

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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The Open Road

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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.

The Soul travels;
The body does not travel as much as the soul;
The body has just as great a work as the soul, and parts away at
last for the Journeys of the soul.

All parts away for the progress of souls;
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments,—all that was or is
apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches, and
corners before the procession of Souls along the grand roads
of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand
roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed
emblem and sustenance.

—WALT WHITMAN.

INVOCATION

I Ananias, Supreme Circulator for YE OPEN ROAD, at Pigeon-Roost-in-Ye-Woods, do desire, request and pray the Honorables *Hoba or Hobo, whose eye meets this to dig downwardly into his or her weaselskin, disannexing, removing or abstracting therefrom the price of one dozen or more of ye pretty red, white or blue, excursion tickets on the Open Road, forwarding same with the quickness to the Shrine, and when aforesaid tickets have been received to put them soonly into the hands of friends—or enemies—for the good of their Souls and the relief and joy of the workers at Pigeon-Roost.

And I the above stated Chief Hobo, and Official Circulation Prevaricator, do hereby guarantee and promise you absolution from all the sins (you have never committed) also the blessings of the Brotherhood every New Moon, and full freedom from Mental Dyspepsia ever after.

Do this to the Honor and Glory and Ease of your Conscience, and that your days may be long in the land.

Amen--Ananias.

*Hoba is feminine for Hobo. See any Professor of Latin, Latin Prof., Ph.G. or V. S. Horse Doctor.

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The Open Road

VOL. V

JULY, 1910

No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

ROADSIDE CHATS.

I OFFER no apology for being late with the July number. This is merely by way of explanation. One of the greatest joys in writing this magazine is that I am not tied up to any rules or dates. I am not obliged to conform. I write only when I can't help it, never because I ought to. And that's the only way friends ought ever to correspond. Don't write your comrade just because he wrote last, and you imagine that you "owe" him a letter. A true friend doesn't care whether you "answer" his letter or not. And by the same token he will write you a dozen times if moved to do so, not even caring for or expecting a pen and ink reply. If you are on the same wire all messages

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are answered anyway before they are written, and if you are not on the same wire no written statement can ever satisfy the heart.

I have a dear friend, in the penitentiary. Never mind where or why. I don't know why myself. Don't care. I only know that it is for something which I myself might have done under the same circumstances. And I went to see this man. He writes me once or twice a month regularly. Takes the OPEN ROAD, and reads it and passes it on to my other comrades in the prison. Lapsing for a moment into old habits of conventionality, I began to apologize for not always replying to his letters promptly or categorically. So much to do—magazine to get out—garden to look after—lectures to give—this, that, and the other—when my friend stopped me. Reaching his hand thru the bars of his cell door, he said: “No more of that, Bruce! Every copy of the magazine is an answer to my letters. When I hear

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the birds sing outside there in the trees, I know that they are telling me the same story they tell you at Pigeon Roost. They are bringing me messages of love from you. Between friends there's no such thing as obligation in correspondence. There's only understanding. And this doesn't depend upon pen and ink scratches. It's the impulse of the soul which knows no time nor distance, nor places, nor things, but only love."

And I stood silent, ashamed and abashed. My friend behind the steel rods had taught me a lesson.



I am not even compelled to be correct in my conclusions. I am permitted to make all the mistakes I please. Open Roaders are indeed an indulgent family. If they cannot accept what they see in the 'Zinelet they charitably overlook my gyrations, which they simply attribute to incomplete cerebration, and they know that I will catch up with the truth in due time.

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A friend writes me to call my attention to something I wrote two years ago, gently intimating with that delightful candor some kinds of friends have, that I am a turncoat and a trimmer. "You said such and such then, and now you say so and so. How's this for consistency, etc.?"

What the devil do I care what I may have said or written two years ago, or one year ago, or yesterday even? I hope I am not thinking with the same brain cells I used two years ago. I hope my horizon is broader than it was then. Today is today. Suffice that I speak the truth as I see it this moment. That's all I have to think of, and I did not even take the trouble to look back and see what it was I did say. I don't care. The past is of value only as it contributes to the new impressions that fill our minds today. It is merely the ancestor of the present. And this harking backward to the dead and buried past, this trying to square our-

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selves with something long gone by, is but a phase of Ancestor Worship. We want none of it. Your highest conception of life, its privileges and possibilities, at this moment is all that you are responsible for. Forget the past. Ignore the future. Live today.

Make mistakes? Yes, surely. But what of it? That is not unique. No man ever lived whose life was not filled with variations from the line of truth. No man was ever right all the time or even most of the time. It's enough in this life to be wholly right once in awhile. I can go back over the words and works of all the great teachers and saviors of the past, and pick holes in their philosophies big enough to throw a dog thru. What of it? Are they any the less sages or saviors for that? No, not at all! They are merely human. And human philosophies, and human religions, and human loves, are all that we can ever know or understand.

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I am glad that Open Readers belong to the tribe of the Show Me. How could any man write or speak to a bunch of kangaroos who simply sat on their tails with open mouths and closed minds, swallowing the stuff without tasting it? There would be no resistance, no stimulation. That's why preachers suffer so from dry rot and scale, and why their creeds become moth-eaten and maggotty. Their congregations swallow the dope without thot. They give nothing back. And the preacher goes dry. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

I love the roundheads who question things. All I ask for or expect from my flock of readers is that they give me credit for being honest, for speaking what looks to me like the truth at the moment. I want my friends to keep up this questioning habit now and forever, amen; to put all things to the test of proof so far as possible, and to nail fast to that only which can be successfully worked up into a beautiful life.

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The fact is, I've been off on another bat—an intellectual one of course—and was having such a rasping good time it was hard to hit the tanbark for home.

First, to the yearly roundup of the Immortals at Roycroft land. Here gathered the great and the near great, the wise and the otherwise, for the annual clambake and Fourth of July regatta. Mostly dear souls they came from everywhere, leaving dull care at home, for a ten days' spree.

Out on the peristyle we renewed old ties of friendship and established new spiritual contacts. We amended the constitution, threshed out questions of state, and settled our governmental policy for another year.

We met in daily sessions under the spreading pines at Pigeon-Roost-across-the-Creek, where I served samples of hot Pigeon-Roost Pie, and where we discussed everything from the nebular hypothesis to the right of women to propose.

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We held speakers' relief meetings at the Spring, where forensic frills flowed freely as the crystal waters out of the hillside, and where the oratorical exhaust was worked up into soul food.

We tramped thru the woods and up to the farm, and—soft pedal, please—one lovely afternoon we evaded the watchful eye of the Fra, stole softly down to the creek above the dam, and there, far from gaze profane, we shucked our footgear and had a good old-time barefoot wade for a mile up the creek and back. Talk about the physical degeneracy of the race! Not for a minute. Nordau is dippy. There's nothing in it. Such a display of pulchritude I am sure was never before seen in the scandalized waters of the turbulent Cazenovia. Not even at Deacon Buffum's annual bapsousing of the saints and saintesses. Even the rippling waters, when the first shock of surprise was over, ran in rapturous admiration after that bevy of beauty (while they walked down stream).

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And such fun! Well, it was a sight never to be forgotten. Stiff-necked bankers and brokers, fat physicians, high-browed professors, leather-lunged editors, and a broken-winded preacher or two; high-stepping society ladies from back bay, sweet maids, matrons and widows, with schoolma'ams dainty and demure, all turned children again. We splashed and romped and roasted our feet in the hot sand. The only fellow that made any trouble was Cax Holmes, who insisted upon going back to the Inn for his rubber boots and mackintosh. But we waited till we got him in a good deep place, and then we disannexed him from his boots all right, all right, while the gossamer went gaily floating down with the tide. Cax was disposed to start something at first, but we paired him off with a gentle, matronly club woman from San Francisco, where he was forced to subdue his language to the hues of the landscape, and all went well.

A tired, happy, bedraggled lot, we turned

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up at the Inn as the shades of evening drew nigh. Hubbard saw us coming afar off, and he swore by the whiskers of Bert Moses that we were the most disreputable bughouse bunch of hobos that ever came home to roost. He even had the effrontery to blame me for the disturbance. But I sang my titles clear and felt no sense of guilt. All I did was to strip and wade in, as is my habit whenever I see clean water. It wasn't my fault if all the rest followed. Now, was it?

Barring this little unpleasantness, my stay at Roycroft was one glad sweet song. Of course I deplore the misunderstanding with the Fra. We have always been the best of friends hitherto, and he had promised me a testimonial for my Renowned Hair Generator. I suppose it's all off now.



The moral of the incident is this, dear friends. To be happy we have only to listen to our intuitions. Go back to childhood. Remain children always in our spontaneity

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and simplicity. Now, why can't we live this beautiful natural life every day? In our own homes? To gain a few moments or a few hours of freedom from cursed convention, why must it be necessary to go off a thousand miles from home and among strangers to throw off the restraints that are crushing the life and soul out of us among our own neighbors? Be yourself, comrade. Nothing else matters.



Then there were daily and nightly programs of music and song and lectures in the salon. The Fra always ready with his seemingly limitless stock of canned goods whenever the fresh supply from visiting talent ran short. Little Breeches sang her lovely baritone songs with greater sweetness and charm than ever before. What would a Roycroft Convention be without Jean? Brand Whitlock, the young giant of the middle west, came over from Toledo to tell us about American Ideals. He's a man filled with no-

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ble impulses and a great longing to help humanity. Will that slender, delicate, almost spirituelle body be equal to the burdens that must fall upon it, was my thot as I listened to his gentle voice. I hope so. But I want him to take more barefoot walks in the Open Road, spend more time in the open air, and get away more often from the hell of politics and greed that seethes around him.



And thus it went on for a dizzy week. Everybody awfully busy doing nothing, and all getting exceedingly hungry on the job, gathering with mighty appetites at those big round oak tables in the dining hall, where the flow of wit, humor and goodfellowship sweetened every mouthful. Leave your Hostetter Bitters at home when you go to Sun-up. You won't need any eye-openers.



And then, by ones and twos and threes, we slipped away for home deliciously weary

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but happy with a wealth of new experiences to catalogue, new ideals to build into our own lives, greater love for all, fresh inspiration, and uplift to cheer us on for another year. And so, good-bye to Roycroft till we meet again next Fourth of July. *Aufwiedersehen.*



Now I'm off for Buffalo to meet Dr. and Jean Pohl, great and fearless souls, who in the interests of fair play and free speech, when every hall in Buffalo was shut against her, offered their home to Emma Goldman, where she spoke her message of love and freedom while the valorous police force stood lined up in cordons around the house.

The good doctor had passed the word along to the faithful, and we gathered Sunday afternoon at that famous rendezvous of free spirits—Single Tax Hill, Fort Erie, across on the Canada side. Here on a beautiful shady knoll overlooking Niagara river, sweet with the fragrance of Mother Jones' rose bushes, I lifted up my voice again for

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Right Living and Rational Education. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. H. P. Morrell, pastor of the First Universalist Church in Buffalo, a good man albeit on the wrong job. And thus extremes met on that classic hill. A hobo from the woods, and a cultured ecclesiastic from the cloister, but both, I trust, thanks to powers of light, animated by the same ideals of human service and human love. A more responsive and sympathetic audience I never met, not even at Roycroft, where I am always at my best.



The next morning I felt my "guides" pulling me strongly toward far different scenes, and a quick jump landed me at Lily Dale, the great Spiritualist camp, seventy-five miles southwest of Buffalo. Here is the strangest gathering of spiritualists, psychics, mediums, clairvoyants and sensitives I am sure to be found anywhere in the world.

They come to Lily Dale every summer for two months, hundreds of them. They have morning, afternoon and evening pro-

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grams daily in their beautiful outdoor auditorium, one of the finest in America. The uneasy spirits of poor departed mortals who would doubtless fain rest in peace, are kept busy working overtime at daily and nightly test meetings doing stunts for the divertisement of phenomena seekers. Seances are conducted around among the cottages by various mediums, at which weird and mysterious doings are reported. You can get a thrill almost every hour at Lily Dale.



I was invited to speak, and I did so, giving a performance of my celebrated single-string solo on Right Living. I thot my spiritualist friends were getting too spooky, and as I didn't expect ever to be there again, I told them so. I then gave them some good hard jacking-up on practical things. I said that it was vastly more important to know how to take care of this body, to live the healthy, happy, sane, useful life every day than to have the power of calling legions

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of spirits from the vasty deep. That the man who expected to get anything more out of this life than he was putting into it day by day was a Jackass; that people who become so spiritualistic or spiritual that they forget the needs and demands of the body are likely soon to have no body or else end their days a burden to others; also that the man who thinks he can get from discarnate human intelligences anything more of good than he can from his own natural senses in the flesh, by living the right life, is a Lobster; and much more to the same effect.



I thot I saw signs of uneasiness in the congregation, and I had a feeling that they would presently fall upon me good and hard, so, shouting my defi in their teeth, I sat down and waited for the slaughter to begin.

But there was no violence. My spirit friends only smiled indulgently. One white-haired, gray-whiskered old man, the patriarch of the circle I afterwards learned—

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almost a dead ringer for Old Walt—a splendid figure as he rose to his six feet four, standing hale and hearty at ninety years young, said that I was really a spiritualist but didn't know it; that I was only preaching what every enlightened spiritualist teacher was expected to teach; and that I was simply laying the foundation upon which modern spiritualism must rest. And I felt the blush of shame mantling my cheeks. I had been properly rebuked.

The test mediums then took the center of the stage, and several of them had clairvoyant whacks at me, each predicting that I would soon leave the woods and that inside of two years would be a great inspirational speaker on the spiritualist platform. There's really something fascinating about this spiritualistic philosophy after all. It listens good. I must look into it.

A dear, sweet-faced girl of seventy-seven, a double daughter of the Revolution, hastily retired to her cottage, whence she presently

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emerged with an acrostic on my name, teased from her spirit guides on the other shore. It was beautifully written, too, and good stuff. I have it now.

Then we sang "Shall We Gather at the River?" and the meeting broke up in peace.



Lily Dale camp was established thirty-one years ago. It contains sixty acres of the prettiest scenery in New York state, on lovely Casadaigua Lake. There are now some sixty-five comfortable and roomy cottages, each set in a tangle of roses and old-fashioned flowers; also two good hotels, a boarding house, a grocery store, and a barber shop. I can imagine no finer dancing floor anywhere than the great auditorium cleared of benches.

Between two and three hundred people live there all summer, while on Sundays and holidays four to five thousand visitors frequently pass the gates. I know of no more restful or delightful spot if you are not

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afraid of spooks. An atmosphere of peace pervades the whole place. I wish we could tie Emperor Wilhelm and T. R. down there for a summer while the world's war clouds blow away.

It's about the only resort I have ever visited where graft has no place. At Lily Dale no one is out to do you. All are seemingly anxious only to give you the most they can for the least compensation. All want to make you as comfortable and happy as possible.

But what struck me most the days I was there was the dearth of young folks and the preponderance of those far beyond the allotted three score and ten of man. I found several making the last lap of the century run, and I have no doubt there are some centurions, tho I did not get acquainted with any in my short stay. I spoke three times and enjoyed every moment.



And then there's Evielena. Don't overlook her. She's at the Pagoda. You'll be

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glad to know her as I was. She's a thoroly genuine, natural woman. A real Open Road Hobo of the first water. One of the best old outdoor scouts I ever met in petticoats or out of them.

If you're the right stuff she may take you out for a twenty-five or thirty-mile cross-country tramp. That's her hobby—walking. She has tramped all over California and Florida, living and sleeping outdoors for months at a time. A true sport is Evielena, roughing it day in and day out with the sturdiest of men companions, indeed not infrequently leaving them to be picked up by the Ambulance Corps while she trudges blithely on.

No, Polly, she doesn't wear straight fronts, high-neck chokers, French heels, draggling skirts, or nightmare hats. She has achieved woman's first step toward freedom from the thralldom of her sex, and that is emancipation from the slavery of clothes. There's no foolishness about Evielena. She's

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a biped, and she admits it, and dresses accordingly when on the open road.



The psychology of clothes is really a deep subject. Tamas, the Grouch, hasn't said it all, either. A woman sensibly and comfortably dressed for a tramp thru the woods is wholly sane, sweet and lovable. While the same woman decked out in all the absurd frills and doodads of a fashionable four o'clock is an artificial, impossible creature, unnatural, and unlovable.

I've noticed that a woman dressed a la mode can reach no spiritual heights. The spirit is strangled in her clothes. She's only a frivolous, foolish, frittering female.



Shall I tell you a secret? Here it is, then. Roycroft, splendid and democratic as it now is, would be absolutely, hopelessly demoralized and destroyed if Alice Hubbard should change her clothes three times a day, or if honest old Fra should appear at the supper

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table toggled out in his claw-hammer, so narrow is the margin of sanity that divides us from the barbaric.

As it is, many women and some men who go there have but the slightest veneer of democracy. Scratch that enamel ever so lightly and you find but gilded snobbery. I've known an individual of this sort to put sand in the bearings for a whole day at Roycroft. Happily the prophylaxis of sanity and sweetness is usually sufficient to throw off the irritating body, sending the snob to the desk about the second day in high dudgeon, indignantly and vociferously demanding that her trunks be forthwith gotten off to the five o'clock train. She'll no longer stay in such a horrid place, no indeed, so there! And the white-winged dove once more flutters down over the peristyle.

Mark you! If anything ever destroys Roycroft it will be the forcing in of that element which loves vulgar display and worships the dollar mark. I have said.

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Again on the wing, this time for Niagara Falls, and Old Stone Cottage at the Canada end of the suspension bridge. Here I found Mother Alice, known to the world for almost two generations as Dr. Alice B. Stockham, champion and liberator of woman; wife, mother, physician; author and lecturer, packing up for a trip abroad. And now she's off at seventy-seven, hale and sweet and youthful, on a little jaunt around the world all by herself. I arrived just in time to carry her satchel to the train and receive her good-bye kiss.



Stella, the presiding genius at Stone Cottage, made me welcome, and had my favorite bedroom suite, the Pigeon-Roost out in the forks of the old apple tree, prepared for my use.

You don't know Stella? Well, you've a joy coming to you. She's another. One of the most remarkable women I have known. Daughter of old John Noyes, founder of the

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Oneida Community, which was probably the greatest and most successful communistic experiment the world has ever known. She inherits the genius and spiritual daring of her famous father, yet withal subdued and feminized by sweet womanly qualities. I won't try to describe her. You must see her yourself.

There are others, too, in this interesting group. There's Florence and honest Herbert; I love him for his garden, in which he puts every moment outside of long hard hours of toil; and pretty Ruth, their daughter, a rollicking, romping little Hebe it will do your soul good to see; and sturdy old Grandfather Eldredge, handsome and ruddy at seventy-five; and dear little Grandma Eldredge, too, born in the same month with Grandpap. I know their hearts are right because they both stayed up to my lecture, and altho I talked nearly two hours and the evening was warm, neither of them closed an eye. Of course I love people who will

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sit still and let me talk. There's also Minnie and Pearl and Helen and Hugo and Elios and Deming—great soul in the chrysalis—all sweet, sane Open Roaders trying to live the right life.

Once more the wires were set to work and the word was passed, and the knowing gathered at Stone Cottage, from Niagara Falls, some even from Buffalo and from Roycroft, and once more and for the last time on this trip I talked to the friends, giving my favorite lecture, "The Harmony of Nature."

Anna sang the beautiful Norwegian folk songs, her sweet voice floating out thru the gentle evening air to mingle with the roar of the falls; Elios sang the plaintive folk songs of his far-off Russian home, songs fairly thrilling with the history of a race, and thus to the strains of sweet music we wafted ourselves out into the night—and my joy trip was over.

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Now, home again in the woods! I find my garden truck grown almost out of recognition. The potato patch has flowered during my absence, but the blossoms are all gone, and down in the warm sand the tubers are growing lustily. I had some of them today for my dinner with new peas and snap beans, all out of my own garden.



It is indeed good to be home again and at work. It is good to go away and mingle with the sweet beautiful spirits of the world, but it is still better to come back home richer in experiences, gentler in judgments, with higher aspirations, nobler conceptions of life, and with more love in our hearts.

And as I write these closing words the question comes tugging at my heart, why is it that the splendid great-souled folks live so far apart? Must it always be so? Is there no way of ever getting the children of light all together in one place? And could

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that be done, would not peace and joy abide in that group forever?



The country was never lovelier than today. All is so green and fresh and fair. Black-eyed Susans nod from the roadside. The Indian fireweed flames up in all his crimson glory. Hedgerows and line fences are heavy with the delicious fragrance of elder blossoms. The phlox, the bergamint, the sturdy ironweed and the wild asters mingle with it all the tender melody of their purplish-violet tones, those gentle spiritual shades which to me seem so near to the holy of holies I can hardly bear to look upon them.

Of course I admire the cultivated flowers. But my heart goes out with a great love to these wild children of nature blooming all alone without help or encouragement, enduring withering drouths and frosts and storms, gladdening the fields and woods with

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their wild sweet symphonies of perfume and color.

And it seems to me that never have I found in any flower garden those peculiar heavenly violet-purple tones which I see so plentifully among the wild flowers.

As yet I have no flower garden. Doubtless I shall have some time. But the seasons are rich with the wild beauties. From the anemones, Johnny-jump-ups and violets of early spring on to the golden rod and thistle of autumn, they come in battalions of beauty. Wild roses bloom in my dooryard. Each week brings new faces. All summer long and far into the fall they blossom for me. I cannot enjoy all that I have as it is. What need have I for more?



My friends, the birds, are so glad to see me home again, and the squirrels are racing merrily around my woodpile, just to show me they are all here. Just now a splendid fellow, the flicker or goldenwinged wood-

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pecker, is splashing in my rain barrel not ten feet from where I write. A beauty he is with his red cap and black crescent on his throat, and quite friendly today. How he makes the water fly! Now he jumps to the oak tree, swiftly encircling it in search of worms which he deftly extracts with his long sharp bill. He skips around the trunk to peep at me slyly from the opposite side, and when he sees that I am looking he goes ahead contentedly about his business. He works rapidly. While I was writing about him he has already inspected one tree, cleaned it up, and is off to another.



That gentle sweet singer, the hermit thrush, is still with me, too. I could hardly keep back the tears of joy when last night at dusk I heard his familiar voice welcoming me home. I heard him again at dawn this morning, with the wild canaries, and the warblers and the robins, the Maryland yellow throat, and the song sparrows. Sweet

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singers they are, but the hermit thrush is the sweetest of them all. No other American bird equals him, and only the nightingale of Europe, it is said, can approach him.

The only instrument in the modern orchestra that can be compared to the hermit thrush is the flute, or the French horn in the hands of a master. But even these are poor and colorless beside our bird's bewitching tones. I heard him at Niagara Falls from my couch in the old apple tree, but his voice was not so sweet as that of my own thrush here in the woods, tho it was a benediction to me in that strange land.

But he's a shy soul. You must have a keen ear and must listen well to hear him. In the stillness of twilight, or the flush of dawn, such heavenly music as the notes of this bird surely never assailed mortal ears. So sweet, and passionless, as of a calm joy too deep for words. Like a voice from another world. It is the peace of understanding. The dissolving of all earthly hopes and

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ambitions, loves and pains and human passions into that last triumphant chord of perfect bliss.

Keep yourself free from entanglements. Creeds will inevitably enmesh your soul, faster than gnats in cobwebs. Be free. And you can only preserve freedom by giving it.

THE RACE.

How like a squirrel in a cage,
Man whirls around, around—
From birth to youth, from youth to age,
From age to underground;
Nor pauses in his circling, save
Within the cradle and the grave.

Around, around, around, around,
His dizzy course he swings,
Around, around, around, around,
In everlasting rings;
Was it for this we left the womb—
That we might hurry to the tomb?

—Robert J. Shores.

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After dipping more or less deeply into all systems and all religions, it seems to me now that the best working philosophy of life I can summarize is this:

Be yourself. Nothing else matters.

BRUCE CALVERT.

TO THE HOBO AT PIGEON-ROOST.

I have tasted the sweets of the Open Road,
On wind-swept, sun-kissed hill;
I have laughed, I have loved, I have poured forth
in song
The joy—the delirious thrill.

I have leaned close to Nature's throbbing heart,
I have felt and obeyed her might;
I have slept under the stars and come close to
God
In the cool, mysterious night.

I have flung convention and sham to the winds,
The naked truth clasped to my heart;
I have dared to express, I have dared to live,
And this is the highest art.

And you, my comrade, who long to be free,
Break loose from your prison abode.
I'll grip your hand when I pass you by
At the next bend in the road.
—Anna C. Gulbrandsen.

OPEN ROAD PLATFORM

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOY and THE RELIGION OF RIGHT LIVING

To which end we want first of all perfect health; then to stand alone (as far as possible) and mind our own business (most of the time); to find our greatest Joys not in vain pursuit of wealth or power, but in a deeper understanding and love of nature; to grow back to the soil as we have grown away from it; to cultivate the homely virtues of economy, thrift, simplicity, neighborly love, with a large hearted sympathy for all men and women, especially those reeling under the burdens of life; to learn the noble dignity of doing for ourselves, rising above the degrading habit of being waited upon; to live and encourage others by our example to live the right life of cleanliness and purity of body, thought and action; to work and to think; to live, love, laugh and to play.

Well, isn't that enough for a start? Are you with us? 50c and a smile will let you in for a whole year. Better see Ananias at once.



**Be yourself.
Nothing
else matters.**

—BRUCE CALVERT.



The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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mailed monthly to members in good
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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 or 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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::: 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.

by BRUCE CALVERT



THE OPEN ROAD.

(All is a procession ;

The universe is a procession, with measured and beautiful motion.)

Do you know so much yourself, that you call the slave or the dull-
face ignorant ?

Do you suppose you have a right to a good sight and he or she has
no right to a sight ?

Do you think matter has cohered together from its diffuse float—
and the soil is on the surface, and water runs, and vegetation
sprouts,

For you only, and not for him and her ?

—WALT WHITMAN.

INVOCATION

I Ananias, Supreme Circulator for YE OPEN ROAD, at Pigeon-Roost-in-Ye-Woods, do desire, request and pray the Honorables *Hoba or Hobo, whose eye meets this to dig downwardly into his or her weaselskin, disannexing, removing or abstracting therefrom the price of one dozen or more of ye pretty red, white or blue, excursion tickets on the Open Road, forwarding same with the quickness to the Shrine, and when aforesaid tickets have been received to put them soonly into the hands of friends—or enemies - for the good of their Souls and the relief and joy of the workers at Pigeon-Roost.

And I the above stated Chief Hobo, and Official Circulation Prevaricator, do hereby guarantee and promise you absolution from all the sins (you have never committed) also the blessings of the Brotherhood every New Moon, and full freedom from Mental Dyspepsia ever after.

Do this to the Honor and Glory and Ease of your Conscience, and that your days may be long in the land.

Amen--Ananias.

*Hoba is feminine for Hobo. See any Professor of Latin, Latin Prof., Ph.G. or V. S. Horse Doctor.

The Open Road

VOL. V

AUGUST, 1910

No. 2

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

ROADSIDE CHATS.

Bowen Terrace,
New Farm, Brisbane,
Australia.

My Dear Comrade:

For seven years I lived a cramped and warped life in South Brisbane in a house that had no ground for cultivation.

Recently I moved out to a house standing on a quarter of an acre at the above address. I took up gardening and followed your advice about dispensing with shoe leather.

One morning I planked my right foot down on the upturned point of a crochet needle. It entered the flesh under the instep, went into the bones forming the arch of the foot, and then broke off in the foot.

This necessitated a surgical operation, and that was only successfully accomplished by the

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aid of the X-ray photographs. After that I stayed home for three weeks with my leg in a horizontal position, and hobbled about with a stick for another two or three weeks.

If you say any more about working in the bare feet I shall send you the surgeon's bill. The doctor told me that it was all very well for the Australian aboriginal to paddle around bare-footed. The soles of their feet were about as tough as sole leather, but they never wear anything on their feet. We highly civilized people must yield to conventionality and wear boots at business and whilst indulging in recreation. If you work in your garden for, say, twenty hours a week, you cannot possibly hope to have as tough a skin on your soles as the nigger.

On any piece of ground close to a residence one is always liable to strike a nail or a piece of broken glass.

I have been a strong advocate for the simple life, and like to kick over the traces on every possible occasion. I have had several debates with my wife on the subject of allowing the children to run barefoot, I saying that it was healthier, and she saying they would get their feet cut with broken glass, etc. Since the accident

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I have never quoted Bruce Calvert.

One has to be careful about a cut in the foot because there is the risk of it developing into tetanus or blood poisoning. I suppose if we all led healthy lives we would not be subject to blood poisoning. But that is the trouble—we don't. So it behooves us to avoid getting wounded.

Yours sincerely,

D. B. McCULLOUGH.

In the OPEN ROAD Magazine for May, Bruce Calvert, the editor, speaks a little piece about "IN ADAM'S GARDEN." I cannot help thinking Mr. Calvert a man of some discernment. Month by month I have been taken into the woods about Pigeon-Roost by him, and taught the joys of a barefoot existence next the soil. The other day, when up on a Wisconsin farm, I thot I would try the OPEN ROAD experiment. So I peeled off my shoes and stockings and took a dash across the velvety lawn. I stepped on a thistle. Of course Mr. Calvert said—try your feet on garden dirt. It is better than a lawn, I guess. Anyhow you will do well to read the OPEN ROAD.—Rev. Elmer Willis Serl, Editor "IN ADAM'S GARDEN."

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I did not intend writing about the feet, certainly not this month, as I have had some hot stuff on Marriage and Divorce standing on the galleys for a long time which I am anxious to get out of my system, and I had marked it up for the August issue.

But these two wails came in today, and as I do my work mostly at the call of the intuition, or the prompting of the spirit or, as some would say, on impulse, I have listened to the voice and have put Marriage and Divorce back in the closet for another month.

The country will have to get along the best it can with our present Marriage and Divorce system while I settle the foot problem, and next month if no one else has snagged a foot to demand my attention, I'll get back to the social evil.



There's much to be said about the feet and their care. I am not sure whether I

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can say it here or not. I can and have often done it on the platform and before classes in my course on Right Living, but I never have written it. I do not know whether I can or not but I will try.



The feet are of vastly greater importance in their relation to health and well being than the world today has any notion of. At the same time they are the most abused members of the body. Of all the burdens civilization, so called, has saddled upon us, our foolish dressing and neglect of the feet is probably the meanest.

I have never yet seen a perfect natural foot among adults who have ever worn leather shoes. You will find the nearly perfect foot among children almost always especially where they are allowed to run barefoot. But among grown-ups, never. We are perhaps a little less inhuman in our treatment of the feet than some of our Chinese friends, but not much.

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Take a dozen people or a hundred anywhere you find them, undress their feet and you'll see such a pitiful exhibition of poor cramped, twisted and knotted stubs as will make your heart sick.

Go to the fashionable ballroom. Pick out the belle of the bunch. Ask ye ladie faire to remove her footgear, and you'll find a deformed foot. The toes all crowded and pinched together, most likely some of them overlapping; an enlarged big toe joint, with a nice large well selected bunion decorating its outer surface. The toes will be knotted and crooked, every one sprouting a corn or two. On the outside of the little toe will be a hard corn, and between it and its neighbor a soft corn reaching to the bone. There won't be a straight clean graceful toe in the lot.

The big toe will be pointing off at angle of forty five degrees toward the outside of the foot, instead of forming a straight line

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with the inside of the foot as it would naturally do if not deformed. Not one toe will bear a perfect smooth pretty nail; all roughened and twisted, some in fact will be crowded back into the flesh entirely. Most likely the soles of the feet will be covered with painful callouses.

My lady could'nt walk a mile. Indeed she would not have been to the blowout at all if she had not previously spent some hours at her chiropodist's getting her feet pruned up so she could stand upon them. And it doesn't make much difference whether this ball is on Fifth Avenue or Hogan's Alley, the description will fit ninety-nine per cent of our population.



People somehow seem to know instinctively that their feet are hideous. They're ashamed to uncover. You can scarcely get them—women especially, for they are the greatest sinners against foot righteousness—

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to show their pedals. Yet no one, so far as I can see, is making any effort to get on a sane footing.

Even the horses are now shod with far more intelligence and that for their comfort and usefulness than humans.

We wear those hard, unyielding leather prisons on our feet year in and year out. The modern shoe in its construction, from the shape of the sole to the finishing touch, is about as far from the shape and needs of the natural foot as it could well be.



The whole body needs daily exposure to the air. Bodily ventilation is even more important than house ventilation. The body inhales and exhales thru every one of its millions of pores—that is, provided the pore is not clogged up with filth, and provided there's any air for it to breathe.

But tell me, what chance has a foot to breathe or even think, shut up in a water-

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proof, air-proof, gas-proof leather coffin? How can the emanations of the foot get out, or new life get in, under such conditions?

“O,” you say, “we breathe thru the lungs sufficiently.” Do we? Well, you try covering your body or even one-half of its surface with a coat of varnish, and see how long the lungs will keep you alive.



Then, if we add to all these other cruelties that crowning infamy, the French heel, you've about reached the limit of human stupidity and brutality.

And say, now, the toe dancer may be pardonable on the stage along with the dog-faced boy, and the two-headed calf, but isn't a woman—no, I won't say woman either, but a female—teetering along the street on her toes in a vain effort to look unconscious and happy, a sight to make the gods scream!



From the most ancient times among the oriental peoples, from whom we get the best

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of what we call our civilization, the feet have been tenderly cared for and understood. Washing and anointing the feet with oil and perfume was a daily observance. That beautiful incident told of Mary and Jesus was not so very unusual or remarkable an occurrence save perhaps for the girl's loving use of her hair in place of a towel.



The feet contain masses of nerve centers connecting with every part of the body. They are in fact closer to the head sympathetically than are the hands. The connection between the feet and the senses of hearing, smell, sight and taste is very intimate indeed. The proper functioning of all these senses depends very much upon the condition and care of the feet. First of all the foot should be kept perfectly clean, washed several times daily, exposed to the fresh air and sunlight as much as possible, and fre-

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quently rubbed with oil. Pure olive or sweet almond oil scented with your favorite perfume is a splendid ointment for the feet.

Wool stockings should never be worn. Silk is best. If you have never taken any care of your feet at all, you will find it well to begin by wearing linen or silk cloths or wrappings next to your feet under the stockings.

The soles of your feet are powerful eliminating organs. If you get chilled or feel a cold coming on, take a hot foot-bath at once. Then rub the feet with your bare hands until dry and glowing. Slap the bottoms and rub your fingers between the toes till the skin burns. Take each separate toe and draw it out, suspending the weight of the foot and leg by it. Then rub your perfumed oil well into the skin, put on your shoes again over clean, dry silk cloth or stockings, and you'll feel better immediately.

In all the fifty thousand drugs of the

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pharmacopeia, there's not one so useful as hot water applied to the feet.

There's nothing more pleasurable and beneficial than getting your bare feet upon the ground. We ought never to miss a day spending some time barefoot in the open air. Walking in early morning thru the dewy grass is particularly delightful and healthful. Try it. It can't hurt anyone, no matter how crippled or decrepit. There is an interchange of magnetic forces thru the contact of the feet with the earth which the body needs.

Walking in hot sand, and in freshly plowed ground barefoot is normalizing and helpful.

Wading in running brooks, streams or lake every chance you get is a fine habit. In general the more we bathe and rub and care for our feet the better they will be.

In bare feet you will almost walk naturally, by intuition, unless you are so fear-

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fully artificial. Turn the toes in, not out, and let the ball, or at least the flat, of the foot strike the ground first, never the heel first. Walk with an easy, smooth, swinging step, knees slightly bent, spine straight, and body thrown slightly forward. In this way walking is a joy, and fatigue is almost unknown.

We must get back to earth. In that old Grecian fable of Antaeus, as in all the beautiful myths of the race, there's a mighty germ of truth at the core. When we touch the earth, as did the fabled god, our strength is renewed. But try to imagine Antaeus struggling with his adversaries in French heels!

Love your feet. Care for them. Caress them, and they will repay you a thousand-fold in intelligent service.



Now as to my unfortunate comrade in South Australia, the innocent occasion of this outbreak. Of course I am sorry for his

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accident. But at the same time I fear that the injury to his mind by officious friends and fool doctors is far more serious than the wound in his foot. That hurt is indeed healed, but the wound in his spirit still remains unhealed. It is like to continue an open sore.

I fear he will never have the courage to try barefoot life again. In which case he will deprive himself of great joy, and will spread his sufferings and his deprivations out over all the remaining years of his life, and that surely is a much greater misfortune than a few days or weeks of pain, with the abiding happiness, health and joy of living a natural life.

Not only that, but the poor children are likely to be the chief sufferers thru being cheated of the child's heaven-born right to run barefoot, all because papa happened once in his life to step a little too hard on the point of a crochet hook.

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Notwithstanding all his troubles, I advise my friend to continue his barefoot habits.

But I by no means wish to advocate reckless disregard of safety. I would advise even more care and thotfulness at the start. The feet will soon get used to looking after themselves. Nature will quickly adapt herself to need by throwing out a thick tough skin on the bottom of the feet, so that little things like gravel, small burrs, stubble, and hot sand soon cease to be an annoyance.

But better than all this, the feet themselves will become more thotful after awhile. Yes, I know the medical asses and other unthinking human driftwood will here wink knowingly, tap their foreheads significantly and hand me the merry guffaw. That's all right. They're welcome to do so. In fact I'm so used to that I'd be sort o' disappointed if they didn't.

But the truth is that all the organs and

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members of the body have their own intelligences—brain centers, if you prefer that. Mind is not at all confined to this little nut at the upper end of the spinal column, as most people think.

Wherever there is life, there is thot. The body is a composite of intelligences and physical energies. The thinking power resides in every blood and tissue cell of the organism.

I have no great hope that the medical profession will ever know this fact. At their present rate of mental development, it will take doctors about eight hundred years, I should say, to arrive at an understanding of the fundamentals of human life.

Before they can ever understand some of the simplest facts of life, and the commonest rules of health, they'll have to forget all they now know about diseases and medicines. The profession knows an endless amount of stuff about disease, and

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drugs, and death, but almost nothing about life and health.

Isn't it grotesque, friends, that the doctors who are now clamoring to be constituted the absolute guardians and despotic dictators over the health of ninety millions of free Americans positively do not know health when they see it?

And so I say again that when we begin to be humans in place of machines, when we begin to think and live the right life, we live the thoughtful life. In all the activities of life, and to everything we apply thought. The organs and bodily members all become thoughtful.

A man shut up in a dark cell for a lifetime could not endure the light nor see upon being liberated. He would be as like to walk over a precipice as not. Indeed, if he had been confined long enough he might never see again.

So it is with the feet. At first, on being freed from their prisons they will go blun-

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dering about as most people do habitually with no thought for their footsteps, and they will get hurt. But after awhile they will become keen to sense danger, and careful about planting themselves upon sharp objects.

And this tendency applies all along. When you begin to live the thoughtful life, you will no longer throw glass, nails, needles, and tin cans where people can step on them. And every time you see anything of that nature you'll pick it up.



I have been hurt pretty badly by punctures from rusty nails in the feet, but that was in the old days when I wore shoes all the time, and never let my feet see the light of day. I have never, so far, been injured in bare feet. I often get little cuts and scratches, but they are of no consequence and are soon forgotten.

I do most of my garden work in bare
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feet, and frequently walk to the railroad station, five miles, without shoes. I spend some time barefoot every day in the year when at home. Even in coldest weather, in ice and snow, I take a morning run thru the woods in bare skin and feet.



Yesterday I spent the day on the lake shore up near Indiana Harbor. Lake Michigan has around its southern curve thru this county some of the finest bathing beaches I have ever seen, not even excepting the Atlantic seacoast. I often go over for a day in the surf and a sand bath on the Dunes. But the spot I visited yesterday was very bad. The beach was strewn with broken bottles, rusty nails—points always up, tin cans, slag, pieces of iron, and all sorts of wreckage. I was, of course, barefoot all day, in and out of the water, running up and down the sand in all that litter, but never a scratch.

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I suppose every woman who has read so far, has been saying to herself: "That's all right for the Pigeon Roost Hobo; he doesn't care for the beauty of his feet, but I'm not going to have my arches broken down and my feet spread all over the earth by going barefoot; they're big enough now, land knows."

I've heard that, hundreds of times. People are especially fearful of having the arch of the foot broken down by going barefoot, walking on the feet as nature created them.

How utterly absurd! As if the arch of the human foot depended upon a piece of sole leather tacked under the instep to support it! Really, now, don't you feel just a little ashamed of your nonsense? For I must assure you it is nothing but superstitious tommyrot. The idea probably was promulgated by the shoe manufacturers and corn doctors for business reasons.

So far from the arch breaking down or your feet becoming larger from going bare-

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foot, they will actually become stronger in the arch—it's the fool footwear that breaks arches—smaller and much more graceful. You will also find your general health much improved, and all your senses, especially hearing and smell, quickened. Corns and bunions will disappear, and you will soon come to be just as proud of your feet and just as careful of them as you are of your hands.

Don't take my word for this. Read up on your Anthropology. The most beautiful women in the world, with the most graceful feet, ankles and legs, are found among those races which have never known shoe leather.



For rough work or walking over dangerous ground, I recommend barefoot sandals. No need to ask for them at any shoe store, however, for as far as I know they are not on the market.

I have tried all the great shoe stores in two or three cities, but what they showed

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me for sandals were only low shoes, with leather enough to cover nearly all the foot. I was compelled to make my own sandals. All the leather you need is the sole. No counters and no tips, if you want the real comfortable and sensible sandal. Don't buy the gimcrack things they flash on you at the department stores when you ask for sandals. They're no good.

But it is a dreary waste of time to look for any sane or healthful footwear in any store, however large, the lying advertisements of the shoe makers to the contrary notwithstanding. It simply is not made.

About the only thing you can do then until the world evolves to a point where properly shaped, hygienic footgear is possible, is to go barefoot all you can, or wear sandals and thus minimize as far as possible the evils of leather shoes. Perfect healthy feet you will never have.

But in heaven's name, please do not pun-

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ish your children to satisfy your crazy notions by compelling them to wear shoes. Let them run barefoot as many months in the year as possible and then when cool weather approaches, put on their stockings and sandals till the coldest weather sets in. They will bless you all their lives.



I wish we could in this climate wear sandals the year 'round. I am not so sure we cannot. Raymond Duncan and his family have, I understand, worn sandals only, with bare feet and legs, for two winters in this country. Certainly a finer, healthier, wholesomer, saner family than the Duncans I never saw. The little fellow with his brown bare feet and chubby legs is a picture right off the classic Greek friezes, so beautiful and symmetrical is he.



Now to return to my comrade who writes me with such gentle chiding in his tones about his accident. Why didn't that low-

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browed Australian doctor, in place of frightening his patient with that bunk about the dangers of going barefoot, tell him something about the suffering caused every day by corns, bunions, and ingrown toe nails? About the maimed and crippled unfortunates hobbling thru life with misshapen broken feet, some with amputated toes caused by wearing tight leather shoes? O yes, there's more misery in one day caused by inhuman footwear among civilized (?) people, than there has been for a thousand years thru accidents to bare feet.

And then, why didn't the medical gazaboee tell my friend's wife something about the terrible physical penalties nature puts upon women for wearing French heels? about the nervous diseases, spinal irritations, displacements, and female miseries? He surely knows that. It's his business to. If he does not, let him take back his doctor's degree and trade it for a yaller dog, then

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shoot the dog, and go to work for an honest living.



Look well to your feet that they may lead you in the paths of righteousness and understanding.

THE TEMPLES OF THE LIVING GOD.

I heard the fish splash up the stream,
And the song of the hermit-thrush,
For the breath of summer was about,
The trees their leaves had all put forth.

The odorous blossoms of wild flowers,
The pungent moss, and vine,
The primrose, violet, and wild-rose,
Gave their fragrance to the air.

In the sighing winds I caught His Name,
In the twilight His presence felt,
The Temples of the Living God
Are men, the woods, and plants.

—Norton F. W. Hazeldine.

July 3, 1910.

THE OPEN ROAD

WARNING!!

The most infamous assault upon the liberties of American citizens, as well as one of the most dastardly crimes against nature ever attempted, a plot hatched ten years ago by that medico-political grafting trust, the American Medical Association, is now being engineered thru Congress by the Committee of One Hundred, which is but a cats-paw for the A. M. A.

The scheme is masked under the specious title of a "Governmental Department of Health." The A. M. A. affects to be very solicitous for the health of the dear people. Just how real this affectation is, the dear people will find out in short order once the medico-drug viper gets its fangs well hooked into them.

If you love liberty and would protect your dear ones from having poisons forced down their throats or injected into their blood by federal doctors in shoulder straps with soldiers at their heels, you'd better

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wake up and put a halt to this miserable conspiracy before it's too late.

To be fully informed of all the facts see the "Twentieth Century Magazine," No. 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass., for June and July. Also send for copies of "The Stuffed Club," Denver, Colo., and write The National League for Medical Freedom, Metropolitan Building, New York City, for a full expose of the whole nefarious business. And then do your part thru your congressman to defeat the measure.

Every man comes into life bringing his history with him. We are a part of nature. We were down on the cosmic blue prints. We cannot build our lives successfully upon a theory of separateness, or aloofness. Not to grow apart but to grow together is our destiny. Competition, castes, classes, must give way to social and economic solidarity. Co-operation is the keynote of the future.

BRUCE CALVERT.

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OPEN ROAD FORUM.

This department is for the relief of Open Roaders suffering from literary itch. Contributions have accumulated until we have nearly a barrel of hot stuff which simply must be disposed of or our fire risk will be raised on us. If you want to get your grist in, you are welcome, but write for the Rules of Order before sending your MS. If your dope passes muster it will be printed.

ANANIAS, Motorneer.

Religion and Morality.

by

A. G. Wagner—Open Roder.

As long as man believes that the power which controls him has attributes like those he himself possesses, it is quite logical for him to think that these can be appealed to, and changes effected in human affairs, as if he himself were the governing force. Such a belief—grossly materialistic and crude—is well enough for an age of like qualities, but wholly inadequate for this generation, since we surely have evolved beyond the crudities of our forbears.

Unbrotherly acts we see. They are the re-

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sults of abnormality, and arise from fear which in turn comes from fallacious interpretation of natural phenomena. And such interpretations have too long been made by men who profited by them. It was and is a business, one we would be very much better off without.

Human experience, that of the individual, as well as that of the race, as a whole, teaches us what mode of conduct is conducive to our welfare, and happiness or the reverse. And the decision no more depends upon "divine injunctions" than it rests upon legal enactment. It inheres in the nature of things. From Nature herself man may learn if he will.

A few enlightened spirits at present do see this truth clearly, and live it with most beautiful results. We can all do it, if we will. No great knowledge or education is needed, but the trust and faith of a strong, simple nature, willing to live the life and trust nature for the outcome.

Too often the best part of our public school system of today is the vacation.

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Say this: "He found peace, in the midst of strife;
Loving all things, he searched, in all, the True;
His steps were cast in humbler walks of life—
Perchance God loved him, for his deeds were
few.

"Not his the quest for gold and lure of fame;
His only wealth was love and sympathy;
His tears—were shed for others; and his name—
What matter, friend? He is in peace—let be!"

—H. BEDFORD-JONES.

You cannot build your temple from the sky downwards. It must have a foundation first. The physical must always be the basis for your intellectual and spiritual life.

Yet a physical life only is but the foundation without any superstructure—an unfinished building.

Combine the three in proper proportion, and you have a harmonic structure—the Life Beautiful.


BRUCE CALVERT.

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To which end we want first of all perfect health; then to stand alone (as far as possible) and mind our own business (most of the time); to find our greatest Joys not in vain pursuit of wealth or power, but in a deeper understanding and love of nature; to grow back to the soil as we have grown away from it; to cultivate the homely virtues of economy, thrift, simplicity, neighborly love, with a large hearted sympathy for all men and women, especially those reeling under the burdens of life; to learn the noble dignity of doing for ourselves, rising above the degrading habit of being waited upon; to live and encourage others by our example to live the right life of cleanliness and purity of body, thought and action; to work and to think; to live, love, laugh and to play.

Well, isn't that enough for a start? Are you with us? 50c and a smile will let you in for a whole year. Better see Ananias at once.



The body is an
instrument
to express the
music of the soul.
Keep it in tune.
—BRUCE CALVERT.

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The Open Road

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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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Address all communications to

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.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

Here is the test of wisdom ;
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools ;
Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having it, to another not
having it ;
Wisdom is of the Soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof,
Applies to all stages and objects and qualities, and is content,
Is the certainty of the reality and immortality of things, and the
excellence of things ;
Something there is in the float of the sight of things that provokes
it out of the Soul.

—WALT WHITMAN.

INVOCATION

I Ananias, Supreme Circulator for YE OPEN ROAD, at Pigeon-Roost-in-Ye-Woods, do desire, request and pray the Honorables *Hoba or Hobo, whose eye meets this to dig downwardly into his or her weaselskin, disannexing, removing or abstracting therefrom the price of one dozen or more of ye pretty red, white or blue, excursion tickets on the Open Road, forwarding same with the quickness to the Shrine, and when aforesaid tickets have been received to put them soonly into the hands of friends—or enemies—for the good of their Souls and the relief and joy of the workers at Pigeon-Roost.

And I the above stated Chief Hobo, and Official Circulation Prevaricator, do hereby guarantee and promise you absolution from all the sins (you have never committed) also the blessings of the Brotherhood every New Moon, and full freedom from Mental Dyspepsia ever after.

Do this to the Honor and Glory and Ease of your Conscience, and that your days may be long in the land.

Amen--Ananias.

*Hoba is feminine for Hobo. See any Professor of Latin, Latin Prof., Ph.G. or V. S. Horse Doctor.

The Open Road

VOL. V

SEPTEMBER, 1910

No. 3

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

SUNDRY borborygmie asses of the pulpit are just now braying loudly, also foolishly as usual, about the divorce evil. The cry goes up to the great white throne of Gawd—Gawd's throne is always supposed to be white altho no sky pilot actually knows whether it be white, slatey gray, or invisible blue—for more stringent divorce laws; more difficulties in the way of mismatched couples getting free of one another. And the alarm is sounded that the sacred institution of marriage is threatened!

Curious how that overworked shibboleth "sacred" is always invoked by the defenders of theological bunk and the cohorts of special privilege. We hear much of the

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“sacredness” of property and the “sacredness” of the strong man’s right to plunder his fellows.

But I would like to see a theologian penned up in a corner and obliged to explain the “sacredness” of the marriage rite. When was human marriage made sacred and who sacredized it? What is there to show that marriage is any more sacred than divorce? If marriage proves a ghastly mistake as it too often does, surely the divorce which corrects the error is a great deal the more sacred.



As is customary, however, the preachers are fulminating here without thinking. The Rev. Dr. Hibrow, pastor of the First Church, Upper Crust Limited, heard the Rev. Dr. Windbag, dean of the theological cemetery where he took his degree in pulpit calisthenics, say so. And the Rev. Dean got it from his Rev. Professor, and so you can trace

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the lie back from generation to generation until you come to the original low browed gorilla who fathered the idea. Right here was where the thing started. And you will find our hairy aboriginal impressing the doctrine with a club upon his cowering female slave to make her more submissive and dutiful to her lord and master. The scheme has worked well too, by the Lord Harry, right down thru the ages. A more devilish, cunningly devised arrangement to keep woman in subjection, could never have been worked out even by the old Nick himself.

And that's about all the sacredness you'll be able to find in the marriage rite if you sift your human history to the bottom. Here we get a fierce white light upon the difference between theology and anthropology. The preacher, a professional theologian, doesn't care a rap for facts. All he wants is large belief, unreasoning credulity

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and willing submission. While the anthropologist doesn't care a fig for beliefs, has no respect for superstition, however hoary with age or however sacred. He will cut right down thru them all relentlessly in his search for facts.



But one sure hall mark of the bigot and the pinhead philosopher, is his incessant appeal to law. If you let him open his mouth twice, he'll be sure to say "there ought to be a law, etc." When you hear this, walk away. You've reached the bottom of that container. Law, more law, greater stringency in enforcement of laws, is the ecclesiastical remedy for all human ills.

And be sure the dominie wants to make the laws himself. I suppose we really can't blame him so much, either. He has never been taught anything else. And the one thing absolutely forbidden to the preacher is to think for himself. He could no more do that than he could button his collar in

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front. He is constantly preaching the Law and the Prophets, the rigid narrow religion of a tribal God, set up by a primitive people; a religion devised in cruelty and executed by a fiendish Jehovah.

But we deny the wisdom of allowing such men or any men to legislate in matters where Nature alone holds jurisdiction.



Now the rational view is this: We don't care a pinch of snuff about the "sacredness" of anything. All we want to know is, is it true, is it good, is it useful, can we get anything better? Its origin or antiquity need not concern us except as students of anthropology. And the inability of a man and a woman to live together in peace and harmony under the holy bonds of wedlock, does not argue either the badness or the goodness of either the man or the woman; simply their inadaptability to each other. And that's all there is to it.

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There is everywhere in nature such a thing as fitness. Oil and water are both good, but they won't mix for a cent. Sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal are all sinless, and when left apart harmless, but mix them and you have hell in a minute—that makes gunpowder. Some men and women mix just as successfully as saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal.



Marriage has no more of the divine origin than the steam engine or the electric chair at Sing Sing. It is simply an invention of man, a device of society for securing certain things, and as such subject to the criticism of intelligence and the revision of time. It may be wrong, and it may be right, that is to say, it may be the best thing and it may not. It may be moral and it may be unmoral. But its "divinity" will have no weight in deciding its usefulness to human society. Whether it be in harmony

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with the evolutionary constructive principle of nature is the only question at issue.



The evidence as to nature's need of the marriage institution is not very abundant. On the contrary, in many ways, marriage as we now see it seems unavoidably inimical to individual growth. Marriage in its worst aspect is probably the worst of all the hells of human ingenuity. In its finest aspect, and under the most favorable conditions, it seems but a benevolent tyranny, a clumsy institution assumed to be necessary for the propagation of the race.

The finer the intellectuality, the higher the spiritual qualities of the contracting parties, the more intolerable the married relation may become. The low grade animal man and woman can best endure conjugal unfitness. The highly intellectual will either openly revolt, or else close up within

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themselves, their marital relations degenerating into a mere amicable suspension of hostilities, no less immoral than open rupture.

The truth is that most marriages are flesh marriages, not spiritual unions, and that is why they fail.



Then if mistakes are made—and no one can doubt or deny that they are, indeed so common as to arouse no comment at all, sixty to seventy-five per cent of all the married people being unhappy, in fact most of them secretly hating one another—all the powers of society and the state unite to prevent the unfortunate parties from undoing their mistakes. They must be forcibly held in a position which Nature declares to be impossible.

For only misery can result from a union maintained by outside pressure without the elements of permanency within itself.

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Now Nature's law is to correct every mistake, to right every error, undo every wrong. Everything decided or settled wrongly is unfinished. The case must be reopened and settled again. Only right decisions can stand in the courts of time. Only just settlements can hold in the far reach of things. Every wrong must be righted. Every debt must be paid.

And so our procedure in these matters is against Nature, and it cannot stand. If we refuse to right our mistakes, make good our errors, the case will be taken out of our hands, and Nature will do it for us. But rest assured that we shall have the costs in chancery and the final court of appeals, with interest compounded, all to pay in blood and tears.



There are increasingly many men and women, splendid beautiful souls they are, too, who do not at all approve of our marriage laws. And this is not because they

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are opposed to law, but for the reason that they are antagonistic to any laws, marriage or otherwise, whose standards we have outgrown. They stand upon a much higher plane than that of legal prostitution within the married state which our laws foster, indeed compel.

Were our laws based upon high and pure principles giving to men and women equal opportunities for freedom and growth such laws could not be assailed.

But this is not the case. Our whole system is based upon repression, submission. Marriage is a conjugal despotism, a slave institution. Man and wife legally, morally, socially, economically, every way, sustain to each other the relation of master and slave. You can't make anything else out of it, and in practice that's just what happens.



Woman, the mother of the race, what oppression has she not borne! First a beast of

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burden, then a slave, then a toy, and today in her last desperate estate a household drudge and a sex commodity.

Our lopsided social order bears with terrible pressure upon woman. In exchange for a home and a meal ticket she surrenders absolutely the ownership and control of her own body. Even the children she brings with joy or pain into the world are not hers. The mother is held by the state to be unfitted to bring up her own children.

In practical effect upon her so far as moral degradation goes, it makes but little difference whether she bargain with one man for a lifetime under the sanction of church and state, or whether she sell herself to the temporary possession of many masters. The principle is precisely the same, and all thinking people now so recognize it.



Our road to freedom lies not in closing our eyes to the truth, or in apologizing for

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the evils that beset us, but rather in cutting out the cancer by the roots.



Is it any wonder, then, that so many rebel at conditions under which wedlock must be entered into if at all? The enlightened man knows that as the husband of a slave wife he also is enslaved. They are both manacled, but at opposite ends of the chain. He cannot free his wife if he could. Law and society will not permit him to do so.

The moment that the marriage certificate is signed it becomes a legal instrument, and all the power of the state including police, magistrates, judges, the militia, even the Dreadnoughts of the navy and the standing army of the United States may be called upon to enforce its conditions, quite without regard to the feelings of the parties most interested, in fact the only ones concerned—the man and the woman themselves.



And if more people do not every day openly revolt against such monstrous injus-

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tice, it is not that they approve of it, but that they conform because they have not the strength to combat conventional ignorance and intolerance, with the social whips and scorns involved.



Thus it is that when all the evidence is in, and we have sifted our facts, we find that institutional marriage is after all but part and parcel of the slave system of the past, beginning with the prehistoric savage and his club and ending with our present maniacal industrial despotism, but little less brutal in organization than its original prototype.

It is nearly certain that woman was the very first form of private property owned by men, and that chattel slavery itself sprang from this vicious root.

Gradually, as history unrolled, the struggle for existence, with religious tyranny, combined to crush out all neighborly love, and to center all affection in family groups.

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My wife and **my** children must be protected and cared for, tho other children may go to orphan homes or foundling asylums, and other wives may perish in the streets. Every man for himself, and the devil take the weakest!



Into this hell-stew of cruelty and brutality you and I have had the felicity to be born. And ours is the blessed privilege of standing for the social renaissance, for the revolt against the old regime, for the new day of sanity and sweetness, for the practical reaffirmation and application in human affairs of the blessed Spirit of Brotherhood.

As the age of Brotherhood dawns, men must no longer limit their affections to their own flesh and blood, but must be ready to love all children and to reverence and protect all mothers.



This is the evolution from brutal egoism to enlightened altruism. With economic bur-

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dens lifted from the backs of certain individuals and distributed over the social whole, with the loss of jobs, and the imbruting fear of starvation forever removed from men's minds, there will be, let us hope, love enough and to spare for all.



Out of the lowest comes the highest. Woman, having reached the very bottom of the pit, may now be expected to rebound from her abasement, and in her next upward swing rise higher than ever before in the world's history.

And as woman is the creative factor in human life, she will take the race with her in her flight.

This is woman's day. The symptoms are unmistakable. The suffrage movement, woman breaking away from dependent chimney corners into economic independence of industrial life, her growing disinclination to marry, the increase of divorce,

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all point clearly to the mighty social upheaval that is taking place before our very eyes.

When woman has thrown off her chains and begins to assert herself as a social unit, I fear me there do be breakers ahead for the connubial craft.

The wife, suddenly elevated from slave to equal, will present about the same problem to the average husband, as if some fine morning he found the porter raised overnight to partnership in his business.

But if it costs a dollar to make a marriage which turns out badly, it ought not to cost more than half as much to undo it. Leave lawyers and judges and juries quite out of the question. What business has any man or set of men meddling with the sex relations of other people anyway? If the government insists upon deriving a revenue from Hymen, let marriage and divorce stamps be issued, a red one say for a marriage license

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at a dollar, and a blue stamp for a divorce decree at fifty cents.

If this color scheme isn't satisfactory I nominate Anthony Comstock, T. Roosevelt, and Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday to prepare suitable designs for the sacred documents.

"THE OPEN ROAD."

Does it suggest freedom, a breath-heaving place where you can sprint your ideas?

That is just it.

The author, have you seen him? We have. A clean faced, virile man, suggesting reposing power and potency which will make itself felt.

He expresses the finest, purest, broadest, most practical, working sentiments above ground today.

It is refreshing to read, "The Open Road," one of those pocket editions, you know, like G. E. Littlefield's "Ariel," "The Philistine," "The Papyrus," and a lot of

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other literary gems, coming to us in small packets.

It's the worth and not the bulk we're after. A diamond don't take up much space, but it represents condensed value.

When you read Bruce Calvert's effusions you just want to take off your hat and let the fresh, fragrant, woodsy breeze, from the pages of his publication, blow across your magnificent brow and drink all the wisdom and common-sense within reach.

If you haven't been refreshed along Mr. Calvert's "Open Road," write him and take a spin along where he leads. Griffith, Lake County, Indiana, R. F. D. No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

Don't miss the treat.—**THE VEGETARIAN MAGAZINE.**

Right Living is simply the proper adjustment to life, to the things, institutions, society, forces about us.

BRUCE CALVERT.

THE OPEN ROAD

A Gas Dream.

BEING in the Jungle one day recently with an hour to spare till next train and feeling the need of a little excitement to raise my vibrations I hied myself to a Dentist's shop for a pleasant *quarte d'heur*. The Dr. was glad to see me, or at least his young lady was, conducting me at once to the chamber of horrors. It was not until I saw the chair and the instruments that fear seized me and I turned to flee. But the girl, of buxom build stood behind me blocking the door way. Perceiving my panic she reassured me with a bright smile, "It won't hurt you at all." The smile and the fact that the only other avenue of escape was the window sixteen floors above State street, held me to the spot.

With deft hands they quickly buckled me into the chair, and before I knew it I was laid helpless with a big rubber blanket under my chin. Too late I realized the folly

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of my crave for sensations. Excitement good and plenty was coming my way all right.

“Now this isn’t at all bad,” said the man as they fitted a neat and attractive muzzle over my nose and mouth, with a nice soft piece of cork between my teeth to keep me from chewing the rag, I suppose. If there’s anything more exasperating than conversation in a dental operating room I don’t know it. It’s a one sided talkfest with the man of the forceps occupying the centre of the stage, the wings, orchestra circle and the whole thing. He has you bucked and gagged, and he hands out his orphic sayings with a poise and a deliberation that is simply maddening. He’ll ask you a question or make assertions calling for the most forcible comments on your part. You struggle, choke and swallow a yard or two of rubber towel- ing in your agonized effort to speak, but you can only emit a hoarse gurgle which the operator with charming insouciance affects

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not to hear or understand at all. Oh! wouldn't I like to be a dentist and have a few people I know, strapped up in my chair with the bit in their teeth and no chance to talk back while I poured a line of hot dope into their helpless ears!

Next they uncrossed my legs setting both my feet firmly upon the floor. Took my hands and folded them nicely over my solar plexus. A cold sweat broke out over me—Gods! had I gotten into a mortuary shop instead of a dental parlor and was the mortician laying me out? I gathered my breath to shriek when the Dr. said gently, "Now just breathe easily and naturally, taking the gas as you would a glass of water when you're thirsty. Keep moving your forefinger as long as you can, and when you stop it you'll be asleep."

I resigned myself to the inevitable, took one last look into the maid's blue eyes and bit off a big mouthful of that nitrous oxide

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gas as I would go for juicy watermelon on a hot August day, the while keeping my finger wagging in warning to the torturers not to begin the seance till I was ready. A music box now went off and began to play sweet strains from Lohengrin. I thot what a nice man the Dr. was to provide good music for his guests during the entertainment.

Suddenly I caught myself letting up on the finger movement as my attention wandered for a moment to the Swan Knight and his troubles. My God! this won't do, they'll think I'm asleep and be after me with the pinchers long before I'm ready for them. Then I began to wag the finger faster than ever, they must surely see that I'm not at all under the influence yet. I tried to shriek, yell, make a noise to warn them off. Faster and faster my finger vibrated. What in the devil's name makes the gas take so slowly anyway—must be some stale, left-over stuff he had in the bag. I'll bet I'll

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never be seen in this joint again. Lord, if I was only home with Ananias and Sapphira. I'll raise a howl when I get out of this chair. If I can't get fresh gas I'll know the reason why. In my agony of apprehension my heart now began to hum too, keeping time to that finger which was going so rapidly I could no longer count the movements. Oh! if they only won't begin their attack on me for a moment yet, perhaps the dam gas will take. That train I suppose has been gone an hour. Well, this settles this business for me. No more dentistry in mine. The next time I want excitement I'll go down on Michigan avenue and dodge autos, eat a stick of dynamite or do something nice and sedate.



Heavens! they'll pump me so full of gas I'll float right out that window with the dentist and his girl hanging on. Serve them right too. I'll just float over the lake and drown them both. Do they think I'm a dirigible balloon? Now my head begins to

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buzz, too, in time with that finger. Shall I ever be able to stop it. Where is this fool dentist and that syren girl, anyway? Can't the Dr. see that his old gas isn't going to take and let me out of this? Oh, if I was out of this chair a moment I'd sure wipe the floor with a D. D. S. Curse a fool and his folly. Why did I ever come here. Never again,—never again,—never.

And just then a quiet voice said in my ear, "All right, your tooth is out." I couldn't believe it. 'Twas too good to be true. When in heaven's name did he pull it. And then the girl's gentle tones sounded on the other side of me—"Lean over here," and I knew it was indeed true, the tooth was surely out. When or how I did not know. I had been dreaming. The gas had played me a fantastic trick. While I was struggling with the fear that it wasn't going to take, I was really asleep and they were at work upon me all the time.

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But that was the sweetest message I ever heard. "Just lean over this way, take a sip of water; spit right here," and this amused me so I began to laugh. I was now fully awake once more and sat up in the chair still chuckling at the joke on myself. I looked up into the young lady's face thinking I would explain my apparent idiocy—but to my surprise I couldn't speak a word. My vocal organs were still asleep, but the girl smiled as if she understood and I guess she did.

"That was rather a bad one," said the Dr. as he displayed my wisdom tooth. And then I found my voice, thanked him for his good work, planked down the two plunks and rushed off for my train. When I got outside I looked at my watch to see how much time I had left to make it, and found to my astonishment that I had been in that building just seven minutes.

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Dental surgery is a science. If only we could say as much for medicine. Dentistry has enriched and prolonged life, adding immensely to human happiness. It has raised the general standard of health and increased longevity by emphasizing the importance of good teeth, thoro mastication, and oral cleanliness. You no longer see the old rotting stumps and snags of thirty years ago. The dentist stands on guard at the gateway to the digestive tract. Dental prophylaxis as a conserver of human life and efficiency is playing its part in the general uplift of the times.

One of Chicago's celebrated dentists told me recently that he could clearly read in the mouth, teeth and gums, the story of wrong living and internal uncleanliness.

And why may not this be true? A modern school of therapeutics claims to be able to diagnose all abnormal conditions of the body thru the eye. If the human body is

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a solidarity, and it is nothing if not that, then each and every part must reveal the story of the whole. I see no reason why the therapist of the future may not be able to take a finger nail and read therein the story of right or wrong living as clearly as our old-time medicos could read it in the pulse, tongue or skin.



But medical practice, based upon drug doping has surely been a curse to humanity. One of the dragons which right along down the centuries has ever raised its hideous head and scaly folds against all progress toward rational, sane living. "Never mind your ways of life, come to me when you're sick and I'll fix you up. You just pay the bill and I'll do the rest," has been the siren song of the doctor.



Medicine has engrafted into the bloodstream of the race a poison, the poison of

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drugs, which is and will remain for generations to come far more difficult to combat than any plague that ever swept the earth. Even if the poisoning process could be immediately shut off, we should I fear be centuries working out of it.



And so there you have the difference. Dentistry, an honorable, clean cut scientific profession, free from necessary chicanery, responding to a human need, adding to life health and happiness. Medicine, a discredited, empirical hodge-podge of humbug, chicanery, and greed; fattening like the religious trust upon ignorance and superstition. It never has been a science and never can be. Purely guess work and bad guessing at that.

As the intelligence of the people rises, dentists will increase in number and skill, while drug dopers will disappear below the horizon of common sense.

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And by the way folks did you know that the world owes to a dentist the greatest book that ever sprung from the brain of man? Yes, that's so. A common ordinary tooth jerker, to all appearances a plodding cavity-plugger, has given to us the most remarkable literary work this world holds any record of. A book equal to all the bibles of the race and all the poets. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, the Jewish and Christian scriptures, the Koran, the Talmud, the Zend Avesta, and the Vedas, masterpieces all, products of the greatest brains and the finest souls our world has produced, but they do not overtop that one great book which, Minerva-like, full orb'd out of the brain of Jove, sprung from the mind and heart of this one man, a dentist in New York city.

I wonder how many dentists have ever seen that volume. Every book ever written by a doctor, aye the very name and memory

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of doctors and medicine will vanish from earth and be known no more among men, but this mighty work will live on till time collapses. It is more than a book, more than a man. It is all men. It is human life. It is the great epic of creation, the scroll in which is wrapped the origin and destiny of man. It contains the solution of all human problems, and reveals the very mystery of being.

What is it? The Oahspe Bible. Let every dentist know and feel a new respect for his profession which has been so enobled for all time by the work of this one man, John B. Newbrough.

Art has been kept on a pedestal for the few. That is wrong. It must come back to the people, to all the people, where it belongs. We must put art into every act of life, into every day's work if art is to survive.

BRUCE CALVERT.

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AUTUMN.

The woods are dressed in russet-brown;
The leaves are crisp and falling;
The air is filled with nutty scents,
For the Autumn is unfolding.

Come hither, Age! since Wisdom comes
With frost of years called Autumn;
That life ends well with frosted locks
From man down to the atom.

How crisp the frost beneath thy feet;
How sweet the air to be inhaled!
The diamond's sparkle is less bright
Than the Hoar-Frost's morning crystal.

Farewell this life—thy joys I know,
To live again is certain—
And greet once more those flowers of Spring,
In some new world about us.

I—live not! Die not!—Free am I
As the odors of the forests,
Like running water's crystal flow,
I am—from Spring to Spring abiding.
—NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.

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AFTER THE LECTURE.

I tried to persuade myself that the lecture at the Woman's Club was just what I was needing.

It was instructive, clear-cut and convincingly delivered; the lecturer had an agreeable voice, and the men in her audience were vaguely aware that she was faultlessly dressed.

Yet all the time I was trying to quiet an ache of dissatisfaction somewhere behind my intellectual approval, as one would frown at a child to stop whispering questions in church.

But afterward, while I wiped glass and china to help one whom they called a "servant-girl," I found that to listen to her naive, gentle talk, with its delicate brogue like a whiff of orchard-blossoms on a spring breeze, and to watch her full, quick arms, where she had rolled her sleeves up from the dishpan, was more what I was needing after all.

—REV. ELIOT WHITE.

We must be good givers as well as receivers. We don't get our good things in life to hold onto them, but to give them away. Hasten, then! Pass them along. Goodness kept on hand sours over night.

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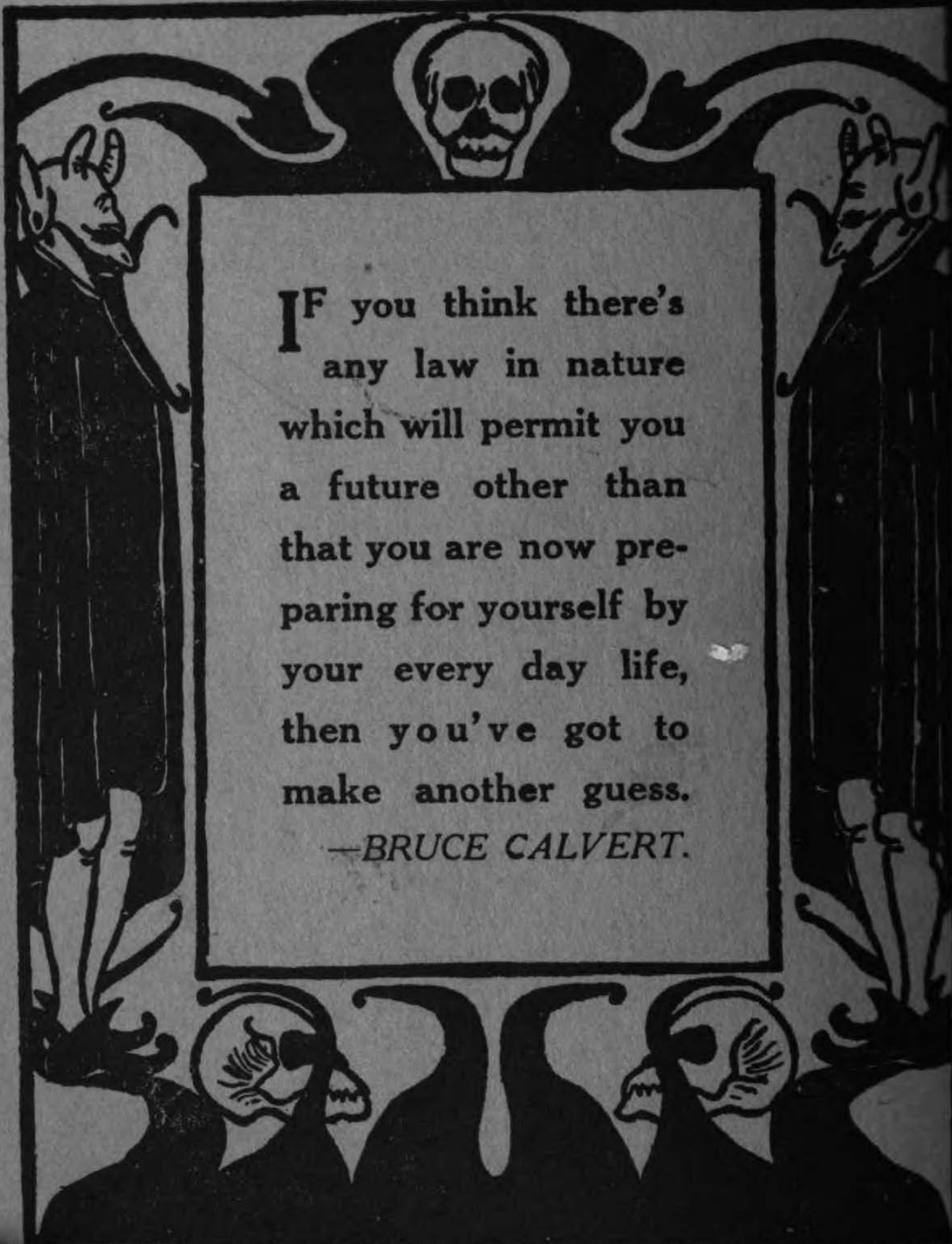
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



IF you think there's
any law in nature
which will permit you
a future other than
that you are now pre-
paring for yourself by
your every day life,
then you've got to
make another guess.

—BRUCE CALVERT.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

Healthy, free, the world before me,

The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

— Old Walt

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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 or 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.

Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1908, at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to

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.

BRUCE PALVERT



THE OPEN ROAD.

My tread scares the wood-drake and wood-duck on my distant
and day-long ramble,
They rise together, they slowly circle around.
I believe in those winged purposes,
And acknowledge red, yellow, white, playing within me,
And consider green and violet and the tufted crown intentional,
And do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not some-
thing else,
And the jay in the woods never studied the gamut, yet trills
pretty well to me,
And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Clubbing Offer No. 1!

We have arranged with the publishers and officers to give our readers the advantage, for a limited time, of the greatest clubbing proposition of the year. You have probably thought that you ought to take some good magazine telling of the "ways of healthful living," but the \$ did not happen to be handy just then and thus you put it off. Some day you will be sorry, Oh, so sorry, but then it will be too late. The doctor or the undertaker will have you in charge. 100,000 out of each million die prematurely—cut off in their prime—the newspapers put it. We get used to it. But if it happens in your own family, then what?

The **Good Health Clinic** is a large 40-page monthly magazine devoted to all that pertains to the good health and happiness of the family. It is 75 cents a year and worth dollars to every one not too old to "think." It is the official organ of the International Health League and contains the report of its work, which is not printed elsewhere. If it was not the organ of the League it could not be published for less than \$1.00 per year.

HERE IS OUR COMBINATION

1 twelve months' Sub. ticket to THE OPEN ROAD50
GOOD HEALTH CLINIC , 1 full year75
Membership in the International Health League, 1 year....	.50
Book "Eating to Live," the former price of which was....	.50
Book "Law of Suggestion" (greatest little book printed)...	1.00

Now there is good value for \$3.25. If you paid \$5.00 for it you would get value received. It is yours for a money order for just \$1.20. Just about one-third the price. The two books give you the cream of both physical and metaphysical thinking and living. This is indeed the chance of a lifetime. Get busy TODAY. Do not put it off. TODAY is the day to do things.

Make all orders payable to

THE OPEN ROAD

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

Griffith, Ind.

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

The Open Road

VOL. V

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 4

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

IN THE WOODS.

O the crimson glory of this lovely October day in the woods. Never a Venetian sky shone clearer. Not a cloud nor a ripple in that vast sea of blue overhead! Vision seems almost telescopic, so clean and pure is the air, while mere breathing is an act of delirious joy.

For nearly a week the temperature has ranged from 60° in the morning to 80° at midday. Now at 10:30 p. m. it stands at 64°. Very remarkable for this season! Last October at this time we had ice and high cold winds. Thermometer did not register above 50° for the corresponding week 1909.



A lazy caressing breeze sweeps up from the southeast, swelling occasionally into a

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gentle gust that shakes the brown leaves in showers to the ground.

And such moonlight nights, it seems to me I never knew. I came home late last night thru the woods with my horse Belshazzar, who knows the road so well that I let him have the lines, and just gave myself up to the beauty of the night. Do you know anything lovelier in this world than the play of the moonlight thru the swaying tree tops in the deep woods on a clear still night? Maybe there is, but I doubt it.

Good old Belshazzar plodded sturdily on, the steady rhythm of his faithful steps and the soft jingle of the harness, music that was sweet to hear. Altho at some places in the dark shadows I could not see the road at all, he never swerved a hair from the path, never hubbed a tree, and even when other paths crossed mine or diverged from it, he never hesitated for a second but kept straight on home. There are some

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things a good horse can do which make a man feel small and weak.

The leaves are falling now very fast. They filled the roadway last night. I could not see them, but I could hear. They are beginning to roll themselves up for their long sleep. They sing now in a very different key from what they did in July.

And did you know that the leaves rustle to a different key at night than in the daytime? That is true, too. All the sounds in the woods at night are wholly unlike those of the day. Even the bird's song in the morning is in a different key, also a different rhythm from his song at night. I have noticed that the roar of Niagara Falls is in a different key at night than in the day.



In fact, did you suspect, comrades, that we live in a world of tone? That all is really music? That music is the basis of

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all the arts and sciences? Indeed, that color and form are but modes of music, of tone? That music is in truth the universal substrate of all manifestations? That even Mathematics and Astronomy are but the expansion of a musical system? That the music of the spheres, the harmony of the heavens, are not figures of speech at all but real living facts? That the morning stars did actually sing together, and are singing still, and will do so thruout all eternity? Yes, strange world—isn't it? Shall we ever know it?



If I could make any month in the year perpetual, it seems to me now it would be September or October. There is something so intensely human, so lovable about the woods and fields these autumn days.

I know the poets rave about June, the month of roses and brides (and mosquitoes). While Cupid's pranks with lovers and mid-

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summer madness have been sung in every metre from Land or Square, to Wine or Liquid Measure. (See Ray's Third.)

But poets are not always to be taken too seriously. They are often dyspeptic chaps who get a twinge of rheumatism come first frost, and then they begin to rhapsodize about "the sere and the yellow leaf," or the "melancholy days."

Many a "nature" poem smells of steam heat and cockroaches, and the push button. Do you suppose a poet who slept outdoors the year 'round, wakening at sun-up to enjoy the crisp frosty air of these beautiful mornings could ever write about "melancholy" October? I guess never! That only comes from the frowsy fellows who sleep with their clothes on in close overheated, unaired rooms.



The riot of life in midsummer is indeed glorious. But the ripe beauty of October

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is lovelier still. The lusty flaring up of youth is splendid, but the steadier pulses, cooler temper, riper judgment, and broader sympathies of calmer years are better.

Youth is the season of promise, but a promise is only beautiful when redeemed in realization. This is the time of realization, of work finished, promises fulfilled.

The summer harvests of grain are garnered.

In cornfields the golden ears hang with bowed heads joyfully awaiting the gatherers.

In the ground long rows of white-skinned potatoes patiently abide the coming of the diggers.

The last of the rosy tomatoes are finding their way into cans for the long winter.

Apples are safely housed, and many a brown stone jug of sweet cider gladdens the country side.

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There is yet enough verdure left in the woods to remind us of the summer that is gone. But high up in the wall of green that surrounds us, vivid spots of gold now appear, spreading day by day. While low on the ground, oak, sassafras and sumach bushes burn with a lurid red that sets the blood aflame.

All is so satisfying. The red, brown, yellow tones of the woods are so soothing. At this moment, Nature is at her best. Tho flushed with the pride of her full-blown beauty, there yet lurks over all a haunting sense of impending change; an invisible spirit of decay hovering in the air that but lends a tender pathos and added charm to the scene.

As a woman is never more fascinating or dangerous than just at that pause in her life when the first flush of youth and beauty is about to shade off into the riper charms of tender maturity, just before the

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first touch of silver, when the dimples around her mouth are about to cool into the first motherly wrinkles, so Nature is now in her most lovable, seductive mood.



The fierce heats of summer are past. No mosquitoes. Days shortening. Nights lengthening and delicious. Just cool enough for an extra blanket, but not cold enough to require hot water cans in your outdoor bed. Mornings crisp and frosty. Sun pleasantly hot at midday.

This is really the most enjoyable vacation season of the whole year. Take a day or two in the woods now if at all possible. Run out for Sunday if you can't do better. Take the children and your basket of lunch. You can fill the basket with hazel nuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, walnuts or chinkapins, which are ripe and wait eagerly for you to gather them in.



Apples, nuts, sweet cider, pumpkin pie—O! who wouldn't be in the woods when October is here!

THE OPEN ROAD

BRUCE CALVERT ON "WORK."

Extracts From a Talk by the Editor of the
Open Road Magazine at the Opening
of The Select School.

(Reprinted by permission from The Gregg
Writer.)

THERE are no dull subjects in this world of ours. Everything that you see in this room, every word that you speak, every Gregg character which this brilliant young man so skillfully placed upon the blackboard here, goes to the very heart of human philosophy, if we are able to follow it.

There are no little things in life, I assure you. I say this to prove to you that I should not want for a subject if I intended to deliver an address at this time. I see before me in those intelligent faces, those earnest and enthusiastic young faces, enough to keep me talking as long as I shall ever live.

You are a speech. Each one of you as

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you look at me is a poem—yes, a great masterpiece! You contain within you all that is known or knowable in this world of thought and knowledge .

I should like to talk to you about shorthand. I should like to show you how those simple little characters are destined to exert an influence over human society that you could scarcely credit tonight if I told you what I see down the coming years. Shorthand represents a human need, and it is a reflection of a great moving force that is now at work changing the course and destiny of man—the elimination of the useless. It is in the line of evolution. It means economy of time, effort, of life.

Ah, yes, you boys and girls, you think when you get a position at four dollars a week, or fifteen dollars a week, to write letters for “the boss,” that you are merely earning your living; you think you are helping to carry your load, taking care of yourself; but, my dear young people, you are

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doing more than that. You are also solving the problem of human life. You are weaving into your work the links that bind the human race together; you are writing history.

The young man wrote more than that trivial letter there on the board in his wonderful demonstration of speed—he wrote the possibilities of a life. Can you see him at his work without realizing what marvelous things patience, study, work, earnestness, concentration will accomplish? This is the lesson of his performance for each one of you. What he has done you can do, and even more.

And so then, let me give you a parting word. Nature has wisely given us one means, and but one, with which to work out our salvation. There is no way known to man by which humanity may reach the possibilities with which it is endowed, rise to the heights intended for us, except one.

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And what is that way? **Work, WORK!** That is the key to the mysteries of life. It doesn't much matter what the work is if you but put into it your noblest effort, do it to the highest degree of your ability. There are no grades in useful work. All labor is divine. You young men and young women who write the letter, do it correctly, neatly, and return it in proper shape, have done as noble a work as the architect who planned this building, as the painter who paints the masterpiece of art with his colors, as the composer who writes a symphony that shall live forever—if into your work you have but put your best effort.

And when you do your work, **do it for yourself.** Never mind about the pay. The returns come in mental fibre and soul tissue. It doesn't matter whether you are getting four dollars a week, or four dollars a day, or four dollars an hour—do your work to the highest that is within you. Make of your work the ladder, the stepping-stone.

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that shall lead you upward and onward toward your goal. And then it won't matter what your work is, whether it is washing dishes, writing shorthand, or building a railroad. Not the work, but the thoroughness with which you do it, the spirit you put into it, ennobles you.

And let me impress upon you young people just entering life, many of you—when you get your first position, don't be satisfied with anything less than your best, your utmost. Don't say, "Now hadn't I better stop? It's four o'clock, and I only get four dollars a week, and my back is awfully tired." Don't do that! You can cheat the boss; ah, yes, you can rob your employer; but let me impress upon your hearts in words of living fire that not he, but you yourself are the loser. You cannot cheat yourselves. You have to pay the bill. And you pay it in the loss of all that makes you a man or a woman—character.

Yes, you may deceive your employer. You

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may use his time wrongfully, and he may never know it, but oh, if you defraud yourselves, who is going to make it right? You can't do it; you must suffer. And therefore, when you get your first job, say to yourself, "I now have an opportunity. This is my chance." The man, boy or girl who has something to do has within his hands the means of an education. Your work should yield you twenty times more in education than it does in money.

Do you think that money, that wages, that what you get in your little envelope Saturday night is the thing you are working for? O, no, no, that is nothing! You do not work to get, but to become, to **grow**. If you got nothing in wages for your work and boarded yourself, you would still be a thousand times better off than he who has no work to do, because your work is your opportunity, the means that shall lead you upward to all the glorious possibilities of your being!

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THANKS, TOM. WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

Crank Calvert of "The Open Road" is the cutest crank in Crankdom. "The Open Road" is published out in the woods near Griffith, Indiana, and is fifty cents a year now, but the price will be raised to one dollar next year. Calvert thinks that we all ought to go naked, especially at night, and I think he would advocate the same thing for the day time if it were not for the police. He insists on us going barefooted and his logic is all right. I notice that we go around with naked hands and faces. I saw Raymond Duncan's people when they were here and they seemed to be comfortable with naked arms and necks and heads. But you can never get people to go barefooted until you make it a fad or fashion. In the ballroom and in the boxes at the theatre you will see people bare on the upper parts of the body. If it were fashionable to show a well manicured foot my lady would go

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barefooted and take pride in showing her pink toes. There is no use to preach about the thing for duty or for health or even for comfort; but if it is "the thing" in fashion we will adopt it.—"Christian" Shelton, Denver, Colo.

PLEASE read notice extraordinary in the advertising pages. I wish to give every Open Road reader a chance to subscribe now for as many years as you wish at the present rate, fifty cents a year. No matter how far ahead you may already be paid up, I invite you to extend the time as long as you wish.

You may also buy as many twelve month's subscription tickets as you like at fifty cents apiece. These tickets are good until used. You may use them for friends or to extend your own subscription, now or at any time hereafter. The magazine will be one dollar next year.

Better save money and be on the safe side, now while you can.

THE OPEN ROAD

**BRUCE CALVERT SPEAKS AT
INDIANAPOLIS.**

INDIANA RATIONALIST ASSOCIATION.
Second Annual Convention.

(Palm room, Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis,
Friday evening, November 4th, to Sundry
evening, November 6, 1910. Ninth floor.
Take elevator.)

Friday Evening, Nov. 4th, 7:30.

President's Address.....Dr. T. J. Bowles,
Muncie, Ind.

Welcome Address....Dr. John A. Houser,
Indianapolis

ResponseD. W. Sanders,
Covington, Ind.

Address—"Heresy and Heretics,,.....
.....F. J. Carney

Appointment of Committees.....

Saturday Morning, Nov. 5th, 9:45.

MusicPiano Solo

Rational Education...BRUCE CALVERT,
Editor "The Open Road," Griffith, Ind.

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A Secular Republic... Mrs. Helen M. Lucas,
Marietta, Ohio.

Saturday Afternoon, 3:30.

Addresses by W. H. Maple; by Ex-Priest
P. J. 'Mara, Danville, Ill., and ten-minute
speeches by members of the convention.

Saturday Evening, 7:30.

MusicBy Convention
Free Thinker, Let Your Light So Shine..

.....J. H. Prince, Troy, Ohio

Discussion.....John C. Beck,
Indianapolis

Heresy, the Hope of the World.....

.....Guy C. Ballard, Gary, Ind.

Sunday Morning, Nov. 6th, 9:45.

MusicBy Convention
Organized Propaganda ...E. C. Reichwald,
Chicago

Discussion—Five-minute speeches.

The People in the Half-way House....

...Miss Lou Lawrence, Barnesville, Ohio

DiscussionGeneral

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Sunday Afternoon, 2:30.

The Duty of the Rationalist.....

....J. Atwood Culbertson, Sewickly, Pa.

Heresy and Human Progress.....

....Prof. Frank C. Midney, Dayton, Ohio

Sunday Evening, 7:45.

MusicBy Convention

The Church of the Future.....

.....J. Wesley Whicker, Attica, Ind.

Humanity's Debt to Ingersoll.....

.....W. E. Clark, Chicago

The religious "progressives" will at once perceive that the above program is one of unusual excellence. Those who attend this convention may be sure that all the discussions will be dignified, scholarly and capable. It will be shown by real thinkers that Free-thinking, Science, and the Gospel of Reason are indeed the hope of the world. It will be shown that the stand-pat-ism and stand-still-ism, superstition and orthodoxy maintained by the clergy (for some reason or

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other) are an obstruction to progress and human happiness, a promoter of hypocrisy but not of morality; that the church has no excuse for existence (except human vanity); and that the baptized individual, or the Jew, as a rule, has no reason for the "faith that is in him" other than the Chinaman's reason—that he was raised to believe that way and that his mother's religion is good enough for him.

All priests and ministers of Indiana are cordially invited to "rest on Sunday" and attend this convention. A program is being mailed to every clergyman whose name can be obtained. All ladies and gentlemen invited.

A reception committee, wearing "Free Thought" badges, will be at entrance to Claypool Hotel to welcome visitors.

WM. Y. BUCK,

Chairman Program Committee.

DR. T. J. BOWLES, President.

DAVID W. SANDERS, Secretary.

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The shedding of blood by the state in the interests of Justice (?) is a foul stain upon humanity. Official murder may no longer be tolerated. It cannot be justified upon any grounds. Even as a matter of punishment (revenge) it would be far more effective to brand a murderer with mark of Cain and turn him loose than to kill him.

It is much harder to live an object of aversion, shunned by one's fellows, than to die in a brief blaze of newspaper glory, accompanied by maudlin priestly ministrations.

The death penalty is really not a deterrent. Everyone knows that it is not. Why smear our hands with blood and imbrute ourselves with hangings and electrocutions all to no purpose?

There is a better way to deal with the criminal, the erring. Cruelty and vengeance must pass out of men's lives and give place to love. Love will show the way.

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EVOLUTION.

MAN'S progress has always been upward. There never was any "fall of man" save in the diseased imaginations of cunning, crafty priests who perpetrated the stupendous hoax upon a stupid world, in order to get the job of raising it again—for a handsome consideration. "The tariff will be very easily understood," said the priests. "No trouble at all about rates. We'll just take all you have."

And so the church has been piously stripping men for eternity ever since. To make sure no fellow would slip into paradise with his roll while the priests' back was turned, they invented that masterly burglar proof proposition, the needle's eye, guarding the main entrance. "You can't squeeze thru the pearly gates with that bundle of swag. It's 'filthy lucre' any way. Money is root of all evil, brother. Just leave it here with us. We'll take care of it.

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Thanks. Praise Gawd and the Lamb! Another soul saved! Let's see how much he dropped."

So the game goes merrily on. The priest preaching the beauties of poverty, chastity and obedience—for the other fellow. Promising mansions in the skies, jewels in the next world, the while industriously grabbing everything in sight here below.

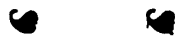
* * *

Do the poor lambs thus sheared deserve any sympathy? Not a bit. No more than do the victims of get-rich-quick concerns where those "on the ground floor" always hope to win out at the expense of other suckers.

The lambs wouldn't get caught if they weren't grafters too. They themselves are playing a skin game. They think they can shut up nature's eye, break every commandment in her decalogue, and then, thru the priest's mediation, slip by the turnstile into glory while old Peter isn't looking.

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That's the rotten plank upon which rests the whole fabric of institutional Christianity. The true esoteric meaning of vicarious atonement, salvation by the book, for sale at all bargain counters in churchianity. Something for nothing. Salvation without earning it. Jesus paid it all. Wash me in blood and I shall be white. It's only a case of the biter bitten, the skinner skun. The Church Trust is the sharper at the game and the penitent gets soaked.



Yes, man has steadily advanced. The one significant fact in nature standing out above all others is evolution. Change, growth, development. There are no institutions in nature. No fixed unchanging forms. Nature is always and everywhere plastic, fluid. Man alone is the inventor of institutions, and we now pay the penalty of enslavement to the dragons of our own creation.

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It is true that all races and all civilized spots on the globe have not always reached high points at the same time. Greece is lower now in physical and intellectual life, in science, philosophy and art than it was twenty-five hundred years ago. Rome was a proud mistress of the world when Albion was a savage wilderness. Today England is in the advance guard while Rome is in ruins.

But man is a unit. Humanity is one. Whatever any nation or people may have attained at any given time belongs to the credit of the race as a whole.

Human life may be likened to a tidal wave. The waters rise and fall. The trough of this wave is the crest of the next. But the movement is ever onward.

Take heart, O friends of men! O teachers and workers for the Truth! Know this. Your labor is not lost. Tho you may not see the result. Indeed, you must not always

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expect to see it in material form. But nothing is ever lost. Every good impulse for the uplift of humanity is a tidal wave which moves on and on in ever widening circles until it beats upon the shores of Infinity. Somehow, somewhere your love that will reach and touch the heart waiting for it, and in the perfume of that awakened soul grasping the light is your reward.

Fear not, my comrades. Do the right. Work on. Hope on. Your own must come to you.



We have only one set of forces and processes in the world. What we call good, and what we call bad, are alike produced by the same forces, in the same manner.

Only when the result of the activity is toward constructiveness we call it good, and when exercised for destructiveness we call it bad.

—BRUCE CALVERT.

THE OPEN ROAD

LO, THE POOR RED SKIN.

And now comes from Seattle, Wash., Vol. 1, No. 1, **The Peace Pipe**, a beautifully printed and decorated 'Zinelet with artistic cover in two colors. Each page is illumined with strange cabalistic figures or Little Hieroglyphs as he calls them, by W. S. Phillips, who is said to be an adopted Indian of the Sioux.

The Editor is Chas. Eugene Banks, and if the following, which I take from his first number, is a promise of what may be expected in the future, **The Peace Pipe** will surely find its way to every wigwam and tepee thruout all the tribe of nature lovers.

“To grow we must get the key to our individual composition. Consciousness is not a solid but a flowing substance that can be attuned to any pitch. Harmony is as natural in one key as in another. If we but knew it the entire gamut of Nature is harmonious today as when the morning stars sang together at Creation's

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birth. But to hear the real music we must rise above the roar of selfishness into the realm of brotherhood. Go alone into the primeval forest or under the midnight stars if you would hear the voice of Truth. The winds of Ocean chant in the firs, the heart softens, consciousness expands and wisdom lights her lamp to guide the feet in paths of pleasantness. Then indeed we enter the plane of development. Justice and mercy here go hand in hand. They break no law; they are above all law in the freedom of doing good. Under this government man is at one with tree and flower, bird and beast, dew-drop and star. He begins to understand, and learns from lesser things the philosophy of good government. He discovers that every creature of the wild carries about with it a flag of truce, always seeking amicable settlement to difficulties. He finds that Nature, through infinite gradations, expresses ever and always an inherent knowledge of the oneness of things; that underneath the seeming warfare there is flowing life in an unbroken channel, undisturbed by the shadows upon its surface."

From my shack in the woods at Pigeon-Roost, I cry welcome to my red brother of

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the Golden West, and I join hands with him in seeking to win men back from sordid city whirlpools and plague spots with its mad, feverish, unsatisfying existence, to the cool, calm sweet days of life in the woods and fields. Back to the soil and sanity.

By feeling or which is the same, by inner perception or immediate knowledge, we get religion. City people who have no feeling except when they run against stone walls; who have no perceptions except when tired out by the length of their streets; who have no immediate knowledge but are full of reports of crimes and the like from their newspapers—city people have no religion. How could any ecstasy strike them! Their hearts are not sensitive; their eyes do not know the wide views; their ears hear only noises, but never the rhythm of the winds sighing at the sunrise. Let them withdraw from that unnatural existence. It never generated religion or mystic longings for the greatest, the Infinite. Rousseau never tires of calling to us to close our books and ecclesiastic conventions and retire to open-air-nature, there to find our own soul, who is our true god.

—C. H. A. BJERREGAARD in THE WORD.

THE OPEN ROAD

The address to the graduates of Littlejohn College of Osteopathy by Bruce Calvert was a gem. It came from a man who had lived up to his ideals to an exceptional degree. He is the editor of "The Open Road," a magazine devoted to the cause of right and simple living. He has discarded the life of the big city, living out in a little cottage about thirty miles from Chicago. He is the peer of any man in his devotion to the principles of Walt Whitman who said: "By God, I will accept nothing except on equal terms." How this teaching would change the face of things! Mr. Calvert, in his address to the class, dwelt on the limitations surrounding the treatment of one person by another. All we can do for another is to alleviate their ailments. The real cure is in the sufferer's hands. He must be taught to live right. And to the extent the patient lives properly will he approximate a cure. Physicians should be teachers more than be current practitioners. They should be healthy themselves. If they cannot keep themselves healthy they should give up being physicians. Mr. Calvert was vigorously applauded, and the sentiments expressed seemed to please the graduating class and the audience.

—JOURNAL OF OSTEOPATHY.

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HARVEST.

Come, Friends, let us gather at the Altar of
Harvests,
And thanks return to Him, the Creator, the
Nameless
Lord, which no church knoweth nor narrow cult
containeth,
To Him we sing our songs of praise and thanks-
giving.

Come, rejoice for the golden grains, nuts, fruits
and vines
Are ready unto the gathering. Give thanks to
Him
Who was, is, and forevermore shall be; Begot-
ten not, nor Begetting!
Light of the Light, and the hush of woodland's
shadowy eve.

Kill not! O Friends, for whose is life?
The luscious fruits, resplendent grains, nuts and
grapes,
Unsoiled by foul murder, to nourish all by Him
were given;
Eat thou of these, rejoice and sing, for this the
true food is—unknown to sin.

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The Earth hath yielded free to all alike
Sufficient for our needs unto the returning harvest.

Eat thou of blood! Thou surely feedeth Greed,
And Greed—accursed monster—thou art the soul
of every "Trust."

O Glorious Harvest, the bounty of the earth,
Rich, tasty foods, embodiment of love,
Symbolic Food, that dies again to live,
We of Thee eat—thou willing sacrifice for man.

NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.

October 6, 1910.

Woman's garment of freedom is so new
and strange to her that she doesn't know
yet just how to wear it.

BRUCE CALVERT.

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in the November OPEN ROAD. It will be
well worth your while. Also please mention
it to your friends and suggest that they
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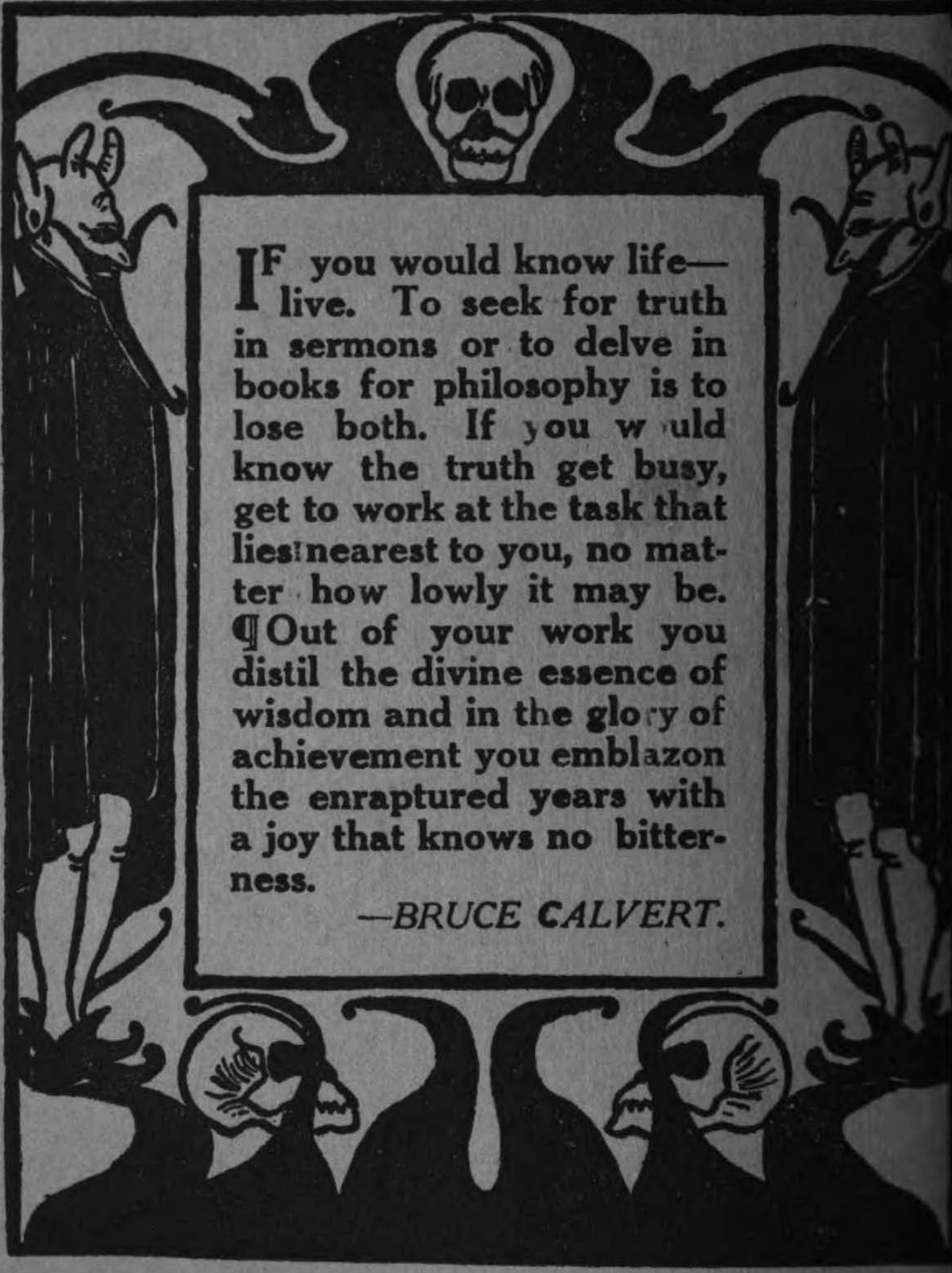
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



IF you would know life—
live. To seek for truth
in sermons or to delve in
books for philosophy is to
lose both. If you would
know the truth get busy,
get to work at the task that
lies nearest to you, no mat-
ter how lowly it may be.
¶ Out of your work you
distil the divine essence of
wisdom and in the glory of
achievement you emblazon
the enraptured years with
a joy that knows no bitter-
ness.

—BRUCE CALVERT.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

Printed as often as possible and
mailed monthly to members in good
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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

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THE OPEN ROAD.

I call the world to distrust the accounts of my friends, but to listen
to my enemies as I myself do,

I charge you forever reject those who would expound me for I cannot
expound myself,

I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me,

I charge you leave all free, as I have left all free.

—WALT WHITMAN.

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We have arranged with the publishers and officers to give our readers the advantage, for a limited time, of the greatest clubbing proposition of the year. You have probably thought that you ought to take some good magazine telling of the "ways of healthful living," but the \$ did not happen to be handy just then and thus you put it off. Some day you will be sorry, Oh, so sorry, but then it will be too late. The doctor or the undertaker will have you in charge. 100,000 out of each million die prematurely—cut off in their prime—the newspapers put it. We get used to it. But if it happens in your own family, then what?

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Griffith, Ind.

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The Open Road

VOL. V

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 5

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

WHATEVER else it may or may not be the Christian Science faith is surely a comfortable one. It fits loosely and easily, and is readily adjustable to any shaped head. Mother Eddy has skilfully eliminated all necessity for that on the part of her followers.

Any doctrine that can be swallowed whole without the labor of digesting and assimilating will, I fear, always be popular. For the greater part of us, alas! find it easier to believe than to think. Thinking hurts the head and few there be who care to inflict voluntary pain upon themselves for the simple satisfaction of being right. It's so much easier to let others do

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your thinking for you and then accept the findings.

Nearly all of us take our religions, politics, philosophies, economics and morals cut and dried. Individual creations in the that world, as in modes and fabrics, are never popular. We are all cowards. Afraid of the unconventional. We cannot trust our own judgments. We wait to hear what the rest of the crowd says first. We must think in the lingo of those in our set from whom we get all of our ideas and opinions.



Our educational machinery, from the district school to the university, takes good care that no original that ever develops in the class-room. In every branch of study thruout our whole educational system there are recognized and accepted "authorities" which no one, teacher or student, dare question on the pain of the official and social gaff.

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You know this is true. Every teacher knows it. Perhaps, also, you and nearly all teachers are satisfied that it is right and proper. Yet I must warn you that it is neither right nor desirable but dangerous and destructive. It is just here that the system breaks down. This is its one great weakness, that it strangles all independent thought, crushes out all initiative, renders originality impossible. It reduces school and college graduates to mere automatons. Education is supposed to develop, to make superior men and women. That's what we send our children to school for, and why we support a vast and expensive organization for their benefit. But the dead level of incapacity, mediocrity, incompetence exhibited everywhere by the products of our schools in all grades proves that we are being badly buncoed. Our system not only turns out inefficient, characterless pupils,

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but it tends to perpetuate the errors of the past and makes progress all but impossible.



For it is certain that every great "authority" now so blindly worshipped and so hotly defended is wrong somewhere. No man or institution was ever yet wholly right. The error may be in minor points or it may just as well be in the most vital part of the teaching, may be fundamentally wrong. We are continually reversing honored decisions of the past, and overturning theories once held to be omnipotent. If we did not do this, no progress could ever be made. And the hardest struggle in human life is not to discover new truths, but tear away old errors and superstitions from blind and stubborn fanatics who uphold them.



How much better it would be to recognize these truths, however disquieting they

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may be! How much better to take the impartial attitude toward all authorities and conventions, and, instead of forcing blind acceptance, to be ready always to invite criticism, to raise questions, and to welcome dissenters! This is the only way to advance. Let's put the "authorities" all under bonds of indeterminate sentence to make good. And then, let's be ready any day to entertain a new idea, a new way of looking at things, even tho all of our preconceived notions and most cherished traditions be thereby overturned. Nothing is worth while that cannot stand of itself. Truth needs no human defenders. All errors have in themselves the seeds of their own downfall. Don't be afraid. Just take away your hands and if they fall, they deserve to. You cannot long hold the wrong in place anyway. Gravitation is after you. It works while you sleep. In the end

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you'll only be crushed in the fall thereof.

Better stand from under.



Because a majority of the people believe a thing is no evidence of its truth. On the contrary it is just when we are most cocksure about things that we make the biggest fools of ourselves. "The mass has always been wrong upon every question," says Matthew Arnold. For our own sakes we dare not accept any human judgment as right and final so long as there's one dissenting voice in all the world. "Only what nobody denies is so," said Old Walt.



It must have been a parlous feat for that hardy ancestor of ours who first essayed to stand upright. That position upon his hind legs was surely trying. It comes hard even yet. Watch a baby man learning to walk. Here you see all the struggles of the race reproduced. Who knows, in fact, that the

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baby ever would walk upright if not taught to do so by its kind! But think of how the neighbors must have geyed the fellow teetering around on his back pedals. Of course it couldn't be done, they said. Never had been done. It wasn't in the books. Goodness me—no! What did we have four legs for? The Chief Medicine Man, and the Rev. Gazaboe of the Sacred Relics, no doubt, both said it must not be attempted, and besides it was impossible. But somehow man persisted and did finally walk erect. Now the priests declare that he was made and finished and walked upright in one afternoon. They deny that he ever did crawl.



Yet learning to walk was not nearly so difficult as learning to think. The thinking function is yet so new to us we are afraid of it. We distrust it. Man trembles before his own mighty power and is afraid

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to use it. And so all down thru the black ages behind us, men have been setting up bounds to human thought, limitations to the free action of mind. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The frontiers of thought have always been carefully staked out and guarded by the stupid who did not wish to go further. The daring investigator, that intrepid spirit who wanted to know, to explore the vast Eldorado beyond the frontiers, has always been obliged to elude the sentries of convention, to take his life in his hands when he passed thru the picket lines. Free thought has never yet existed upon this old earth. Shall it ever? I don't know. The standpatters have not been able wholly to prevent thought, but they have been terribly able to prevent its free expression by killing the thinker.



The tendency of the human animal to believe, follow, imitate, rather than think;

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this distrust of his new tool, the mind, is what causes Christian Science and the various New Thought and Mental Science vacuities to be so well patronized.

The Science religion is easily acquired. Only a matter of belief and faith. Just read the book fifteen minutes every day, fold your hands sweetly over the umbilical region, and believe. No troublesome searching after facts, no painful delving for reasons. It's all so easy.

The rationalist with scientific mind is under the necessity of finding explanations and of accounting for his failures. But Christian Science presents no such embarrassing dilemma. Charge it all to M. A. M. (Malicious Animal Magnetism.) If your True Scientist needs a south wind in his business while old Bo happens to be roaring out of the north the t. s. coolly "treats" for a south breeze. If the wind happens to change

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about that time, glory to Mary Baker G. Eddy, praised be her holy name! But if there's nothing doing, it's only because some dog of an unbeliever cut in on the line with his M. A. M. and queered things. How perfectly simple and satisfactory! Any mullethead could understand that.



Eddyism is a crutch for the mentally indolent, a censor for the spiritually dead. Why yes, such a patchwork of unscientific and unchristian absurdities tinctured with just enough truth to make it pass, could never have gained a foothold anywhere save among a people with spiritual paresis and mental ataxia.

“O, but we are the people!” Says one. Well, that may be, but no one else ever makes the claim for us. In truth we are a physically alert and a commercially keen people, but as to spirituality or even intel-

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lectuality, aber nicht, as the poets say. I am afraid our level is pretty low.



Mother Eddy has made no new contribution to the world's store of wisdom. She is merely the first woman to successfully commercialize some of the oldest knowledge of the race. By tearing off the price tickets and putting on new labels she has passed off an ancient line of "stickers" as the season's latest novelties and gathered in fancy prices for them, too. But the dear lady is no more the author or discoverer of any of the truths she has made use of in her system, than was Sir Isaac the inventor of gravitation, or Jawn D. the founder of coal oil. She has been a very clever adapter, and she ranks among the greatest organizers of the world, and that is all.



But weighed as a world movement, Science will have to be classed as a downward

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dip in the evolutionary processes. Because it only exchanges one superstition for another. It has not taught the followers to think. Thinkers are never followers. It has indeed brought multitudes out of orthodox theology, but it has not enlarged their spiritual areas, it has only made them more complacent in ignorance—it has not freed them. By making life physically more comfortable it only delays their final awakening and mental emancipation by that much.



And yet this is not to say that Christian Science has not actually done great good. It has. It has reached and jarred loose from old church theology thousands whom rationalism would have failed utterly to touch. For the most of us are so constituted that we cannot pass at once from the blackness of superstition into the bright light of reason. The rays are too strong for us. We must exchange one vagary for another a

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little less hopeless, and thus advancing step by step arrive by devious routes at the truth. For whatever service Science has rendered humanity in this direction let it have due credit.

But the trouble is here. Once well under the spell of that syren song—"All is good. All is mind. You are a perfect child of God, a perfect manifestation of Divine Love. You are free. Your claim to lumbago is false. I am well. My head aches but I deny it. All disease is but mortal error, a phantom of mortal mind"—reason is lulled to sleep, and it is almost too much to hope for that of the first generation, at least, any considerable number will ever find their way to any higher levels.

Science, like the seductive fumes of the poppy, is so satisfying that further effort is inhibited. The will is paralyzed. The labor of thinking becomes repugnant. Thoro dyed-in-the-wool Scientists present all the

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mental characteristics of the pipe fiend in his ecstasy. They are wholly unapproachable. You can't get hold of them. There's nothing to grasp. No doubts or fears assail them. Wrapped in saintly serenity and the plaster-of-paris smile, they have passed into that Nirvana of belief where no disquieting thot can enter. Their belief is an armor plate against which the shafts of reason beat in vain, a shield which effectually insulates them from all approaches of sanity. We have reached the final truth, the end of human struggle. Mother Eddy is it. After her there is nothing. All problems are solved. We are the people and wisdom shall die with us. We will now read from Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary G. Baker Eddy.



And that's the chief indictment against the Science cult. It shuts off the current of growth, locks the wheels of progress.

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There's nothing more to be expected from Eddyism or Eddyites for the present. What the next generation will do is in doubt. They are not likely to go back to Theology from which their parents broke away, neither are they likely to be satisfied with the platitudes and inanities of the Mother Church. They can hardly escape the Zeitgeist, so it would seem that Rationalism would be their logical refuge. And Eddyism will disappear as a bad dream, a miasmatic mist before the rising sun of reason.



But there is also another great benefit Science has conferred upon humanity, for which the world will long pay just homage to the genius and the valor of Mrs. Eddy. And that is, that it has broken the fangs of the medical monster which had the race in a death grip, when this valiant little woman stepped jauntily into the arena and with rare courage flung her gage into its

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very teeth. In that hour was sounded the doom of medical dogma.



Does that mean, then, that Christian Science is a rational system of therapeutics and that the healers do actually cure people? No, not at all. Let me be plain. **No healer of any faith, religion or cult; no doctor of any school; no drug, pill, pellet or plaster on this earth ever did or ever can cure anybody of anything.**

The power to cure does not reside in man. It cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it. Nature alone cures. There is no power in any drug, person, substance, thing or that outside of your self to cure. Healing force is from within. No human agency can impart it from without.

Any doctor or healer, any man or woman who claims to be able to cure you for money

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or without money is a rogue and a fraud either consciously or unconsciously so.

And the unconscious frauds are the most dangerous, for they bring to their work the terrible force of sincerity and honesty which for a time defies reason and almost compels belief.

The conscious fraud gives himself away every hour, and can be easily detected by any eye not utterly blinded by superstitious ignorance. I believe the majority of practising physicians today belong to the latter class. Because the average doctor, when you go to him and appeal for help, will simply reach for his fountain pen and prescription pad. But if you begin to protest against drugs and say you don't believe in medicine but in hygiene, the medical man will quickly assure you that he doesn't use drugs much in his practice himself, doesn't really believe in them, etc., etc., and then he'll start to talk change of air, electricity,

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baths, massage and vibration, or he'll advise you to have it cut out, and be thru with your trouble once for all.

But there are no doubt thousands of doctors, poor, deluded, unthinking dupes of the medical schools, who do honestly believe that their drug doping cures. There is no hope for them in this span. They will die in their ignorance, probably of their own dope. But the sad part of it is that before they go they will fill millions of untimely graves with the victims of their bottles and blandishments.



And happily for the race there is yet another class of doctors, not a very large but a growing one, who do know the fallacy of drugging, who do know that there is only one disease—wrong living, and that there's only one cure—right living.

As no one can live your life for you but yourself, there's no power outside of your-

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self to cure your ills. If there could be any power, intelligence or force outside of yourself, which could cure you (altho the proposition is really unthinkable), it would not do it. Because to do so would be to set aside the law of the universe, and if we set aside the law we have no universe. This is a world of law. It is not a creation of caprice. Law, cause and effect, process and result can never be suspended without annihilating the Cosmos.

I am sorry to say, tho, that the doctors who know these truths and work accordingly are usually branded as "quacks" by the conscious and unconscious frauds who make up the bulk of the one hundred and fifty thousand ethical members of the profession. And to the "ethical," or "regular," the quack is an object of scorn, anathema, social and professional ostracism.



But surely a doctor or a healer can relieve a sufferer? Yes, that is true. A drug,

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fetich, laying on of hands, prayer or incantation may change the character or location of a symptom. And that is precisely what the whole vast system of medical practice is built upon—the treating of symptoms. Any doctor is perfectly satisfied if with his dope and applications he can make you forget your rheumatic shoulder. He calls that a cure, and sends you the bill. It doesn't at all matter to him that your disease reappears in some other part of the body as diabetes or perhaps peritonitis. You can come back to him to be "cured" again of your later trouble or some other doctor will relieve your diabetes and relocate your trouble back in the rheumatic shoulder.

They both "cure" you according to their standards. Great is Medicine! And you pay the bill like a cheerful ass, thankful that you didn't cash in or go to the operating table. You went to the right man and got

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there just in time to—get soaked good and hard.



Well, isn't it to laugh? Or is it to weep? When will the stupid world learn that a symptom is not the disease, merely one of the signs of a wrong life. And that unless the cause is removed by correcting the errors of life, a cure will never be possible.

The patient will go on from doctor to doctor being "cured" of every attack until outraged nature fails to survive the last "cure" and the Lord gathers the erring one home.

"Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst, etc., etc." You all know the rest. "Providence" always gets it in the neck for the doctor's failures. Do you think the medical profesh could long exist without its good old standby, "Providence" No. indeedy. It's a safe bet. Nobody ever thinks of question-

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ing "Providence." The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The deceased had all that human skill could provide in his last hours. Three of the best consultants from Oshkosh were called in. He had the latest medical discovery ordered from Leipsic, especially for this case, he had the oxygen tank and the X-rays; the trained nurses were all duly attentive and properly attired, their pretty white caps were pinned daintily at just the right angle over just the proper quantity of hair—none too much, none too little; their rats and puffs were artistically adjusted; they were becomingly and decorously gowned; their straight fronts were irreproachable, and their patent leathers strictly a la mode; they showed just the proper amount of feeling, combined with professional gravity; we paid them thirty-five dollars a week each for nine weeks, and

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sent them all out airing every afternoon in the automozuzu; cook had hot coffee and sweitzer case always on tap; the midnight lunches were the talk of the whole block; it took an express wagon to convey the flowers; and there were more carriages at the funeral than have ever been seen since old man Guggenheimer was buried. "She" never looked sweeter or younger than in her new black (ordered from Paris by cable, four weeks before the happy occasion.) Well, isn't that enough? What ungrateful beast would have the nerve to kick on being dead after such a blow-out?

And the doctor's bill is admitted to probate.

This article will be completed in the December OPEN ROAD. In it will be explained the many remarkable cures claimed by Christian Scientists, and other mental healing cults.

THE OPEN ROAD

Dear Comrade Bruce:

I have just finished your great article "Marriage and Divorce," in September OPEN ROAD." It is the best thing I have read. I don't believe you realize the far-reaching power of your personality projected through the pages of the little magazine. Being so close to yourself you lack a certain perspective and disinterested judgment.

I remember in the delightful July number of your expressing the desire that all kindred spirits might be in some way gathered together. It does seem like one of the tragedies of life to be so widely separated—and yet maybe we are scattered around to leaven up the whole lump.

Push on, dear comrade, the world will some day realize the splendid and noble work you are doing for a rational sane education and right living.

B. L. M'CULLOUGH,
Sacramento, Cal.

A really civilized people will have no use for doctors any more than for preachers, sheriffs, hangmen, or lawyers.

BRUCE CALVERT.

THE OPEN ROAD

A million strong for the right with their bins and cellars stuffed with provisions can inaugurate the Co-operative Commonwealth—and be prepared to administrate it—within 100 days.

We received the Open Road, Vol. III, we (the Hobo and I) read it from kiver to kiver last Sunday, and we feel that even if we have been repaid, for if ever we did “on not being such a thing nearer than the city, we have been repaid, for if even we did “on bended knee—bow before the Shrine,” it was on that beautiful trip on the Open Road with the master of nature picturing, and we feel that money could not buy the little book were it not possible to replace it. On Monday when I asked the Hobo to get a magazine and read to me, he came toteing the Open Road, Vol. III, and said: “Let us read it again!”

Well, we did read again, then he said:

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“Won’t you write something for that magazine?” Would I? Well wouldn’t I be proud if that Hobo in the woods would spare me an inch of room? and wouldn’t I be happy if I could write anything worthy of an inch of space? “Try it,” said the Hobo, so I did.

And if it is worth a bit of space away in the back, where only the Keeper of the Shrine puts notes, well we shall be more than proud, and mind you, we won’t feel hurt if it goes into the basket (it has often happened before), so, dear friend, just do as the spirit prompts. We love you anyway, for we have lived just as you advise for three years, being fresh-air cranks, and the kind of Hobos that Bruce Calvert likes. I am going to send you some names soon, to enroll in the coming year’s trip with us.

Thank you for all you say in the OPEN ROAD.

Hobo and Hoba Lockwood.

Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

THE OPEN ROAD

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

“New society, you say? Yes, new to him who has never realized his kinship with the race, and yet old, as old as the roof-tree of creation itself to the initiated. On its rolls are the sweet spirits of every age who felt within themselves the tie that binds us all to the throbbing heart of humanity. Are you a member? Yes, you are, if you think you are.”

If you think there's any law in nature which will permit you a future other than that you are now preparing for yourself by your every day life, then you've got to make another guess.

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Dear Comrade:

I have been thinking about you for several days. Or, rather about what you said on the subject of "MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE" in the last issue of the OPEN ROAD. Its the sanest article I have seen written on the subject since the Eugenics magazine was discontinued, because of the death of Comrade Harmon, and I wish I could put a copy in every home in America. Of all the different forms of slavery that mankind has ever invented, "sexual slavery is the worst" and the most hurtful in its results. The whole history of the monogamic relation is but the tale of increasing insanity, deterioration in type, and progressive race suicide. With each succeeding conflict, the nations of the earth have found it necessary to reduce their standards of fitness, for admission into the army. If you want to find a perfect specimen of man or womanhood, in physique I mean, you have to go among what we call savages to find it. In most of our states the laws granting a man the right to beat his wife, have been repealed. But any high spirited woman would rather take a beating any day than be compelled to join in the work of procreation with a man against whom every fibre in her being rebels. But we have as yet granted her no right to be at all times the mistress of her own being.

Marion, Ind.

J. M. K.

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San Juan, Porto Rico.

Dear Brother Bruce:—

I would define VISION as a sight of something nearer perfection a long, long distance off. There it is now! Can't you see it where your Open Road meets the horizon?

Perfection is never reached because this is only a relative term used to define the highest known. When one "highest known" is reached, humanity will have developed so much that it will see something further to be attained. Man will always need it. Vision is the vital attribute of life. Blessed are those men and women of lofty ideals, clear eyed vision, those Great Companions, who, traveling with us, lend us their enthusiasm and inspiration on the Open Road.

And so I have much to thank you for; I say "I" but you know I really mean "we"—your friends (and mine, for yours are mine) and here's hoping in your 'zinelet you'll keep leading us onward to a "great beyond" and another, and still onward. And I'm sure you'll always beckon and point out a Greater Beyond where your Open Road meets the horizon.

—EARLE DE C. VENDIG.

If it comes to that, better starve in the country amid green fields, running brooks and wild flowers than to grow fat in the stagnant pens of the city.

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DID you get a letter with a coin carrier advising you that your ticket had expired and inviting you to book for another trip? We sent out several hundred such. If you are one of the number and haven't replied, won't you please do it now? Otherwise Ananias may be rash enough to write you again while my back is turned, and stamps are scarce down here in the woods at this season.

You surely don't want to miss this last chance of getting a dollar magazine for 50c. Now, do you? And say, while you're about it, why not just slip in a William for two years? They nearly all do. See how nicely a William snug-gles into one of those neat little pockets Aunt Sapphira has made.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

The world is mine—at my feet it lies,
Greed said, "Take it up and keep it,"
Averice smiled and said, "Why not sell?"
Then the world and its money alike would be
thine."

Pride said, "O let me the Ruler be,
That I the way may show

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The baser beings, the workers, poor!
The few shall be—the rest must serve.”
Sorrow said, “Then to a church I will bind all.”
and Pain didst medicine affirm and said,
“Passions my purpose must obey,”
But Ignorance then awoke and claimed both
 medicine and church.
Since then Pain and Sorrow on Ignorance hath
 levied tax.
Then a Lawyer gowned in black didst say, “Fall
 not out
For without church, law and medicine
All would be Greed’s, and our noble profes-
 sions end,”
And thus through the ages past it’s been
How the three professions forever agree,
Like three black crows that caw on a tree,
Saying, “We are the blackest of all black crows.”
They assume those virtues which they don’t
 possess,
With their lips proclaiming peace, but dissension
 rules their lives,
Stifling progress and the orphan’s cry for help,
O Trinity of Wrongs, thy end hath rightly come.
November 7, 1910.

—Norton F. W. Hazeldine.

THE OPEN ROAD

FOR UNRESTRICTED DIVINE.

AND now from the new little republic of Portugal comes the cheering news that the provisional Minister of Justice has drafted a bill making divorce free and unrestricted, mutual consent being the only requirement.

Almost under the shadow of dark and bloody Spain we have the most startling and hopeful move for freedom yet presented by any nation.

Both President Braga and the Superintendent of Education in Lisbon are readers of THE OPEN ROAD. You don't suppose that could have anything to do with it, now do you?

NUMBER 23.

"My dear, you said in your Sunday sermon that even the very hairs of our heads are numbered."

"Yes, that is true," replied the Rev. Thorn-in-the-Flesh.

"Well, then," said his wife, "my hair is all black, but here is a long golden one on your coat collar. What number is that?"

SHORTER COURSE

THE HARMONIC SCHOOL OF RATIONAL EDUCATION

I have been asked to condense the Eighteen Lesson course on Right Living into six lectures which can be given in one week. I accordingly offer this new program :

1. Health and Right Living.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Rational Education.
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Part or all of this series will be given anywhere on most reasonable terms. Dates now being made for the coming season.

BRUCE CALVERT, Instructor.

Address—*Lecture Bureau.*

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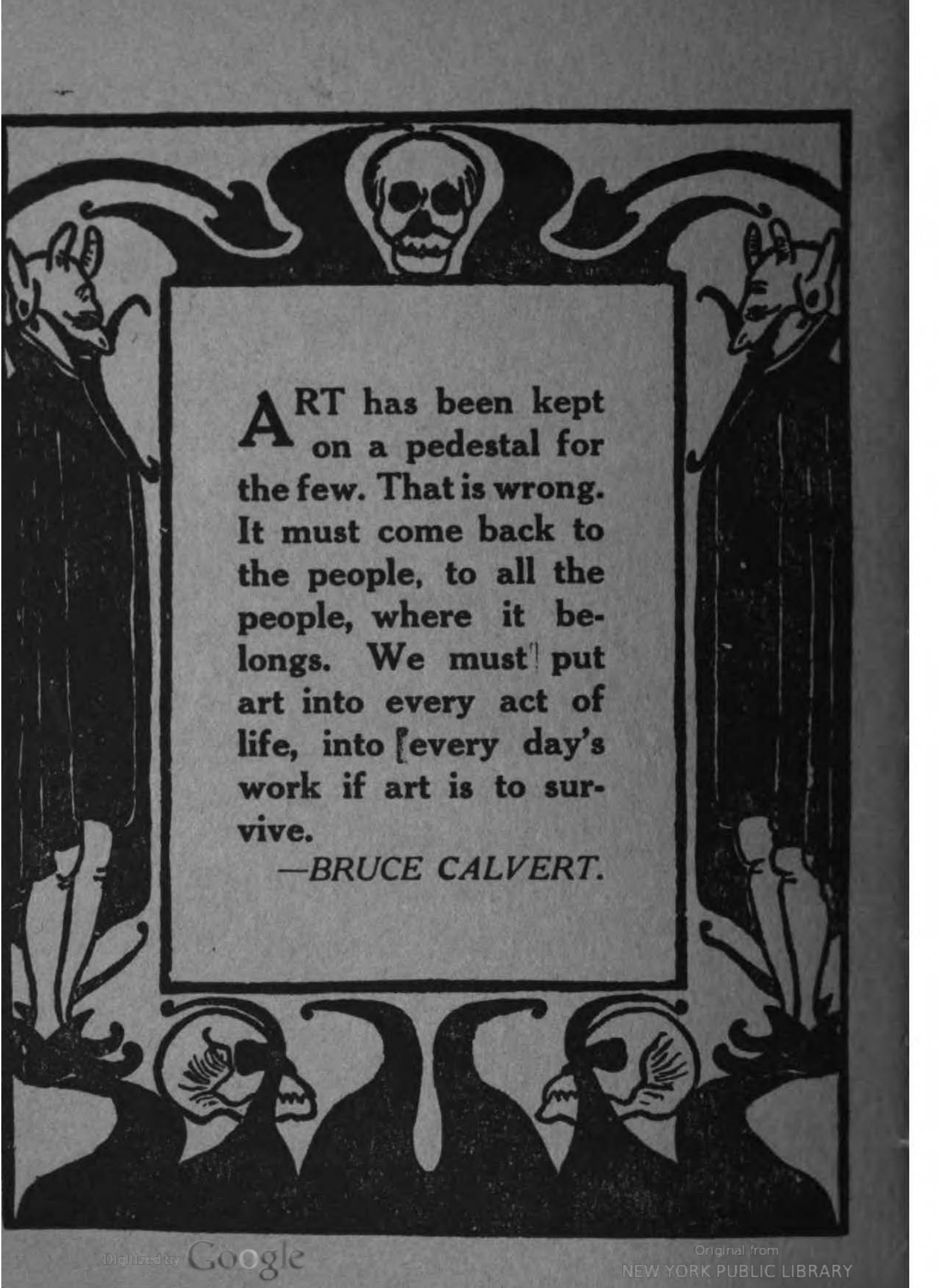
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



ART has been kept
on a pedestal for
the few. That is wrong.
It must come back to
the people, to all the
people, where it be-
longs. We must put
art into every act of
life, into [every day's
work if art is to sur-
vive.

—BRUCE CALVERT.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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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.

Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1908, at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

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The Open Road

∴ GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA. ∴

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

Rates on Application.

1910 by BRUCE CALVERT

,28 1910



THE OPEN ROAD.

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future.
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the
darkness,
I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping,
turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Clubbing Offer No. 1!

We have arranged with the publishers and officers to give our readers the advantage, for a limited time, of the greatest clubbing proposition of the year. You have probably thought that you ought to take some good magazine telling of the "ways of healthful living," but the \$ did not happen to be handy just then and thus you put it off. Some day you will be sorry, Oh, so sorry, but then it will be too late. The doctor or the undertaker will have you in charge. 100,000 out of each million die prematurely—cut off in their prime—the newspapers put it. We get used to it. But if it happens in your own family, then what?

The **Good Health Clinic** is a large 40-page monthly magazine devoted to all that pertains to the good health and happiness of the family. It is 75 cents a year and worth dollars to every one not too old to "think." It is the official organ of the International Health League and contains the report of its work, which is not printed elsewhere. If it was not the organ of the League it could not be published for less than \$1.00 per year.

HERE IS OUR COMBINATION

1 twelve months' Sub. ticket to THE OPEN ROAD50
GOOD HEALTH CLINIC , 1 full year75
Membership in the International Health League, 1 year....	.50
Book "Eating to Live," the former price of which was....	.50
Book "Law of Suggestion" (greatest little book printed)...	1.00

Now there is good value for \$3.25. If you paid \$5.00 for it you would get value received. It is yours for a money order for just \$1.20. Just about one-third the price. The two books give you the cream of both physical and metaphysical thinking and living. This is indeed the chance of a lifetime. Get busy TODAY. Do not put it off. TODAY is the day to do things.

Make all orders payable to

THE OPEN ROAD

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

Griffith, Ind.

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

The Open Road

VOL. V

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 6

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

(Continued from November.)

· Seriously, tho, what is the answer to the many miraculous cures claimed by Christian Scientists? Perfectly simple.

Man is a being functioning on three planes. In other words, there are in every individual three men—the physical, the mental, and the spiritual man, to use terms easily understood. Now, health means the perfect functioning of each and the harmonious balancing of all three planes of being.

In any abnormal condition, any one or all three of these planes may be involved. That is to say, a man may be physically sick, meaning that he may be suffering from some cause originating wholly, or princi-

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pally within the physical realm, and easily removable by correcting some error of the physical life as of diet, sleep, breathing, overwork or idleness, sexual abuse, intemperance, filth, dress and the like.

Or he may be mentally ill. That is the mental atmosphere may be clouded by any of the thousand maladies of the mind, as jealousy, envy, greed, malice, hate, anger, fear, passion, worry, disappointment, bigotry, dishonesty, lust, intolerance, hypocrisy, religious fanaticism, and so on down thru the dreadful category of vampires that suck ever at human happiness.

And again the sufferer may be spiritually sick. Aspiration toward the higher life may be feeble, even to the point almost of dying out altogether. His love for the beautiful, his appreciation for art and music, his aesthetic and his altruistic sense may be at a very low ebb or entirely somnolent. He may lack any self-evolved and satisfying conception of life or philosophy

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of existence. His sense of spiritual values may be obscured or quite submerged in the lower reaches of the mind. The natural spontaneous action of the intuitions may be partially or wholly inhibited. In short, the individual may be at the point of spiritual death. And when any man ceases to grow spiritually he as surely begins to die physically, mentally, and spiritually.

For so closely are these three planes of being interlaced and overlapped, that a disturbance of the normal rhythm of anyone affects also to a greater or lesser extent all three. Man is a solidarity after all.



But in this third zone, the mysterious unknown psychical and spiritual field, science gropes with uncertain steps. It is as yet an uncharted land. There is no doubt that many obscure maladies which now baffle medical, mental, and hygienic science alike, originate in that shadowy realm.

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We see, then, that inharmony may exist in any one or all of the three planes of being. Now it would be manifestly unscientific and ineffectual to apply mental remedies to a disturbance lying wholly within the physical or the spiritual areas, and the reverse would be equally true.

But if the cause were wholly mental, for example, and the patient could, by changing his own thought currents, effect his own cure, that would be reasonable, natural, wholly scientific, and indeed the only way that a cure in that case could ever be effected.

Again let me say that we cannot lay down any hard and fast boundaries to the three planes of activity cited. They do overlap, and are so intimately correlated that any disturbance in one plane will be felt also in the other two.

But there is a sufficiently well marked distinction upon which to base the only practical, sane system of rational therapy that will ever be possible to man.

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And furthermore this hypothesis will afford the only rational explanation of the cures as well as the failures of all systems of healing now before the world.



It is a fact not doubted by any honest, intelligent student of the science of living that the greater portion of the maladies that have afflicted mankind fall within the mental zone. That is, the mental man is affected primarily, and this is sufficient by sympathetic action to disturb also the physical as well as the spiritual man.

Imagination and fear, with other mental disturbers referred to, aggravated by drug poisoning at the hands of the ignorant medical profession, will surely account for seventy-five to eighty per cent of all the so-called diseases people have suffered from.

Now if you establish mental faith, hope confidence and serenity; banish fear that, cut out imaginary ills, and eliminate doctors and drug poisoning, you have at one

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stroke swept out of existence seventy-five per cent or more of all human ills.

That's a pretty good record, and it's just about what Christian Science is entitled to. Give the devil his due.



But the medical profession would not see or admit that in the beginning. They made the stupid blunder of denying all such cures in the face of easily established proofs. They should have accepted the facts and sought for the scientific explanation. But luckily for us they did no such thing, else they might have been stronger today. Instead, by their foolish opposition they did more to discredit themselves and fan the flames of the revolt which will soon sweep them and their pottering drugs into oblivion, than any other course could have done.



Now, however, the medicos are waking up and adapting the principles underlying Christian Science successes to their prac-

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tice, under the guise of suggestive therapeutics. But it is too late. The people, too, are awakening. Medicine can never be rehabilitated. Folks are learning that drug dopers and healers are mostly frauds, that in making use of the forces of nature every man may, indeed must be, his own healer; that he needs no M. D., D. D., C. S., or M. S. practitioner to turn on the divine juice for him at so much per kilowatt. That he may lay hold upon the healing forces of nature with his own hands; himself reach into the pharmacopeia of the infinite and take therefrom the remedies that he needs.



Of course in this new era of rationalism, healers, hygienists, even physicians will have their legitimate function, but it will be as health teachers alone that they can serve us. Let them be honest about it. Let them qualify themselves for the position, by studying the laws of life and health, and not cover up their flimsy equipments under

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the fraudulent claims of holding in their hands the curative powers which nature alone possesses.

Encouragement, education, sympathetic understanding and guidance, hygienic instruction, will all have their place in our Rational Therapy. All these will help the sick man to get right with nature, to call upon the healing forces within himself. That is all the physician, teacher or healer can do. And that is surely enough without any hypocritical posing as the possessors of magical healing powers, or any fraudulent pretence of the potency of drugs and chemicals, which the M. D. alone can invoke.



In so far then as our Christian Science friends have thru mental adjustments been relieved of mental diseases, we cannot doubt nor do we wish to disparage their successes. They are but practising rational therapy even tho they may not know it.

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But we do condemn in the strongest terms the hypocritical and fraudulent pretense of the miraculous intervention of Jesus, or God, or Divine Love, or any supernatural force or power outside the individual's own being.



Now following Eddyism and the Mental Science movements, great unexplored regions of mind have been uncovered. We are just beginning to appreciate the vast depths of that great sea of consciousness in which we float. The new psychology is delving fearlessly into the unknown deeps of what it is pleased to call the subliminal and the superconscious mind. That is well. We acknowledge no limitations to the powers of mind. Man must know himself

But in the attempted hasty use of our incomplete discoveries, in the application of half-baked knowledge, there lurks the gravest danger. I must sound the warning to all who have ears to hear the message.

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Both in the medical ranks and outside of them; in the exclusive circles of scientific men, and among the healers and hypnotists of lower types down to the uncombed and unwashed of the profession; under the guise of Suggestive Therapeutics, and Hypnotic Suggestion, there is arising a practice of the most dangerous and destructive character.

It can easily, if not halted, become as destructive to human life and happiness as ever was the witch doctor with his simples or medical praxis with its drugs and poisons. Indeed, far more so, for it is invading with profane hands and blundering feet the very citadel, the inner sanctuary, of life itself.

It dares to lay its coarse and brutal fingers upon the finer strings of inner harmony, the holy of holies of individual being, where none but the master himself may trod under the terrible penalty of mental, physical and moral destruction. And

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the master is yourself. You alone are the master of your own powers. You alone have the right to enter.

These practitioners are playing with fire. They have unchained a demon which they cannot control. They are sowing the wind and they will as surely reap the whirlwind.



Make no mistake. Let no man, however great or wise, take from your hands the reins of control over your own self. Allow no crude and meddling hands, however pious, or renowned, to profane the sacred circles of your own being.

Never surrender your faculties to the will of another. The piety or learning or the good intentions of the operator make no difference. Nature has no consideration for "intentions." She is neither moral nor immoral. She is unmoral. The forces which make for construction—for good—are the very same ones which make for destruc-

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tion—for bad. There are not two sets of forces in the universe, but one.

Man's whole problem now is to free himself from the thrall of suggested ideas and suggestive forces, which have beaten him to earth, dethroned his reason, sapped his strength, and left him a helpless derelict on the tides of fate.

Man must regain his own. He must be free. He must break every bond that binds him. He must rise in the majesty of his power, throw off all repression, assert himself supreme above all forms of suggestion and let the spirit flower in beauty as it will.

Yes, you may be sick, and you may go to a healer or mental therapist for treatment and you may be relieved. But understand clearly if you do thus obtain relief it is your own forces that the healer makes use of. There are no other. You pay him for what is already yours. And that is not the worst of it. Would that it were. You could

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well afford to pay the fee. But know this, that when you thus permit another to invade the sacred spheres of your own being, to tamper with your vital forces and compel you to draw upon your own reserves of energy, you are paying for it in the dearest coin of all the world, and that is in the loss of your own individuality, the dissipation of your very life force, the prostitution of your powers, the breaking down of your own constitution, the destruction of your own ego.

This is a law in nature. You cannot escape the penalty. You must be yourself, under pain of losing all that makes you an entity.



But admitting now all the success claimed for mental methods in the treatment of diseases of an imaginary, auto-suggested, or mental auto-toxic nature, there still remain two whole planes of existence in every individual's life, the physical and the spiritual,

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quite outside the scope of Eddyism. Two broad fields in which derangements may originate, and which must obviously be quite forever beyond any mere mental readjustment, holding the thot, denials or affirmations, however fervent or vociferous.

After we have eliminated by the mental methods described in the foregoing pages from seventy-five to eighty per cent of all ailments that decimate mankind, we still have a good twenty per cent or more, comprising by far the most serious class, that must remain wholly inaccessible to denials and affirmations.

In this really dangerous zone the problem of life must be studied broadly and scientifically. Dogmas and formularies will not suffice. The mutiple nature of man must be understood, and a system of right living evolved, which will take into consideration all physical errors, mental disturbances and spiritual lesions that affect human health and happiness.

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If the Eddy convert has actually had any serious organic or functional impairment of the physical body, caused by violation of hygienic laws, the mental delusion that he is cured, without any change in physical habits, cannot long save him. It is true that the power of mind can actually for a time triumph even over serious physical ills, but it is always at fearful cost and usually not for long.

As a matter of fact, this is just what is beginning to happen now. Faithful scientists, even the healers themselves, are passing out every day of accumulated physical ills from which they triumphantly published themselves as cured; diseases which they have been strenuously denying for years, and which they continue to deny to the very last breath.

In such a crisis the healers and friends stand helpless and unavailing. They have no explanation but to fall back upon the delusion that the departed did not hold the

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thot strongly enough, or that the M. A. M. of some evil minded enemy who worked the death vibration was too strong for them.

While claiming to have taken Jesus into partnership in the healing business, they yet charge the Divine One, himself, only begotten Son of God, and Savior of the world, with being impotent before the evil influence of some low-browed unbeliever with chin whiskers.

Can you laugh? I can't. It is too painful. It's for me the cry rag and poudre riz.



The first enthusiastic crop of Science teachers, healers and followers will just about now begin to drop off very rapidly of ailments from which they paraded themselves as cured. The accumulated penalties of wrong living will reap a rich harvest. We may deceive our friends, and neighbors, deceive even ourselves, but we cannot hood-wink nature. Not for a moment. She has

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no bankrupt laws, no exemption schedules.
She will have her pound of flesh.



The only rationally sane well man is he who studies the laws of being: Who will seek to know the conditions of health, physical, mental, spiritual, and who will so put himself in harmony with nature's laws that he will have health because he earns it. When he is sick he will know why and how he got there. When he is well he will know why and how to maintain his health on all planes of being and in all the vicissitudes of life.



Yes, I will admit that there won't be much demand for healers in that new day. A really civilized society will have no more use for doctors than for preachers, sheriffs and hangmen.

Eddy followers will remain by the roadside in spiritual darkness while the old

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guard of free thought and Rationalism, marches on to higher attainments.



It is thru thought and labor alone, that man attains his goal. Complacency is not for the truth seeker. We cannot stop here. There is no rest on the Open Road. Onward! Onward. We know not where, but we do know that it is toward the best.

(The End.)

EXTRADITED.

Shame to the land that shuts its friendly door
To Revolution's sons and daughters. Shame!
To this fair land the old-time fighters came
For refuge and repose when stricken sore
By ancient tyrannies—then straightway swore
To gods and men in Freedom's sacred name
Asylum here should be, sans scath or blame:
Behold their sons Revolters handing o'er.

The Tyrants' beck prevents the free bird's song!
The Tyrants' nod free waters would restrain!
The Tyrants' law to Tyrants doth belong—
Assist, submit, and nevermore complain.
God's ample dews that never yet did wrong
Shall soon be Tyrant's wealth, and all the rain.

—EDWIN BRENHOLTZ.

At The Live Oaks, Texas.

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TO all friends who have written me concerning the HARMONIC SCHOOL OF RATIONAL EDUCATION, but have not received an answer, let me say that I am preparing a circular letter which will cover all enquiries. My failure to answer letters promptly is not because of neglect. My will is good. When I can get to it I have several days' work replying to those dear personal letters which I so love to get.

You see in addition to spending a good deal of time on the platform trying to point people toward the rational life; writing and publishing the magazine; tending my garden crops in the summer; sawing and splitting my winter's wood, and doing all my own housework, I am obliged also to earn my living working at my trade.

Unfortunately for me in this Julian calendar the days are only twenty-four hours long. But I'll get there all in good time, comrades, see if I don't.

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And so please don't stop writing because I do not always respond promptly. I need your good thought and spiritual force, your love in my work. And surely if you could hear the hymn of praise that sings thru my heart when I read one of those helpful, encouraging letters, you'd be glad you wrote it. Listen in the stillness for my response. You'll get it by wireless if not thru the typewriter.

The Editor of the Indianapolis Sun accuses me of being a "woods philosopher." Well, it might be worse. He might have charged me with being a preacher. Let it go at that.

FREEDOM is the only soil in which character grows. The more the individual's conduct is regulated from the outside by laws, government, parents, teachers or guardians, the less the individual will do to regulate his own conduct, hence the weaker he grows in character.

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**CAN YOU LEGALLY BEAT YOUR
WIFE?**

Sure, why not? Lower courts in Washington, D. C., hold that you can. According to newspaper dispatches Jessie N. Thompson sued her husband, Prof. Chas. N. Thompson, principal of the Jefferson School, for injuries sustained in seven beatings, alleged to have been administered by the belligerent Professor.

The court very properly held that under the common law of our great and glorious land of liberty (Loud screams from the eagle) a man and wife are one, and the man is that one. As it is impossible for a man to beat himself, or sue himself, there is no case before the court. Next!

To a woods philosopher the query arises, how much longer are the women going to endure such self immolation at the altar of Hymen?

Why submit to the loss of your very

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identity, the submerging of your individuality for the sake of a meal ticket and half of an ostermoor—for the glorious privilege (!) of wearing a dog collar round your neck with some man's name engraved on it?

Don't you feel proud of yourselves? There are more women in the world than men, and woman is by far the stronger force. Why, then, doesn't she rebel? Can it be that woman has been a slave so long that she loves her slavery and like a faithful dog would lick the hand that chides her?



The Hobble Skirt! Ain't it the limit. I ran into my first one yesterday down on Prairie Avenue, in Chicago. The thing is properly named. The skirt was so narrowed at the knees that the lady could not swing her legs in a full, free stride, as a woman should, but actually went crow hopping along like a hen with her feet tied together.

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I was on my way to the vaudeville when I met her, but I saved my quarter. I didn't need to go after that. Forgetting that I wasn't in the woods, I gave way to my emotions, and was blocking the traffic when a big cop ordered me to move on.

I suppose there are ten thousand just like her in Chicago. Woman's ordinary garments are not sufficiently absurd and inhibitive of her free action and expression in life, but she must e'en hobble herself still further.

Does woman really want to be free after all? Alas! I fear not. With my heart sore within me I came back to the Roost. But when I saw Aunt Sapphira skipping thru the woods in her regulation suit of bloomers my spirits rose. A woman can be free if she wants to.

When you visit me at Pigeon-Roost, girls, bring your bloomers. Skirts are **de trop** here.

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"THE OPEN ROAD" for July and August was pregnant with life and right living. First in July the editor took himself from the fastness of his "Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods" loft and hied himself to New York, broke bread with Elbert Hubbard and fractured some rules at the Roycrofters, sailed up among the Lily Dale people, took the Open Road to Niagara Falls, and while away met more noted characters than one can read of in a day. He imbibed so much inspiration and high voltage ambitions and "thinks" that he had to work it off in that magazinelet of his. Then this inspiration was still sizzling within him in August and while he threw up the August copy he whacked away at people's Trilbies until we all feel ashamed to wear "leather prisons" on our feet. He slaps the fool women who persist in wearing French heels, and that is where we could pat him on the back. Just as long as women hobble along on high heels so long will disease reign in our land and deformed and weak children disgrace mothers.

Editor Calvert preaches going barefoot. That is well, if one is in seclusion, but imagine where a pretty stenographer would be if she attempted

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to go to the office in bare pedals. Still women and men too, might, at least wear sane shoes, heelless, broad, natural shaped toes, and wash their feet oftener than Saturday night.



On Friday evening, September 9th, the Chicago Vegetarian Society held its regular meeting at 87 Wabash Avenue. A large gathering graced the occasion, for it was to be of unusual interest.

The editor of THE OPEN ROAD, Bruce Calvert, was booked for one of his characteristically interesting and instructive talks on "Right Living," and of course this means vegetarianism.

Comrade Calvert electrified the audience when he entered the hall, dressed in character costume, khaki, well representing simple life down in Pigeon-in-the-Roost-in-the-Woods. He brought offerings of wild flowers, and a basketful of vegetables, samples of his handiwork in the garden, Nature co-operating with him. He eloquently dwelt on the riches awaiting one who would accept a garden and eat thereof. After an interesting half hour talk Mr. Calvert turned off his flow of oratory amid spontaneous applause.—
VEGETARIAN MAGAZINE, Chicago, Ill.

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"THEM THAT RULE THE EARTH—"

Your lust is the lust of prevailing,
Your pride is the pride of your might;
Your god bears no mark of his nailing—
Ye worship your wealth as your Right!
Aye, smile in your scorn and derision!
My feet tread the path that is free;
I hold Nature and Truth for my vision—
What vision have ye?

Your joy is the pleasure of rending
The brother whose salt ye betray;
Your life is a struggle unending
Till at last ye are slain—or ye slay.
But I weave me a warp of God's beauty,
A woof of the winds and star-dust;
The craving of Earth is my duty,
And my duty is—Trust.

Ye have smitten the lands with ambition,
Ye have riven the seas with desire;
Ye reckon not of law or condition,
For your souls are but flame of wildfire.
But I seek for the beauty that lingers
In hearts ye left barren and sere;
My reward is a clasp of men's fingers—
My guerdon a tear.

—H. Bedford-Jones.

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IN THE WOODS.

NOW indeed is the heart filled to overflowing with the quiet deep joys of the woods.

The riotous waves of color have subsided. The brilliant shadings of early autumn are all gone. The reds and yellows and scarlets and purples and greens have blended into the rich peaceful monotone of winter.

The rhythm of nature has changed. The music is softening down. The harmony of the woods has settled into a sweet, tender melody woven around the dominant tone of brown.



Outside my shanty window a thin sheet of white spreads over the woods and fields—the first snow fall of the season.

Whipped by the wild December wind, the tree tops circle and sway in majestic cotillion, keeping time to the mad music of the storm.

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Inside, the fire roars and crackles in my big sheet-iron stove. What care I for wind or weather?

Behind me in serried ranks reaching from floor to rafters rest the treasures of the ages. Impaled upon the printed page there they wait—the ideas and visions and longings that have throbbled in the restless brains of men. Wait patiently for the loving glance or for the caressing touch of my hands. My silent, sympathetic friends, the books. Books that I have never read and never expect to get time to read, but which I understand and love just the same. Tho I may never read them, their spirit is with me—the mighty ones of the earth—they sustain me and help me. This corner where I write is hallowed by their presence. I could not do without them.



White and pure like the sweet mantle of human love lies the snow covering all the

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rough and bare places of the earth under its gentle folds.

Even as we humans must learn amid the stress and storms of life, amid the struggle for power or gold, that back of all and greater than all else is Love. The Love which spreads its warm robe of charity over all—friend and foe, competitor and comrade alike—the Love which levels all differences of wealth, religion, power, station, birth, education, attainment. All, even pride of the intellect must bow before the all-conquering power of Love.

Just plain human Love. That's all. The Love of man for woman. Of woman for man. Of mother for child. Of brother and sister. Of man for man. There is no other.

The only love we know is man's Love. The only hate we know is man's hate. We're all one family. All conceived in the same eternal matrix. All delivered out of the

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same womb. And we're all going in the same direction to the same destination.



What a pity we can't go together in peace and love. Go hand in hand. With music in our hearts and songs of joy upon our lips.

It's so much easier and better to lend a hand to your faltering brother than to thrust him to the ground and tread upon his prostrate body in your rage to get ahead.

And the pathetic part of it all is that we don't really get ahead. Don't gain an inch that way. I cannot advance myself at the expense of humanity. Can't get above nor beyond my neighbor no matter how hard I try. He is part of me. I am part of him. We are one. Mankind is one. No one can be free until all are free. Nor be happy until all are happy. Nor be comfortable until all are comfortable.

I might as well try to run away from

THE OPEN ROAD

myself as to run away from my brother. I can't do it. I'll only have to come back and lift him up. The further I press on ahead of him in the race, the further I'll have to come back to get him. What's the use?

All the crime, all the tears and agony of the blood-stained past. All the misery, poverty and woe of this world, past and present, has been because men forgot for a moment this eternal truth. Allowed for a moment the flames of hate to lick up the tender dews of Love.



Suppose then we let this be our Christmas sermon. Be our prayer for the coming year. Love. More Love.

We're going to need it one of these days. Need it badly. Need it as much as the world ever did need anything yet.

We are approaching a cataclysm. Any one not blinded by the rage of lust for power and pelf. Any one not absorbed in self

THE OPEN ROAD

must see it. Times are coming which will try men's souls. The only thing that can bring order out of chaos. Restore the earth to its rightful owners. Establish peace on earth, Justice to all men. Give man back his heritage. Plant his feet upon the Open Road toward the golden dawn of Brotherhood. Is Love. Just Love. Human Love.

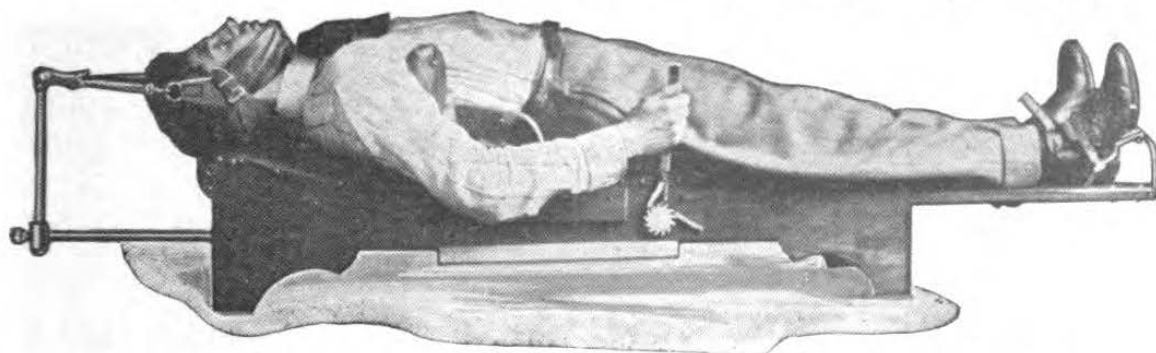
Gods nor Devils, nor Ghosts, nor Jesuses, nor Saints, nor Saviors can help us in our hour of trial. Only Love. Love! the creative principle of all life. Love! the one thing which will survive the wrecks of time and the shocks of eternity.



Brother, Sister, Comrade. Whoever you are and wherever you are. I give you my Love! Will you give me yours in return?

Why Not be a Pippin' Instead of a Crab-Apple Man?

Nature expects you to co-operate with her and thereby attain physical perfection and health. HEALTH is largely a matter of Habit—Nine-tenths of all our ills are the result of living in a tense state. The remedy is relaxation. Physical fitness must be achieved, and nothing is unattainable, not even **Height**. We can grow you two or



three inches; correct your curvature, deformity, stoop; remove the cause of locomotor, paralysis, lumbago, rheumatism, insomnia, and all diseases of spinal, muscular, nervous, or skeletal origin. We can restore your suppleness, elasticity, and the evidences of youth. NATURE will do the rest. All the big doctors use the Stretcher. Every family should have one. Tell why you are interested to

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

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

Bruce Calvert's reading of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is unsurpassed. As an interpreter of the Old Tent Maker he has no equal on the lecture platform today.

Terre Haute (Ind.) Tribune.

Bruce Calvert gives this week a series of six lectures at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Marion Reynolds, under the auspices of the Co-Operative Dinner Club. There was a large attendance at both the first and second lectures. Mr. Calvert's talks are on breathing, and suggested a number of valuable hints for the improvement of the health. Mr. Calvert has made a life-study of the mode of living most conducive to health and right living, and has an important message to impart.

SUBSCRIPTION Tickets, mentioned in Bulletin No. 1, are receipts for prepaid subscriptions to THE OPEN ROAD, for one year, six months or three month's trial as the case may be. One side has our printed address and place for one cent stamp. Nice to carry with you. Makes propaganda work easy. You don't have to send us names, just hand out the ticket. Subscriber does the rest. Are you on?

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UNITED STATES JAPAN GERMANY

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MARCH, 1910 .

Correct English - How to use it

A Magazine for School People

CORRECT ENGLISH IN THE HOME
CORRECT ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOL

BUSINESS ENGLISH FOR
THE BUSINESS MAN

EDITED BY
JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER

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A YEAR

Correct English Publishing Company
Publishers
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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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BULLETIN No 1.

GOOD and beauty and truth do not push themselves. Gold lay undiscovered in California trodden under the feet of men for ten thousand years. Principles are in no haste. They have eternity. To truth time is nothing. But you and I, comrades, have but a brief span of earth life to work in. What good we do must be done now, and quickly, too. "I must be about my father's business." Principles may not hurry, but men must.

We must increase the circulation of the 'Zinelet. Its power for good can grow only as it reaches more people who need it. It has already enriched the lives, brought the joy of living, and the peace of understanding into the hearts of many. It is finding its own, slowly to be sure, yet finding them every day. But this is not fast enough.

I believe the OPEN ROAD is worthy of a circulation of 5,000 at least. And I believe every Open Roader thinks so too. I am doing all I can with limited time and means to open the road. You comrades can do a thousand times more than I. Will you do it? I believe you will.

Here's how. Buy a bunch of subscription tickets and carry some always with you. When you see a man (male or female) with an awakening mind, sell him a subscription ticket, and lo, the thing's done. This is much better than sample copies. If the individual has not advanced far, it will take several numbers for him to get into our key. Then, too, many who see a sample copy fully intend to subscribe, but put it off and it's never done.

Only last week a man of national prominence handed me a subscription, saying: "I've been intending to send you this for a year. I don't know why I never got to it." This man has stenographers and clerks and a private secretary to do his bidding, but just never got around to it. You know how it is. The thing that presses hardest at the moment is attended to—all the rest waits.

You can cinch the matter easily and quickly by just handing out your Sub. ticket and benefit all concerned. That's all you have to do.

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Organize a class in your club, school, or community for the study of Right Living. I will come and stay a week with you giving six lectures, afternoon or evening. In one week's time I can give you the inspiration and the material for a year's work along constructive lines. These lessons awaken the student to a new, glorious life. Calls out the power from within.

BRUCE CALVERT, Instructor.

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

Membership fee 50 cts. a year: less than one cent a week, including subscription to the OPEN ROAD, the official organ of the Society. Life membership, with paid-up subscription to the OPEN ROAD for ninety-nine years, \$10.00. No other dues or assessments, forever.

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

Eligibility—All men and all women who feel their kinship to the race are invited.

Initiation—Greet the next traveler you meet on the Open Road with a smile and a hearty handshake, and send fifty cents to the Shrine of the Society for a year's subscription to the official Journal.

Grip—The warm, healthy grasp of true friendship.

Password and Countersign—"Howd'y, Comrade," and a sweet smile of kindly, human interest.

Creed—Kind Thought, Kind Word, Kind Deed.

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

Litany—The voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops.

Duties of Members—Live up to your highest and best every day. Learn to stand alone (as far as possible), and mind your own business (most of the time). Recognize the Divine in every man and woman you meet. Smile and be kind.

Punishments and Penalties—We punish ourselves only. If you feel that you have conducted yourself as unbecoming a

member of the noble Brotherhood; if you have failed to look for the best in your neighbor, or if in a moment of weakness you have let loose a barbed arrow of pain to wound a brother or a sister, just send half a dollar and the name of your victim for a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, receive absolution from the Shrine, take a new grip on yourself, resolve not to do so again, and forget it.

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

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

I have spoken.

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

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

By BRUCE CALVERT, Keeper of the Shrine.

Attest: ANANIAS.

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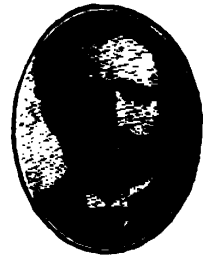
Is one of the most conspicuous clairvoyant doctors for the past thirty years. She has probably cured more patients and been the most conspicuous target, for the poisoned arrows of prejudice, and vicious attacks of medical combines in this country. But there are others whose record may equal hers in the numbers cured, and I would not assume more than appears to be real. At least her clairvoyant examinations have averaged from 50 to 100 per day for over 30 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. If the patient be absent she wants to know she has found the right one. The rest is left to her spirit doctor. She has been arrested some fifteen or twenty times, I think, but never convicted. She plainly states that she has no diploma from medical schools, and that her diagnosis and prescriptions are made by a doctor in the spirit world. But 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.



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Prof. Craig

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The Olive is one of the oldest and most refined foods known to the race. It was first cultivated in that part of the world where civilization reached the highest point ever touched by man.

But ever moving time brings changes. Westward the light of the spirit takes its way. We get our finest products thru transplanting. The olive was introduced into California less than a century and a half ago, and now the genial soil of the golden state is producing the finest olives and the best olive oil in the world. We are a better people and have moved onto a higher spiritual plane because of this.

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Yes I know dearie, that beauty of soul is the supreme and lasting test of woman's power, but I must remind you that all the sonnets ever written, all the great poems, all the symphonies on canvas and the dreams in marble were inspired by just plain loveliness of woman's face and form.

The greatest women in history are the famous beauties of the world. If they did not actually possess great intellectual gifts, the poets idealized them anyway and always saw dazzling spiritual qualities wherever beauty sat on guard.

For the life of me tho I never could see why a woman may not, indeed should not, be both beautiful and brainy. We know that outward beauty is but the expression of inner harmony and sweetness. No use to tell me that a woman with clear skin, bright eyes and smooth rosy complexion isn't a better, happier, brainier woman than the poor creature with rough, sallow skin, wrinkles, moth spots and liver complexion—I know better. It's woman's very nature to be attractive in looks. If she is not some terrible wrong against nature has been committed.

Of course about everything in woman's present day unnatural hysterical life is tearing at her physical charms, and these ravages must be met and overcome if she is to regain her lost beauty.

I'm making the world better by teaching women to be beautiful. If men only knew it I am a public benefactor. I'm working in line with the cosmic urge, and I really ought to be subsidized by the state in the interests of race preservation.

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An Authoritative Exponent of What is Correct in English

MARCH, 1910 .

Correct English - How to use it

A Magazine for School, Home

CORRECT ENGLISH IN THE HOME
CORRECT ENGLISH IN THE SCHOOL

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EDITED BY
JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER

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BRUCE CALVERT.

The September copy of
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me. How true is all you say
regarding “Marriage and
Divorce.” I only wish the
article could be read by millions
instead of thousands.

H. CLAUSON,
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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.

Denver News-Times

Bruce Calvert's reading of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is unsurpassed. As an interpreter of the Old Tent Maker he has no equal on the lecture platform today.

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.

Terre Haute (Ind.) Tribune.

Bruce Calvert gives this week a series of six lectures at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Marion Reynolds, under the auspices of the Co-Operative Dinner Club. There was a large attendance at both the first and second lectures. Mr. Calvert's talks are on breathing, and suggested a number of valuable hints for the improvement of the health. Mr. Calvert has made a life-study of the mode of living most conducive to health and right living, and has an important message to impart.

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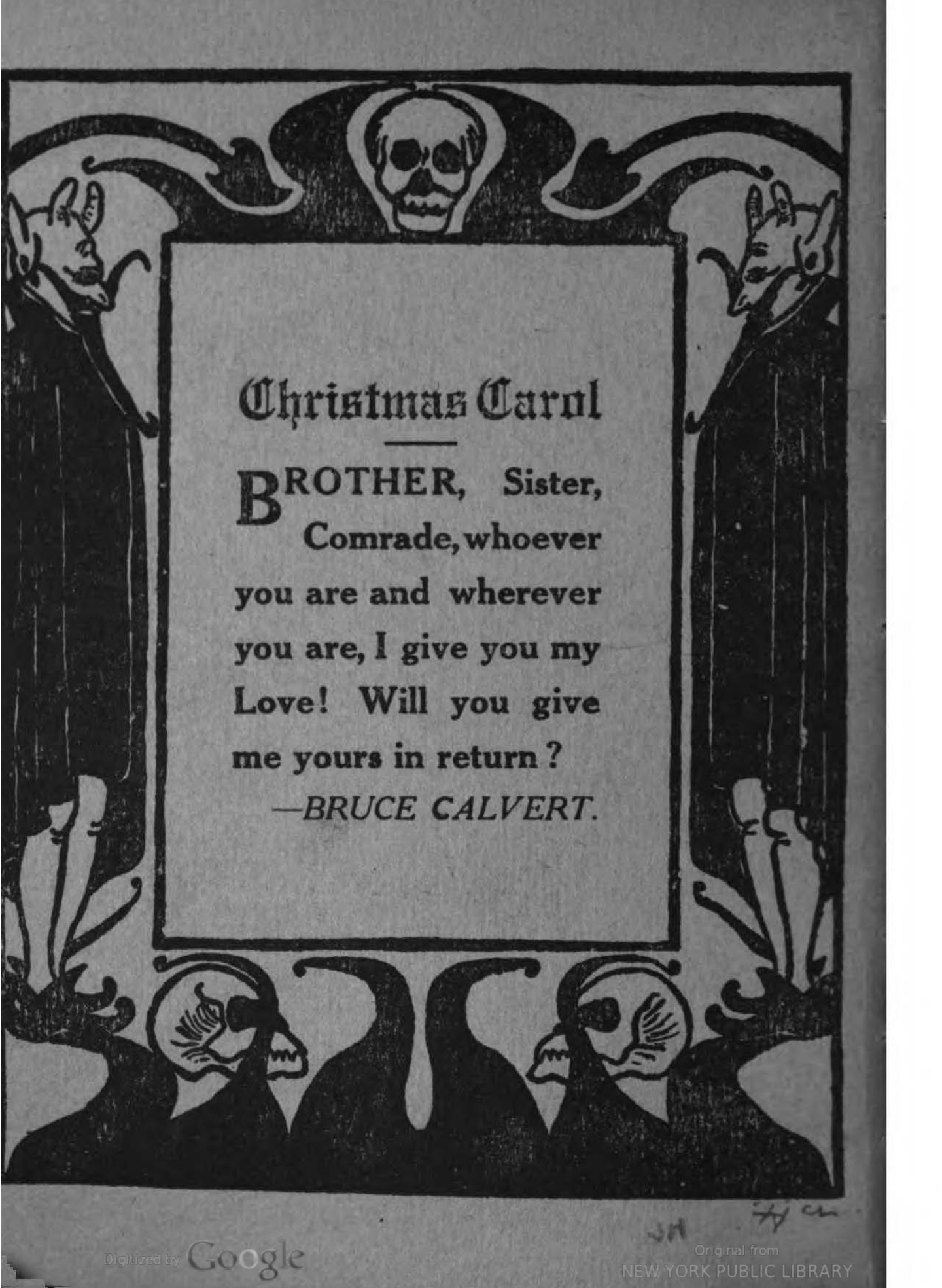
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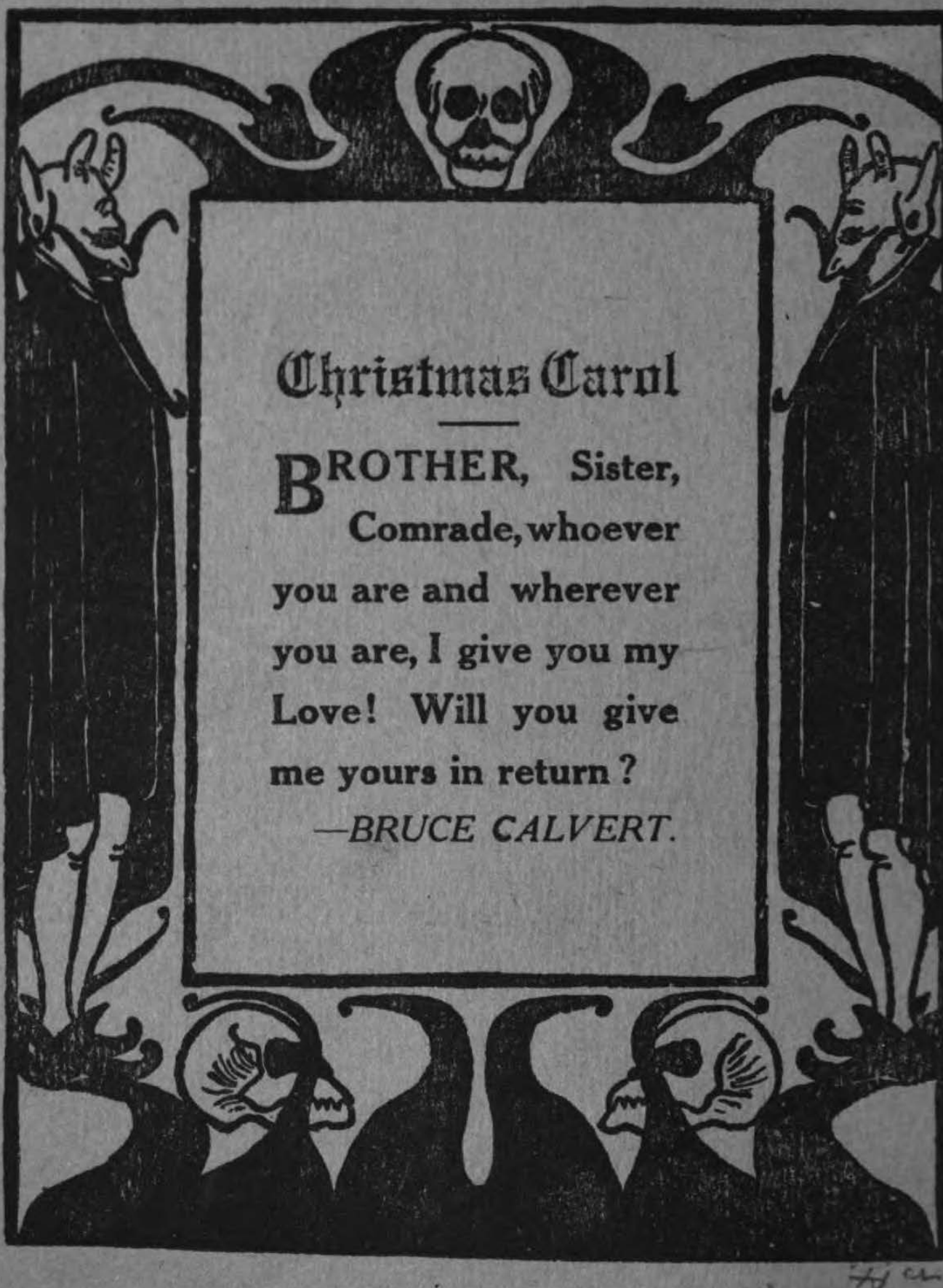


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Comrade, whoever
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Love! Will you give
me yours in return?

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