body received such attention. People are everywhere studying diet, food chemistry, ventilation, bathing, sanitation in

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the home, breathing, fresh air, physical exercise and relaxation with a zeal which promises well for the future. In every community there are getting to be so pesky many people who persist in keeping well without the aid of the doctor or his dope that their presence has become decidedly annoying to the pill grafters.



And how are the medical gentlemen meeting the situation? By setting themselves seriously to the study of the laws of health, to qualify themselves as health teachers, in place of drug dopers? On your life—not. They are besieging the law-making bodies of every state howling for legislation to protect them from the inroads of the food chemists, health cranks and drugless doctors. If you would know something of the most diabolical plot ever hatched to rob American citizens of their liberties, forcing upon them drug doping, vaccine filth, and serum poisoning at the hands of the doctors

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thru federal laws, read the story of the Committee of One Hundred in Dr. Tilden's little magazine *The Stuffed Club*, for January. The only way to thwart the medical freebooters in their little game is to awaken the public to a sense of its danger, arousing such a storm of protest that the cunningly devised scheme will be defeated.



The drug craze will pass. Dr. Peruna and dear old Lydia Pinkham will get a long well merited rest. Surgical instruments will rust in their cases for the good of womenkind. Doctors will become students and teachers of health. Clinics will lapse for lack of victims. Hospitals will play to empty wards. Medical books will go begging for buyers at two cents a pound. Drug factories and drug stores will disappear. Hungry graves will yawn in vain for tenants who do not come. Health and longevity will rise unbelievably above the present standard. And

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all this will come not thru any much vaunted discovery of a serum or germ culture, but thru the inoculation of the people with the bacillus of simple common sense.

All the hold the medical vampires ever had over us was our own ignorance. Knowledge would have snapped the bonds at any time. Are you surprised that the drug craze has run unchecked for so many centuries? Well I'm not. There are still whole brigades of people who are paying a dollar a pound avordupois to have their loved ones prayed out of purgatory by gentlemen who button their collars behind and who never do any useful work.



Wouldn't you take pride in helping to bring about so blessed a reform as now seems breaking over the world? I would, I'll tell you. And this is just what Dr. Tilden's life work means. For 35 years he has been a physician, and for 20 or 25 years a stu-

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dent and a teacher of right living. The light is spreading. The leaven is working. Even his enemies, the doctors, will be using Tilden's methods and claiming them as their own in the next ten or fifteen years.



Your little companion, the OPEN ROAD, is doing what it can in an humble way along these very lines. I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend, the modest Denver student and investigator, for much help and inspiration. He's a crank, of course. The only thing I've got against him is that he won't exchange with the OPEN ROAD, dam him, but I try not to let that blind me to his other virtues.



Hail Tilden and Right Living! Vale the sawbones, iodoform, ether cone and black bottles!!

Today is wisdom. If I am not now, I have no assurance that I ever shall be.

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For me rich treasure (seeing I am poor)
Across the ungirdled wilderness, abloom
 With flower o' the broom!

For me rich treasure (seeing I am poor
In earthly things) of flowers by hill and plain,
 A-glint with silver rain.

I would be free to follow the wind's flight
Where wind and cloud and perfume are all one
 With the blessed sun,
To draw to Nature's bosom in the night,
And watch the stars their mirthful dances thread
 Through a leaf-bower overhead.

For me the Open Road that winds all day
Eternally to the sea, where thought is lost
 As the foam is tossed
About stark boulders but to pass away,
Like mystic blossoms of the melting snow
 That are so swift to go.

Yea, there my soul would stretch its futile wings,
And in my heart a purpose would be born
 Of that old scorn
For slavish love, who, knowing heavenly things,
Endures the clamor of the market place,
 To serve a thankless race.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

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What Will You Do?

I HAVE made my escape. Personally the awful conditions in the crowded city districts do not affect me. I am stranger to the "white plague," the stale-air diseases, stale-water diseases, stale-food diseases; also from the necessity of responding to a factory whistle or of forcing men to buy what they do not need in order that I may live.

Instead of "doing" others I can do without, and I know how to "live without wages" and "return to nature" without returning to barbarism.

I suppose I could quietly enjoy the open fields and glorious sunsets, breathe the life-giving fragrant air, sleep out-of-doors in a blanket when I so chose, plant and harvest my own garden and spend what surplus my work brings for books, magazines, music and art, and travel around occasionally to see how the rest of the world is getting on.

All of this "on the quiet," without concern for others or letting you know anything about it. But I suspect the world could be made ideally beautiful—a place of Homes, Health, Honor and Happiness—if we were not so selfish.

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Anyway, I am going to give my services to the **Landward League** without a penny of salary as long as I can afford to, and see what a campaign of Education and Co-operation, as outlined herein, will do toward providing Opportunities and Security for the Landless and Homeless.

I reprint the above from Ray G. Edwards, of Elliot, York County, Me., because it has the true brotherly ring. It's **OPEN ROAD** philosophy, every line of it, for the **OPEN ROAD** sentiments and aspirations are but an expression of human brotherhood, an effort to build into practical life the Altruistic urge that prompts the true man to share his blessings and his joys with others.

I have that the very same thing often and often, that comrade Edwards expresses so fitly in words. Maybe I could not have done it so well as he has, but I wish now I had tried to do so.

I suppose I could have just gone on enjoying my little trips to Pigeon-Roost on week ends and in vacations as I did for

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years while still a wage slave in the Jungle, and only my few friends would ever have known anything about it. But I suspected that there must be thousands of good men and women, not yet wholly lost to the higher life, thru the deadly narrow and brutalizing struggle for dollars, people worth saving for the world's good and so I cast my lot in the woods and started the 'Zinelet to tell my comrades everywhere about the joys and beauties of rural life, hoping to help some who like myself were sick of the treadmill existence and who yearned for freedom but did not know how to attain it.

I am sure that the concentration of people in the great cities, with the consequent struggle for life that must ensue under present conditions, is destructive in its effect upon human character. The city life and its pleasures do not represent the highest in man's nature. The life is artificial largely, feverish and erotic. Unrest is bred instead

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of quiet peace and contentment. Brutality, snobbery and cold devilish selfishness, a growing crave for excitement, lust for money and power, with disregard for the rights and feelings of others fills that place in the heart from which should rather flow the fragrance of sympathy, neighborliness, and love for one's kind.

Crowded city conditions seem almost inevitably to set up false standards of life. Instead of service, the rage is to be served. The question is not "what may I do for my neighbor," but "how may I do him."

And so we believe that many may be saved to higher purposes by directing their gaze away from congested centers to the fields and woods where nature invites and where hearts ease awaits those who are awakened to the real things in life and who have the courage to come back to fellowship with nature.

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Comrade Edwards says he has secured a location twenty miles from Boston, a ninety acre farm, which he wants to cut up into three-acre farmlets and he invites three score of outdoor loving people to join him in building a fellowship home and community. May the venture prosper is my wish.

EDITOR OPEN ROAD:—

In your previous numbers, you have spoken rather slightingly of Socialism, which is your privilege, and one which, in the very nature of things, we are compelled to grant, and I hope you will continue to do so, but you should do so from an intelligent standpoint.

In your September issue you say: "Socialists point to the golden future when man's dreams will be realized." Now, friend Calvert, I do not know whether you know it or not, but it is true nevertheless, that no Socialist of any standing and no classical work on Socialism speaks of, points to, nor in any way mentions any "golden future" or any time when "men's dreams will be realized."

On the contrary, I beg to state, that it is such

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people as Bruce Calvert, Elbert Hubbard, Elizabeth Towne, William Walker Atkinson, Swisher, Dresser, Littlefield, and B. Fay Mills, etc., etc., who are always belliaking about a "brotherhood of man," while anyone with a modicum of brains and who is not roosting too far back in the woods, can see that these are only mouthings of capitalistic retainers who are making a damn poor living, by efforts which serve only to keep the so-called intellectuals from finding out vital truths.

Some time, when you've nothing else to do, spend an evening with some Socialist classics and see if you can't find out something and thereby say something really intelligent on the subject.

Yours for the Revolution,
SAMUEL W. BALL.

Danville, Ill.



If the industrial commonwealth isn't a dream of great souls, an ideal to be loved into life, what is it?

But my point is here. While we are looking to the future and working for the time when brotherhood shall be an accomplished

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fact, my school of life is not waiting for that glad day to begin to live. I am preaching Right Living now. An ounce of Right Living today is worth more to any worker, if he knows what it means, than a pound of Socialism or anything else can possibly be to him twenty years from now. I can't, nor can you live Socialism till it comes, but we don't have to wait a minute for Right Living. We can begin to practice that today under the competitive system. I can and have freed myself from exploitation in numberless ways which my fellow proletarians make no effort to escape.

We can embrace the Open Road philosophy of Joy, and religion of Right Living now and here even under the worst forms of wage slavery and use it to lighten our burdens and enrich our lives, and it is for this that I write, and preach and hope.

**Love is the great Universal Solvent.
Try it.**

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MAN is not the simple and single manifestation that he looks. In fact nothing is as simple as its surface would indicate. All of nature's works are exceedingly complex. The nut presents a smooth surface on the outside, but within are many different folds and layers. So man is complex. He is a being of many layers, planes, and spheres.

A CRITIC writes me that he thinks THE OPEN ROAD contains too much "glorification of the body"—that we ought to "kill out love of self."

This doesn't listen at all like a sane philosophy to me. I can't see any good end to be gained by abasing ourselves. I say we do not want to kill out love of self at all; we simply want to turn it into the proper channels, making a constructive force of it. For thru love and respect for this body and thru appreciation of the mighty potentialities within ourselves we open our hearts to embrace the great world of light and life.

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DO NOT be too keen about standing upon your rights. I am sure it is a much better thing to think more about your obligations to your neighbor than to dwell so much upon your "rights." And do not be so fearful of being taken advantage of.

Keep your thought pure and your heart clean; use all reasonable and prudent means to safeguard your interests, but do not carry this to extremes, and don't get into the miserable habit of mistrusting everyone.

You may be taken advantage of; a schemer may get the best of you, but even at that, it is far better for you to be victimized than for you to take advantage of another's weakness or ignorance and wrong him by sharp practice. Because if another cheats you, you do not lose. The cheater is the only loser.

You cannot afford to wrong your neighbor, but you can afford to be wronged by him. It is bad to be disappointed and imposed upon, but it is not half so bad as to mistrust and suspect your neighbor.

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With the Books.

The Doors of Life, or Little Studies in the Art of Self-Healing. By Walter De Voe. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, 224 pp., \$1.00.

“Every faculty of the mind is a highway thru which healing life can flow into the nature; every diversion and every pleasant sight can become a means of healing. Much of the depression and consequent physical illness is the result of monotony. Life runs in a rut. The same tasks come to hand each day. Only a few faculties of the mind are called into use and they are exercised to death.”

With such a promising introduction on the first page of a dainty little volume which dropped into Pigeon-Roost with our mail the other morning, I waded in to see what might follow. Not without some misgivings, however, for the versatile author has on past occasions turned loose considerable number-six bunk upon the world under the alluring caption of new thought writing.

But evidently the author had in this case put all his gems in the first two or three pages, and for the balance of the book had drawn upon his stock of excelsior. Now be it known that there is nothing, inherently bad about excelsior. I use it to light my fires in the morning whenever I

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have it, saving John D. But to see it bound up in book form is quite another matter.

One other chapter of the fifteen in this little book, "The Spiritual Value of Tones," struck some deep soundings. I wish the whole book had been on that subject alone. But tho I persisted to the end of the volume I found nothing more to reward my search.

The book cannot be condemned either, any more than a ten-year-old kiddie could be censured for not being sixteen. It simply isn't what it isn't.

But why couldn't the writer have kept to his high plane and sung true to his opening key all the way thru? He took me from my work when there was so much to do, under false promises of much, and then failed to deliver the goods after all.

Still, perhaps, some of you might get more out of the book than I did and so I pass it on to you in that hope.

AUNT Sapphira wonders if the alarming increase of bald-headed men has any relation to the enormous amount of hair the women are wearing these days.

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LET ME live in my house by the side of
the road,

Where the race of men go by.

They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

We are told that God created man in his own image. The truth is that all the gods have been created by man and each creator of a god had his own idea as to style. Gods are born, grow, flourish and die just like trees and bees and men. We have never had a perfect god because we have never had a perfect man to create him. Gods are good, bad or indifferent, just as their creators are. Read the history of the rise and fall of religions and you will realize that a good many thousand dead gods have been decently buried.

CHIEF NO-SHIRT-IN-THE-HILLS.

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In the Woods.

ALL I HAVE seen for a month is snow. In every direction, over fields and hills and thru the woods just one great white way. And such a time as we've had. It began snowing December 7, about midnight, and it seems to me when it hasn't been raining or sleeting, it's been snowing ever since. The earth is buried under from a foot to a yard of the beautiful.

Locating the woodpile at Pigeon-Roost has been like digging a freight train out of snow drifts, and a trip out to our mail box at the cross-roads like a polar relief expedition. Every sleigh, and bob-sled in the whole country side has been pressed into service. In fact everything on wheels has been put onto runners, and the sleigh bells jingle merrily night and day up and down the main road which is a quarter of a mile from my cabin. I think old Bo must have been looking up birth-rate statistics, and

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sent this big snow in the interests of generation. Not in years have we had such sleighing. The young folks are making the most of it, I can tell you. Sleighing is cold sport, the girls have to be kept warm, and—well you know how it was yourself twenty years ago, when you took Susan out that moonlight night in your new cutter. It's just the same today. I predict a big crop of marriages in the spring as a result of the snowstorm, and thus does nature easily outwit stupid men who fret themselves with visions of race suicide. If we had six months of sleigh riding, there'd be a hundred million people on our next census roll.



It has been pretty cold for this section. I believe the longest cold spell but one, perhaps in twenty or thirty years. It has ranged from 10 below zero to rarely above 40, and so far as appearances indicate now, the snow and cold are booked for an indefi-

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nite engagement with us. There isn't much time these days, for anything but sledding wood in from the clearings, sawing it up for the stove and shoveling snow. That with one or two meals a day, keeping your house in order, heating the hot water bags for your outdoor bed, and reading the current frothings of the Fra and old Bill Reedy just about keeps a fellow on the hump.



But I enjoy it all, and altho its a bit of change for a fellow who has spent the most of his life huddling over steam pipes, I'm getting used to it, and I could not be induced to go back to city life even for all the comforts of the Waldorf-Castoria.



Getting out the 'Zinelet, and making coin cards has kept us all busy. A good many orders have been received for this new invention of ours, the Homing-Pigeon Coin Carrier and Remittance Envelope. Isn't that a dandy name? Aunt Sapphira perpe-

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trated it, and rather than wound her gentle spirit, as she's my left bower, I adopted it all. But some day when she isn't looking I'll saw off the tail of it anyway.

At present we really have more orders for the little coin cards than we can comfortably turn out, what with clearing the paths, feeding the chickens and getting in stove wood. But I hope soon to have some additional helpers. We do all of the work of folding and sewing by hand. Aunt Sapphira is of course the artist on the job. Her work is actually more perfect than any machine could turn out. Have you noticed, gentle reader, what a warm human feel this magazine has in your hands? Look at the copy you're reading now. Every fold and stitch in it is artistic, and it has in addition that human quality, which no machine could ever impart—which only loving hands can give.

Our other workers, Bedelia and Rosalie,

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are getting expert in making coin cards too, with the kiddies Buster and Bess as understudies on the magazine. Ananias is cultivating leisure class ideals and swears he never will work again. And so it goes, "life is just one damn thing after another," as I saw on a souvenir post-card someone sent me the other day.



But 1910 is now safely launched, and we're off for another grand swing around the circle. Let us all face the year joyfully. Let's be on the lookout for the best, and if adversity come let us turn it to good account in character growth. And so here's a Happy New Year to all. May it bring you more life, more love, more work, more play, and more to be thankful for every day.

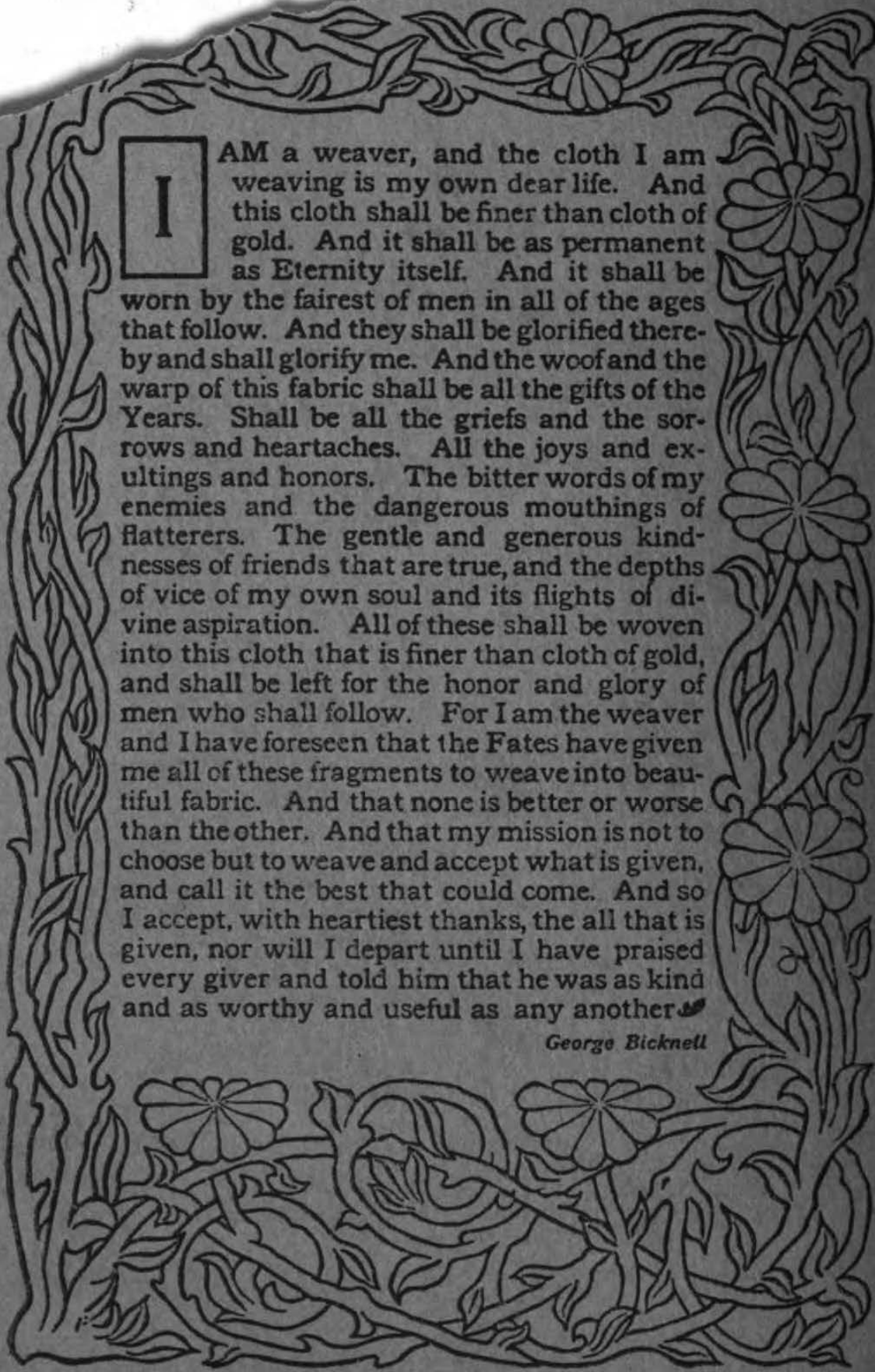
Life is a race. Immortality the stakes. Win, or it's back into the melting pot for you.

THAT splendid little publication, **THE OPEN ROAD**, published and edited by Bruce Calvert at Pigeon-Roost-in-the Woods, Indiana, has reached its first anniversary, and for real good, mind-invigorating stuff, it has all the magazines of its class left at the post. Calvert is a clever writer. His style is smooth and at the same time clear. You can understand what he means. In some ways his writings slightly resemble Elbert Hubbard's, but are free from the vitriol and bitterness which at times characterize the latter's efforts.

So, then, the **OPEN ROAD** is a 'sweet, sane' little bibliomag which leads its followers along the road to health and back to Nature; encourages economy, thrift and neighborly love and feelings of sympathy for our less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Our sincere wish is that dear old Bruce and his side-kicker Ananias may keep the Shrine of the Brotherhood of Man for many moons to come."

—NECHE (N. D.) CHRONOTYPE.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text. The border features stylized flowers with five petals and intricate leaf patterns.

I AM a weaver, and the cloth I am weaving is my own dear life. And this cloth shall be finer than cloth of gold. And it shall be as permanent as Eternity itself. And it shall be worn by the fairest of men in all of the ages that follow. And they shall be glorified thereby and shall glorify me. And the woof and the warp of this fabric shall be all the gifts of the Years. Shall be all the griefs and the sorrows and heartaches. All the joys and exultings and honors. The bitter words of my enemies and the dangerous mouthings of flatterers. The gentle and generous kindnesses of friends that are true, and the depths of vice of my own soul and its flights of divine aspiration. All of these shall be woven into this cloth that is finer than cloth of gold, and shall be left for the honor and glory of men who shall follow. For I am the weaver and I have foreseen that the Fates have given me all of these fragments to weave into beautiful fabric. And that none is better or worse than the other. And that my mission is not to choose but to weave and accept what is given, and call it the best that could come. And so I accept, with heartiest thanks, the all that is given, nor will I depart until I have praised every giver and told him that he was as kind and as worthy and useful as any another.

George Bicknell

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ANDREW CARNEGIE

FEBRUARY, 1910.

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FIFTEEN FOUR

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

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

The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Published Monthly at

Pigeon-Roost-In-The-Woods, Indiana.

Subscription and Membership in the Brotherhood 50 Cents a Year. Life Membership and Subscription \$10.00.
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 half a dollar (or a William for two) 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 nickels 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 our dope, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

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The Open Road

∴ GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA. ∴

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

Advertising Office, 3118 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Rates on Application.



THE OPEN ROAD.

The earth never tires ;
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first—
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first ;
Be not discouraged—keep on—there are divine things,
well envelop'd ;
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful
than words can tell.

—WALT WHITMAN.

What Every One Says Must be True

Everyone who has given a fair trial to the clairvoyant diagnosis and inspired treatments of disease

BY

Mrs. J. R. Matteson of Buffalo, N. Y.

admits she is **one of the most wonderful healers** in the world.

As a sample of testimonials that might be given by the thousand, take this from the pen of that **veteran advocate of truth**, Lyman C. Howe:

She has probably cured more patients and been the most conspicuous target for the poisoned arrows of prejudice, and vicious attacks of medical combines in this country.

At least her clairvoyant examinations have averaged from fifty to one hundred per day for over thirty years, and rarely do we hear of dissatisfaction from patients.

She asks no questions, does not require "name, age, sex and one leading symptom" to guide her in diagnosing.

Her patients are numerous in the city and are her fast friends; and among them are lawyers, judges, physicians and public men of influence who would assist, if necessary, to protect her from the persecution of vindictive "regulars," who secure evil legislation to punish all who cure the sick without their consent. Her success as a spiritual physician has converted many to an abiding faith in spirit communion, and thus enlarged and enriched their lives in many ways, which yield larger and more enduring blessings than curing the physically diseased.

For booklet of information or treatment, address her at **248 North Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

The Open Road

VOL. IV

APRIL, 1910

No. 4

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

ROADSIDE TALKS.

SOME do not quite understand about the subscription tickets mentioned in Bulletin No. 1. Let me explain a little further. These tickets are in fact receipts for paid subscriptions to THE OPEN ROAD for one year, six months or three months' trial as may be. They are negotiable, and are just as good as cash. You can sell them, give them away, or use them to extend your own subscription as you like.

Their convenience to you lies in the ease with which you can use them in propaganda work for your magazine (THE OPEN ROAD is just as much yours as mine). You don't have to bother about writing down the names and addresses of subscribers and

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sending them to us; you simply hand out the ticket, take the half-dollar and that's all. The recipient fills in his own name and address or whomever he wishes magazine sent to, and mails ticket to us (one side has our printed address with place for one-cent stamp), we enter the subscription on our books, make acknowledgment to sender, and the transaction is closed.

The advantage to me lies in the fact that it gives me the use of the ready cash royal Open Roaders are willing to put into the magazine in the interest of the cause we all represent, and besides it's the surest way of extending our subscription list.

As for financial profit either to you or to me, for the present at least, that does not enter into the consideration at all. What you do in this way, you do for pure love, the same as I am giving my time and labor to the magazine. I can offer you altruistic rewards only at this time. You know as well

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as I do that I cannot publish THE OPEN ROAD at fifty cents a year, print it artistically as I do, put good honest workmanship into it, give in fact a dollar magazine, and make any money.

There is no possibility of an income to me until the circulation has reached a point where I can make the advertising pages pay, and you know further, dear comrades, that the only thing that makes advertising space valuable is readers. Ad value is measured exactly by the number of eyes that see it. The color of the eyes or the convolutions of brain cortex back of them do not count. The advertiser asks only one question—"how much circulation?" This of course is the cold commercial view of it. But advertising is purely a commercial game. Business has no bowels.

Of course with me the case is quite different. When I write the stuff for the 'Zinelet I always picture my readers as one big

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sympathetic audience of kindred souls, and I imagine myself on the platform looking into their eyes. I believe I could not write at all if I did not have this feeling, just as I believe that no man could long stand before an audience in which he could find no sympathetic faces. That terrible hot wave of unfriendliness would surely kill him.



But when I talk quality of my readers to the advertiser or his man Friday, when I show the splendid letters I receive from far and near, when I grow eloquent over the beautiful spirit of brotherhood, of comradeship among us, he simply gives me the fishy eye and gently rings for the office boy to escort me to the outer air.

“What do you want, anyway?” I said in heat to the obese manager of one of the big agencies a few days ago.

“Circulation,” said he.

“But the quality——”

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“Quality be d——d!” returned this cold-hearted tentacle of the octopus. “Quality be d——d! Run along now and talk about ‘quality’ to Ananias. Show us circulation and we’ll do business with you. We don’t care whether your readers are highbrows or lowbrows, we only want to know how many pairs of eyes will see the ad. That’s all. Good-bye!”

“Well, dodgast you,” said I in leaving, “I’ll give you circulation then if that’s what you want.”

So I came back to the woods with a heavy heart, but with a firm resolve to make good, and me and Ananias walked pretty nearly to Turkey Creek and back before we figured out our scheme, and this is it—the subscription ticket plan.



And so I’m now offering every Open Roader good and true, a chance to help extend our zone of usefulness. Ours is no

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gold brick proposition. We need not apologize for our existence. I am sure every reader, even the doctors and preachers who have been singed, will admit that there isn't another fifty cents worth of reading matter anywhere else in all the world equal to twelve numbers of THE OPEN ROAD.

Indeed many leading lights in the literary firmament, men whose judgment in matters literary I very much respect and whose style as writers I look up to with the veneration of a poor student for the great master, assure me that THE OPEN ROAD is actually the equal in good honest human helpfulness, in mental fibre and soul tissue, if not in literary style, to the topnotchers of our times whose readers are numbered by the hundred thousands.

As I never made any effort or pretensions at literary style, this of course is quite gratifying to me. It inspires me with hope and courage to do better work all the time.

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Albeit the love and approval of my comrades in the Open Road is quite enough for me without the endorsements of the literary critics. I do not write for the experts, but for you and I always feel that you, dear souls, in all of our tramps, whether along sunny rose-fringed lanes or out under the stars at night, will understand me and that you can complete the sentences I leave unfinished.



So, then, let's roll up our sleeves and spit on our hands and buck the line hard for a big propaganda campaign. What say you, comrades?

My good old friend Dr. Putnam starts the hallelujah hymn in about the right key. Can't we all join in the chorus? If every reader of this paragraph will right now just feel in his pocket or her handbag and put all the loose change there available into subscription tickets, circulate them as rapidly

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as possible, and then dig again and send for another bunch, and keep it up, I could soon be printing our 25,000 a month. I hope each one of you will try to have a few tickets always in your pocket ready for any emergency. You never can tell when you are going to meet a soul thirsting for the water of life. Besides, these little excursion tickets are not at all bad things to have on your person. They are a certificate of character as it were, an amulet against which evil spirits are powerless, a mystic sign of brotherhood which will bring good souls to your aid anywhere in the world in case of need.



We've got the field to work in, surely. There are at least seventy-five million people who need our message. We shall be satisfied with only 25,000 of them. You will find Open Roaders everywhere if you look for

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them. I do, even in the most unexpected places, and sometimes in the most extraordinary manner. Perhaps even your next door neighbor has a heart concealed somewhere to appreciate beauty and truth; perhaps the fellows you jostle at the lunch trough every day or rub against in the cars are not all bad; perhaps some of them would even thank you for a little trip on the Open Road, for a whiff of the wild rose, and the sweet strains of the early robin. Try them.



I think I need hardly assure you that every penny you invest in THE OPEN ROAD will be used to improve the 'Zinelet and to expand its sphere of influence. I am not playing the money game any more. If I hadn't gotten that microbe out of my system I never should have given up a good easy job in the jungle with big pay, and exchanged the flesh pots of the city for the woods and hard work. If I did not know

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how, and joyfully too, to replace table d'hôte dinners with sweet fresh air and sassafras tea, I would not be here, and I would not be writing this, and there would be no OPEN ROAD.



No, please don't get the idea that I'm developing frigidamus pedalamus, either. I am not sore. Not the least little bit discouraged. I have no grouch. There are no clouds in my sky. I haven't an enemy on earth. Nobody is against me. Everyone is for me. I am happier than ever before in my life, or have ever dreamed of being. I never was in such splendid health; never felt so strong and hopeful; so filled with the very joy of living; so thankful for the busy useful years I see stretching out before me. THE OPEN ROAD is the apple of my eye, the core of my heart. It will continue to be published even if not another name is ever added to our list.

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Yet the magazine is but the foundation of a well considered, carefully co-ordinated plan for human betterment, which I have wrought out down here in the woods, but which I don't dare tell you about yet.



But everywhere I go, I see so much social unrest, so much misery, so much disgust with the shams and hypocrisies society compels;

I see the jackscrews of maniacal commercialism tightening up on the workers;

I see wage earners bowed under increasing burdens that seem heavier than can long be borne;

I see the cost of living going up and wages going down;

In the city streets, in the cars, in the shops, offices and stores I see the tired white faces of the slaves of toil;

I see the lines of suffering eating into young faces, and in the older ones I see the black grip of despair slowly settling down

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upon their souls.

Some have ceased to rebel, ceased to struggle—I had almost said ceased to feel. They seem like lost souls caught in the wheel of greed. Round and round they go, with no hope of ever being freed from their chains, waiting only for that summons from the Dark Watcher to release them.

In the city school rooms I see the pale anæmic teachers, poisoned with their daily inhalations of bad air, most of them utterly fagged out, but doing the best they can in an artificial, lifeless system of teaching mis-called education. I see them trying to mold the plastic soul stuff under their hands into the stereotyped nonentities after the patterns submitted by boards of education (Heaven forgive the irony). And my heart goes out to them. They too are helpless victims of the false and vicious social system we have allowed to encircle us .

Teachers, of all people, ought to be filled

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with the divine fire of health, joy and creativity, instead of the poor stupid automatons they are. I know that if they spent every other week in the country amid the green fields, or could get out with their classes and enjoy outdoor work a part of each day, they would remain young and be every day at their best.

As it is the teachers lack any outside interest to keep the heart young. They lack even the elementary knowledge of the care of their own bodies. While the courses of study, programs and examinations imposed upon them by the directors take all spontaneity out of teaching, kills all initiative, reducing their work to the most deadening of slavery.

Teaching, which ought to be the most broadening profession among men, is really the most narrowing. The average teacher I meet is a mere husk with the life blood sucked out of her, like an old horse wearily

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plodding the treadmill of her daily grind.



I see human life held so cheap in our mills and factories. At this very moment as I write they are carrying past my door the dead body of my neighbor, a young man hardly into his twenties, with a child wife and a baby girl just toddling about the yard. Yesterday a lusty young fellow, full of life and hope, he had just built him a nest for his little family in the woods across the big road. Life was just beginning for him.

Today he lies stiffened and cold over there in the woods. His young wife's heart is dead within her breast and the baby girl looks with startled eyes upon the tragedy of death, wondering why her papa does not heed her childish prattle. He worked in the great steel plant at Gary as electrical engineer. His heart was in his work and his future was bright with the hope of advancement. This morning he accidentally touched

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a live wire and in an instant was dead, with the voltage of a ten thousand horse power motor passing thru his body—the third to meet death in the same way at the same place.

I do not own any steel stock. I am not on the company's pay-roll, so I can afford to ask why live wires are left exposed so that men who work in those modern hells of industry for a mere weekly pittance are in hourly danger of their lives. You all know the answer. It's just because human life is of far less consideration than dividends.

What is one dead man in a shop where ten thousand are employed? Out of the way with him. A hundred others stand shivering in the bread line, ready to take his place.

I wonder will the next dividend checks that are sent to stockholders smell of blood? The Steel Company reports the most prosperous year in its history. Thirty million dollars awaits melon-cutting time. I won-

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der will they who receive the spoils hear the moans of the widow over there in the woods alone with her dead, or the cries of the fatherless baby?



I see the children, sweet buds of humanity, fresh from God's garden, ground up into profits. I see girls, dear young girls, scarcely out of the nursery, with the playtime of their lives behind them, before they ever knew what play was. I see their tender bodies bent under the weight of economic pressure; I see the roses fading from their cheeks, the brightness from their eyes—eyes already too dry for tears; I see them forced into premature womanhood; I hear the cold hard words of cynicism falling from their childish lips—lips that ought only to know smiles and childhood's happy laughter; I see them standing all day long upon their feet, trying to smile and wait upon fussy shoppers, or sitting all day long at their ma-

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chines, their backs bowed over their work, doing the endless mechanical tasks, breathing foul and fetid air not fit for a pig to breathe; I see one by one every faculty of mind and heart being lopped off except the one capacity for performing their daily stunts; I see the flesh and bones of these girls—gods in the chrysalis, every one of them—reduced to mere cogs in a machine which they do not even understand, and in the product of which they do not share, and my soul cries out in anguish: Great God! What a preparation for maternity! For these babes are the future mothers of the race.



Yes and I see employers, too, great captains of industry, grown hard and brutal in the chase for dollars. I see them with all the sweetness and human neighborliness crushed out of them; all appreciation for nature, beauty and truth killed; all sense of

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brotherhood gone. I see them reduced to mere money-grubbing machines. All that makes life sweet and noble obliterated in their mad rage for profits.

I strip from them their possessions of wealth and power and stand them forth in their naked souls, dwarfed and twisted as they are, and believe me, comrades, they are not a pleasant sight to look upon. They excite almost as much compassion as do the under dogs, their victims, at the other end of the chain.



And it is because I see all these hideous things, all the misery and suffering poor humanity has brought upon itself, that I would bring to the unhappy and the down-trodden, as well as to the rich and miserable, some of the beauty and peace and good health and joy and humanity that abounds in the woods. I would seek thru THE OPEN ROAD to touch their hearts, and revive their love for

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Nature. I would lure them back to the soil and sanity.



I believe there is a better, saner, sweeter life than most of us are now living. I believe it is possible even under the distressing conditions of our times to live and grow sweet and clean and kind, and be happy, rounding out our lives at joyful work close to mother earth, reaping wisdom as the years pass lightly by.

And I believe this life is within the reach of every man, however rich, however lowly and poor. Wealth and social station are not at all essentials, but simply a slight re-adjustment of the ideals of true living, the cutting out of a few of the indulgences and extravagances of modern life, and a return to the primal sanities, to the good old standards of plain living and high thinking.



And this road leads straight back to the soil. Back to the simple joys of the field and

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garden; to a life of productive work in the earth; to a home under one's own vine; out beneath the blue sky, where the haunting specter of want stalks not and where men have time to be kind.

Yes, I would encourage men, women and children to break away from the city plague-spots back to nature. The country is the child's natural habitat. Heaven help the children brought up in city streets. At the very best their lives must be poor indeed; at the worst it is too pitiful to think of without tears.

While returning to the soil may not be the solution of our economic problems, it at least affords some immediate and blessed relief to thousands of cooped-up toilers staggering under the burdens of wage slavery. It is at least one forward step, and it will make the task of readjustment a little easier for those who remain in the toils. And it offers a vista thru which we may see sweet

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visions of a life of independence, of gladness and joy, the songs of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers and the thrill and throb of that common nature which unites us forever to the soil.



And the hardships of living in the country, which frightens your steam-heated, push-button cliff dweller, are really very greatly magnified. You won't have to give up anything essential to noble manhood or sweet womanhood. The bowling alleys, booze joints, the cheap filthy, foolish shows, the noise and dirt and stench and smoke and grime of the city you can well afford to exchange for the sweet pure air of the fields and woods, and for the great peace that will come to you; for the sunshine and the green grass and the flowers and the birds.



In the woods one's wants are few and simple. I never knew how little we really

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need for perfect health and happiness until I took to the woods. Your acre will supply almost every want and bring you in exchange the things you cannot produce. The country supplies about everything needed for a full rounded life.



As for art, we have that which passes all art—Nature at work upon 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 and wood could ever equal our galaxy of star performers. Every singer an artist, a soloist, and the ensemble of birds, bees, crickets and the myriads of happy little creatures, all pouring out their hearts in song, an anthem that fairly floods the soul with joy.



In the morning we are awakened by the grand chorus of birds, and at night lulled to

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sleep by the Little Singers of the Wood. The night and the morning each has its melodies. Music all day long. And such music as never was heard in concert-hall or bandstand.

Every day, every night, our woodland orchestra deluges us with symphonies sweeter than any ever writ by mortal hands, the divinest harmonies, it seems to me, that ever assailed mortal ears.

I used to be an ardent lover of music, and spent many delicious hours, often stolen, I fear, from sterner engagements, listening to great symphony orchestras. I've heard them all, the best that the world has to offer in music, but it is a fact that since I came to the woods I scarcely have the patience to sit thru a symphony concert. I find myself constantly comparing the human performers and their scratchy, wheezy, imperfect harmonies to my own singers down here at Pigeon-Roost, beside whose pure, clear, per-

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fect tones the instruments are coarse and colorless.



No peal of deepest organ pipe can equal the sougning of the winds thru the treetops at night when all is still, and the cool and placid stars smile down in silent sympathy.



As for books, you can have just as many in the country as you'll ever have in the jungle, and what is more, you'll have leisure to read them. Anyway, in the quiet peace of the woods is the best place to read a book to get anything out of it. My silent friends on the book shelves here at the Roost and I are far better acquainted, and we love each other far more than ever in the city. But there's another book down here that city folks know but very little about. It is never found in your public libraries, not even in the canny Andy's Scotch gifts. It is never closed, and upon its living pages all who will may read

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the eternal words of truth, and that is the open book of nature. I recommend it to you. It's good reading.



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 all, poor as well as rich, all for the asking, all for merely tuning the heart to the rhythm and the harmony of the life about us, for simply opening the windows of the soul and looking out.



O, tired and weary traveler of earth's roads, whoever you are and wherever you are, come back to Nature! Get into her key. Open the windows of your soul and look out! You'll see a joy-clad world, where beauty and sweetness abound.

O, tone-deaf struggler for the bauble of society's stamp; or mad with the lust of ownership, consumed with a flame that nothing

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you will ever realize can quench, be still; stop the clatter of your feverish dream; look out and up, listen, and you'll hear the sweetest harmony that ever touched the human heart. It's in you and all about you—all yours for the claiming.



The world is so full of the materials of joy, so much beauty, riches untold, and we need so little. No man knows how little until he allows mother nature to show him the way. The average mechanic or clerk is wasting enough every year, I am sure, in idle sports, not to speak of debauching pleasures, to secure for himself and his family the foundation of a home for life. You don't need much. One acre will do; three is a plethora.



Yes, you can make a living, never fear—all you need. That's about all you are getting now, anyway, no matter whether it's costing you five hundred or five thousand

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dollars a year.

But to have a home of your own. A home in the country, a life free from worry, free from fear, free from the clutch of greed, from the hard, life-draining, soul-sapping struggle for existence in city shops, factories or stores; a place for your children to play; fresh air, sunshine, pure water. How splendid!

To have a frugal living with the joy of getting it yourself from the soil, with the grass and the blue sky and the forests and flowers and the dewy mornings and the golden sunsets all your very own; and then have a little time before you pass from earth to look around you, get your bearings, as it were; take a look at this endless chain of humanity; time to consider the questions who and what you are, why you are here and what your business is now that you are here. Isn't that worth while?



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Yes, comrades, let's take to the woods. There is a beauty in the majestic, religious woods that expands the soul and lifts the heart to the Most High. In the whispering leaves swept by the evening breeze you hear the voice of the Infinite and under the cool and silent stars your troubled heart finds peace. Take to the woods.



These, then, comrades, are some of the things for which I want to extend the field of our little 'Zinelet. Do you not think it a worthy ambition? And, say now, wouldn't this number be a good one to begin with in your propaganda campaign?

The Golden Rule is not a strange thing, nor is it the invention of man, but it is in reality the fundamental working principle of evolution under which all life forms have developed.

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HEALTH AND DIET HINTS.

THIS is a month of change. If you would avoid all spring troubles, and come thru feeling fresh and vigorous, without the usual boils, pimples, and spring fever, you must make some changes, too, in your inner economy, corresponding to Nature's changes.

Earth is putting forth her green things now inviting you to leave off your buck-wheat and sausage and other heavy heating foods of winter, for the fresh growing products of spring.



Most of us have been overeating all winter, so we cannot wholly trust our appetites to make the change for us. If appetite were a safe guide—and it would be did we not so abuse it that it loses all sense of values—there would be no need for any science of dietetics or these health hints. But appetite is not a safe guide; it cannot be

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trusted, because it is rarely found in a normal state, being usually more or less of a disease, so we must rely upon judgment in making our food selection at this trying season.



If you will take this advice, you'll lose no time from your work, need no Bunkum's Blood Purifier, and no doctor will get any of your money.

Cut down a little on your daily ration for two weeks. Leave out pork, sausage, baked beans, fats and oils, or reduce your regular intake of these foods about seventy-five per cent. Use plenty of young tender rhubarb, eat all the greens you can get as spinach, dandelions, yellow dock, onions, lettuce, water cress, parsley, leeks, etc., and drink sassafras tea for a while as a change from tea and coffee. If you have been eating three meals a day, leave off one for two weeks. If you have the will power, do

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without any food at all for one or two days; three would really be better. If you can't manage that, try it every other day until you have passed three days giving your stomach a complete rest.

Take no drugs, pills, purgatives, or liver dope. Just give Nature a chance and she will clean house for you in fine shape. Take as many walks out in the fresh pure air of the country or the parks as possible.



Follow these simple directions, and if you don't feel better than you have in years, I'll take down my shingle as a doctor of Right Living and go into the dope business.

The average business man is not a superlatively happy creature. He usually spends about one-half his time dodging bankruptcy and the other half dodging jail.

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Dear Bruce In the Woods:

I send you order for 20 Subscription Cards. Good scheme. Your last two numbers, February, on Free Speech and March on White Slavery, are either one worth the price of a life subscription. Tilden is all right, but he wants a man thinking of his stomach all the time. A man's stomach is like his soul—it isn't healthy unless he can forget it.

DR. W. E. PUTNAM,
Whiting, Ind.

I believe THE OPEN ROAD ought to have and can have a big news stand sale. But to attain this requires the printing of large editions and the expenditure of considerable money for several months until the sales are established. This I am not able to carry at present. If any Open Roader with a few hundred dollars for investment, and faith in the magazine, wants to take a flyer on newsstand circulation, I will give him the full returns from that end of it, until his investment has been returned with ten per cent interest.

VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM.

An Illustrious Example.

What good does Spiritualism do? This is an oft-repeated question, yet it would seem that the most ordinary intellect could answer without hesitation. What has it done already? It is yet in its infancy, and it has convinced millions of the continuity of life, and the close relations between this primitive existence and conditions we create here continued into the spiritual world. It has established a value to our conduct that follows us forever. It has eliminated miracles, banished superstition wherever it has been duly recognized, and robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. It has transformed the hideous gloom of false theology and established confidence in the infinite goodness, boundless love, and all saving wisdom of God. It has substituted the reign of chance and divine malevolence with an orderly and rational system of natural law in both the physical and spiritual universe. It has reformed many thousands of the victims of vice, and rescued thousands from suicidal temptation. It has healed many thousands whose maladies were the despair of medical science.

Andrew Jackson Davis

led in the diagnoses of disease by clairvoyant penetration while in a deep trance, and his prescriptions were wonderfully effective. During several years his powers were devoted almost exclusively to diagnosing and prescribing for the sick. In those trances he was tested by every means that skeptical ingenuity could invent, and his body seemed totally insensible to pain and was practically dead, while his spirit was active and able to analyze the most intricate problems of life with perfect ease. In nearly all the phases of mediumship in the beginning of Modern Spiritualism curing the sick was conspicuous. Yet pious believers in the Bible denounced it as the work of

Get up a class in your own town and join our RATIONAL SCHOOL OF RIGHT LIVING.

A complete course in the essential things of life. Practical. How to live right, here and now; to get the best out of life; make the most of ourselves under present conditions. To live up to our highest possibilities. Full course, eighteen lectures, divided into three series of six lectures each.

FIRST SERIES—Six lectures on the Foundation of Life and the key to power as contained in the mastery of Rhythmic Breathing. The vital connection between the world's great movements and the spiritual awakening of the present. The message of the ages to these, our times.

SECOND SERIES—Six lectures in Rational Dietary and Food Chemistry. This course goes to the very bottom of economy in living. How to prepare foods to answer every need of every member of the family. To guard against sickness by refusing to put an enemy into the mouth to steal away our health. These lessons applied to the food problem, reduce housekeeping to the simplest terms, making a dollar go further in the preparation of simple, healthful, strength-giving foods than \$5 will in the ordinary senseless and extravagant way of living.

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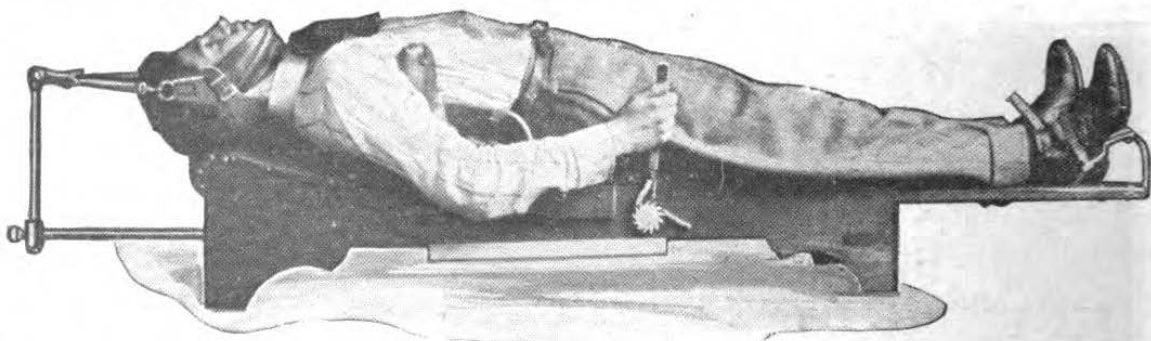
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FLORIDA.

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 Calvert, of Chicago, who is here to reveal it in a series of six lectures, and who is a mighty earnest and honest devotee, by the way, explained some of it to a chapel full of people this morning. Then he put the whole crowd through the first of the breathing exercises, by means of which he says it is possible to absorb the essentials truths of all the systems of religion, philosophy, science and sociology that have been invented or otherwise procured.

According to Mr. Calvert, nothing in the line of escaped truth, from Plato to Hubbard, or from Zoroaster to Christ, is impossible to those who breath the right way.

Denver Republican

"We eat too much and we breathe too little," says Bruce Calvert, who has been giving a series of lectures in Denver on 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 institutions of higher education do not know the simplest rules of health and long life and happiness.

Meadville (Pa.) Tribune Republican.

Bruce 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 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

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VOL. IV

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 2

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

In the Woods.

I HAVE surely had a treat. Ananias let me off for a few days to go to the Jungle, he and Aunt Sapphira agreeing to take care of the work. So I have been away for ten days, rioting in intellectual diversions.

I left the children to look after the mail and get out the January number of our 'Zinelet. If we were a little late, and if many good letters from dear OPEN ROAD comrades are still unanswered, it is because our little family was shorthanded, and because the rigors of the weather have taken so much time from the shop.

Several additional inches of snow have fallen since I left. Our record here shows nearly forty-eight inches to date. Besides

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same gyrations to fleshen up the skinny. One fellows says the lunger must do this and that; while another wise one says just the opposite, and so it goes.

In a recent number of a la-de-da publication belonging to the third class named, and which claims a "million and a quarter a week circulation," was spread some learned advice to a woman by one of these physical torturists, advice that would dry a crocodile's tears.

The woman said she got up at four o'clock every morning, worked all day at her housework and the children, went to bed when she could hold out no longer, and then was frequently up at divers times thru the night to walk the baby. She wanted to know what she could do to remove that tired feeling.

The professor being quite innocent of a sense of humor writes four columns of exercises and gravely gives this woman a series

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of physical stunts sufficiently rigorous to keep Jeff Corbett in training. But he neglected to tell the tired lady how she was going to find strength or time to perform all the evolutions recommended.

And that's just the trouble with most of the fool stuff put out in this way. It shows no sense of fitness or adaptability. The tired-out-worked-to-death woman is given a course of exercises which would be all right for the professor who probably makes a business of just exercising when he feels like it, but which are ludicrously inapplicable to the woman. I'll guarantee the athletic adviser himself could not endure the stress of this woman's work for three days.

Now there's sense in all things. Just because set exercise is perhaps not quite so bad as utter idleness for the lazy, fat, overfed drones of society, it does not at all follow that Mrs. O'Flaherty, with eleven childer and the cow and the pig and the wash for

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six families, besides her wifely ministrations to Dennis, the father of the family, needs the same regime.



What the lady inquirer referred to really needs is not more exercise, but rest, relaxation. She needs to get into a quiet, clean spot, take a hot bath if possible—which is relaxing—and then to lie down on her daintiest bed, away from the racket of the world, but with plenty of fresh air, and just rest, let down, relax. She wants to take the tension out of each muscle of her body, withdraw the will and nerve stimulus from the motor centers, until she can fancy herself rocked like Aphrodite on the downy billows of the sea, and then just breathe deeply and forget it all.

If she has the time and strength, after she comes out of her bath, and before lying down, she may place a few drops of perfumed sweet almond or olive oil on her

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hands and gently rub her whole body. Not one-two-three-bing! gymnasium style, but gently, caressingly, lovingly, with light and delicate touches. A little time every day spent thus may save the hardworked woman's life, and it will do much to keep her young and fresh. But she has enough physical. Don't pile any more upon her. Let her court the spirit.



I really think the whole system of artificial exercises an absurdity anyway, and that's what I had in mind to say when I began this article. The principle is wrong. It's unethical. It doesn't fit into a rational scheme of life. There's work enough to be done in the world, necessary, useful work to keep every man and woman in good physical condition.

Surely no man is so poor or so rich that there's nothing for his hands to do in the way of muscular activity. Especially is this

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true of female man. The very best all 'round exercise is housework. There's the washing, ironing, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting, cooking, cleaning, O there's no end to it. Is there a woman so poor or so rich that she can find no housework to do? I think not.

In place then of hiking down to the gym to agitate the ether with aimless inane exercises which have no moral or ethical justification, and which benefit no one, or of spending the afternoon in a Turkish bath getting it boiled out out of her, let my lady of leisure stay at home one day in the week or a part of each day and do the housework while Mary Ann lies down to rest or takes the afternoon out. You never hear your slavey complaining of stale muscles or of needing exercise, do you?



And Mr. Overfed Wheezy man, whose muscles are rusting from disuse, and whose blood actually gathers in stagnant pools in-

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stead of circulating—must he go to his club or the Y. M. C. A. and pound leather bags like an idiot or swing dumb Indian clubs? Is all the work done and everybody else sitting down resting? Not at all. Well then, let him go down to his shipping room, take off his coat and collar, put on overalls and nail up boxes for a couple of hours every day while John goes for a walk or enjoys a nap. Or if he has no work room of his own, but has time and money to spend at a gymnasium, let him go home and rest his wife's aching back by doing some of her work. It'll do him good.

And let me say here, that the man who thinks he is above housework is below it. And the man who does not know from actual experience just how many steps a woman takes in a day to keep his home in order, is not all there. He lacks some of the most educating experience in life. I can see no reason why a man should not share and

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gladly, too, in the labors of the household. In the sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, washing, turning the wringer, beating the rugs and carpets, carrying out the ashes and all that hard nerve-racking work which generally falls upon some woman, either the overworked wife, or the frail hired drudge of the family.



Yes and the cooking too. Let a man be perfectly competent and willing when occasion calls to get his own meals. I raised a hornet's nest when I said a year ago in this magazine—March and April numbers, 1909—that each member of the family should be educated in foods and food values and be trained to prepare their own meals.

But I say now again, that the problem of nutrition will never be solved so long as what meager dietary knowledge we have and the preparation of meals rests with but one person in the household, while all the others

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simply fall up to the table three times a day and eat what's set before them, asking no questions for godsake.

If you are going to live a full rational life, you must not be satisfied to let others select your food for you. You must know your own body and your own needs. The intelligent man should know better than any other person can know what food is best for him, how it ought to be prepared, and when he ought to eat.



Then again why should a man work six or eight hours a day only, while a woman works all the time? The average man scarcely regards household duties as work at all. His wife was up at work two hours before he left home for his day's labor. She has worked all day, and she'll be at it for two or three hours still after he gets home at night, but he never seems to consider her duties as work. The best eye open-

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er in the world for a man who thinks this way would be to do the house work one day in the week. Just one day will be a plenty for him. For general all 'round exercise I say the home has the gymnasium beaten forty ways. I know. I haven't kept my own house and been my own servant three years for nothing.

But what function in society do punching bags and dumb bells perform I'd like to know? What ethical value have vaulting bars and clubs?



Using the body or mind thus idly, with no useful end in view will not bring the expected reward. It's a waste of time and energy, and Nature abhors waste. She's the most rigid economist we know. Do you think you can benefit physically or mentally from swinging useless clubs or punching inoffensive leather bags, while someone else is bowed down under the burden of unremit-

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ting toil? How little you know Nature's laws. How shallow you must think her, to be deceived by such monkey tricks.

Idle exercise is vain. Useful activity alone counts. The unities must be preserved. Nature cannot permit anything else. Something for nothing you can't. Useless exercise is immoral.



WOMAN has indeed traveled a thorny road in her development. First a beast of burden, then a slave, then a toy, and now in her last desperate estate a household drudge and a sex commodity.

Our lop-sided social order today bears most heavily upon woman. In exchange for a home and a meal ticket she surrenders absolutely the ownership and control of her own body. In practical effect upon her, so far as moral degradation goes, it makes but little difference whether she bargain with one man for a life time under the sanction

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of the church and state, or whether she sell herself to the temporary possession of many masters. The principle is the same, and all thinking people now so recognize it.

It's no use to blink the truth, ladies and gentlemen, just because it happens to be disagreeable. We might as well face the music and try to get out of the disgusting state we've fallen into. That we can never do by apologizing for the evils that beset us or by closing our eyes to the leprosy that is eating its way to our vitals.

The church and the state have had their way with us for close onto two thousand years. You see the result.

Society has become so rotten it could hardly be worse and live at all. And now the church, in a panic over the awful plight into which its blunders have plunged us is beating the tom-tom, and wildly calling upon the police to suppress social vice and the white slave traffic.

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I'll tell you one thing, comrades, before you ever "suppress" the white slave horror, you'll have to suppress the church which puts the seal of authority upon the transfer of woman as a sex commodity. And you'll have to reorganize our crude and cruel social system which makes woman's "last resource against starvation the sale of her body as a vessel into which any man may void his lust."

Listen beloved, it's the respectable pillars of the church, the good lawful Christian husbands, the men who pay the preachers' salaries and who believe like all good Christians in sex slavery for women, that support the white slave traffic. From the holy altars of the church to the brothel is neither a long nor a difficult step. The tenderloin is the annex to the church. O yes the facts and figures prove it. Investigators one and all agree upon this finding.



In the name of the gentle Christ! you

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hypocritical windbags of the pulpit and you whited sepulchres sitting in the pews, do you suppose that the woman of the tenderloin is there because she loves that life? She is a human being, she is a woman the same as you madame, she is just as good as you are too. Do you think she would live in those vile haunts of shame if you would let her live anywhere else?

And that most pitiable of all human creatures, the poor white slave girl—did she choose her life freely? Would she be where she is if there was any other place on your God's earth for her? You pay saintly mountebanks a thousand dollars a week to engineer crusades against vice. You go in delegations to the city government, protesting against the presence of "outcast" women in your neighborhood. You force the brutal police to drive them out of your neighborhood into some other street. You would set the bloodhounds of the law upon them, you would dog them from place to

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place, notwithstanding you know there is no spot on earth for their feet to rest upon. You would send them to jail and to the workhouse. You would persecute and punish and pursue them to death, but you would never do the only thing you can do to save them, and that is to get off their backs and offer them a respectable home and a living.

What right have you sleek, well-fed perachers to lead crusades against the woman of the red light district? What right have you to drive her from her home and interfere with her business, unless you can offer her a better home and a more respectable business?

So long as you preachers and church people pursue the fallen woman with nothing to offer her but jails, workhouses, social ostracism more cruel than the teeth of the law, and starvation, you will but aggravate the evils you fight.

Only when you can go to her with chas-

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tened and pure hearts, in the spirit of the loving Christ, and lift her up; offer her the brother's hand and the sister's kiss; offer her a home, not at the House of the Good Shepherd; or the Fallen Woman's Retreat, but in your own homes, at your own firesides; not until you can receive her into full fellowship in your church society, not until every woman in your congregation will be glad to sit by her, and sing with her out of the same hymn book; not until you will kneel with her at your communion, touch with your lips the goblet from which she has drank, and accept from her hands the sacramental bread; not until you will invite her to your home, and treat her as an honored guest; not until you assure her of a home and a respectable place in your society, and guarantee her forever against the hideous alternative of selling her body for bread or starvation—not until you can do all this have you any right to molest her or raise your voice against her.

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You, gentle reader, do not see any immediate indications of all this coming to pass, do you? Neither do I. But you will have white slavery, and you will have the social vice so long as society remains unpurged of the conditions I have described.

Law will never suppress vice. Law and punishment never did suppress anything; never righted a wrong, never remedied an evil; never regenerated a human heart and never can.

Only love can do these things. Such love as the Master, Jesus, had when he lifted the fallen woman to her feet and said to her "I do not condemn you sister. Go and sin no more."

Not until we can go to the erring and the fallen with love instead of law shall we ever advance a step. And this means that Brotherhood shall rule. This is the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN of which we dream and for which we work and hope and pray.

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SOMEbody says "Just wait till women vote and all will be righted." Well, I don't want to discourage anyone especially women who want to vote. By all means let women keep on suffragetting until universal franchise is a fact. Far be it from me to shut woman out from anything. She surely has the same right to the franchise that man has, and she will get it, too, all in good time, for equal suffrage is coming. But if you expect any radical changes or any great reforms to burst upon us as a result of woman's use of the ballot, my dear friends, I fear you are courting a sad disillusionment.

The condition of things in our states where women vote, and in other countries, is not such as to make us very sanguine over the much vaunted purifying effect of woman's influence in politics. Politics at this writing remain in the same sad state of putrescence in the suffrage states as before woman injected herself into the stream—still badly in need of disinfect-

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ants. Dominant party machines still gaily rush the steam roller over minority protestants as in the good old days.



But that is not the worst. The most disheartening thing is the action of the women in Idaho. To the everlasting shame of woman-kind the first use women made of their suffrage in that state, as I am informed, was to *disfranchise the prostitutes*. Think of it, one woman voting to disfranchise another, because she does not belong to the union. Does that seem to point to any very great purification as a result of female suffrage?

No, I'm afraid not. Men are men, and women are women, and a man or woman can be as damnably ignorant and intolerant with the ballot as without it. There is small ground for hope that women will do any more with the ballot than men have.

So far then as woman's influence thru the ballot goes, but little is to be expected. But

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are getting expert in making coin cards to
with the kiddies Buster and Bess at their
studies on the magazine. Ananias is cultivating
ing leisure class ideals and swears that he
will work again. And so it goes. There is
just one damn thing after another. I
saw on a souvenir post-card some
me the other day.



But 1910 is now safely launched
we're off for another grand swing
the circle. Let us all face the year
Let's be on the lookout for the best
adversity come let us turn it to
growth in character growth. And so
Happy New Year to all. May it bring
more life, more love, more work, more
and more to be thankful for every day.

Life is a race. Immortality the prize.
Win or it's back into the melting pot.

Y.M.C.A.
1910

ROAD

of woman, some one
I believe it. Can you
Is not she a livelier
us? And if Mr. Per-
Her, in "Their Day in
athetic sins, still, in this
about all the support
or aesthetic, and in a
a subject terrible and
the interest of the pub-
repest utterance comes
oldman in her article, in
White Slave Traffic,"
be a traffic of that sort
ent social system endures
source against starvation,
a vessel into which man
"traffic" is an inevitable
dependence upon man
for his living upon the
themselves what belongs
man's struggle for independ-
struggle for the same thing-
will ever be free until wo-
freedom with him. Long

M. MARION REEDY.

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in the effect of the ballot upon woman herself a good deal is to be hoped for. It will be the loosening of one of the bonds that have heretofore oppressed her, and let us hope that when once woman starts upon the work of emancipation, she may go on breaking other bonds, such as sex slavery, fetish worship in religion, economic slavery, and ultimately stand forth a free being.



Yes, Comrades the church and the state have had their will of us for twenty centuries, and both now stand confessedly failures. Let us try then what a little brotherhood, individual freedom and right living can do.

If the day ever comes when murder shall lurk no more in the human heart and be known no more among men, it will be when there are no laws against murder. So long as we have laws making murder a crime punishable by death, we shall have people to break the law.

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THIS is to be a century of woman, some one said in the last century. I believe it. Can you not see Her day coming? Is not she a livelier influence in all things about us? And if Mr. Percival Pollard, does blame Her, in "Their Day in Court" for most of our aesthetic sins, still, in this country at least, she is about all the support there is for either ethic or aesthetic, and in a wide wallow of words on a subject terrible and horrible that has excited the interest of the public, the soundest and deepest utterance comes from Anarchist Emma Goldman in her article, in **Mother Earth**, on "The White Slave Traffic," showing that there must be a traffic of that sort just so long as the present social system endures to make woman's last resource against starvation, the sale of her body as a vessel into which man may void his lust. The "traffic" is an inevitable consequence of woman's dependence upon man and man's dependence for his living upon the men who have taken for themselves what belongs of right to all. Woman's struggle for independence must aid man's struggle for the same thing. Indeed, I doubt if man will ever be free until woman shall enlarge into freedom with him. Long live the sex revolution!

WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

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M OSES HARMON, the venerable editor of *Eugenics*, is dead. This man spent his long life in the service of humanity. He stood for the right of the child to be well born, and sought to enlighten men and women as to the duties of parenthood. He suffered the martyrdom of all who dare to look in advance of the herd. Comstockism sent him to a prison cell, but Moses Harmon's name will shine out in history long years after Comstockism and the pin-head officials who sent him to prison are buried beneath the contempt of the ages.

Well done noble servant of humanity. You have laid down the burden of life, but your work will be carried on by other hands, and will never be laid down till man is free.

“What man is not accustomed to, he calleth a miracle. After he has seen the matter frequently, he calleth it natural law.”

OAHSPE.

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HEALTH TALKS.

OPEN ROAD philosophy is to pass on your good things to others. I've found something very fine in the food line so you must know of it. I've always been fond of figs, but never before have I reveled in them as this winter. I got hold of a hundred pounds of the California black figs, packed by Open Roader Gerald Geraldson, at New Castle, California; and for all 'round satisfaction and deliciousness these little black figs go ahead of anything I've ever seen.

The imported figs as you know are not always appetizing, besides the skins are tough, and the really good pulled figs are quite expensive. But the California black fig has the Oriental beaten in every way. They come in neat two-pound cartons packed and sealed. All you have to do is lift the fig out by the stem and eat it so. They are clean, tender, tasteful.

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Figs are one of the very best winter foods. They are rich in carbo-hydrates, which makes them good heat producers, and best of all they are a splendid laxative.

I prefer the figs without any preparation just as they come from the orchard, but here's a list of other ways these black figs may be used:

Fig cake; fig whip; baked figs with a little lemon juice sprinkled over them; stuffed figs; fig butter; stewed figs; used in fruit soups; chopped figs with steamed whole wheat; flaked wheat, chopped figs, nuts and cream; fig candy for the children and fig sandwich.

I have made many a meal this winter on black figs, whole wheat bread and a glass of milk.

Figs may be used all thru the spring months until the new green things come in. I hardly think the black figs are sold by dealers. I could not find them in Chicago,

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but Comrade Geraldson will send you any quantity to any part of the United States.

In the January issue of **THE OPEN ROAD** was published an article about Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver. It seems from inquiries that a good many **OPEN ROADERS** had not before heard of Dr. Tilden and his work, so I have offered the Doctor a page in our advertising section to tell who he is. He has been publishing his little gattling gun, "**THE STUFFED CLUB**" for ten years. I have a complete set. Wouldn't take a good deal for it. I know the Doctor too. Have met him in his home and in his office and have watched his work for some years.

I don't know that Dr. Tilden needs any more business. I rather think he has arrived after thirty years of struggle, in which starvation must many times have been nigh. No man could have made the fight that he has

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against the mal-practice of the medical sharks, and against popular ignorance and superstition, without throwing away two or three fortunes; but I believe the tide has turned at last and that the Dr. is now on Easy Street. He teaches people by mail to get well and keep well, but he uses no dope. Tho the Doctor may not need any new patients, the world surely needs his sane, scientific philosophy of right living.

So far as I am concerned, I have no use for doctors in my business, but if I am ever so unfortunate as to get caught with a physical ailment which I myself cannot handle, there's no medical practitioner in America I would sooner consult than Dr. Tilden.

Under Nature's law of personal and individual freedom and responsibility, an entire new reading of moral obligations and of right and wrong must be made quite independent of any religious or dogmatic fallacies.

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IN THE WOODS.

WHAT a jollier nature is anyway; just as you are beginning to grow tired of snow and ice and cold winds and keeping up fires, when winter seems to drag and you long for a sight of the old earth again, all at once there comes a warm south wind and a thaw, and in three days the snow is all gone, and the brown earth emerges looking so good to you; the sun shines out very warm one day, the jays come back into the woods, the woodpecker who has been somewhere secluded for weeks suddenly appears boring away industriously at his favorite tree, the very air smells of spring; you walk out over the fields, the ground is getting soft, you'll soon begin to plan this year's crops and think about where to plow first; whew! it's very warm, you throw off your coat as you walk, your chest goes up, you quicken your stride, your step becomes more elastic, you get home in a glow feeling like a king;

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the fresh warm air smells so good, and the odors of spring are coming up from the ground, you rummage around for your box of garden seeds in joyful anticipation of early planting, your weariness is all gone, hope bubbles up renewed in your breast; winter isn't so bad after all, now that it is gone; we had a good time if it was cold, the great ocean of snow was beautiful at first anyway, and the sleighing was the finest in a generation, and Dollie, my how she did enjoy it, how her bright eyes sparkled and how her cheeks glowed as you sped home with her snuggled up close to you under the big blankets last Sunday afternoon, to the merry jingle of the sleigh bells; O yes the winter has its joys; you wonder if you'll be able to use that new cutter at all next winter; like as not you won't, and so with gentle tolerance for winter you go to bed, forgetting the biting winds and pinched fingers of past weeks; the warm wind comes up out

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of the south, you throw off a blanket and fall asleep with that good smell of earth stirring your blood and—zip! something has happened; you wake up shivering with the cold and you look out again upon a great sea of white; the wind changed after you went to sleep, a fresh fall of snow again hides the dark ground from view, the mercury has dropped about forty degrees in the night and here is all the world again hard and fast in the deadly grip of the cold; nature was just playing with you; winter has commenced all over again; my, but the frost does pinch this morning; you shuffle out of bed, and get ready to take up the old round of shoveling snow and sawing wood;—well yesterday was a great day anyway, doesn't seem the same world today; but it can't last much longer now, the sun crosses the line next week and then spring will surely soon be here.

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This has indeed been a winter of sudden and violent changes. Yesterday it was warm and balmy. The ground was almost wholly bare. Today it is below zero and there lies outside my window nearly thirteen inches of the lightest, whitest, fluffiest snow you ever saw; and the way it is still snowing! It seems to me I never saw a real snow storm before.

The air is so thick with clouds of snow I cannot see half way to the big road. There is no wind for the present, and you should see the way the snow gathers and hangs in festoons from the limbs.

O! it's a beautiful sight. The great oaks look for all the world like gorgeous bewigged and powdered courtiers of old, the young trees and bushes like dainty brides, blushing behind their snowy veils on the way to the altar.

Yes, it is like a carnival of ancient days, with all the brave gentlemen and fair

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ladies arriving in splendor for the fete.

The trees seem to enter into the spirit of the frolic, too. Now and then Old Walt, the big oak at the left in our frontispiece, roguishly shakes his hoary locks to deluge me with an avalanche of snow as I stand under his branches.

O SURELY the world never needed intelligent, great souled, earnest, honest teachers so badly as at this moment. Humanity is just awakening from its long night of ignorance and superstition. In its great eagerness for truth, for knowledge of the new life, it will be easily misled by the pretender as well as by the well meaning but ignorant. For the honest but unconscious fraud is but little less harmful than the out and out charlatan. Let us beseech the forces to give us great teachers in this our hour of need.

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man, or nature to breed its own kind in decency—but must entrust its most sacred function of sex mating to the regulation of ward politicians and legislative grafters! You must not mate in secret, says the legislature, echoing the prurient virgins of Society, but must go up to the City Hall, declare your intentions before the world, and then take an oath never to mate with any other man or woman no matter how unfortunate your present selection may be. And the Social Shame says, Of course you won't keep that oath—no one expects that you will. But you must lie and deceive every time you disregard it. We slime your life with our Shame, we brand you hypocrite, and we provide bagnios and brothels in which you may wallow in sensuality, mentally and fysically, to the tune of clinking dollars. But all the beauty and poetry and chasteness of natural sex-mating must leave your life forever. That is Society's mandate, and that it is not enforct with absolute rigidity, is only to say that nature is stronger than Society and men and women better than the conditions that chain them. The chains are seif-forged, in the aggregate, but thousands now rebel against them. Nathless, as no man can divorce himself from the human family, none can entirely escape the slavery of society's chains.

LUKE NORTH.

The Open Road

Philosophy of Joy and Religion of Right Living.

To do our full duty in life without shirking or repining, beginning with the task that lies nearest us.

To do our work sanely, sweetly and beautifully. To look for and expect the best in our neighbors.

To live and encourage others by our example to live the right life of cleanliness and purity in body, thought and action.

To work and to think, to live, love, laugh and to play.

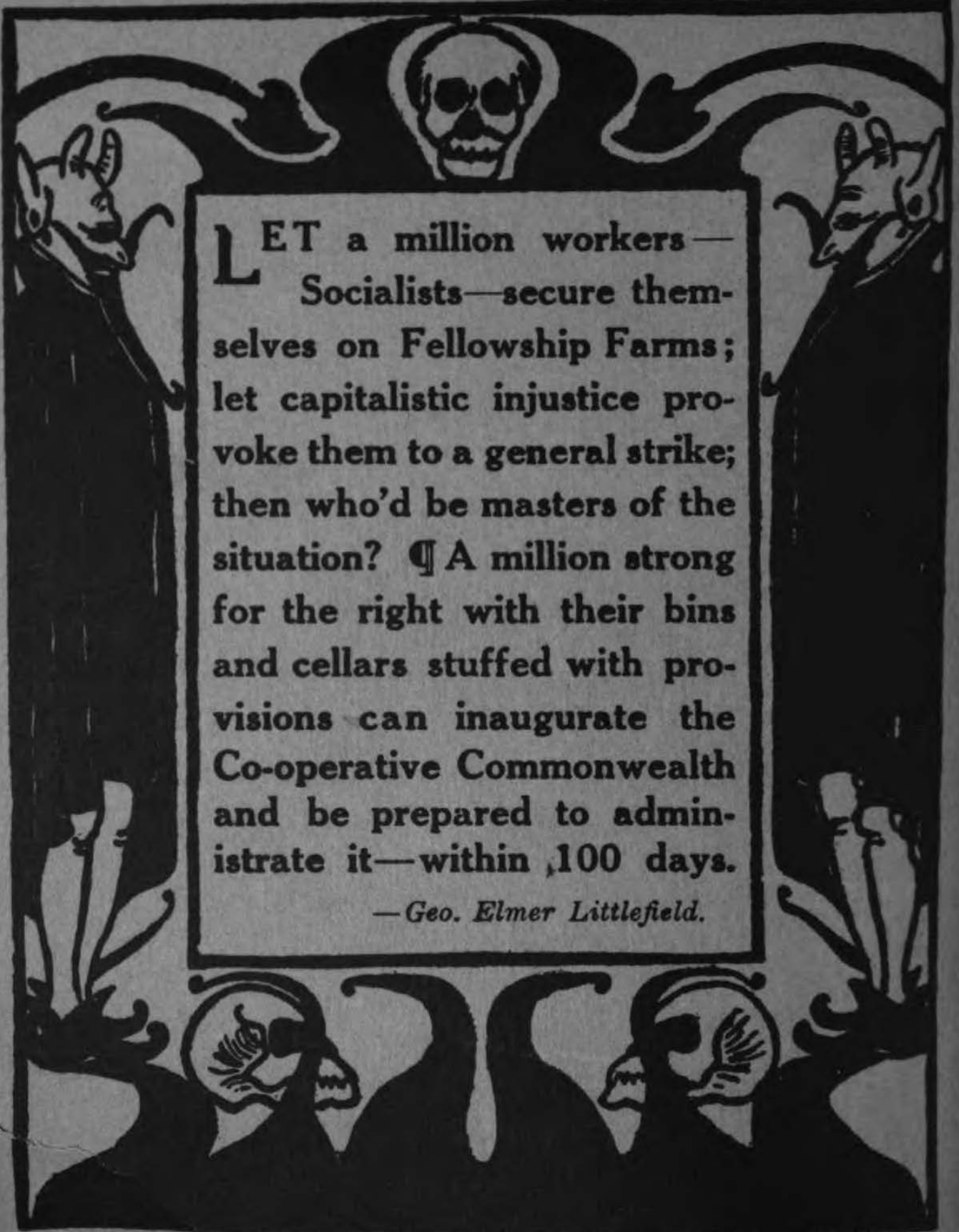
To which end we recognize the good in all systems and all religions. They are all ours. We take our own wherever we find it. But we belong to none. We permit no fences to be built around us.

Would you add anything to this?

If not, are you with us?

**Fifty cents and a smile will let you in for
a whole year.**

Ananias is holding the gates ajar.



LET a million workers—
Socialists—secure them-
selves on Fellowship Farms;
let capitalistic injustice pro-
voke them to a general strike;
then who'd be masters of the
situation? ¶ A million strong
for the right with their bins
and cellars stuffed with pro-
visions can inaugurate the
Co-operative Commonwealth
and be prepared to admin-
istrate it—within 100 days.

—*Geo. Elmer Littlefield.*