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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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The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

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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 the 'Zinelet, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

THE fruition of beauty is no chance of miss hit—it is as inevitable as life—it is exact and plumb as gravitation. From the eyesight proceeds another eyesight, and from the hearing proceeds another hearing, and from the voice proceeds another voice, eternally curious of the harmony of things with man. These understand the law of perfection in masses and floods—that it is profuse and impartial—that there is not a minute of the light or dark, nor an acre of the earth and sea, without it—nor any direction of the sky, nor any trade or employment, nor any turn of events.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Clubbing Offer No. 1!

All This For \$1.50.

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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 If it was not the organ of the League it could not be published for less than \$1.00 per year.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION
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VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1911

No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

THE CHRISTMAS MANIA.

NOW THAT Christmas with its orgie of stuffing and hysterical present buying is safely past once more let us take a good honest look at the craze and see how it actually appears in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

I call it a craze. It is that and more. It amounts to an obsession. A national hysteria. An emotional debauch and it's getting more violent year by year.

Is there any sensible reason why the supposed birthday of a dead god, buried 2,000 years ago, should be celebrated by a wild outburst of emotional insanity which expresses itself in our gorging like vultures, and in a mad orgy of indiscriminate buying of Junk for our fool friends

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who are themselves out raging up and down the market places pawing over the plunder on bargain counters for something to make a flash with at our own back doors on Christmas morning?

Beautiful business, isn't it now, and so fitting a remembrance of the meek and lowly man from Galilee who gave of himself. Freely poured out the riches of his soul, while we pass around the gimcracks and tin foil.

Honest, doesn't it make us wonder whether after all Darwin might not have gotten his homogenesis twisted, and that man is headed toward the monkey instead of away from him?

What is the net result of this annual midwinter madness? Just look around your own homes now. Size up the loot gathered in from hell's four corners. Think of the truck you yourself distributed around all duly ticketed with the handsomely engraved card of the affectionate giver. Face the

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music. Be honest now, once in your life. What do you think of yourselves?

The result then? Nothing but shattered nerves, heart burnings, disappointments, envy, jealousy, depleted pocketbooks. Not to speak of engorged livers and stomachs on the brink for six weeks to come. Worse even than that. Hundreds of fool families are in debt to the installment sharks and will be grinding their noses for the next nine months to pay for Christmas presents which they could not afford and had no business to make.



Who is the gainer for all this nonsense? Well there's just one set of fellows and a very small one at that who get all that's coming to them in this glad and joyful Christmas season and that is the thrifty shopkeepers.

Now I do not know whether you know it or not—if you do not, thank me for brushing the scales from your eyes; if you do,

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thank me for having the courage to print the truth regardless of consequences—but the cold fact is that this whole crazy Christmas business of present making is a carefully worked up piece of advertising and merchandising fakery. At its roots lie the spirit of selfish greed, characteristic of modern American Commercialism.

Didn't you suspect that? Well I who know tell you it is so. All this pious bunk you see for weeks before Christmas time in the advertisements of the great stores—yes, and in the editorial columns of the daily newspapers, about the joys of giving and all the beautiful-and-tender-spirit-of-Christmas slush is simply a cleverly planned advertising campaign to inflame the Christmas insanity and sell the goods.

Every advertiser loads his advertising space and his counters with hypnotic suggestions carefully baited to catch the suckers by appealing to their humanitarian impulses. The gudgeon bites and satisfies his

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religious conscience by walking up to the bazaars and gathering in the junk while the merchant rubs his hands and chuckles in glee.

Positively no one else is benefited. Ask the poor weary worked to death shop girls what they think of the joyous Christmas time. The story, "No. 311," by Rupert Hughes, printed in the Saturday Evening Post of December 3d—was one of the most graphic descriptions of the cruelties and torments inflicted by the unthinking public and inhuman shopkeepers upon the unhappy sales girls at holiday time ever written. How this story with such an economic stinger concealed in its tail ever got past the "fluffy ruffles" editorial policy of that paper is more than I can imagine. Perhaps Eddie K. or Cyrus or George Horace were asleep at the switch, and friend Rupert simply put one over on them. But the story is worth reading.

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O I know all about the advertising tricks and the editorial plays. I write that dope myself. That's my trade. Been at it for fifteen years. I make my living by writing ads to hypnotise the fools into buying other people's junk. I am on the staff of writers as special "copy" man for one of the big advertising agencies in Chicago. I see the game from the inside. But that's when I'm in the jungle. Down here in the woods face to face with my friends the trees who murmur their confidences in my ears, I could not write that stuff at all. All the matter you see in the OPEN ROAD I write when at Pigeon-Roost. So much by way of confession. Now let me go on.

But has the comical side of this Christmas delirium ever struck you? Our thrifty, semitic friends, Simons, Guggenheimer & Mandelburger, catching the loose change of their Christian brothers by craftily playing up the sweet and tender emotions of Christ-

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mas—a festival in honor of the despised apostate Jew, Jehoshua of Nazir. “Ve sell de goods.” The idiots thus exploited think they are expressing their noble religious nature—whereas they are only falling for the seductive advertising and salesmanship of the shopkeepers.



Yes, Christmas is no longer a religious institution, but an orgasm of mad merchandizing. Even now the buyers are starting out over the world's trade highways to gather up the driftwood that you and I will spend our good money for next Christmas—that is if we don't get wise and quit the game before that time.

With the origin and history of Christmas giving, and what it may have meant once I have no present concern. Neither have you. It's what the thing now is.

The cancer goes yet deeper into our social life than I have already shown. Even the helpless poor and the outcasts in their

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miseries are exploited, and the tenderest instincts of human sympathy played upon in the interests of Oppenheimer, Sweitzer case & Co.'s dry goods Emporium.

In Chicago—and I have no doubt the game is worked in every other large city as well—one of the great daily newspapers burst into print two years ago with the Napoleonic scheme of advertising a hypothetical association of "Good Fellows"—that is, easy guys—who could be worked up into such a frightful frenzy of self-abnegation that they fairly overflowed with the milk of human kindness and stood in the slush. To such an extent did the Daily Grabune move their bowels of compassion that these "Easy Fellows" would salve their consciences for a year's rapacity and exploitation of weaker brothers by going out on State street Christmas eve and loading themselves up with chocolate creams, candy bears, sausages and baked beans which they carried in great pomp to some deserving

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“poor family” in the slums. The daily Glibune kindly supplying the names and addresses of such “deserving poor” and undertaking to see that there were enough “deserving poor” to go around, one for each “Easy Fellow—”; whereupon the “Easy Guy’s” unparalleled deed of noble generosity would be duly chronicled next day on the first page of the Globule with much ostentation in 24-point display.



Can anyone with half an eye open fail to discern the fine Florentine hand of the big advertisers on State Street who of course kept open extra late Christmas eve to accommodate all the generous hearted “Good Fellows” with money in their clothes and cotton batting in their heads?

If our great American citizen wasn’t the light waisted, hair-triggered, neurasthenic that he is, he could never be hypnotized into such grotesque performances. But he bites. He swallows hook, line, sinker and pole, and

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the game goes merrily on getting faster and more furious each year.

It's rotten. The whole disgusting business of giving things and especially this crazy Christmas giving. But even that isn't the worst.

Between you and me, comrades, I might as well while I am on this subject finish it up right. I've wanted to say this for a long time. This thing of charity, of alms-giving, is to me the most hideous of all present day social iniquities. It's damning and despicable. I can't make anything else out of it. And I know there's nothing harder to bear, not even poverty, than charity. I make no exceptions. Whether it be sporadic and spontaneous or systematized in the various charitable organizations, charity is hard, cruel, cold, debasing, and demoralizing, both to them that give and to them that receive. It has not one redeeming feature about it. It's a curse to society. It's brutalizing. And

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it, like Christmas giving, has its roots in human greed, selfishness, injustice.

Look the matter fairly in the face now. Don't be afraid to think in a groove you've never tried before. Don't be afraid to cut new channels in your brain cells.

If I have not robbed my neighbor in the slums why should I insult him by going to him on Christmas eve or any other eve with a package of gumdrops or a side of bacon? If I have systematically robbed and despoiled him will this maudlin generosity—on the last half day of the year atone for the horrible injustice spread over the other 364½ days?

If I gave him a square deal he would have just as much gumdrops and bacon as I have and he would be in no need of my charity.

The whole system of organized and individual alms-giving works nothing but misery upon all concerned. It makes the giver cold, hard and cynical, and it debauches the recipient. No man on earth knows better

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than I do how hard it is for one in need to go for the first time and appeal for charity. I never actually did it, but I've been so desperate that I have started to do so. O the sickening dread of that moment! The agonies of the cross are nothing to it. Every fibre in a man's being revolts against it. It's a hundred times easier to steal or to smash a window. Stealing food is the easiest thing in the world to a starving man. I do assure you of that. It comes as naturally as to drink when you're thirsty.

The charity bureaus will tell you the other side of it. That pitiful, pathetic, breaking down in character which comes swiftly after the first awful plunge into the bread line. How the moral sense is blunted, pride humbled, self-respect destroyed. And how easily after the first chill of charity-receiving has worn off, the victim slides into the ranks of the profligate, falling lower and lower year by year till all manhood and decency are finally gone. "Facilis descensus Aver-

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ni," wrote Virgil nineteen hundred years ago. He must have been thinking of the beggars. "The descent of Avernus (hell) is easy; the gate of Pluto stands open night and day; but to retrace one's steps and return to the upper air—that is the toil, that is the difficulty."

And if the thing works such dreadful ruin upon the poor and helpless—the effect upon those who hand out the dole is hardly less disastrous.

It makes you hard, distrustful and unfeeling. You cannot respect a man to whom you throw your old shoes and left over crusts. However much you may salve your conscience by giving, your true intuition will tell you that you have wronged the man who begs at your back door. You cannot love one whom you have wronged or abused. Hate follows naturally.

Then again as long as we can so easily lull our consciences to sleep, and so cheaply satisfy our social responsibilities by one

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day's hysterical generosity out of a year of grasping, brutal exploitation of the under dogs, what possibility will there ever be for establishing social justice on earth?

If all men had justice, plain, simple, old-fashioned justice, none would need alms. That's a mighty pointed old proverb—"Be just before you are generous." I never realized before just how much it means.



Let us deceive ourselves no longer. Let us not try to evade our responsibilities by any hypocritical subterfuges of charity contributions. We are not meeting the situation like men at all, but like cringing cowards. Make no mistake. Your alms-giving is a damnable wrong. It's compounding a felony against humanity. You only disgrace yourself and debauch the poor victim of your charity.



The strangest thing about this clap-trap and palaver of appealing to the generous im-

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pulses for charity to the needy is that it catches even some of the sociologists and supposed thinkers who ought to know better. I am not surprised at the average man being caught with such sophistry. For the average man doesn't think at all. He merely looks wise and tunes his fiddle to the popular clamor. But thinkers and near-thinkers are inexcusable.

To my great surprise I saw an article in a recent magazine, a fine article on the Christmas madness by a man for whom I have the greatest respect, a man supposed to be one of the way up intellectual forces of the western world, but who in his argument drops completely to the level of the unthinking fiddlers and falls for that cheap newspaper flim-flam game concocted in the advertising offices of the big department stores, advising all his friends to join the "Good Fellows" club of easy marks and work off their altruistic impulses by buying rag dolls for sundry apocryphal poor chil-

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dren, and gumdrops for the starving. That was my great man's solution for the evils of the Christmas craze. Woe is me! How art the mighty fallen.

Say, comrades—seriously now—if a law were passed compelling all Christmas givers to send their Junk anonymously, and forbidding anyone putting his name or any clue to the giver on any Christmas present, how much holiday business do you suppose we should have next year? Why you'd buy Christmas rubbish at seven cents on the dollar. And the salesgirls would only need to work half days thru holiday week in place of day and night as they do now.



The Christmas dementia has gone far enough. Here is what I propose. Let all sane folk who have sense enough to see the evil join with me in a league for a sane Christmas.

Let's all resolve here and now to neither make nor accept Christmas presents of any

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nature whatsoever from this time forward. Let's do all in our power to bring our neighbors and friends to a realization of the absurdity and the evil of the practice and get them to unite with us in putting an end to it. We can do it. There isn't one man or woman in ten thousand that is not sick of the crazy business, only they are moral cowards and they can't make any move for freedom till someone else takes the lead. Then they will all come our way like rats leaving a sinking ship.

And then in place of eating until we have the blind staggers on Jesus' birthday and beginning the new year with feathery tongue, swollen liver and our pipes corroded, let's remember the gentle Nazarene and keep our mental outlook clear by eating a little less, a little plainer, simpler fare on that great day. Try it with me next year, will you?

Don't be afraid. I've been over the road. Both ways. I've bought myself bankrupt at

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Christmas time, and unpacked bales of Junk sent in by admiring friends (after they saw what I sent them). I've eaten till I was black in the face of the toothsome turk, and then had to drink splits for a week to get over it.

But for the last few years, since I took to the woods, I have cut out all Christmas hysteria. Neither giving nor accepting presents. And this last Christmas day I dined sumptuously on uncooked carrots and turnips with some nuts, and then started out and walked fifteen miles across country, just to prove that I could do it.

Need I tell you that I am a better and a happier man than ever in the old days? Let's cut it all out.

BRUCE CALVERT.

Chairman American League for a Sane Christmas.

Rabbi Joseph Leiser, Allentown, Pa., Secretary.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE glad Christmas time is now near at hand. Instituted many years ago to celebrate the birth of Christ, it stimulates trade and makes business good.

Wives will now gladden the hearts of their husbands with socks and neckties. Husbands will buy writing paper and dishes for their wives.

And lovers, and girl chums and aunts and cousins will buy all manner of brass things and plush-covered boxes and ink stands for each other.

There is big money in these things.

It is a merry day.

Out of the bubbling joyousness men will soon array themselves in Santa Claus togs, and stand in windows and on the corners of the streets to delight the passing children.

Jesus, himself, probably had no conception of how beautifully his day would come to be advertised and celebrated. He did not know that Santa Clauses could be hired for a dollar a day, and that there would be big profit in it at that.

Do your shopping early (this is not Jesus' saying, as many suppose). It is merciful to the girls at the counter (a strong talking point), and

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it enables the dealer to sell more goods (the thing to be arrived at).

So be merciful to the girls. Since the dealer has to work them till ten o'clock at night to sell all the goods he can, do your shopping early and thus save the girls for the dealer's sake.

Merry Christmas!

This is the day when "dividing up" is right, tho it is wrong and wickedly Socialistic the rest of the year.

On this day it is true that many people are hungry and in need, and should be fed and helped. The rest of the year it is their own fault if they don't have enuf.

On this day any man who refuses to relieve distress, and scatter gifts among the poor is a measly, hard-hearted skinflint, and is no Christian. The rest of the year it is not good business policy.

The more generous you are, the more goods can be sold. Get busy, and sing anthems of the risen Christ.

Open your hearts, and make the world glad!
And do your shopping early.

On this glad Christmas day it is fit and proper that people who eat bean soup for 364 days of the year should fatten on good turkey of the vintage of 1898 (it won't keep much longer anyway).

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On this day the little, poorly clad, destitute children who have been going to school for weeks without their breakfast because their parents were extravagant should be given a tin toy to make their hearts glad (it won't cost much).

On this day the poor, feeble widows who have been unable to earn enuf to support themselves, and who have shivered for months in cold and cheerless rooms, should be given a bucket of coal. (Be tender-hearted like Christ.)

On this day the haggard dying consumptive whose life has been wasted by toil in hot, stuffy, germ-laden sweat shops should be given a bouquet to ease his dying hours.

And do your shopping early.

Let everybody make it a day of gladness and good cheer! Let our hearts go out in warm sympathy and love to those we don't care a damn for during the rest of the year.

With sweet and Christ-like love let us give to the needy our worn-out underclothes and shoes and socks.

If we have any food that is spoiled so that we cannot use it, let us give it to the hungry in Christ's name.

But, after Christmas is over, let us quit dividing up. If anyone is hungry then, it is his own

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fault. And, moreover, it doesn't matter anyway. In another year another Christmas will roll around with all its bright and blessed and beautiful joys.—George E. Owen in *The Oklahoma Pioneer*.

"WOMAN AS A SEX COMMODITY."

Dear Comrade Bruce:—

Since I wrote you asking for light on your statement "Woman as a Sex Commodity," I have reread your article on Marriage and Divorce, and going into the matter more deeply I saw the light as it were. Now, on looking around me I seem to be coming to the same conclusion. I notice also that there are a few women arriving at the same realization, don't you think so, Bruce? Your kind letter has cleared it all up. Thank you.

Do not fail when you have it ready to send me your circular letter on your "Harmonic School of Rational Education." I await it with all possible interest and remain, your comrade,

E. J. O., Port Anthur, Ontario.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES TO YOURSELF.

Confession may ease the soul of him that makes it, but it adds nothing to the peace of mind or nobleness of soul of him that hears it. It is an evil mind that learns to love a shudder.

THE IDLER.

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TOLSTOY AND HIS LAST WORDS.

A GREAT soul has passed. Did you not hear the peal of welcome from the shining ones when he joined the Immortal clan?

More than any other man of his time will Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy's life be felt in the spiritual upheaval that is now sweeping over the world.

Clear and strong he sounded his bugle call to the higher life. There is no compromise with sin. No bargaining with the wrong. No tactical truckling in the market place with intrenched evil. His whole long life from the day of his awakening at about the age of forty until his death in December, 1910, at eighty-two was one continuous struggle for readjustment. Forty years a buffeted and storm tossed traveler over earth's ways searching for spiritual peace. Did he find it in the end? Ah, yes, he found the only peace that ever comes to the heart that can feel, to the eye that can see. The peace of death. Death stilled the beating of

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his great heart which throbbed in sympathy with men. Death closed his eyes to scenes which he would feign not have witnessed.

There is nothing in all literature, nothing in all life sublimer than the efforts of that heroic soul to free itself from the cant and conventions, cruelties and hypocrisies of the world. That he could only partially succeed takes nothing from his glory. That he had the courage to keep up the fight to his very last breath in spite of heart-breaking discouragements which would have killed weaker men, is an inspiration to all men for all time. A lesson that will never be lost on the world, but which will shine out clearer and stronger thru the centuries to come.

But to those who can think, what a fearful indictment against the brutal savagery of this sham thing we call civilization. That Tolstoy could have hurled his giant strength time and again against the maniacal conventions of our time in the sincere effort to live his own life—just the plain, simple life,

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honest and true and kind—the life such as he believed his ideal man, the gentle Nazarene, would have us lead—only to retire baffled and beaten. A noble, fearless spirit beating his wings against the bars of superstition and ignorance which hedge any man in who tries to live the sane, simple, sweet, true life.

Tantalus writhing in the torment of unquenchable thirst. Sisyphus at his endless round of unfinished labor. Prometheus chained to the rock, are not more pathetic than the heroic figure of this stern old man trying to live his own simple life, but harassed by the blind fools of the world to his very last hours on earth.

Tolstoy is gone. Out of the mists of passion which now obscure his fame he will emerge the grandest character of this age. The man is gone. But the lesson of his life remains with us.

The battle he fought is still unfinished. We and others who come after us must take

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up his armor and his weapons. Must proclaim anew the cause of human freedom and in our turn must fight on till we conquer or we fall.

We must reaffirm the ages old wisdom, for which Tolstoy stood, that Love not might must rule. That plain, old fashioned honesty, beauty and simplicity are the really big things in life.

We must reassert with him the dignity of labor. But we must also remember what the world chooses to ignore in his philosophy, that there is dignity only in labor that is free. There is no dignity in the labor of slaves.

It's an old story. This drama of human life. It's the old, old struggle of right against might. Of the weak against the strong. Of purity, honesty and simplicity against pretense, cunning and greed.



And the lessons, friends, to be drawn from our noble peasant's life are these:

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That no one can be free until all are free. Nor be happy until all are happy. Nor be comfortable until all are comfortable. I am part of my neighbor. He is part of me. We are one. Mankind is one. No man liveth to himself alone. And no man dieth to himself alone.

So long as one human being is housed in wretchedness and pinched with hunger, my bread is poison in my mouth and my house is a prison cell.

So long as one poor wage slave staggers under the burden of never ending toil, my summer vacations and my trips to Europe are won at the price of blood and tears.

So long as one man, woman or child is denied the heaven sent gifts of fresh air, sunshine and pure water, my walks in the woods are but meanderings in the charnel house of dead hopes; and my mad scorches over the land in my automo-devil wagon are but flirting with my fate which hangs trembling like the sword of Damocles over my head.

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So long as baby hands and baby feet are torn from the natural joys of childhood and chained to the wheel of greed, forced to toil from daylight to dark in the department stores, in the cotton mills, in the mines, in the sweat shops of the garment workers; my arrogant assumption of elegant ease, my snobbish two hours a week among "the poor" in the slums—they upon whose toil I live the other one hundred and sixty-six hours of the week are a hollow mockery. And our much lauded college settlements—a vicarious penance for the spoilers of men—are an insult to humanity.

It is my child who toils in the mines in order that I may buy a ton of coal with one week's wages in place of having to work two weeks for it. My daughter, who, exploited by the cruel hands of greed and lust, at last ends her miserable days in the red light.

I cannot escape these things. I am to blame for it all. Tolstoy, the Count, the

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philosopher, the peasant, the man, could not escape the world sorrows. He could not escape the shams and bigotry and meanness of his fellows. He could not shut out the sufferings of the disinherited and the down-trodden from his vision. The world would not let him live his life in peace. It will not let you. Nor me.

Though I have the strength of ten thousand Tolstoys I as an individual can do but little to combat the stupidity and ignorance that presses so hard upon poor humanity.

The miseries and evils which stood out so plainly to the keen vision of our great comrade in darkest Russia are the result of social and economic conditions. They must be cured by social and economic readjustments. One man or a few men cannot accomplish this. All men must unite to free all men.

Only by unity of effort along social and economic lines can a state of society be brought about wherein all men may live in

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freedom, expressing each according to his needs, and the spirit flower in beauty as it should.



Clear and sweet, Tolstoy sang his notes to the very last. Greatest in death he left many tender messages to cheer the friends of progress. Here are some of his last words:

My farewell message to the world—at my age every message is also a farewell—is my view as to how life should be framed that it may not be, as heretofore, bad and sad, but full of happiness and contentment, as God wishes, and as we ourselves wish. * * *

Instead of returning evil with evil, try to return evil with good; to say nothing ill of men; to act kindly even with the ox and the dog. Live thus one day, two days, or more, and compare the state of your mind with its state in former days. Make the attempt and you will see how the dark, evil moods have passed away, and how the soul's happiness has increased. Make the attempt and you will see that the gospel of love brings not merely profitable words, but the greatest and most desired of all things.

Splendid, radiant herald of a new day that is breaking for men; sweetest of spirits

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that ever came to bless a benighted world,
we salute you! Purblind critics may sneer
and lesser men seek to belittle, but your
name rests secure with the ages.

IN THE WOODS.

A JANUARY thaw. Wash day in the forest. A deliciously warm, damp, drizzling, dribbling, dripping day.

Flying squadrons of cloud and steam wheeling thru the darkened air.

Like ladies caught abroad in a sudden rain storm with all their finery aboard. The trees standing silent and dejected as tho accepting their baptism in chastened spirit—while unrebuked the amorous wind sprites flaming up in fitful gusts of passion take audacious liberties with their bedraggled draperies.

Water dripping from every leaf and streaming in rippling rills down every tree trunk.

Showers of spray flung in merry sport

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when the trees nod to one another in the breeze.

The rich red brown of the leaves washed so clean and bright glistening with unwonted brilliance in the late afternoon sun which peeps out for a moment thru misty veils to see if all is well.

The air so saturated with the sensuous scents of the earth. A general loosening up and letting down of nature.

And the mysterious musical mystic night. Tender confidences exchanged in furtive whisperings among the leaves. The tinkle of rain drops on the roof just overhead.

The low rising murmur of the wind swelling to crescendo and dying away again thru the naves of the forest like lost chords of the spheres.

And at last blissful sleep in the open air. Tomorrow will be ironing day, I think.

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. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
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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.*

THE OPEN ROAD

GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to

dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives, that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

1863 • Abraham Lincoln • 1863

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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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 the 'Zinelet, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

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Rates on Application.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

Now I make a leaf of Voices—for I have found nothing mightier
than they are,

And I have found that no word spoken, but is beautiful, in its
place.

O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?

Surely, whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall
follow,

As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere
around the globe.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Eat Geraldson's FIGS

**An Ideal Food
An Ideal System Regulator
A Delicious Tidbit**

We are now ready to fill all orders promptly, either by freight or express.

Delays in shipping during the Fall months were on account of not having empty stock to pack in. We have endeavored to explain this in letters to our customers, but sometimes miss one.

As a rule we can make delivery by express within eight or nine days from the date of your order. By freight it takes three or four weeks.

We are offering :

10 ounces by mail for 20c

10 pounds by express, collect, for \$1.00

100 pounds by freight, prepaid, for \$12.00.

Foothill Orchard Co.

Newcastle,

::

::

California.

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

The Open Road

VOL. VI

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 2

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

THE HARMONIC SCHOOL OF RATIONAL EDUCATION

From Syllabus of Introduction to the Harmonic School by Bruce Calvert.

NATURE has wisely provided but one single means whereby man may grow, attain, evolve, progress—and that is thru work. Activity, endeavor, exercise is the basic law of human unfoldment. Work with body and mind. With hand and brain. Exercise of all the faculties of mind, of soul, of spirit; of all the muscles of the body. There is no other way.



Man comes into this life a mere bundle of latent possibilities. When he has been

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The publication of that article in the January OPEN ROAD, "The Christmas

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Mania," has led to most remarkable and unexpected results. From every quarter applications for membership in the League are pouring in with requests for literature with which to do active propaganda work.

Evidently the movement voices a real human need. And it finds hundreds, yes thousands ready to co-operate with great enthusiasm.

I am simply swamped with letters on the subject with calls for more information. As I have given my stenographer a year's leave of absence, I am unable to give prompt personal answers to all these inquiries, so I will here take the opportunity to thank my friends for their kindly interest, and will try to answer all questions.

It quickly became apparent that an American League as at first devised was entirely too limited for the scope the movement is taking, hence the change to World's League For A Sane Christmas.

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Literature for propaganda work, to be circulated by the members will be printed immediately, and will be furnished at cost.

At present it is not contemplated to have any dues or initiation fees. Opinions and suggestions from the officers and advisory board invited on these matters. But there is already a publication fund started and in the hands of the Treasurer, Dr. Aiston. Contributions from one cent upward will be received and welcomed, and will be devoted wholly to publication of literature for propaganda purposes. Send in your contributions.



This is a brief outline of our plans so far as at present formulated. As the need arises for any changes in these plans or of work we shall be guided by the circumstances as they appear.

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Reports of the work of the League will be published regularly in the OPEN ROAD.



Now, comrades, let's do this thing right. It's a great cause, worthy of the support of all sane minded people of whatever race, religion or previous servitude. Here's a chance to take part in and be a part of a great movement for human betterment. It will cost scarcely anything in either money or sacrifice. It means simply setting our minds and hearts right, and helping our neighbors to see the light.



Let all who believe in a sane Christmas and a sane life every day join with us now and make this the greatest move for human freedom since Garrison, Phillips, Abraham Lincoln and John Brown thundered at the portals of chattel slavery.

Thousands heart sick and weary of this

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yearly Christmas insanity, this wolfish exhibition of avarice and greed are just waiting for an encouraging word to step out of the ranks of the harassed and join us.

Onward, then! For freedom and sanity forever!

YOU HAVE started something that is worth while. The World's League for a Sane Christmas voices a crying human need. The possibilities are already evident. It is entirely within the keeping of your mission of simplicity to urge upon us that we remember not only Christmas to keep it holy but all other holidays and all days in the week as well.

I am glad to ally myself with the movement and help all I can. It is fitting that I should do this. In the first place the Christmas celebration is in memory of a Jew. In the second place, so far as America is concerned, the Jews get the most out of the day and do the least celebrating. And in the third place it is the duty of the Jews to teach the Gentiles how to be good Christians.

You have printed a timely and necessary in-

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dictment against the folly of the Christmas dementia. The day is universal in origin. It celebrates not the birth of Jesus but of returning hope and cheer. But I have seen as you see less cheer and more debasing charity every year. It's the debasing charity that is more to be despised than the exchange of gifts, but even that is bad.

My ideal Christmas which I would propose to all members of the League would be to eat an apple and walk five miles on Christmas day.

While all this may be mild fun and a deft piece of wit, yet out of levity has many mighty movements sprung. The Sane Fourth is an illustration in point. To denounce noise on the glorious Fourth was once an invitation for hilarity to rail and ridicule, but this year the sane Fourth became an actual fact.

It is significant that we are pleading not only for a Sane Christmas, but a sane Thanksgiving, sane Fourth, sanity every day in the year.

Behind you are the best wishes of all right minded men and women.

(RABBI) JOSEPH LEISER.

Allentown, Pa.

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The January issue to hand, which was greatly enjoyed. The article on Christmas giving is simply splendid, every word of it is true.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE.

Port Arthur, Ontario.

Have just read your "bugle call" for a sane Christmas; your grand tribute to Tolstoi,— and every fiber of my being vibrates to my soul's "Amen"!

OLIVE G. OWEN.

Whitehall, Wisconsin.

You surely knock the black out in "The Christmas Mania" and echo the sentiments of millions in the country who have all this while waited for such a voice in the wilderness.

MRS. ANDREW THORPE.

New Iberia, La.

Dear Brother Bruce:

Yours on "The Christmas Mania" read with much pleasure. You will find me sitting on the front seat in the Amen corner shouting at the top of my voice on that proposition—"A Sane Christmas." But what I don't understand is how you came to be claiming to be chairman of the

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League. I lay claim to that myself. However, I will abdicate in your favor. I should like some official recognition in the League, but if there are no vacancies I will be content with honorary mention as a charter member.

I have been howling against the mania for years. Glad you have put it in type. Keep the road open. Yours for human service,

DR. R. T. AISTON.

Chicago, Ill.

The January number of the "Open Road" has just arrived. Your talk on the Christmas mania corresponds with my view exactly. I want to join "The World's League for a Sane Christmas." I should also like to assist you when the time comes in establishing the "Harmonic School of Rational Education."

(PROF.) ROYAL R. KEELY.

Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

I certainly am in hearty sympathy with your ideas expressed in "The Christmas Mania." Of

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course it is the result of our too materialistic tendency . With vibrations of love,

JAS. W. CASEY.

Denver, Colo.

The article in the January number on "The Christmas Mania" was really good—all your articles are good, but this one was exceptionally fine; every one that read it said it was one of the best ever. I wonder if anyone will follow the advice—what a blessing it would be if they did.

MRS. MARY KEELER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your Christmas Screeed is rich. I wish your League would reprint the article and let as many of us as want to join you have it to send to our friends whom we want to head off from giving us any Christmas presents next year.

W. F. COPELAND.

Manager and founder, The Straight Edge Industrial Settlement. New York City.

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NERVE, BACKBONE AND BRAIN.

By Oscar Ameringer, in SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD.

Many years before Noah ran the first excursion boat, when man was still some kind of a worm, with a name that only people can pronounce who have taken a post graduate course in voice culture, he developed a tiny string on the upper part of his body. It appears that the main function of the string was to let one-half of the worm know what the other half was doing. If, for instance, the front end butted up against a granite boulder a message was flashed to the rear end which, translated in modern lingo, meant "quit your pushing." Whereupon the rear end wired back, "what's the matter?"

For a long time there came no answer to this query and the questions accumulated in the front end of the string until it had to form a kind of a hollow knot to store them away.

For some cause or other the worm took an unreasonable fancy to this private telephone system and he devoted the next three or four million years to building a bony structure around this line of communication for protection.

The tiny string was the beginning of the nerv-

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ous system. The knot at the front end in which the "what's the matter" was stored became the brain and the bony pipe line developed into the spinal column.

People with little brains and a backbone extension which is in the road when they sit down are called monkeys.

Great minds differ as to the origin of monkeys. A Jewish gentleman by the name of Moses, writing about four thousand years ago, put it down as his opinion, that monkeys were especially created for the edification of the Sunday crowds who visit the zoo, while Mr. Darwin of England, stoutly maintained that the folks in the cage were only the poor relations of the people in front of it. Considering the source from which Mr. Moses claimed to have received his information, his statement should not be doubted by people who respect authority. But when we see how human like monkeys act, and what infernal monkeys men can make of themselves, we are forced to conclude that Mr. Darwin has a little the best of the argument. Since both gentlemen have moved to the hereafter, it is sincerely to be hoped that they may reach an amicable understanding before long.

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In the meantime let us working people worry less about our origin and destiny and stick close to the task of making the present as happy as possible. This, I believe, is best accomplished by following the trail of the man worm. Seeing what a howling success this humble creature has made by developing NERVE, BACKBONE AND BRAIN, we cannot go far wrong by doing the same.

Oklahoma.

Dear comrades, you will be glad to know that beginning with the April number, the OPEN ROAD will hereafter be on sale at all news stands in the United States and Canada. I wish that each member of the present family would elect himself or herself a special emergency committee of one to take charge of the spiritual illumination of some particular news dealer in his or her bailiwick and labor with that aforesaid purveyor of mental food until he orders the 'Zinelet for his stand. Let him send his orders to his regular supply centre. All branches of

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the American News Company will handle the magazine.

Have you any idea what would happen now if each one of you would actually do this? I'll tell you, the OPEN ROAD, your 'Zinelet, would in thirty days increase its circulation a thousand per cent. It would at one jump leap into the ranks of the big magazines, it would be financially on easy street, and could at once proceed to carry into action some of the plans for human uplift which have been long gestating down here at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

Won't you do it?

The fresh air of the open field is the place that is really proper for us; it is as if there the spirit of God breathed direct upon mankind, and there more than anywhere else man is influenced by power divine.—**GOETHE.**

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MODEL PRISON FOR WOMEN.

Since woman suffrage was granted in New South Wales, there has been a marked improvement in the treatment of women prisoners.

The Government has built, at Long Bay, a new penitentiary for women, that is in many ways a model.

Beautiful hot and cold water baths are supplied, and every woman has a daily bath. They also receive a daily drill, especially adapted for women. The wardresses are all educated women, as the Governor of the Gaol said the women will yield spontaneous obedience to the educated lady; she has an authority that the woman of lower qualifications cannot attain. There are no positive punishments. The Governor said: "The principle we go on is to reward good works. We give privileges, and the punishment is the forfeiture of privilege. We look upon punishment as an antiquated and unscientific way of dealing with prisoners." The women are in three grades; in the second grade they may have flowers in their cells, in the third they may have pictures as well.

A committee of Sydney ladies meet every week in a room in the prison, and go about and talk to the women, and arrange for those who

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are coming out. The women are returned to their friends, or sent to situations, which must be a hundred miles from Sydney.

The women grow their own vegetables. The Governor says this is a great pleasure to them, and is a new idea to many. They are taught to cut out and make plain clothing, as well as to cook and wash.

The Chaplain gives them plenty of singing. He says that does more good than preaching, so they sing about a dozen hymns at a service. The Governor says that a large proportion of the women are feeble-minded, and that he does not look upon them as guilty creatures to be punished, but as wayward and afflicted daughters to be healed.

The cells are well lighted, plastered, and colored light green; this color is found to soothe the nerves. They have electric light till nine o'clock every evening, and have suitable books to read. Darkness and gloom are held to be very unhygienic by the medical authority.

Long Bay is a moral and physical hospital.

The women are known only by numbers; their names are never disclosed, so that no prison taint may cling to them.—From THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

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HEALTH HINTS.

I was surprised indeed to find that Francis Bacon had something to say about Right Living in a little Essay along about the year 1600. Here are some things that sound good.

“There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic: a man’s own observation, what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. But is it a safer conclusion to say, **This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it,** than this, **I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it.**

This is good philosophy and good hygiene. Every man is to take into consideration every day his own physical good, and when in doubt it is much better to leave out a few things than to eat all we can and everything we can without bringing on total collapse. People eat too much anyway. We go around the world loaded up with an

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over-dose of food which requires about as much and in some cases more energy to dispose of than we actually need in our daily work.

Here is another good one from the Essayist:

“As for the passions and studies of the mind: avoid envy; anxious fears; anger fretting inwards; subtle and knotty inquisitions; joys and exhilarations in excess; sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy; variety of delights, rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.”

This wise old writer also had his experience with doctors and he offers this delicious suggestion.

“Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humor of the

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patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some other are so regular in proceeding according to art for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of middle temper; or if it may not be found in one man, combine two of either sort; and forget not to call as well the best acquainted with your body, as the best reputed for his faculty.”

Doctors must have been less sanguinary in Bacon's time than those we have to deal with. Nowadays a man rarely escapes the clutches of one doctor, but with two his doom is sealed.

When you are looking over the news stand wares for your favorite magazines— if you don't see the OPEN ROAD, please ask the man why.

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THE PERFECT SONNET.

Pearls may be perfect:—Sonnets, more than so.
Ye Words, reflect humanity, its fears,
Its ecstasies, its shed and unshed tears,
Its loves and hates, its hopes—contesting woe.
Ye Word, resurge the lashed Sea's undertow
And picture Death as death to Death appears,
And unseen things as seen by Soul its Seers—
Ah! Words are tools to master, more than know.

A perfect Sonnet? Stay!—it certifies
Perfection elsewhere, and a Poet's soul
Shown stark, and all unhushed its holiest cries
For utterance, stifled long!—escaped control.
Expression: soul of me, the sweet surprise
That things imperfect sum a perfect whole!

Ye Words, ye Words, that wait a Soul's command
To throng these lips with lilting sounds of
sense,
Ye are, to me, life's perfect recompense—
Oases sweet 'mid deserts—aye, the strand
From which I, launching, sail to that kind land
Of comprehension perfect.

Here offence
Finds Silence, and Love's dew's betimes con-
dense
On lone Oasis-plants, that grow as planned.

The perfect Sonnet? Stay!—it testifies
A culmination; souls on souls accrued
And Words transmitted to the one that dies.
What hast thou paid to be with this ended?

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Asked they of him who uttered no death-cries,
But songs instead—but he his song renewed.
Edwin Brenholtz.

At The Live-Oaks,
November 15, 1910.

Copied for my Comrade, Bruce Calvert,
Christmas time, 1910.

THE OPEN ROAD.

The road is open, the year is new;
The sun is in its place on high;
There's work for hopeful men to do,
There still are honors for the few
And standards to be measured by;
The highest peaks remain
Untrodden still;

For heart and brain
And strength and skill
The best rewards are waiting yet;
The sweetest songs are still unsung;
The Open Road is wide ahead,
The past, with its mildewed regret,
Is dead—
The year is young.

S. E. Kiser.

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PETER PAN.

Too heavy are the burdens of the world:
Great cares like rocks are laid upon us
As if each were a Hercules. We're whirled
In maelstroms of conflicting deeds to fuss
And fret o'er baubles light as mountain air;
Nor heed nor stay the precious things that bask
In mid-day's sunshine, near us unaware.
And thus we spend our life—a bootless task.

The crime to shelter age when youth would be
At play with sun and stars as with a toy;
And ride the wind to golden hills and see
A fairy maiden romp. So near is joy,
We need but reach and swift as sunlight come
A troop of joys to pitch tents in our home.

JOSEPH LEISER.

My Dear Bruce Calvert:—

The July number of THE OPEN ROAD received and “devoured” all of it, scenery and ads. I like your booklet and pass it around to my friends.

Am glad you are not so sarcastic as some of our pen-pushers are, and also are not dogmatic and cock-sure. Theology, a speculation built upon the interpretations of the cosmos, made by

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men who lived before there was a microscope or a telescope is as surely passing from the minds of men, as is the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Sociology is the coming theology, made virile and vital with the latest discoveries of science, instinct with justice and a desire to serve our fellowmen **HERE** and now, and discarding all proffered harps and crowns. Socialism is larger than the "materialistic conception of History" would imply, for it is none other than a world-wide effort to realize Brotherhood everywhere, and is knocking at our doors for admittance—knocking to come in and have the universal supper and music and love and flowers of friendship. "Hit 'em again!"

Your brother,
E. H. Barrett,
Pastor Universalist Church,
Milford, O.

LOVE.

I held her hand and to my aching heart
Stole vernal music sweet as nectar rare,
I heard far off a lute whose stricken chord
Burst into dreams of Eden's bowers fair.

I kissed her lips so warm and wildly sweet,
And deeply drank her being's fondest
thought,
Speechless we stood until it seemed
A paradise acclaimed the mirth we sought.

R. Page Lincoln.

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THE LIBRARY SHELF.

Anarchism and Other Essays, by Emma Goldman, with Biographical Sketch and Portrait of the Author. Cloth 8 vo., 277 pp., \$1 net. Mother Earth Publishing Co., 210 East 13th St., New York City

EMMA GOLDMAN'S BOOK.

Points of view differ, varying with individual temperament and experience. This one, habituated into marching under orders, frozen into rigidity by the monotony of his daily task and hypnotized by those social catchwords that spare men the agony of thought, regards life as a treadmill, wherein he has his appointed place and must keep step with the procession. To him the world is a workshop, and, bitter as his disgust with the part allotted to him may be, his dreams do not extend beyond amelioration of the workshop rules. Recognizing the forces that society masses for the satisfaction of its needs and fancies he conceives of life as possible only in the mass. If he be indolently discontented he will rest content with membership in his conservative trade union and perfunctory voting. Should his dissatisfaction grow he will join the

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Socialist party, where he will think in terms of collectivism, and for the most part confine his activities to plumping a straight ticket.

Others, inheriting tendencies that make for separation from the herd, are more susceptible. The individualistic lessons taught by the crises through which society advances fall on respectful soil; they note the emergence into, at least, comparative independence of the tens of thousands who constitute the powerful middle class; they have their eyes wide open to changes in methods of production and distribution; they catch our era's spirit of individual push, adventure, enterprise, and withdraw from whatever savors of the drill, industrial despotism or the fixity of party discipline and program. They view life itself as the end, to the attainment of which what we commonly understand as "work" is but one of various means. They are individuals, deeply conscious of the diversity of parts the individual may play; and, since full individuality without full freedom of opportunity is inconceivable, freedom becomes their battle cry.

Emma Goldman, of course, falls into this latter classification. She is, first and above all else, an individual; one needs but to glance over the

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biography that prefaces her book, "Anarchism and Other Essays," to learn that she has had bitter experience of the bitterest side of life; she inherited unquestionably the tendency to rebel; she has had the ability to express the grievance under which she and her fellow-beings suffer. I say "the grievance," for it is actually but one—the lack of freedom, the refusal of their right to govern for themselves their own non-invasive lives. "Anarchism," says Emma Goldman, "is the only philosophy which brings man to the consciousness of himself; which maintains that God, the State and society are non-existent, that their promises are null and void, since they can be fulfilled only through man's subordination." It is the spirit of Milton's "Satan," uncrushed by defeat and crying:

"What though the field be lost? All is not lost;
The inexorable will, eternal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield."

Emma Goldman is, you understand, a Jewess; and I am convinced that all Jews are at heart Anarchists, taking the word in its full significance. The world is their country; habitually they chafe under rulers; they love, above all else,

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freedom of adventure; liberty to rove in the fields best suited to their talents. But Jews are also, as I think, great opportunists, which Emma Goldman distinctively is not. Nothing can be more outspoken than her book, and the practical character of her race itself in the handling of her subject. Like the rhetoricians she has learned that the most powerful appeal is concrete illustration, and she has tackled in as many essays twelve leading phases of the social question. Naturally every one of them is viewed through Anarchistic—through Individualistic glasses.

That, indeed, is precisely why the book should receive wide and careful reading, for we have drilled ourselves too exclusively into moving in the mass; into regarding huge combinations as necessities of life; into enlisting in party armies and tamely taking orders issued from above. Now the pendulum begins to swing the other way, and he who wishes to be classed as intelligent needs to know what Anarchism—or Individualism—has to say. It has very much; far more than Socialism can have; for Socialism is at bottom merely an economic scheme, whereas Anarchism is a profound life-philosophy, embracing economics as vital but reaching much

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beyond them. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world (higher wages, shorter hours, old age pensions, and the rest) and lose his soul"—by enslavement to authority?

Religion, which dominates man's mind; the State, which drags him to military service, throws him into prison, crushes him with countless regulations imposed by irresponsible officialdom, and seeks at every turn to thwart the development of individuality—these, therefore, are the targets for Emma Goldman's darts. While insisting that freedom of production and distribution will solve the bread and butter problem, she takes a wider range and re-echoes the trumpet notes of Garrison, Wendell Phillips and other Abolition leaders. She quotes approvingly the rebel Ouida, who wrote: "The State requires a taxpaying machine in which there is no hitch, an exchequer in which there is never a deficit, and a public, monotonous, obedient, colorless, spiritless moving humbly like a flock of sheep along a straight high road between two walls."

Obviously the question is immense, going straight to the roots of individual and social life. We should want to know about it; to learn what the Anarchist—or Individualist—has to say as to crime and prostitution and their causes;

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to discover how it is that men and women of education and blameless records, throw away their lives assassinating rulers; to get the mental attitude of those who think with Dr. Johnson that "patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels," although some of us believe they take to it instinctively, as ducks to water; to size up the effect of Puritanism on public welfare and intellectual development. I say we should want to know about these things, and should insist on knowing, that we may play our part intelligently.

On all sides it is admitted that relief from certain intolerable evils must be had. What has politics to offer in the way of aid? The question is vital, for millions are entirely skeptical and the word "politician" has become largely synonymous with "trickster." Emma Goldman has much to say upon that head, and her views have the backing of Herbert Spencer and many others at the top of the intellectual tree. She has also a decided message on Woman Suffrage, but I fear that the women are at present too much in the thralldom of party fanaticism to face her arguments.

In short the book presents a panorama of the social problem, opening up viewpoints to which

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the ordinary reformer is entirely blind. But events ultimately force the most sluggish to open their eyes, and the march of development already is compelling consideration of the positions the author occupies. They are those on which the advanced wing of the army of emancipation has planted its feet, and tomorrow will see the masses where the pioneer stands today.

Looking back on years of struggle Emma Goldman should see no reason for discouragement, and the flattering notices her book has received in "Life," "Current Literature," and other noted reflections of modern thought, show that the public is ripening for serious consideration of the social problem.

WM. C. OWEN.

Received Vol. I, No. 1, EVA OF CHELSEA'S
JOURNAL ELIXIR OF LIFE, Chelsea, Mass.

Eva gazing in rapture upon her first born breaks into rhapsody thus:

'Nothing can now hold me back—neither the great Chelsea fire which rendered me penniless, nor the scoffings of the pessimists in the background who are saying, "What! Another Journal.

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It will die a natural death six months from now." Will it? I am made of the stuff that **stays**. It will be right on top with the rest of the magazines. Nothing can hold me back. I'm made of the stock that tells. * * * I am the Cosmos. I am Nature. I hold her secrets in the palm of my hand. I sleep out of doors in her earth cradle. Her terrestrial magnetism flows thru my body, her pure air sustains my life. I have solved her alchemy in human existence."

Now what in the name o' Gawd are you going to do with a woman like that? If that outbreak isn't worth a dime for a sample copy, then w'at'ell?

Bruce Calvert:—

Dam you, and yet not you, but dam him and them that made it impossible to do without such as you. You have the spirit, not the spirits, as there is but one, and that flashes in every line you write. Love—love the love of soul, not of creed make all men great. You're great because you love much. Hope is a tiresome and ignorant master, as it is a man's duty to know.

Your friend,

(Col.) Dick Maple,
Nashville, Tenn.
Editor National Ripsaw.

I was as pleased with the last number of the OPEN ROAD as if you had sent me a red apple tree all in blossom. You are putting out good English for many new thoughters who know, but lack that power of vivid expression.

OLIVIA KINGSLAND, San Francisco, Calif.

Your OPEN ROAD for June found me, and much interested me. Am of opinion you have found the right idea and are opening up the real road to true happiness. Yur remarks on fear in June issue are splendid. Come again. Am herewith sending you a William. Have passed my copy on to other letter-carriers at P. O., and trust it may do them as much good as it has,

Yours truly,

G. H. SCHNEIDER, St. Paul, Minn.

My dear Comrade:

Your letter and magazine received yesterday. Both were an inspiration to me, and I traveled the road almost all day with you.

I subscribe for quite a number of magazines along advanced thought lines, but it seems to me the OPEN ROAD leaves the deepest impression upon my mind of them all.

How well I remember the first copy a year ago. I started reading it on Main Street, of Johnstown, and I have often thought if men and women, working in the mills and factories, could adapt themselves to getting a few new ideas going to and fro from work, instead of dodging into a rum hole, to tank up, how much greater our progress would be. They do not know the joy of living. Life to them is a hideous nightmare.

I wish you every success in your good work. I will travel with you another year.

It has been a joyful journey and my soul has grown and been nourished by reading the OPEN ROAD.

PARK J. DILLS, Johnstown, N. Y.

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. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
6. Rational Education.

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.*

THE OPEN ROAD

GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

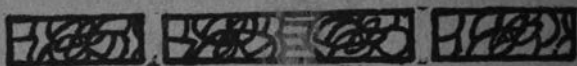
R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



The Earth is our
workshop, the
Universe is our ex-
ercise ground, Life
is our opportunity,
Let us get busy.

—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

Printed as often as possible and
mailed monthly to members in good
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PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS-INDIANA

One Dollar a year Ten cents a copy

The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Published Monthly at

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

Subscription and Membership in the Brotherhood one dollar a Year. Life Membership and Subscription \$10.00.
Foreign Subscriptions, \$1.25

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

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

Shin plasters, Canadian money, perforated dimes and plugged 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 the 'Zinelet, 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.

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THE OPEN R

Do you guess I have some intricate pu

Well I have, for the Fourth-month sh
the side of a rock has.

Do you take it I would astonish ?

Does the daylight astonish ? does th
through the woods ?

Do I astonish more than they ?

A Confession.

In addition to being my own housekeeper, chambermaid, cook and wash lady; gardening my acre in the summer; preaching the gospel of right living and rational education from the platform; ministering to the material and spiritual needs of my family mule Belshazzar and writing the alleged "woods philosophy" for the 'Zinelet; I also do a good deal at my trade. In fact I make most of my living at it.

My trade is writing advertisements and business literature. Been at it for 15 years. I take off my hat to only one man in this country as an ad writer, and that is my old college chump, the East Aurora Borealis. I do not get as much for my work as he does. But some of my stuff is equal to his. In fact, some say I've got him skinned in many lines. The difference is that he has his goods in the show window, while I am still beating the tanbark. But every dog has his day, the cats have the nights. I'm a comer.

If I wanted to abandon all other interests in life and devote my time exclusively to ad writing, I could easily earn \$5,000.00 a year at it. But I have bigger things in view than money. I'm thoroly immune, I think, to the money microbe. For myself I need but little. One day's work a week at ad writing would support me in magnificence. For that matter I take enough out of my garden to keep me from want. But I am giving of my time freely for the most part to educational work. There are many and increasing demands upon my time and purse. The 'Zinelet isn't paying dividends yet, altho pretty near it.

And so I write ads, booklets, catalogs, follow-up mat-

ter, etc. I do this partly for real love of the work—that was my trade before I took to the woods—and partly because it pays better than anything else I can do.

I am still in the game. I am on the staff of one of the big advertising agencies in Chicago, as special copy man. Not for the little detail jobs that any apprentice can do, but the really big things that very few writers can handle. Many of the best ads you see in the big magazines and weeklies are my copy. But I am especially strong, they say, on catalog work. I have occasionally prepared the whole equipment of selling literature for big firms and outlined their publicity campaign for a year ahead.

I particularly like to do work of an educational nature, but I can write on anything that interests me.

In the winter I have some spare time. I have all the wood I need till spring sawed and stacked up—excepting a cord or two I keep for gymnasium work, my daily exercise; my cellar is stocked with potatoes, carrots, parsnips, beans, beets and cabbages, canned tomatoes, etc., and so I am now writing a deal for other people. I do not and will not put in full time at it. I do just enough to keep in trim, and to keep Ananias supplied with pin money.

My prices I think are reasonable. I never knew a man to kick because I charged him too little. On the other hand, I never have a kick because I fail to deliver the goods.

If you use selling literature of any kind in your business, and you want something extra fine, better than anyone else has ever done for you. Something that is exactly right, top notch, high gear and filled with selling voltage, it will pay you to write me. If you are spending any money advertising your product or business—it will pay you also to write me. I have nothing to do with placing

the ads. But the agency I write for is one of the best, noted for reliability and fair dealing, and I am sure I could guarantee that any of my friends would be especially well taken care of by them.

BRUCE CALVERT,
Ad Writer,
Griffith (Lake County), Indiana.
R. F. D. No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

I am very much pleased with the work you have done for the Soyer Company of America in writing up the new literature including the Manual of Instructions, Booklet on Pure Food Products and the Toilet Preparations, also numerous form letters which you have written for us are very fine.

Having had nearly twenty years' experience as sales manager and business organizer, I feel that I can appreciate your methods and principles of conducting the business which you put into your literature, all of which I endorse most unreservedly.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my personal thanks and appreciation of what you have done for the Soyer Company.

We remain, most sincerely yours,

THE SOYER CO. OF AMERICA,
Per W. W. Kincaid, President. Meadville, Pa.

The data which you prepared for our booklet on Instruments and Meters has been received, and I want to congratulate you on the splendid work you have done in preparing this matter.

I am very greatly pleased with it, indeed, as are the rest of the members of our School. I feel that you have taken a personal interest in this matter, due to our very pleasant visit while I was in Chicago, and it is for this reason I am expressing my appreciation direct.

Again thanking you, and with very best wishes, I remain,

Yours very truly,

C. S. TUMBLESON,
Secretary, Fort Wayne Correspondence Schools, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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APRIL, 1911

No. 4

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

(Extracts from lecture delivered at Indianapolis November 5, 1910, before the Indiana Rationalists' Association.)

The most important thing in the life of every human being is education. It begins with the first breath, and it covers the whole of life, ending only with the last breath. All that man has ever accomplished in his long evolution from nakedness and savagery to his present estate, has been through education.

Surely I do not need to prove that a rational, or reasonable, sane or natural educational method is a constructive process that

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will foster and hasten man's development; while an irrational or unnatural method is a destructive force, retarding his progress and inhibiting his growth.

In the last few centuries the educational machinery all over the world has crystallized into a set system of pedagogics centering in schools or institutions of learning. Thus, the educational life of the race has become institutionalized. And, like every other institution of man—as religion, government, economics—has become rotten and inefficient. It has suffered the fate of all institutions. It has become narrow, intolerant, inflexible. It now enslaves, instead of freeing man.

This condition of things is not strange, nor to be wondered at. It is the law of nature. The moment man seizes a truth and attempts to bind it to a rigid formula, or puts his spiritual life into a moral code, or his social or economic ideals into a set pro-

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gram governed by an institution, he signs his intellectual death warrant and invites spiritual dissolution.

Man must be fluid. Must be able to change. Institutions are not fluid. They never change until forced to do so, and then they fight to the death to maintain their dogmas.

There are no institutions in nature. Nature is everywhere plastic, fluid. Man alone creates institutions, and then suffers the awful price of slavery to the dragons of his own creation.

Thus in education the institution has now become the important thing. Man himself is lost sight of. Subordinated to the machine he has created. Submerged in the educational system. As administered in our schools and colleges, education has lost its soul. Its spirit has fled. It is a lifeless shell, having the letter, but not the substance. Teaching is everywhere now but a mechanical maintenance of discipline.

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The original purpose of the school and the teacher, as seen in those noble schools of Plato and Socrates, was to train the mind to grasp the facts of nature and organize them into an individual working conception of the cosmos. It was to free the student from obsession and superstition. To throw him upon the integrity of his own thought. To make his own soul the supreme center of his universe.

And that is what Rational Education must be. Also that is what it never will be so long as we permit it to become dogmatic and institutionalized.

Starting with the heroic Grecian period, what happened? Educational systems gradually became dogmatic, corrupt. Like churches and governments, the system no longer looking for the truth, but degenerating into an organized tyranny, to force the acceptance of recognized creeds and authorities, however repugnant to the thought of

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the individual. For more than 2,000 years education has been an intellectual tyranny compelling uniformity. The effort has been to systematize and standardize the thought processes of man. Where are the splendid intellects of Plato's day? Alas, the world knows them not! Since the rational schools which were the glory of intellectual Athens, the race has only produced six or seven men of intellect. A few great and noble spirits who flourished in spite of educational systems. The balance of humanity's millions are all scrubs. There is no intellectual liberty today in all the earth. The school system in all countries is a tyranny, forcing acceptance of its decrees with iron hand.

The crime lies in the fact that the educational system exerts its malevolent influence upon the plastic mind of youth. Upon the helpless child before it is able to protect itself. It is difficult to state in temperate language the terrible wrong the school sys-

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tem thus perpetrates upon helpless, innocent childhood.

It is bad enough to take a man of developed mind and force him with the whips of starvation and social ostracism into conformity. Yet he can at least suffer and find the holy joy of the martyr in his immolation. But to take a child and lock the clamps and fetters of conformity upon that little brain is so monstrous a wrong that there are no words to measure it. Civilization is paying, and will pay a terrible price in misery, blood and tears, for this wrong.

It is positively true there is no place in our modern educational system for initiative, for originality. The child is denied the poor right to construct his own universe. With the mailed fist of authority, a cut-and-dried system of morals, economics, religion and government is thrust down his throat. His mind and his reasoning faculties are so paralyzed that he does not attempt to think. Not

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one in a million, I believe, of the human family today is capable of using his brains. The power to think has almost disappeared from among us. A man must pay the price of independent thought almost with his life. Surely at the cost of his comfort, social standing, financial independence and about everything else the hysterical world of today holds as desirable. Everywhere our system is built upon repression. Repression is death. Expression alone, full and free, is life.

Whoever heard of any teacher, from the district school to the university, asking a student: "What do you think about this?" Never! It's always: "What does Snoggins, the great authority, say about it?" The only important thing, the only sacred thing—what the learner himself thinks—is utterly lost sight of. If you are not free to look the facts of life in the face, to draw your own conclusions, make your own estimates of

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men and measures, express freely the thought of your own soul without coercion, you never can be a man. You will be but a thing, an imitator. You still belong to the monkey race.

Any one with a rudimentary brain could see the truth of what I have said if we were not all scared too stiff to think for ourselves. We are intellectual cowards, made so by the false educational system that has cursed us. We are afraid of the unconventional. We bow and cringe and fawn before the authorities. Our modern educational system all over the world turns out a race of intellectual lick-spittles. We dare not think. We are afraid to think. Afraid of our own minds. We have to wait to see what the "Evening Swill Barrel" says. What some borborygmie doctor, pulpit-pounder, or sickly college professor has to say before we form or express an opinion of our own.

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This is so awfully, ghastly true that we cannot smile. The average man is so utterly under the spell of this idiotic worship of titles that he dare not raise his head. Is it not so? Answer me. Bring up any question before the next man you meet, and he will quote you what some doctor, or professor, or some Hon. dirty grafting politician says, and that settles the matter. Try it.

One original pupil asserting his inalienable right to think for himself would upset any school or college in America. There is no place for the fearless independent thinker, no provision for him at all. All are hacked to fit the Procrustean bed. Our schools, colleges, and universities are organized exactly like shoe factories. Turning out products all alike, all molded upon the same inflexible last, exhibiting the same dullness, mediocrity and incompetency.

The master minds of all the ages have been

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those who never enjoyed any "educational" advantages. They learned in the school of hard knocks, from mother nature. The system never got in its deadly work upon them. Who taught Socrates? Who trained Galileo? What academy graduated Copernicus? Who tutored Shakespeare, Darwin, Spencer, Whitman and all the rest of the mighty host? What college taught Edison to illuminate the world with the electric spark? And the towering Lincoln, majestic giant, the deep waters of whose inner life were never troubled by the meddling fingers of Pedagogy, who taught him? From what college did he take his degree of common sense? Could a Lincoln possibly survive the Grammar and High School course of today?

College men who have made anything of themselves have done it in spite of their education. They will all tell you so. They have only contempt for the intellectual mill

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through which they passed. Thoreau would not give \$5 for his diploma from Harvard. Emerson, the master mind of the American Renaissance, was given the hemlock by "Deah Old Hahvad, don't you know."

Have I overstated the case? I do not think so. In every class-room in the world today authorities are taught and referred to on every subject. Yet every authority so blindly worshipped and bitterly enforced must be partly or wholly wrong. Why? Because it is not given to any man or work of man to be wholly right. Perfection is not a human attribute. Can we by legislation enforce a wrong over a right? Never! The wrong must and will fall. Right and truth needs no defenders. Hands off! All errors have in themselves the seeds of their own downfall. Do not try to bolster up any theory or dogma. Just take away your hands, and if it falls it deserves to. You cannot hold the wrong in place anyway very long.

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Gravitation is after you. It works while you sleep. In the end you will only be crushed by the fall thereof. Better stand from under.

Because the majority of the people believe a thing is no evidence of its truth. On the contrary, it is just when we are most cock-sure 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," says Old Walt.

Our youth are chained to the dead hands of the past. Our educational system is a festering charnel house of dead men's bones. Have not the living a better title to this earth than the dead? Away with the corpses of the past! Off with the shrouds of the dead! Make way for man, living, plastic, ever-changing man!

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In the small time allotted to me for this lecture, I cannot do more than arouse my hearers to the menace of what we so blindly worship as our Free School System. Free indeed! Heaven save the irony! Slave School System we would better say.

From the fact that no effort at all has been made to better things, and from the fact that nobody seems to even question the rightness or infallibility of our school system, I am sorrowfully led to believe that there are few, almost none, of our vast population who have in any degree appreciated the dangers or wrongs in the system. And so it seems to me it would be foolish for me to present a constructive program to a people who do not know that there is anything wrong in the system they are living under.

[This series of articles began in the February OPEN ROAD. The next one will appear in May.]

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THE SPRING.

The silvery dew lay like incomparable diamonds
upon the new born grass.

The spider his web as a vestment for that glorious
day had spun.

The meadow-lark his springtide note had
thrilled that morn with song,

As from the dainties of the earth he ate, then
note songed again.

The mushrooms from their earthy prison had
into the light broken forth,

That earth-fruit of spring—tasty, odorous, a
wholesome food.

Whilst en-souled within the air, the balm of
spring reposed.

The sun had pinked the eastern skies with
warmth;

Then the earth from her wintry sleep awoke;

The heart of all was filled with joy and song,

For from the Virgin Mother, the Saviour of the
World,

The Spring, once more for man was born.

NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.

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A LADY in Tucson, Arizona, indignantly returns my kind invitation to her to subscribe for the 'Zinelet, because she says she has heard that New Thought editors riot in luxury and ease while most of their readers go ragged and hungry.

I don't know what the others may do but for myself I can prove a halibi. Dear lady of Tucson hot and sunny—if you had walked with me the six miles from Gary to my cabin in the woods yesterday thru twelve inches of snow in the face of a biting wind with sixty pounds of baggage on your back, and then had to dig your woodpile out of a snow drift that looked like Mount Hecla before making a fire. I am sure you would take back your cruel words and send on that dollar so I can invest in a new heating plant.

O we must live again! There is so much in this world that is left unfinished.

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THE PILOT.

DEAR PILOT of this fragile form!
What means the cloud-wrapt hour?
I hear the shrieking of the storm!
I need Thy strength—Thy power!

Oh, what an ocean is this life!
Oh, what a shell am I!
I tossed so, in my doubt and strife,
That once I longed to die!

Then thy soft light pierced through the
gloom,
And found my troubled bed;
It spread a peace upon that room,
Where all had thought me dead.

And ever since that doubtful morn,
Before the break of day,
I've learned, through trust, how to adorn
The rocky, flowerless way!

I turn from law of man to guide
Through life's maze and allure,
And face the shadowy Divide
Unwavering, strong and sure.

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Gladly I place my hand in thine,
And follow night and day;
Nor heed the thorns and snares that twine,
Since Thou dost know the way!

Dear Pilot of this fragile form!
What means the cloud-wrapt hour?
I fear no ship-wreck in the storm,
Since I am in Thy power!

—Clement Hopkins.

IT IS not the province of the public lecturer to formulate plans, but to arouse the hearer to independent thought along new grooves. Details weary. They may be safely left to the audience.

Paint with bold strokes and free hand. Lay on the color thickly. Hit the high places only. Leave it to the auditors to fill in the gaps and tone down the colors.

Not a word of your speech may ever be remembered again, but the great impulse or inspiration of a single sentence may be

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treasured forever afterwards and the courses of lives changed in the twinkling of an eye by the divine fire that flashes from your lips and is caught up by answering souls.

I wish to say a good word to you regarding the November and December numbers of THE OPEN ROAD. They are unusually fine, and I think you gave Mrs. Eddy the proper rating. I hear the old lady is expected by her followers to be resurrected, the same as they say Jesus was. The fools are not all dead yet. I read at my vesper service today the words from the Sioux Indian in THE OPEN ROAD. It is fine.

Rev. E. H. Barrett,
Universalist Minister, Greenville, O.

The great soul in the hour of dire extremity is troubled not with fears for itself, but the apprehension is for the mission alone. That the light of the truth may not be darkened, that the message may be delivered in his concern.

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HOW LONG O LORD,

FOR TWO thousand years the preachers have preached to us about mansions in the skies, promising us endless rest in the palaces above—but all the time most of us are worked to death and live in pig sties here below.

The priests are strong on poverty, chastity and obedience—for the other fellow. They sing us to sleep with their siren song of a good time in the hereafter, but you bet your life they want theirs now. Mansions in the next world may be good enough for the poor dubs who pay the bills in this, but the priest will take his brown stone front and his ease today, thank you.

Well do you think we shall be fools enough to tighten our belts, and put up with this sort of a barmecidal feast for another twenty centuries? Not for me, Willie. I would rather have the tax title to a sand dune over on the lake shore than a fee sim-

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ple claim to the finest corner lot in the new Jerusalem.

I don't know why the Christians want to butt in on the new Jerusalem development scheme anyway. Why don't they let that Jewish first sub-division to the Universe alone and go off somewhere else and start a celestial land boom of their own. Will the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday please explain this?

THE PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH.

If you want to read some of the most revolutionary stuff that has been printed in quite a while, get Everybody's Magazine for March and read the article under the above heading by one of the millionaire family of Bradley-Martins. It's a bomb that must send the shivers chasing over the spines of the four hundred.

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WITH THE increased circulation of the 'Zinelet I now feel justified in seeking business from general advertisers for our advertising pages. Of course the man who pays for advertising asks or cares for but just one thing—returns.

Returns can come from only one source—that is from you, the reader. I will try to be very careful in accepting only those ads which I believe are perfectly straight and reliable, which offer really valuable and needed products. I will permit no misrepresentations if I know it, and I feel justified in asking you dear comrades to patronize our advertisers whenever you can do so without sacrificing your own interests, and when you write advertisers or order goods if you will kindly mention THE OPEN ROAD that will insure our getting proper credit with the replies. If you ever feel agrieved or disappointed with the treatment you receive from an advertiser I want you to write me about it, and I will give all such reports the fullest investigation.

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THE WISDOM OF THE SUPREME.

by
Omar Khiam.

All we see—above, around—
Is but built on fairy ground:
All we trust is empty shade
To deceive our reason made.
Tell me not of Paradise,
Or the beams of houris' eyes;
Who the truth of tales can tell,
Cunning priests invent so well?
He who leaves this mortal shore,
Quits it to return no more.

In vast life's unbounded tide
They alone content may gain,
Who can good from ill divide,
Or in ignorance abide—
All between is restless pain.
Before thy prescience, power divine,
What is this idle sense of mine?
What all the learning of the Schools?
What sages, priests, and pedants?—Fools!

The world is Thine, from Thee it rose,
By Thee it ebbs, by Thee it flows.
Hence, worldly lore! By whom is wisdom shown?
**THE ETERNAL KNOWS, KNOWS ALL,
AND HE ALONE!**

—Norton F. W. Hazeldine.

THE OPEN ROAD

AFTER THE MORMONS.

THE High-Muck-a-Mucks of the magazine muckrakers having mucked the most of the muck off of the map and being hard put to it for more muck heaps to keep up the circulation list have turned in desperation upon Utah and the Mormons.

The March issue of "Nobody's Magazine" contains a lurid lubrication upon the Latter Day Saints and Polygamy. The "Art Director," with rare perspicacity but most unfortunately for the text of the writer, illustrates the article with the pictures of five beautiful homes in Salt Lake City, each said to be occupied by one of the five wives of the Mormon Apostle.

Regarding this triumph of pictorial art the editor of "Nobody's" breaks into the following Hungarian Rhapsody:

"When our art director, with rare genius, placed the illustrations in this month's

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instalment, he visualized polygamy. If they impress you as they did us, each page showing another residence of Prophet Smith for another wife, when you get to the last illustration your heart will scarcely contain your horror and your disgust and your anger.

And if you have imagination—if you see these houses with children playing in the yards, and their enslaved mothers looking on from the doorways—if you see a bewhiskered brute going in and out of these houses, bestializing the sweet home sentiments built up through years of self-restraint—why, it's horrible! That's what it is! No sane man can fail to feel the horror, and it ought to be stopped—throttled—utterly destroyed—immediately, forever."

The joke, Mabel, is this: If those comfortable homes, with large yards for happy children to romp and play in were featured

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as an argument for the terrible evils of polygamy, then the ambitious illustrator overdid the thing, and if the Mormon Elders want to invest in good advertising matter they could not do better than to buy up about a million edition of "Nobody's" and use them for Mormon propaganda.

I am just wondering how many of the faithful readers of the great "Nobody's" failed to see the joke as I did.

Those five homes are models of beauty, comfort, indeed luxury. They bespeak the loving care of some one with an artist's appreciation for the beautiful.

I wonder what the effect would have been had the illustrating genius printed alongside of those five Mormon homes, with all their comfort, with flowers and grass and trees, and children gamboling in freedom, some of the hell holes within five blocks of "Nobody's" editorial offices in New York

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City where Gentile women and mothers live, no, not live, exist, herded like rats in their holes, where children rot in those foul and foetid dens with never a ray of sunshine, nor a blade of grass, nor a flower, nor a breath of fresh, pure air to cheer their poor desolate little lives?

Where hunger and wretchedness and nakedness and fear clutch ever at their victims, the men, women and children of the underworld.

Where women, good Christian women, aye, and girls yet in their early teens, with the dews of adolescence still upon them are hounded and bedeviled and scorned and robbed by other good Christian men and women of everything but the poor, pitiful right to sell their tender bodies for bread.

I am not preaching—merely quoting from sane and sober Senate Document No. 196, published by the U. S. Government.

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Neither am I appearing as an apologist for the Mormons.. I think them quite capable of taking care of themselves. I do not know whether polygamy is practiced universally in Utah, as charged by the muckrakers or not, and moreover if it is, it is a matter which concerns only the men and the women involved. I fail to see where the muckraker or the busybody has any license to inject himself into the situation.



But let us superior Christians please remember that among the Mormons are no red light district, no prostitution, and no outcast homeless children. That is something for "Nobody's" and the rest of us to put in our pipes and smoke.

Learn to do as many things as possible for yourself. You are always waited upon by your superiors.

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IN THE WOODS.

I woke up this morning with the strange feeling that the world had somehow changed since yesterday. That Spring was here. It seemed I could hear her gentle voice chiding the late winter winds for their unwonted sharpness, and speaking tender wooing words to the grasses and roots long buried under winter's cold mantle.

Everything seemed different. A sense of indefinable excitement pervaded the air. Mysterious whisperings rustled thru the curled brown leaves on the trees around my cabin. The big oak overhead fairly trembled with silent rapture.

Stretching in delicious languor I looked up at the tree tops, where the bare branches were nodding and dancing joyously altho no air was stirring. Something was surely happening. The voices came nearer. Voices strangely familiar. Surely that was some-

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one calling to me. I know those tones. What long buried memories come trooping at the sound! Someone near and dear to me must be calling. Such music—such love notes! Why, it's right here—just over my head—calling my name. And now, thoroly awake, I sprang out of bed as a bit of heaven's blue flashed up from the ground.

O, there they are! There in old Walt's leafy arms! The pair of them. Two blue-birds! The first of the Spring. I called to them in joy, and sweetly they answered back. How beautiful they were. Their steel blue backs and rosy breasts. Their bright eyes and dainty limbs. And how happy, laughing and chatting to one another. Leaping and flitting from bough to bough. And the love talk. Flirting, coquetting, planning their future! Overflowing with the joy of life.

I watched them in eager delight, and then as I turned into the cabin to build my morn-

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ing fire I said to myself in thankfulness—
whatever this day may bring of good or ill
I've had enough joy already to prove to
me the worth of life.



Dear comrades, I can wish you no greater
blessing in this glad springtime than that
you may be on good terms with two blue-
birds.



This month all Christendom celebrates
the festival of the risen Christ. People will
crowd all day long on Easter Sunday into
dank and gloomy, foul and ill-ventilated
churches. There will be much mouthing of
long-winded prayers, much straining of
singers and groaning of organ pipes. Much
flaunting of millinery and waving of plumes.
But the risen Lord, friends, will not be
there.

If you want to breathe the Christ spirit,
go with me on Easter Sunday into the woods.

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Seek a quiet spot. Lift your soul to the beauty about you—feel the pulsing of new life trembling thru the old earth, and perhaps—yes, perhaps—a bluebird may come near and sing for you, the holiest anthem of the risen Christ.

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, surely, if you think you are."

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THE HOMESICK HOOSIER.

Do you wonder why I feel so kin o' lonely?
When I listen to a robin redbreast sing;
It's because my heart is back in Indiana,
And the dogwood trees is bloomin' in the
Spring.

I wander down the pathway through the garden,
Where the snowball and the lilac used to be;
I smell the sweet white clover in the orchard,
I rest beneath the old wild cherry tree.

I climb the old worn fence to the meadow
No, it cannot be that this is but a dream,—
For I plainly see the cowslips and the daisies,
And I plainly hear the murmur of the stream.

I reach the woods; I hear a robin singing,
The johnny-jump-ups nod to me and smile;
Then turn again and nod to one another,
For my sweetheart walks beside me all the
while.

I gather snowy blossoms from the dogwood,
She twines a wreath to wear upon her head;
I stoop to kiss her rosy lips. They vanish,
And I realize the happy dream has fled! ! !

They say the streets of heaven shall be golden,
That the angels nevermore shall cease to sing;
But I'm hopin' it will be like Indiana
When the dogwood trees is bloomin' in the
Spring.

—MARIA B. WILLIAMS.

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. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
6. Rational Education.

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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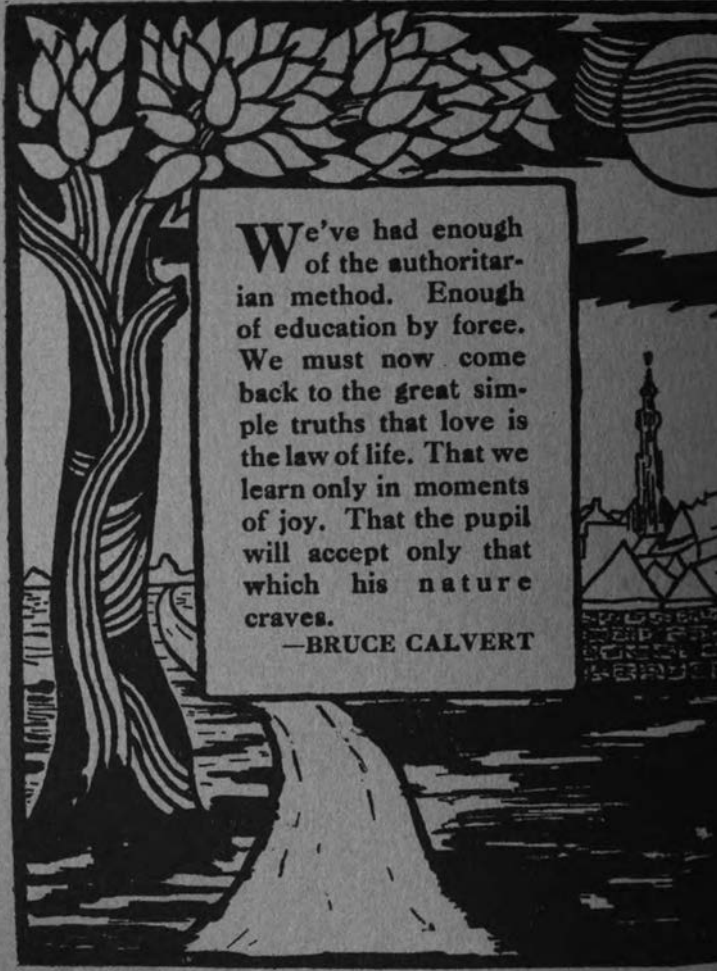
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



We've had enough
of the authoritarian
method. Enough
of education by force.
We must now come
back to the great simple
truths that love is
the law of life. That we
learn only in moments
of joy. That the pupil
will accept only that
which his nature
craves.

—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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Journal of the Society of the

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Published Monthly at

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Subscription and Membership in the Brotherhood one dollar a Year. Life Membership and Subscription \$10.00.
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Make Foreign Money Orders payable at Chicago, U. S. A.

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

Shin plasters, Canadian money, perforated dimes and plugged 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 the 'Zinelet, 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.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches
 between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still
I mount and mount.

—WALT WHITMAN.

CONFESSIOAL

In addition to being my own housekeeper, chambermaid, cook and wash lady; gardening my acre in the summer; preaching the gospel of right living and rational education from the platform; ministering to Belshazzar's material and spiritual needs, and writing the alleged "woods philosophy" for the 'Zinelet; I also do a good deal at my trade. In fact I make most of my living at it.

My trade is writing advertisements and business literature. Been at it for 15 years. I take off my hat to only one man in this country as an ad writer, and that is my old college chump, the East Aurora Borealis. I do not get as much for my work as he does. But some of my stuff is equal to his. In fact, some say I've got him skinned in many lines. The difference is that he has his goods in the show window, while I am still beating the tanbark. But every dog his day—I'm a comer.

If I wanted to devote my time exclusively to ad writing, I could easily earn \$5,000.00 or more a year at it. But I have bigger things in view than money. I'm thoroly immune, I think, to the money microbe. For myself I need but little. One day's work a week at ad writing would support me in magnificence. For that matter I take enough out of my garden to keep me from want. But I am giving of my time, freely for the most part, to educational work. There are many and increasing demands upon my time and purse. The 'Zinelet isn't paying dividends yet, altho pretty near it.

And so I write ads, booklets, catalogs, follow-up matter, etc. I do this partly for real love of the work—that was my trade before I took to the woods—and partly because it pays better than anything else I can do.

The Open Road

VOL. VI

MAY, 1911

No. 5

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

THIRD PAPER.

(Extracts from lecture delivered at Indianapolis November 5, 1910, before the Indiana Rationalists' Association.)

(Continued from April Number)

But there is a well correlated program of the Rational School. Rational education is no idle dream. Although such a school does not exist in the Western hemisphere, it is coming. And that, too, as a part of the evolutionary process of nature by which man is swept along toward higher things, however much he may, by his foolishness, hinder the onward movement. He may em-

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barrass but cannot stop this mighty force. We are pushed upward in spite of our stupidity. Else there would be no hope in nature. No chance for man.

Briefly, then, the Rational School will be organized to preserve the intellectual freedom of the child. To develop his initiative and spontaneity in every direction. The teacher must be absolutely free. He must have no standard to which he must conform. If he wishes to spend a day in the woods with the children, that must be his business. All instruction must be individual. No teacher should have more than ten or a dozen pupils in his charge. Text-books and authorities must be relegated to second place. The sanctity of the child's mind must never be invaded. Nothing must be taught as final. Courses of study, as in the present educational mill, must be thrown overboard. A set program for teaching must always be a failure. A course of study must always be

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wrong, because the teacher must meet the issues of the moment as he finds them. You are dealing with the human mind. You can not lay out a program today that will apply to a living human soul tomorrow.

All courses of study, all fixed-in-advance plans of teaching must be failures. They cannot be anything else. Ideal teaching is spontaneous, adapting itself to the need of the moment. Ever flexible, elastic, fluid.

Every school house must be in the middle of a 20 or 30-acre lot, where all the various agricultural and horticultural operations of the climate are carried on through all the seasons of the year. Association with domestic animals must be constant, that their care may teach sympathy, responsibility and understanding. O, yes, we have much to learn from our friends whom we patronize as the "lower animals."

The Rational School will not train the child to act as a cog in the great commercial

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machine, but will train him to become an individual, a thinker, a unit, a center of light and life and spiritual power. Modern industrial activities will be taught for their cultural advantages only.

Health and the ability to take care of oneself, to understand and make the most of one's body, is the fundamental need of every human being, and that will be the first thing taught in the Rational School. If we, as a race, were capable of thinking at all, if we were not still in the monkey stage intellectually, the utter idiocy and absurdity of one man going to another when he is sick to find out what is the matter with him, and what can be done for him, would make us ashamed of ourselves. The doctor and the practice of medicine, like the preacher, the sky-pilot of the heavens, is the joke of the universe.

Our pupils today spend long hours in the overheated, poisoned air of the school

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

And the kindergarten. Ye gods! If Friedrich Froebel could see as I see the cruelties practiced upon the babies in his name in every city in our land!

A little child is as full of intuition and spontaneity as an egg is of meat. A restless little human dynamo, with senses alert, forever reaching out, grasping at the great world about him, if you will only let him alone—even he, the poor helpless infant, must be standardized. I never feel so much like committing homicide or suicide as when

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I visit a kindergarten (Child's Garden)! God save the mark! To see the little fellows all put through the mill, as a horse is trained for the circus, all taking the same dinky little exercises, and playing the same woozy little sissy games. Taught, taught, eternally taught to death.

The worthy ladies who, with whip in hand, act as ring masters in these daily performances of the babies, for all the world as the animals are trained in Hagenback's, are just like children who would pull up the tender plant by the roots to see how it is growing. And yet we think our kindergarten system is the one solar sun on which there are no spots. I want to tell you it is the most dangerous, because it operates at the most helpless stage of life. With every succeeding year the child becomes a little more able to help himself, but in the kindergarten stage he is absolutely at the

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mercy of the Lady of Lions who puts him through his paces.

The teacher holds himself as a model, and he takes a just pride if the pupils copy him or her. Indeed, this is just what happens. The personality of the teacher is everywhere impressed upon the pupil so that he rarely recovers from it. This is not education. It is damnation.

The ideal educator—one worthy of the name of teacher at all—will seek to efface himself absolutely. Will refrain from influencing the child in any way whatsoever, but will leave it absolutely free, without bias from himself, to flower in beauty as it will. That is the true task of the teacher. To disappear, to make himself useless and needless to the student. I fancy I see you smile when you look around among the teachers who touched your lives, and ask yourselves if you have ever known any of that kind.

Perhaps I have said enough now to give

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a hint as to the method of the Rational School. In a word, then, what should rational education do?

This: Provide the child with the proper environment in which to grow. See to it that his energies are conserved and added to, and not depleted. Give him the opportunity for exercising all of his faculties, mental, physical, spiritual, and then—hands off! Let him alone! Leave him to develop according to the law of his own being under which he came into the world. More than this, no teacher, no man, no woman, no god can do.

I think I hear the economist saying that all this will cost a good deal of money. And in an already overburdened, overtaxed, monopoly-ridden country how are we going to get the funds?



I will tell you one way. The cost of our army and navy—a useless and ridiculous in-

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stitution devoted to professional violence and murder—for one year, would reconstruct the school system of the whole United States upon a rational basis. The cost of one Dreadnaught would establish a Rational School in every county in the state of Indiana. That is true. Three-fourths of our entire national revenue spent annually upon war or preparation for war.

Wouldn't you as soon carry a teacher of the Rational School on your back as to carry a soldier and a sailor as every one of you now do?



Yes, I will admit that I am and have been for a good many years devoting some of the hardest study of my life to the problem of rational education and right living. I believe I have the conception, the ideal of the Rational School, fairly worked out. There is at present no school in the western world which comes up to the mark. I do not know

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that there are any abroad. There were some sixty to a hundred rational schools in Spain, established by Francisco Ferrer, the greatest educator of modern times. But the Christian Church in Spain murdered Ferrer in cold blood, because his ideal was too far ahead of his times. They confiscated his property and destroyed his schools.

You may kill the man, but you can not kill his thought. Tyranny is powerless before the advancing waves of rationalism. Today the blood of Ferrer cries out from the soil to every right thinker in the world and in time to come we shall see the answer.

But as nearly as I can understand it, a school something after the model of Ferrer's on the intellectual and spiritual side, and Booker Washington's school at Tuskegee, Ala., on the physical and industrial side, would be an approach to what I think rational education should be. Tuskegee is well organized on the physical side, but

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it is an orthodox institution, in the dark ages spiritually.

I hope yet to be one of the instruments of the great rationalistic upheaval of our times in making a rational school possible. I am proud to stand with the great and splendid souls working on the problem. I have given but a hint of what there is to do. May I hope some of the seeds shall fall upon ready soil?

The present school system is rotten, corrupt beyond reformation. At least that was the conclusion of Ferrer, who gave up all hope of improving the system, believing that our only success must lie in establishing new schools where rational methods will be applied. I think this is true.

So far as I am concerned, I have no hope from any teacher or educator that I can now see projecting above the horizon. There are millions of teachers, but few of them will live long enough to be free. They are

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too well educated. The system has done its work. They know so much that is not so. They are so busy defending authorities that they have no time to defend themselves.



We must endeavor then to found a new school or schools on the rational plan. And we shall have to develop an entirely new type of the ideal teacher. That is what I want to see accomplished.

Woman must have her place, a very eminent and important place in the new education. We have given too little heed in the past to woman's thot. She is by nature a humanitarian. Her heart is in the race. "With reproduction organs," says Emerson, "which take hold upon eternity," she is the natural educator and conservator of the race, while man has come to be the exploiter. He has sold his soul to Mammon. Until woman's intuition is married to man's

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intellect, in very truth as well as in pretence we shall grope in darkness. And so side by side the emancipation of woman, her deliverance from bondage, her restoration to herself, and the rational education of the children of men shall proceed.



I regard this as the greatest work confronting humanity today. The rational education of the young. There is little to hope for from grown ups. They have passed thru the educational rollers and are flattened to standard shapes and sizes. The school has done its deadly work upon them. They cannot change. They have no intellectual vitality left. No brain vigor to readjust themselves to new mental foci.

The average individual has almost no capacity whatever for independent thought. When he does make a pretense of thinking,

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he merely looks wise and tunes his fiddle to the clamor around him. If you think you are a thinker, you want to stand off a little and get a good look at yourself. If you're honest and can face the truth without flinching you'll probably be dumbfounded to discover that you yourself are not doing any independent cerebrating at all, but like all the rest are taking your mental pabulum cut and dried, your conclusions and opinions ready made from your boss, or your fellow employees, or your wife's relations. I know. I've tried it.



People who do not think, and do not even make any effort to think, cannot be expected to send their children to the rational school.

The proletarian cannot spare his children—he is so close to the bread problem that he is compelled to send his babes into the factories, mines and shops in order to

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keep the whole family from starvation and want.

The smug bourgeoisie with true middle class fatuity will never abandon their idols.

So long as water runs down hill and cold freezes, we surely never can expect the upper classes to be interested in anything rational, least of all, education.

The revolutionary element—which is at present the only one in full sympathy with the rational school—is yet too weak in America to afford a foundation for the new system.

What is left, then? Well, that leaves us only the waifs and outcasts of society. The orphans and foundlings. The human flotsam and jetsam cast up by the slums.

And that is just where I want to begin. That is where the Rational School can do its noblest work.

I assure you that under the regime of the Rational School, such as I have briefly out-

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lined, we can take these little human outcasts from society's dumping ground and in a few years transform them into supermen and superwomen. They are the finest materials we could have. The stones which the builders have rejected will truly become the head of the corner. With this material, poor and unpromising as you might think it, we can by rational training, erect a society that will be purer, cleaner, sweeter, nobler, more efficient, greater in every way than any civilization that has ever existed upon this earth.



I am writing a little booklet embodying my ideas upon this subject at greater length. The title is "Rational Education."

I invite any one interested to correspond with me in regard to co-operation or mutual help in the cause of Rational Education.

(These articles began in February OPEN ROAD. Next one will appear in June.)

THE OPEN ROAD

FOR GAWD'S SAKE.

ONE hundred thousand animals are slaughtered every year that their beautiful skins may be used in binding Oxford Bibles alone, those in real seal-skin being especially advertised.

Gentle Christian ladies, perfumed and sweet, dressed in furs for which some poor animal friend has given its life, rise on Sunday mornings in their pews and read out of their seal-bound divinity circuits, "Blessed are the merciful." And far off from high Olympus to the shoreless Inferno echoes a wail of demoniacal mirth at the antics of that poor blind worm called man.

I have my tables strewn with magazines, but honestly I never look at any except THE OPEN ROAD, the IDLER, and one or two others of the same kind. What's the use? Kind regards and good luck to yourself.

Sincerely,

La Touche Hancock, New York City.

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WORLD'S LEAGUE FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS.

Chairman—Bruce Calvert.

Secretary—Joseph Leiser, Allentown, Pa.

Treasurer—Dr. Robert T. Aiston, Heyworth Building, Chicago, Ill.

[For full roster of officers and Advisory Board, see literature of the League.]

The League is growing apace. Organization plans are now about completed. Literature is ready for the members and others, and all are urged to begin active propaganda work. Let us get our circulars into the hands of our friends and neighbors and begin to create a sentiment to back us so that next fall, when the Christmas madness begins to rage, we can take a positive stand and check the insanity to some extent at least.

All we need is a little show of strength, enthusiasm and dead-in-earnestness. Thou-

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sands are just waiting for some one else to make the move when they will come out and stand on the side of sanity and decency.

Secretary Leiser reports great interest in the work of the League, among all classes.

The chief immediate need is a small working fund to print suitable stationery and provide postage for the officers in answering enquiries. Also to print up a large supply of our propoganda literature which we propose to furnish, at cost, or nearly so, to applicants.

There will be no dues, initiation or assessments so far as I can now see. This opinion seems practically unanimous. We will push our work of organization, extension and propoganda just as fast as the members make it possible by their contributions.

Dr. Aiston, treasurer, and Rabbi Leiser, secretary, have both kindly offered their services in filling their respective offices as a free gift of love to the League. The chair-

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man is glad to emulate their example and furnish the space for reporting the work of the League in the OPEN ROAD also free.

So there will be no expenses connected with our work excepting postage and printing.

Let all who are in sympathy with the purposes of the League to abolish the crazy indiscriminate gift giving at Christmas time and restore the observance of the day to some semblance of sanity, send their contributions, great or small, to the treasurer, Dr. Robert T. Aiston, Heyworth Building, Chicago, Ill.; to Rabbi Joseph Leiser, Box 219, Allentown, Pa.; or to Chairman Bruce Calvert, Griffith, Ind., R. F. D. No. 1.

Our first circular for propaganda work is now ready. It contains three articles on the Christmas insanity. One by Bruce Calvert, another—and a very clever one—by Geo. E. Owen, and a brilliant thing on the same subject by our fellow member, J. Wil-

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liam Lloyd, of Westfield, N. J. Price \$1.00 hundred, 500 for \$4.50 1,000 for \$8.00.

This circular contains also a statement of what we propose to do, and an application. blank.

Please order as many circulars as you possibly can. Here's a chance to be a great moving force for good in a great and worthy cause.

Opportunity is after you with a club. Will you escape her?

Dear Comrade:—

Allow me to say a word of appreciation for your clever little magazine "The Open Road."

I enjoy your editorials on right living immensely. You have outlined a good work, in showing up these medical and religious parasites. Here is hoping your "Road" may ever be good "traveling."

Fraternally yours,

WARD SAVAGE,
Publisher of Hope, Chicago, Ill.

THE OPEN ROAD

EACH and every Open Roader, good and true, seems to have resolved himself and herself into a special committee of one, as we prayed them to do in our March issue, to labor with news dealers, and bring all recalcitrants to a sense of the awful crimes they are committing in not ordering and properly displaying the 'Zinelet on their stands.

Thank you, dear comrades—your good works are already bearing fruit. I really believe that first number, April, will be all sold out.

But let's keep our weather eye on these ruffians awhile longer and see that they have no chance to forget the little brown 'Zinelet.

If you don't see the OPEN ROAD on your favorite dealer's stand, and you feel the impulse to stop and ask him gently, "W'at' t'ell?"—Why, don't resist, the prompting is from above. And if he does

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not give you a satisfactory answer, and you feel further moved to soak him in the slats—why, do it, send us his name, and we'll gladly pay your fine.

Amen.

ANANIAS,
Chief Circulator for
YE OPEN ROAD.

AN OLD TUNE.

Why, that old tune is one they used to play
Back when I was a boy at home, and say,
It makes a rising lump come in my throat,
Brings back our old time organ with it's note
That softly quavered, sad like, low and dim,
The melody of some old fashioned hymn.

How clear it all comes back, the old home place;
The house and barn, and path that used to trace
It's winding course out through the meadow land.
The big strawstack that stood up high and grand;
It brings my boyhood back—a breath of June—
I wonder who is playing that old tune?

George B. Staff.

Franklin, Indiana.

THE OPEN ROAD

THE FAILURE OF THE SHEPHERD.

By H. Bedford Jones.

You may not believe it, but this little fable in human nature is true as gospel—and maybe more so. That, however, is quite another story, as Aunt Sapphira remarked to Belinda, her favorite barred Plymouth.

It all happened in a little Michigan town—we'll call it "Hearts-beat-slow" to avoid prosecution. Here there lives a Certain Rich Man, who made his coin not altogether illegally, and who is a real man without frills. His idiosyncrasy is that he hates worsenel to be "touched" by people who think he's an easy mark.

Now there came to one of the churches in this town a Real Shepherd. (Yes, Bruce admits that there are a few real ones, which is why some people like him.) This Shepherd buttoned his collar behind, but he had

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a lot more faith in Christ than most of his ilk, and he found that his one best bet in the town was the Rich Man; he didn't try to get him into the fold, but he got him sitting down by the door once in a while listening to the sermon, which was all he cared about.

The Town had one main street, and near twenty-five saloons and pool rooms on it—Gary on a small scale; also a brewery, and other establishments which aren't mentioned in polite society. Consequently, every boy in town was away from home seven nights in the week, and most of them were in no hurry to get married.

The Shepherd was a good sport, and so was the Rich Man. They knew that the church owned a nice vacant lot next door, and had a pot of coin in the bank; and it came to pass that the Shepherd stirred up the Pharisees one Sunday by announcing that on this vacant lot and with this coin

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the joints would be put out of business. The idea was that by building a nice stone adjunct to the church, fitting it with billiard and bowling outfits, gymnasium, and other things, and then by devoting it to the use of the boys and young people, they would be drawn here instead of to the joints; all of which was strictly true.

The Pharisees, led by a certain Doctor, raised an awful howl. But the Shepherd told them some things about Christ, the Rich Man backed him up, and together they swept all the decency in the town into line. There was a whole lot of it that the Pharisees had not suspected, and even the Roman Catholics gave a boost; so that in the end the Idea was put through and the money raised. The Rich Man refused to donate; but he said that he would present the pool and billiard outfit, on condition that the place was thrown open to all young men in town. This brought out another howl from

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the Pharisees, but the Shepherd serenely signed the bill.

The house was built, but it took time, and in that time the Doctor and his friends got busy. They found that although the Shepherd was boss, they controlled the salary end; so that, by the time the new building was thrown open and a promising boys' club formed, their plans were made. They fired the Shepherd, and made no bones about admitting that they "couldn't see this Christ-idea; what they wanted was money in the bank."

The Rich Man waxed wrothy, but the Shepherd bowed his head and went, and the Pharisees were joyful. That was two years or more ago. The other day I visited the town, and out of curiosity dropped into the building. That is, I tried to, but it was locked; and after I had managed to gain entrance, I found woful desolation inside. As for the billiard room, it was filled with

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mould and cobwebs. Then I went downtown, and found that local option had struck that section; but Lord bless you, what a sight of drugstores and pool-rooms there were!



I don't know whether there's a moral to this tale or not. Seems to me as if it needed none. There are a lot of Pharisees, of course; but it strikes me that one such Shepherd or one such Rich Man offsets a whole townful of them. This Rich Man is no longer found sitting at the church door; he says he's had his dose, and I don't blame him.

And here we come to the question: What is failure? Is it worth while to boost a fellow who won't help by lifting? It would seem not; but just consider the fellow who does the boosting. He may not be able to help the other chap much, but in trying to,

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the effort reacts; he helps himself without intending it. Last week a young man was fired from a Chicago Y. M. C. A. because he tried to help a girl out of the "family entrance" life; the girl fell back and he got the blame, but it left him just a little bit finer, sweeter, nobler than before. Another example.

The finest thing in the world is the force of uplift. It is 'way ahead of drugs as a stimulant. Bruce tried to get me to chop some wood the other day; he failed, of course, but it made him work twice as hard showing me how good it was. That's a concrete example of what I mean.

No, I don't think that the Shepherd failed. If he did nothing else, he inspired this article, and the story of his failure is worth something. Isn't it?

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THE LIBRARY SHELF.

The Rational Life. By Will J. Erwood. Published by Will J. Erwood Company, Baltimore, Md. Price, \$1.00.

"This volume is an effort to make better the world in which we live today," says the author. The subjects covered are "Love," "Marriage," "Divorce," "The Sex Question," "Social Evils," "The Rational Life," "The Conquest of Self."

It is inevitable that vital topics like these, if sincerely and openly discussed, should reveal the interior depravity of some of our conventional ideas and practices. Mr. Erwood, while disclaiming the imputation of pessimism, does not hesitate to speak with brutal frankness to the prudish mind which needs to be shocked before it can be aroused to think of the evils it has tamely and ignorantly accepted as irremediable. In awakening rational thought upon matters most deeply affecting the welfare of human society, the author of "The Rational Life" is doing the only service that counts for ultimate reform. It is education that must knock the props of ignorance from under the false customs that are perpetrated because their real quality is not thoughtfully analyzed.

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ATTENTION, CIRCULATION COMMITTEE!

(This includes all subscribers to **THE OPEN ROAD** good and true, male, female and neuter). Here is a suggestion which I think Napoleonic. It sprang full orb'd out of my brain, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Aunt Sapphira says it's O. K.; Belshazzar gurgles his delight; Nicodemus yowls in approval. So we are going to try it out.

I have discovered that the newsdealer has so much inertia to overcome that he will never order a magazine, especially a new one, but if the good stuff is sent to him, he will usually display it with his other wares, and give it a chance.

Here followeth my scheme. In place of asking the dealer to order **THE OPEN ROAD**, which he won't do, whenever you pass a particularly prosperous news stand

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in a good location which does not display or handle the 'Zinelet, simply get the barbarian's name, and street address if in a large city, and send it to me. I will have the brown booklet there quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." And further I will send you a blue ticket good for three months on **THE OPEN ROAD** for the name of each dealer you send me. This blue ticket you can use to extend your own sub; you can send it to your mother-in-law, to your next friend, or your dearest enemy—it's all the same to us. I have 1,000 blue tickets all ready anticipating a big rush after this number is mailed.

ANANIAS,

Chief Circulator.

WHOSE DOLLAR IS THIS ?

Ananias has received \$1. in an **OPEN ROAD** coin card envelope, mailed in Chicago, March 31, at 9:30 a. m. No name, no clue to the sender.

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. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
6. Rational Education.

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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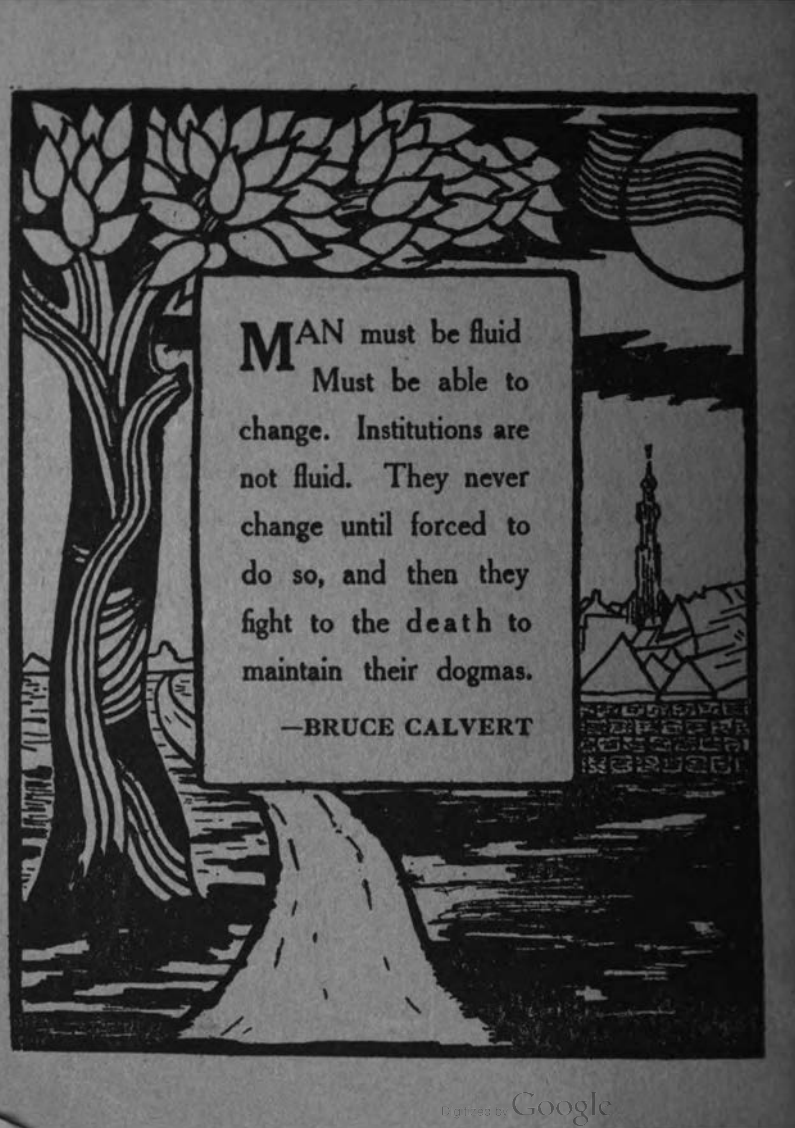
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



MAN must be fluid
Must be able to
change. Institutions are
not fluid. They never
change until forced to
do so, and then they
fight to the death to
maintain their dogmas.

—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 a William into an envelope and send it on. All remittances mailed to THE OPEN ROAD are especially protected by Providence—and Uncle Sam. We take all the risk.

Shin plasters, Canadian money, perforated dimes and plugged 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 the 'Zinelet, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

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∴ GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA. ∴

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

Rates on Application.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

I tramp a perpetual journey—(come listen all!)
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut
from the woods;
No friend of mine takes his ease in my chair;
I have no chair, no church, no philosophy;
I lead no man to a dinner-table, library, or exchange;
But each man and woman of you I lead upon a knoll,
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents,
and a plain public road.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Special June Celebration.

June is my birth month, selected out of all the others offered me. I think so much of lovely leafy June on this account that I'm going to celebrate the happy occasion by giving all who join the Open Road Caravan this month my special birthday offering of the three brochures named on opposite page, and six back numbers of the 'Zinelet FREE with a yearly subscription.

THE OPEN ROAD is a Journal of faith for workers and thinkers (but not for shirkers or exploiters). It aims to teach the sane, sweet, wholesomè, simple life of truth, beauty, cleanliness and purity of body, thot and action. Its pages are filled with scent of the wild roses and the songs of happy birds; the sweet sanity of the woods and fields. You'll be a better man or a better woman for reading it, as I am a better man for writing it each month.

It will, I hope, lift you occasionally above the sordid sodden grind of daily strife and struggle into the sweet pure air of fellowship with the great and beautiful souls we meet along the Grand Roads of the Universe—whence you'll come back with renewed strength and courage to take up your burden again. Even as the footsore and fainting traveler finds in the view from some lofty hill crest, reviving faith and hope to push onward over the weary miles to his goal.

Ask for the June Premium when you order.

The Open Road

VOL. VI

JUNE, 1911

No. 6

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

FOURTH PAPER.

[Continued from May Number.]

EVERY child born into this world is absolutely original, unique and individual in all its characteristics; and I believe that every child born under natural conditions, and not interfered with by unwise educational methods is also a genius.

Nature never duplicates. I am looking out from my cabin window upon a world of beauty. Every bud and blossom, flower and blade of grass is absolutely original. Nature is so rich in resources that she never uses the same mold twice. Altho the process of creation has been going on for unnumbered mil-

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lions of years, and altho nature's forms are far beyond the power of numbers even to compute, yet no two creations in this world have ever been identical.

The lesson is here. Why should we seek to compel a dead level of uniformity among human beings, when variation is the one constant and unchanging characteristic of all other forms of life? Must man, the very highest form of creation that we know of now, be limited in his originality? Must he be filed and hammered, and pressed and pounded to a standard pattern of shapes and sizes?

I say, no! Give man the greatest freedom of all of nature's products, because here alone individuality and peculiarity should express themselves in the very highest forms.



If you take a bunch of children quite young, and before they have been standard-

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ized by the barbarous training in the public schools, you will find them to be wholly unique and original. But, alas, as the child grows in years, and the pressure of conventions and educational methods become stronger, the variation grows less. They constantly approach more nearly to a standard type. Whereas, under a rational, humane system of education the peculiarities and individual traits should rather increase with the years. But you will not find it so.

You cannot possibly tell what a group of natural children will do. But you can tell almost to a dead certainty what a bunch of men and women will do under any condition you can imagine them in. You can foretell almost to a mathematical closeness exactly what twenty-five people selected at random will do and say under any given conditions or circumstances. I defy you to do that with a flock of children who have not been spoiled.

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I reproduce here a couple of letters, one written by a boy eight years old, and the other by a girl of nine. These children are classed as "sub-normals," being completely deaf. They are, therefore, very much less advanced at their age than the normal child should be. They have been trained under the deaf oral method by which mutes are taught to articulate, in fact to speak, using the voice. Of course these children can never equal normal children in their development. Nature has denied them that possibility. The natural handicap under which they struggle will always keep them back.

But the particular two that I refer to have had the advantage of training, not wholly, but to a very limited extent only, under the rational method which I would inaugurate in every school in the land. I simply reproduce the letters to show how entirely unique, original and beautiful are the mental processes of an unspoiled child.

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By that I mean a child in charge of a teacher who is big enough and great enough to understand the nature of mind action. The teacher who can keep hands off and allow the little one to unfold according to the law of its own being. And I want to tell you that this is the hardest thing in all the world to do. That is, to do nothing; to stand by; to keep hands off and let nature take its course. Any half-baked academic bread-and-butter miss can keep school; wield the ferrule; pound the multiplication table into the heads of her pupils with a mallet. But it takes a rare genius to know when to do nothing; to let the child alone, and not ruin its individuality, tear down its originality; blunt and dwarf its initiative by tutoring, teaching, pestering and filling the little mind with suggested ideas.



I say the natural child, left uninterfered with, allowed to grow in beauty and free-

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dom is quite capable of making its own conclusions; of reaching out into the great world of fact and phenomena, and seizing upon the things its own nature demands for its growth.

Does the bean, the raddish seed, the rose bush, know the elements it needs to take out of the soil for its own growth, development and beauty? Does it have to be instructed, and taught, and fed predigested mental food? Will the plant ever make the mistake of taking the wrong substance out of the soil or out of the air? Never!

Do you tell me then that the mind, that the human plant is not infinitely more capable of making its own selection of soul food if allowed to grow under rational conditions?

Observe, then, this letter of Clifford, aged eight, is entirely a voluntary composition on his part. He was not instructed what to write, nor how to write it. He was not told

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what to do. But he was given the opportunity to express himself in any way he choose, absolutely no conditions being imposed upon him.

THE GLASS.

Once there was a very old man. He had no glass on his windows. He was very cold because he had no glass on his windows. He found some sand and a dime. He bought some soda. First he put the sand in a pot with the soda. He put the pot on a big fire. The sand and soda were changed into glass. He found an iron pipe. He blew into it and made many glass things. He got a hammer. He made the glass flat. He put the flat glass in the windows. He had a fine house. It was warm in there.

CLIFFORD.

Note the result. I defy any teacher, any college professor, or any literary man to equal the effort. I claim this composition to be a mark of unbridled genius. I have had some experience as a writing man. Not only that, but I have worked for years at the

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daily grind of advertisement writing. This is a mill where words, and even syllables are weighed; the saving of one or two words may often mean several hundred or even thousands of dollars to the advertiser. And yet I could not eliminate a word and tell this story as the poor, unpractised, deaf boy has done. Try it yourself. It ranks with the Sermon on the Mount for clean cut clarity and directness.

The other composition, by Ethel, aged nine, reveals a corresponding mental flexibility. Here is a child telling its own story in its own way out of the experience that has come within its mental scope, and mind you, that the sense of hearing is entirely absent. What a charming figure is her that about the flowers waking up and smiling. I would be proud of that myself.



SPRING TIME.

Today is spring. Soon the people will make gardens. They will plant flower seeds, vegetable

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seeds and fruit seeds in them. The men will begin to prune the trees. They will mow the grass to make it pretty and very smooth. The leaves, flowers, vegetables, grass, fruits and everything will grow very fast. The moths and birds will come because spring is here. Some of the pussy-willow buds are open now. The robins are here. They will make nests pretty soon. They like spring. Many children are playing outdoors now. After a while the flowers will wake up and smile. The water wagons are sprinkling the water on the street because the wind blows the dust. In spring many children like to play all the time. In spring it is always beautiful.

ETHEL.

Now, if sub-normal children, physically below par, and mentally hedged in by the loss of that most educative sense—hearing—can do such remarkable things as these, do I have to prove what normal children can and will do under the same advantages of freedom and teaching?

I tell you that what we ought to do is to install the children in the teacher's place;

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let our fat-headed academic teachers go to school to the children and learn a few things.



But the average teacher is as scared to death of originality or spontaneity as she would be if the devil himself poked his head in the school room. She cannot understand originality or genius—which is the same thing—and what she cannot understand she fears. She reduces her pupils to the common dead level of mediocrity which comes within the scope of her little two-by-four orthodox mentality. Otherwise she is in strange waters, and she does not know what to do.



In place of a genius appearing in about one of several hundred million human beings, we all ought to be geniuses. The inapt, the incompetent and incapable mentality ought

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to be as rare as the Whitmans, Darwins, Haeckels, Ingersolls and Lincolns.

I wonder how many look forward to the day when this shall be possible? I do, and I am trying to bring it about. Don't think it is so far away. I am sure if I could make the experiment for the next ten years upon a group of homeless, outcast, foundling children, I could prove absolutely the truth and reasonableness of my hopes.



I say foundlings, because in this age, under the social conditions which confront us, it is hardly possible that any other children would be permitted to grow in a natural unspoiled way. Parents demand that their children be like themselves. This means reproducing the stupidity, the brutalities and the ignorance which sets itself up as the standard from age to age. And so the only class from which I see anything to hope for at the beginning, at least, is among

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those who have no one to care for them; no parents to insist upon reproducing their own limitations.

But in a few years the teachers and a few other people would begin to see the possibilities in rational education. And then we should have men and women, thinkers and near-thinkers coming to the rational school to study our methods, and to learn—not from us—but from the children, who would be their teachers and ours as well.

(This series of articles began in the February OPEN ROAD. Next one will appear in July.)

The Revolutionary spirit in America which flamed up so nobly in the dark days of '76 seems in these piping times to be smothered in a swash of commercialism. Are we victims of too much prosperity, after all?

—BRUCE CALVERT.

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THE LIBRARY SHELF.

"Life's Beautiful Battle," by J. William Lloyd. Cloth, 296 pp. The Lloyd Group, Publishers, Box 511, Westfield, N. J. Price, \$1.25, prepaid.

I HAVE had this book a long time. It is a queer book. You start in to read it, and it raises so many questions, opens up so many alluring side paths that you are forever switching off to follow a new idea to its lair. I never met the writer, yet I know him, and I love him. I have here in my hands the child of his brain, the essence of his soul. I am his companion. He talks to me in these pages as I am sure he would not and I should not want him to if I were with him. He lays bare the mechanism of his soul. He shows us the steps he has traveled in fighting life's beautiful battle. Do you see, comrades, what a splendid conception this man has arrived at? This thinker and sage, in his little "out of the way home" in the pine woods of New Jersey? When he can set his theme so high and call

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it "Life's Beautiful Battle." Did you every think of a battle being beautiful?

Life is a battle, and yet life is beautiful. As Lloyd knows, the very petty miseries and trials and irritations of daily life, as well as the great misfortunes and avalanches of trouble, are but a part of that great and beautiful battle, out of which is born the great, serene, beautiful, splendid soul of man.

And so as I read this book, with its simple, sweet beauty of expression and found myself constantly falling back upon my own life experiences, proving absolutely the truth of the writer's contention.

Notable chapters in the book are the "Paradox of Evil," "Evil as an Opportunity," "Every Life Succeeds," "Personality," "Liberty and Government Reconciled," "Divine Reproduction and Cosmic Consciousness," and "The Paradox of the Serene Life."

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I hope some of you will send for this book and read it. It will not cost very much, nor take very long, but I know that when you have finished it, you will say with me, "this man has found the eternal touchstone of truth." And out of the mists and fogs that beset you; out of the petty and irritating concerns of your life, will come a tremendous longing to drop it all. To move up to the plane described by our comrade, Lloyd. To live above the froth and foam, the heartache and the pain and struggles; the traffic and the mechanism of life. To distill out of our otherwise purposeless experiences that divine amber of serenity, poise, sweetness and human love that makes a man. It is a great book. This is the lesson I read out of it, and I pass it along to you with thankfulness that I am able to do so.



To acknowledge evil as undeveloped

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good is only the part of wisdom. To see in mistakes, disappointments and apparent failures the chastening, teaching and discipline which fit one for higher things is scientific.

Life is a battle. Indeed, a succession of conflicts. And always the range importance and fierceness of the strife increases. I am not training today that I may rest tomorrow. I am not doing my best today that I may do nothing tomorrow. But I am training today that I may be stronger tomorrow. I am doing my best today that I may do better tomorrow.

Life always holds something bigger and better for me than I now see. Every year, every day but brings added responsibilities. More is demanded and expected of me today than was yesterday because I am abler, fitter, more experienced, stronger, further advanced today than I was yesterday.

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And so if I make mistakes today or fail today it is to fortify me against the same error on some succeeding day when the consequences may be fraught with much graver peril than now. What I want to say is that Life is a growth—a continual moving forward to bigger, broader and better things. A continual rising to a higher, purer, cleaner atmosphere.

And so it is that every day with its mistakes, failures, disappointments, as well as its successes is but a training for graver duties more difficult situations, more formidable obstacles tomorrow.



It is the part then of wisdom to regard our mistakes as a part of our educative experiences; the testing; the disciplinary processes that are to give us confidence in the use of our tools; steadiness and certainty in the control of our faculties.

The failures and errors are to be accepted

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in this spirit, and with this philosophical outlook that takes in the far reach of things and the far spread of time.



And yet this is not to say—and right here is the most important statement in the whole matter—this is not to say that we should not strive with every faculty we possess and with all the wisdom that is in us to **avoid** mistakes.

We must not weakly surrender to difficulties. We must not lazily and foolishly commit careless blunders in the fatuous blindness of hope that these inexcusable lapses will somehow bear a rich fruitage of greater strength, greater wisdom on the morrow.

To do this is to build for weakness instead of strength. Not until we have striven to the last ounce of strength within us; not until we have courageously faced the issues; not until we have turned the light

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of our highest thought again and again upon our problems; in short not until we have done our very best, may we dare to be complacent or rest ourselves upon the philosophical solace of the values of mistakes, the strengthening power of failures.

There is no strength to come from weakly yielding. There is no wisdom to grow from lazy, foolish decisions.



I wonder after all if I have made my point clear. I had it clearly in mind I am sure when I started to write and I have chased the idea from paragraph to paragraph hoping to pin it down finally so closely that you could not fail to grasp it. Have I succeeded?

To do anything because others do it, and not because the thing is good, and kind, and honest in its own right, is to resign all moral control and captaincy upon yourself and go post haste to the devil.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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THE HOBBLE SKIRT AGAIN.

BILL REEDY in a penitential mood declares there's nothing new under the sun—or the skirt. However this may be, I cannot take issue with so distinguished a genius as the inventor of musical milk.

But I will say this. Forty-five million American women, there or thereabouts, old and young, fat and lean, tall and short, round and square, strawberry blonde, chocolate cream, or lily white—all alike take their styles from a fat, bow-legged, bald-headed, near-sighted Frenchman in Patee.



This despot of the style books before whom women abase themselves, viewed with alarm the growing freedom of the partner of his bosom, so he invented the Hobble Skirt to check the adventurous fair one.

All went well until my lord essayed his first promenade down the Champs Elysee with the hobbled lady. To keep step with

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her was maddening. Zounds! Name of a name! Parbleu! Spaghetta da club! Pourquoi'sne voulez vous—w'at'ell!

This would never do, so in a rage he perpetrated the Harem Skirt in the interests of conjugal amity. And straightway millions of these popular tube-shaped garments with drawstrings at the bottom were sacrificed to old cloe's men, while our idolatrous women rapturously received the "Hair-em Skirt," as Mamie who works at the Boston Store, called it.



Now is the psychological moment for which I have long been waiting to get into this game myself with my justly celebrated Pigeon-Roost creation—the Double Hobble Skirt! One for each leg! Aha!

Style book and prices and ten days' trial free. Address, Pigeon-Roost Pantaletteorium.

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Any woman wearing this Compound
Pigeon-Roost Pantalette guaranteed to be a
Suffragette in ten days or money refunded.

FAILURE.

By William Francis Barnard.

Who, then, hath failed? That one who tries
To reach life far above his eyes;
Who longs to do the worthiest things,
And 'gainst all difficulties flings
The power and strength that make a man;
That one who would complete what faith began,
But, climbing on, o'ercoming all,
Bursts his strong heart, and reels, to fall
Before some last vast summit still unscaled?
He hath not failed!

There is a triumph in defeat;
And noble sorrow's tears are sweet.
The high heart raptures, though it break
In stress of agony's fierce ache.
Yes, when all strength, and will is spent
In strife where truth and honor both are blent.
The sense of worth, the thought that all
Was risked for good, to stand or fall—

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These things turn blackest ruin that may be,
To victory!

Who, then, hath failed? 'Tis he whose deeds
Scorn truth and right; who hears nor heeds
Our fear, our faith, or wrath, or love.
Whose iron ambition strives above
All measures of all good and ill;
A frenzied ego with a poisoned will;
Who gains his joy, his life, his light
In triumphs of a monstrous might!
Though 'neath a world-wide power his shame be
veiled,
He, he, hath failed!

THE GOSPEL OF EFFICIENCY.

By William Marion Reedy.

At least three of the monthly magazines are exploiting the new efficiency idea that is so very old. The idea is that if you can get a bricklayer to make fewer motions in the laying of a brick he will lay more brick in a shorter time. Also he will lay still more if the hod-carrier who totes the brick to him

THE OPEN ROAD

lays them before him so they won't have to be turned over. Speed 'em up! That's the idea. But only incidentally, and very incidentally, and a long way behind, comes the suggestion of speeding up the pay. It is this point, I imagine, that will eventually align the trades unions against the efficiency movement. I don't know, but I wonder if the increase of efficiency will not involve an increased strain upon the worker. I should say that many of the movements said to be unnecessary in the case of the bricklayer are probably natural movements for relief of strain in the work. I have watched bricklayers at work, and it seemed to me that with their trowel-blade ringings and trowel-handle tappings they worked to a kind of rhythm, which had or has in it something of the same quality as the transformation of the song of a chantey into muscle by the men working a capstan aboard ship. I've

THE OPEN ROAD

watched a blacksmith make a horseshoe and thought that he struck many a blow not absolutely necessary, either on the shoe or on the anvil, but somehow it seemed that the rhythm of those blows helped materially in the making of the shoe. It is possible that an efficiency eliminating such things might be murderously efficient.

On the other hand I have no doubt that the typewriter has been the cause of billions and sextillions of useless letters, and I have seen some cases of system that simply reduced clutterment to a science. It is conceivable that efficiency directed to one result exclusively may be a bane as well as a blessing. You may make a bricklayer more efficient by the new method, but also you may make him a mere automaton. Efficiency will possibly have a tendency also to specialize men and women down to such a fine point that they will know how to do only one thing and can never get away from it.

THE OPEN ROAD

If that should occur, I can readily see how this new and much vaunted efficiency may be a fine thing whereby to keep men and women in places out of which they cannot rise. The new idea is much touted in high quarters, but we do not yet see the full bearing of this latest refinement of utilitarianism. In so far as I have seen, the theory is a part of the mechanical conception of the universe and is guilty of the unpardonable sin of ignoring if not denying the spiritual influence in effort. Man, I submit, is something more than an arrangement of screws, hinges, pulleys, wheels and levers, and I believe that his fullest efficiency is only to be developed by the development in him of that something which is above and beyond a mere mechanical contrivance of bones, sinews and muscles.

It is undoubtedly true that much effort can be saved, but for all that, and with all

THE OPEN ROAD

due respect to the men who are urging this new cult, the efficiency idea is essentially a materialist one, and materialism is utter damnation first for the subordinates made efficient and in the end for the little gods who utilize that increased efficiency for their own ends. Is it not Mill who says that it is doubtful if all the inventions of the race have ever lightened the toil of any human being who has to work? Whoever said it, said sooth. The world's efficiency is greater than it ever was. Yet mankind is no happier than it ever was, by virtue of all that efficiency. If men are better or happier in any respect it is by reason of something from the heart and soul that has softened and modified conditions. Efficiency is sending men and women earlier to the scrap heap and the benefit of that efficiency flows not to the efficient but to those who exploit them through some form of privilege en-

THE OPEN ROAD

bling them to appropriate the results of increasing efficiency. I am for more efficiency, of course, but first for limiting and eventually destroying the peculiar efficiency of the pervert laws that enable a few men to exploit the talents and the toil of all their brothers.

IN THE midst of your zeal and ardor, . . . remember the care of health. . . . There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? . . . I find that you could not get any better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy." Completely healthy; *mens sana in corpore sano*. A man all lucid, and in equilibrium. His intellect a clear mirror geometrically plane, brilliantly sensitive to all objects and impressions made on it and imaging all things in their correct proportions; not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation: healthy, clear, and free and discerning truly all round him. —Carlyle.

THE OPEN ROAD

IN THE WOODS.

APRIL 16, Easter morning. Awakened at early dawn by a bravura of bird voices singing the sweetest resurrection anthem I have ever heard in my life.

Listening closely I caught the silvery tones of the meadow lark, liquid and clear. My heart almost stopped beating, so like the hermit thrush was it. The bluebirds' merry chatter joined in. The robin carrying the high, clear soprano notes, sat on the tip top of the tallest tree. The song sparrow sang her cantabile superbly. Miss Jennie Wren, the chipping sparrows, the cheewink, the woodpecker, the goldfinches, the warbler, the juncos, the dainty pewee and friendly phoebe all swelled the chorus, while far off in jealous rage the blue jay sounded his gibing call.

I thought for a moment I was in heaven—and then I knew that I was.

THE OPEN ROAD

April 22. The thrushes have come. Watched them flitting about deep in the woods. Very dainty and beautiful they were. With their lovely brown backs and spotted chests. But they did not sing. I have since seen them nearer my cabin, but haven't yet heard their voices. I think it was the wood thrush. But did not have my bird glasses with me.



April 23. Was met and initiated into full fellowship by a whole colony of blue birds down in the swamp. They were a little shy and very much agitated when I came too near their nests until I gave the password, after which we had a lovely half hour visiting together.



April 26. The brown thrashers came to-day! What joy! Two of them stopped in Old Walt's gnarled branches and sung for twenty minutes. They tried themselves out.

THE OPEN ROAD

Tried all the old chords and trills and arpeggios, and some new kinks they've picked up while abroad this winter. I was glad to see them. Then, to make my joy complete, behold down by the M. C. railroad tracks, half a mile from my cabin, the first daffodil of spring raising her lovely golden head to the morning sun. Who wouldn't be alive on a day like this!

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Open Road:

Why put your name on the ads you write? Who cares? And why don't you put the price of article in ad? I am interested in that self-heating iron, but I'm suspicious of any man who's afraid to name his price and I never answer an ad. where price is not given.

GEO. B. WARD.

314 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This letter is answered in the advertising pages. See "Advertising Gossip."

THE OPEN ROAD

I was exceedingly happy when I struck the Open Road. I have taken occasional excursions, with one of your entertaining little guides, a voluntary companion, with a keen eye for real beauty, and a silver tongue to sing the song of Mother Nature to ears keyed in unison to her own.

And she seems to know that I like her company, and comes back every little while. And we are getting real well acquainted, even to the point of exchanging little homely confidences.

She told me her home was in Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods. She always wears a neat little brown dress, and a little "Gem" she calls it her "Walt Whitman," in her hair. And when she starts to talk, I cling to her and absorb her every word—and I must confess that I am beginning to have decided symptoms of the "Wanderlust." She tells me that I am not her only beau, indeed, the little fairy boldly admits that I am one of many thousands—but it does not make me jealous. It pleases me to know that so many are so fortunate as to fall under her benign influence.

But she told me your time was precious.

James Austin Murray, Chicago, Ill.

Would You Be A Happy Woman.

THEN YOU MUST

Defy Wrinkles, Grey Hair and Marks of Old Age

BY USING

LUXTONE
TRADE MARK

Toilet Requisites.

EVERY WOMAN NEEDS IT

EVERY MAN NEEDS IT

If they really want the secret of a perfect, youthful complexion. I have the secret; it's the "Luxtone Beauty Secret" formerly called "Fluffy Ruffles." An invisible, dainty cream powder that is applied with a sponge; it beautifies instantly, and permanently benefits the skin, making it soft and fine in texture, and giving the natural warm tints of youth.

You don't have to spend money for massage or "beauty treatments", if you use "*Luxtone Beauty Secret.*" Try just one box and you will be convinced. Gentlemen are delighted with the elastic and soothing affect after shaving. No matter what preparations you have used, you will never feel THOROUGHLY SATISFIED until you use "*Beauty Secret*".

SPECIAL OFFER:—Regular \$1.00 box of "*Beauty Secret*", One Herbal Shampoo Bag, and your choice of either one jar of Cold Cream, or one bottle of Rubitint, sent Postpaid for \$1.00.

BLANCHE W. MOE

314 W. 42nd Street

Dept. M.

New York City

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.

WE NEED YOU. Come with us in our tramp along **THE OPEN ROAD.** Subscription and membership in the Brotherhood one dollar a year. Life membership and subscription, \$10.00.

BOUND VOLUMES.

- Vol. I. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year...\$5.00
- Vol. II. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year... 2.50
- Vol. III. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year... 2.00

(Vol. I is out of print, but we have a few good clean copies for sale. Vol. II is also getting scarce.)

Better come thru now while the bars are down. The supply of bound volumes is by no means unlimited. Speak right soon, or you may never add these little treasures of joy and inspiration to your collection.

Just Out---A New Book.

Socialism and Progress

By **BRUCE CALVERT**

Being an impartial and philosophical summary of just what Socialism and its propaganda means to present social and economic life.

Price \$.10
By the Hundred 5.00

A Prize for You To-Day's Problems

A little book of 48 large pages on the vital issues of the day, by 150 of the ablest writers of our time. I am sure about this for I saw my own name in the table of contents.

But you'll be astounded at the wealth of that in this little book. It's a gold mine. I had no idea the world was getting so awakened.

It will give you new hope and inspiration to see what the shining ones are saying.

ONLY A DIME.

THE OPEN ROAD
GRIFFITH, (Lake Co.) INDIANA
R. F. D. No. 1. Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

The Free Speech League

invites correspondence, co-operation, and membership of all who claim rights and dare maintain them.

Join us, help us.

Get our list of books.

Read them—pass them along.

Liberty talks by Ingersoll, Wakeman, Walker, Schroeder, Pentecost, Darrow, Post, Bruce Calvert, and others. Read "Our Vanishing Liberty of Press" (five cents); and also "Do You Want Free Speech?" (ten cents) and learn *why you should act with us.*

THE FREE SPEECH LEAGUE
120 Lexington Ave. New York

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

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- Vol. I. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year... \$5.00
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Better come thru now while the bars are down. The supply of bound volumes is by no means unlimited. Speak right soon, or you may never add these little treasures of joy and inspiration to your collection.

A PRINTER'S DREAM

By **BRUCE CALVERT**

Snuggled away up in the Berkshire Hills is a little bunch of craftpeople who print beautiful books and things. Not costly tomes for the Morgans and Rockfellers, but lovely artistic editions of the great masters which anybody can buy. They call themselves the Caxtons.

The head Caxton, Harold A. Holmes, or "Cax" as his friends say, is a peculiar duck. I have'n't seen many like him. He is filled with the cosmic urge to know and do. He was a printer. An art printer. One of the best in rocky old New England. But that wasn't enough for Cax. He couldn't stand it to think that any other printer could beat him. So he threw up his job and hied him over to Paris where he worked as a journeyman printer for two years in the great printeries that have made French art printing the envy of all printerdom. Here Cax caught the secrets of the World's master printers. He learned the mysteries of color mixing, blending and impression. Of format and artistic type display and then came back to old Berkshire to work out his dream of a craft printery for the beautiful printing of beautiful books at low prices. The printer's dream is now a reality. The Caxtons have sent out some of the most exquisite brochures and books ever produced in America.

Two years ago they started a magazine, THE CAXTON, to tell the world about their own and the work of other capable craftsmen in different fields. The Caxton is one of the few really artistic magazines. It's a joy to have it in your house.

Cax hired a great literary man to edit his new 'Zinelet. It grew and prospered. But Cax wasn't satisfied. Nothing is ever "good enough" for him. So he fired his literary light and gave himself the job of editor. And now he seems likely to prove that he is not only a class A printer but some editor as well. If you would like to judge for yourself send 10 cents for a sample copy. Or 50 cents for 6 months trial with a copy Bruce Calvert's new book "Science and Health" FREE.

This booklet is the first and only scientific and rational explanation of the failures as well as the cures of Christian Science and all other healing systems now before the world. Book alone 25 cents.

THE CAXTONS

PITTSFIELD

(In Berkshire)

MASSACHUSETTS

Your copy prepared for us is probably a better written and more interesting advertisement than any others of this company.

If it is not too late, we would like to buy this copy from you. Inclosed herewith is our check for \$10 and unless we receive word from you to the contrary, will consider that it is ours to use as we wish. Your original offer, you will remember, was \$10 if we wished to buy the ad. out right.

With kindest regards from the writer, we are

Yours Very Truly,

THE DUNTLEY MFG. CO.

The Duntley Vacuum Cleaners.

Chicago, Ill.

The form letters you wrote for us received, and as far as making any changes is concerned I do not see that there are any that I can make. The letters are simply perfect. If they do not sell the goods there is nothing that will. I will use these letters at every opportunity, and thank you most sincerely for same,

Most Sincerely yours,

J. E. LEVI & CO.

Automobiles

Atlanta, Ga.

I have just read the very excellent advertisement which you have written for Robert Louis Stevenson. If all that you write is as good as that advertisement, then your publication is a winner and if your little magazine has the circulation which it deserves, then the copy will undoubtedly pay. One thing is certain, I am putting your publication in my pocket and intend reading it through, because the man who can write stuff like that advertisement can certainly write other things that are worth while.

Yours very truly,

W. E. SEVERS,

President, The Riverside Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

A Straight Tip to Advertisers

The OPEN ROAD hasn't a million and a half a week circulation. But what it has is the gilt edged, bang up, high class kind that pays. You know it is not always the biggest investment that pays the biggest percentage of dividends. The OPEN ROAD belongs to that very small class of special publications which brings returns far exceeding the proportion of cost per line per thousand circulation as figured by the big magazines and weeklies.

OPEN ROAD readers are a loyal, enthusiastic clientele. They read the magazine from kiver to kiver, ads and all, faithfully and then pass it to friends and enemies. The copies are preserved and bound up, ad pages and all. They raise a howl if a single number misses them. They invest the advertising pages with the love and respect which they feel for the magazine itself. If anything goes wrong they are quick to criticise and tell us all about it. I have been obliged to discontinue certain lines of advertising because the advertiser did not make good.

This confidence of our readers in the magazine is its strongest asset as an advertising medium. We try to deserve that confidence by selecting our advertisers, and by being careful to accept nothing which seems in any way questionable. There are some lines we refuse altogether.

A STUFFED CLUB.

A monthly magazine which, according to the opinion of many of the best people, is the authority on health subjects.

It contains sixty pages of iconoclasm, constructive as well as destructive, on hygiene and dietetics.

IT TELLS HOW TO REGAIN AND RETAIN HEALTH.

The editorials are written in plain, forceful English compelling right thinking; following which health of body and mind evolve as a consequence.

Single copies 20 cents. Subscription \$2.00 a year. Dr. J. H. Tilden, editor and publisher.

PREMIUM MONOGRAPHS

These are practical books that can be carried in the pocket, they teach how to avoid the life and habits that lead to many unnecessary ills; the causes of disease are explained and their prevention and treatment suggested.

MONOGRAPHS { Cholera Infantum
Typhoid Fever
Appendicitis

With each yearly subscription, for a limited time, we include one of the above books. **WHICH ONE IS YOURS?**

ADDRESS:



A STUFFED CLUB

DENVER,

::

::

COLORADO.

Please note that we send no FREE sample copies for less than twenty cents.

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 blue 3 months' 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. Price of 3 months' subscription tickets for propaganda work \$1.00 a dozen.

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.

I am still in the game. I am on the staff of one of the big advertising agencies in Chicago, as special copy man. Many of the best ads you see in the big magazines and weeklies are my copy. But I am especially strong, they say, on catalog work. I have occasionally prepared the whole equipment of selling literature for big firms and outlined their publicity campaigns for a year ahead.

I particularly like to do work of an educational nature, but I can write on anything that interests me.

In the winter and spring I have some spare time. I have all the wood I need till spring sawed and stacked up—excepting a cord or two I keep for gymnasium work, my daily exercise; and so I am now writing a deal for other people. I do not and will not put in full time at it. I do just enough to keep in trim, and to keep Ananias supplied with pin money.

My prices I think are reasonable. I never knew a man to howl because I charged him too little. On the other hand, I never have a kick because I fail to deliver the goods.

If you use selling literature of any kind in your business, and you want something extra fine, better than anyone else has ever done for you. Something that is exactly right, top notch, high gear and filled with selling voltage, it will pay you to write me.

If you are spending any money advertising your product or business—it will pay you also to write me. I have nothing to do with placing the ads. But the agency I write for is one of the best, noted for reliability and fair dealing, and I am sure I could guarantee that any of my friends would be especially well taken care of by them.

BRUCE CALVERT.

Ad Writer.

Folks I Have Written For.

Your copy prepared for us is probably a better written and more interesting advertisement than any others of this company.

If it is not too late, we would like to buy this copy from you. Inclosed herewith is our check for \$10 and unless we receive word from you to the contrary, will consider that it is ours to use as we wish. Your original offer, you will remember, was \$10 if we wished to buy the ad. out right.

With kindest regards from the writer, we are

Yours Very Truly,

THE DUNTLEY MFG. CO.

The Duntley Vacuum Cleaners.

Chicago, Ill.

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J. E. LEVI & CO.

Automobiles

Atlanta, Ga.

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Yours very truly,

W. E. SEVERS,

President, The Riverside Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

JUNE PREMIUM

NEW BOOKS BY BRUCE CALVERT

- Emma Goldman and the Police** \$.10
One of the most powerful and stirring appeals ever written for the right of free speech.
- Socialism and Progress**10
A scientific analysis and a broad view of just what Socialism means to the world.
- Science and Health**25
Secrets of Eddyism laid bare. Being the first and only scientific and rational explanation of the failures as well as the cures of Christian Science, and all other Systems of Healing now before the world.
- Six Back Numbers THE OPEN ROAD**, our selection. \$.60
All, with OPEN ROAD 1 year for.....\$1.00

WANT TO READ?

Don't know just what? I'll prepare you a course in any subject or line of reading, and tell you where to get the books. Improve your general education by specializing! Send me a stamp.

H. J. O'BRIEN

383 Chicago Street - Elgin, Illinois

Beautiful hand illumined copies of all motto designs printed on the last cover page of this magazine may be had by sending 15c for one, 25c for two, or \$1.20 per doz. to George Bicknell, Director of the Co-operative Crafts Shop, 1115 South 6th St., Terre Haute, Indiana. Size of cards 4x6 inches.

25c
FREE

Just to test news stand sales. One blue ticket, good for 3 months' trial subscription to OPEN ROAD sent FREE to any address for this coupon.

Circulation Dept. OPEN ROAD
Griffith, Ind. R. F. D. No. 1

Send me 3 mos. subscription ticket as above offered

Name

Address

Bought on news stand at

A STUFFED CLUB.

A monthly magazine which, according to the opinion of many of the best people, is the authority on health subjects.

It contains sixty pages of iconoclasm, constructive as well as destructive, on hygiene and dietetics.

IT TELLS HOW TO REGAIN AND RETAIN HEALTH.

The editorials are written in plain, forceful English compelling right thinking; following which health of body and mind evolve as a consequence.

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These are practical books that can be carried in the pocket, they teach how to avoid the life and habits that lead to many unnecessary ills; the causes of disease are explained and their prevention and treatment suggested.

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Typhoid Fever
Appendicitis

With each yearly subscription, for a limited time, we include one of the above books. WHICH ONE IS YOURS?

ADDRESS:



DENVER,

::

::

COLORADO.

Please note that we send no FREE sample copies for less than twenty cents.

Health and Diet Hints.

BY BRUCE CALVERT.

OPEN ROAD philosophy is to pass on your good things to others. I've found something very fine in foods and I want you all to know of it. It's figs. The California Black Figs. I've always been fond of figs, but never have I enjoyed anything so much as those little black figs packed by the OPEN ROADER, Gerald Geraldson at New Castle, Cal.

For all 'round deliciousness and solid satisfaction these figs go ahead of anything I've seen in a long time.

Imported figs, you know, are not always appetizing; besides the skins are tough. But the California Black Figs have the Oriental beaten forty ways. They're tender, clean and tasteful. They come in neat air tight sealed cartons packed in the orchard by cleanly, wholesome people. All you have to do is just lift out the fig by the stem and eat it so.

If you want something extra nice pack a small stew pan with the figs, standing them on the flower ends, put in enough lemon juice and water to just cover and bake in the oven. This recipe is worth \$2. Try it.

There are dozens of other tasteful and wholesome dishes to be made with figs. They are rich in Carbo-hydrates, and are a splendid laxative. One of the best system regulators I know of. With California Black Figs, whole wheat bread and a glass of milk you have a full meal. They are not sold in the stores I think, but our friends, the packers, will fill your order.

They are offering:

10 ounces by mail for 20c.

10 pounds by express, collect, for \$1.00.

100 pounds by freight, prepaid, for \$12.00.

Money Back Guarantee.

FOOTHILL ORCHARD CO.

NEWCASTLE,

::

::

CALIFORNIA.

QUAKER CITY MILL

For making Whole Wheat and Graham Flour, Corn Meal, and Peanut Butter. Used by



Vegetarians the World over. Recommended by Bruce Calvert, and used by him at

Pigeon-Roost. Health Food Recipe Book FREE. Send for catalog.

G. E. T. STRAUB CO.,
3701-07 South Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ills.

DR. WALTER E. ELFRINK
DR. BLANCHE MAYES ELFRINK

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

SUITE 162 MENTOR BUILDING
161-163 STATE STREET, CHICAGO
Telephone Central 1475

Residence 536 East Sixty-first
Street.

Res. 'Phone. Midway 2435.

CONSULTATION AND TREATMENT
BY APPOINTMENT

\$2. FOR \$1.

Look? Look? Look?

One year's subscription to the Fra Magazine edited by Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora for \$1.00. The regular subscription price of this magazine is \$2.00 per year, it is the best Free-Thought Journal published in America to-day and every reader of 'The Open Road' should take it. Be quick. Address

The Agency Co.

Box 38

Monterey, - - - Tenn.

THERE is always hope in a man that earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

—Thomas Carlyle.

Wanted March 1910

THE OPEN ROAD

One Blue ticket, three months' subscription for each copy mailed us.

ANANIAS,
Chief Circulator.

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

You Need to Fast

to attain whatever you most desire—health—strength—beauty—energy—courage—concentration—poise—magnetism—success—happiness.

This is experience, not theory. Edward Earle Purinton fasted 30 days to prove it. Then he wrote his great book "The Philosophy of Fasting," telling just why, how, when and where he took his famous fast. With all the results, benefits and lessons therefrom.

Don't imagine this a common book—it is unique in the world's history. As literature it ranks with Emerson, Whitman and Thoreau. Besides this, it is the only sane manual of fasting ever published; covering the mental, psychic and spiritual phases of the subject with 10 practical rules on How to Fast. Just out. Beautifully bound, 130 large pages, with author's photograph. \$1.00.

Fasting is but a branch of Naturopathy, the science of Human regeneration. Send 10 cents for a bundle of literature about both— including three months' subscription to my helpful magazine "Naturopath" (20c a copy; \$2.00 a year). Put a smile in the envelope—it'll bring better returns. Write now—NOW—NOW! And be glad.

Benedict Lust, N. D.,

465 Lexington Ave.

New York

An Advertisement by Bruce Calvert

RUSTIC HICKORY CHAIR

only \$2⁵⁰



HAND MADE No.17

Good, honest, old fashioned, roomy, comfortable chair. Made of toughest hickory saplings with bark on—hickory bark seat—by old school craftsmen to last till doomsday no matter how used or abused. Can't break, can't wear out.

No paint or varnish to hide natural beauty of bark. Just hand polished.

Substantial, graceful. Ideal for porch, lawn, veranda, bungalow or den.

You'll feel the res'ful spirit, the rugged strength, honesty and simple beauty of the hickory tealing over you the moment you sit in this chair.

Hickory is practically extinct in American forests. This furniture will cost more each year. A piece handed down to the next generation will be worth many times its cost now.

Buy of your dealer or we will ship direct on receipt of price. With Rockers 75c extra. Freight prepaid east of Roc'y Mountains. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

FREE Beautiful Illustrated catalog showing over 100 styles of Chairs, Settees, Rockers, Swings, and odd pieces.

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO.

95 STATE ST.,

LA PORTE, IND.

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

WE NEED YOU. Come with us in our tramp along
THE OPEN ROAD. Subscription and member-
ship in the Brotherhood one dollar a year. Life
membership and subscription, \$10.00.

BOUND VOLUMES.

- Vol. I. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year... \$5.00
Vol. II. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year... 2.50
Vol. III. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year... 2.00

(Vol. I is out of print, but we have a few good clean copies for sale. Vol. II and Vol. III are also getting scarce.)

Better come thru now while the bars are down. The supply of bound volumes is by no means unlimited. Speak right soon, or you may never add these little treasures of joy and inspiration to your collection.

SEND NOW
\$1.00 FOR
12 ISSUES



A Chance to Make \$100.00

For \$1.00 you will get 12
issues of

THE STUDENTS ART MAGAZINE

and a chance to work on over \$100 worth of cash art assignments. The magazine publishes and criticises students' work, gives lessons in Cartooning, Designing, Illustrating, Lettering and Chalk-talking. Especially valuable to correspondence art students. It stands for a clean life, a clean art and a square deal. If not satisfied your money refunded. Address the editor,

G. H. Lockwood

Dep. 124 Kalamazoo, Michigan

GOOD MORNING. Have you used Grab's Foot Scraper?

A Straight Tip to Advertiser's

The OPEN ROAD hasn't a million and a half a week circulation. But what it has is the gilt edged, bang up, high class kind that pays. You know it is not always the biggest investment that pays the biggest percentage of dividends. The OPEN ROAD belongs to that very small class of special publications which brings returns far exceeding the proportion of cost per line per thousand circulation as figured by the big magazines and weeklies.

OPEN ROAD readers are a loyal, enthusiastic clientele. They read the magazine from kiver to kiver, ads and all, faithfully and then pass it to friends and enemies. The copies are preserved and bound up, ad pages and all. They raise a howl if a single number misses them. They invest the advertising pages with the love and respect which they feel for the magazine itself. If anything goes wrong they are quick to criticise and tell us all about it. I have been obliged to discontinue certain lines of advertising because the advertiser did not make good, and subscribers complained.

This confidence of our readers in the magazine is its strongest asset as an advertising medium. We try to deserve that confidence by selecting our advertisers, and by being careful to accept nothing which seems in any way questionable. There are some lines we refuse altogether.

If you have a good product which represents a human need—and you can back it up, deliver the goods, guarantee satisfaction, and stand by your advertisement—you will positively get better returns in **The OPEN ROAD** in proportion to the cost than in any other publication on your list. The rate is very low. The returns are very high.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you wish I will prepare your copy or revise it free of charge. It's your move.

—**BRUCE CALVERT.**

THE OPEN ROAD must be read, and its readers must be an appreciative lot. We have had more orders from our advertising in your magazine than we have received from any other publication.

When we have another big edition to advertise we will surely use your space.

THE MANUAL PUBLISHING CO.,

Pythian Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

East Orange, N. J.

Dear Mr. Calvert:

This is merely a line to tell you that my advertisement in **The OPEN ROAD** is bringing more replies than the same ad in the book review section of the **New York Times**.

ROBERT J. SHORES,

Editor and Publisher, **The Idler.**

New Castle, Cal.

Bruce Calvert:

I take great pleasure in informing you that our advertisements in **The OPEN ROAD** have brought in a very considerable number of orders. As many if not more than larger space in other magazines of much greater circulation. You people seem to believe in what you say.

Sincerely,

THE FOOTHILL ORCHARD CO.

General Counsel, Secretary

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

We want short stories, serials, and novels; articles, timely or otherwise; poems in an humorous vein; jokes that are really jokes; anecdotes of persons in the public eye.

Story Writers: We will print your story in book form, free of charge, if selected.

Song Writers: We guarantee to sell the first edition of your song, if accepted.

Playwrights: We are holding a contest for vaudeville sketches, and guarantee a New York presentation to the winners.

Send stamp for our 44 page magazine with full particulars.

The Boston Literary Bulletin

Roxbury Crossing, - - -

Boston, Mass.

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

The Religion of Beauty

An advertisement by Bruce Calvert



THE new woman is making such strenuous efforts toward intellectuality that she is in danger of losing her ages old instinct for being just a beautiful woman. She is inclined to exhalt the intellectual and to disparage physical beauty. This is wrong. It is swinging to the other extreme.

Let no woman cease to keep alive within her the sacred fire of womanly charm. When a woman loses her desire to be attractive she loses the sweetest part of her womanhood.

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, brainer 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.

Blanche W. Moe is making the world better by teaching women to be beautiful. She is a public benefactor. She's working in line with the cosmic urge, and really ought to be subsidized by the state in the interests of race preservation.

LUXTONE BEAUTY SECRET, a complexion cream of marvelous powers combines in itself all the virtues of all known beautifiers. It's a skin food, wrinkle remover, cleanser and softener. It sweeps away the years, turns back the hands of time restoring youth's lainty curves and rosy freshness.

SPECIAL OFFER—A trial box of LUXTONE BEAUTY SECRET with Blanche Moe's booklet on Beauty Culture for 25c. Send for it now.

BLANCHE W. MOE

314 W. 42nd Street

Dept. M.

New York City

Clubbing Offer No. 1!

All This For \$1.50.

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 ROAD	\$1.00
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"	1.00

Now there is good value for \$3.75. If you paid \$5.00 for it you would get value received. It is yours for a money order for just \$1.50. 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.

The Petroleum Review

FREE!

It Absolutely Covers the

Greatest Oil-Producing Center

in the world—where there are greater opportunities for profit in well managed oil companies than anywhere else on earth. This is because the unearned increment has not been used up nor lived up, which is the reason why you can make a profit of

== 100 to 300 Per Cent ==

in the next six to nine months by an investment in the shares of **The Atlanta Oil Company.** It is all a question of good management and having something worth while to work with. Write us and I will have the paper sent to you as well as tell you why good management is the only true guide to a good investment.

ATLANTA OIL COMPANY

411 South Main Street

-

Los Angeles, California

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

Attention, Circulation Committee!

(This includes all subscribers to **THE OPEN ROAD** good and true, male, female and neuter). Here is a suggestion which I think Napoleonic. It sprang full orb'd out of my brain, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Aunt Sapphira says it's O. K.; Belshazzar gurgles his delight; Nicodemus yowls in approval. So we are going to try it out.

I have discovered that the newsdealer has so much inertia to overcome that he will never order a magazine, especially a new one, but if the good stuff is sent to him, he will usually display it with his other wares, and give it a chance.

Here followeth my scheme. In place of asking the dealer to order **THE OPEN ROAD**, which he won't do, whenever you pass a particularly prosperous news stand in a good location, which does not display or handle the 'Zinelet, simply get the barbarian's name, and street address if in a large city, and send it to me. I will have the brown booklet there quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." And further I will send you a blue ticket good for three months on **THE OPEN ROAD** for the name of each dealer you send me. This blue ticket you can use to extend your own sub; you can send it to your next friend, or your dearest enemy—it's all the same to us. I have 1,000 blue tickets all ready anticipating a big rush after this number is mailed.

ANANIAS.

Chief Circulator.

VF OPEN ROAD.

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. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
6. Rational Education.

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.*

THE OPEN ROAD

GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



There are no institutions in nature. Nature is everywhere plastic, fluid. Man alone creates institutions, and then suffers the awful price of slavery to the dragons of his own creation.

—Bruce Calvert

