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VOL. VII

JULY 1911.

No.

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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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

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THE OPEN ROAD.

One's-Self I sing—a simple, separate Person ;
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word *En-masse*.

Of Physiology from top to toe I sing ;
Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is worthy for the muse—
I say the Form Complete is worthier far ;
The Female equally with the male I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerfull—for freest action form'd, under the laws divine,
The Modern Man I sing.

—WALT WHITMAN.

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All who are interested in the real sane education of a beautiful life, and who feel the call to help themselves by helping humanity are invited to write me.

BRUCE CALVERT.

FROM MONKEY TO MAN!

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

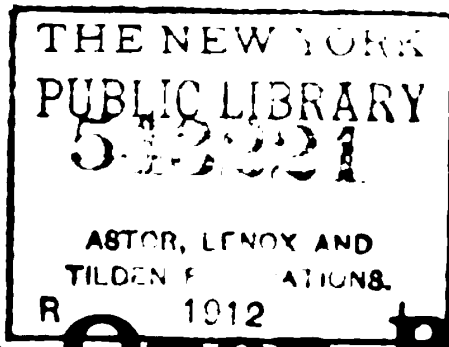
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The Open Road

VOL. VII

JULY, 1911

No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

FIFTH PAPER.

[Continued from June Number]

I WONDER if our educators will ever wake up to the fact that the personality of the teacher in the school room is worth far more than all the cut and dried programs, schemes, outlines and mechanical methods of teaching, so much in vogue in all schools.

Programs are for those who cannot do without them, a crutch for the incompetent to lean upon. But your true teacher is above all these. She is alert, keen, sensitive to the needs of the moment and equal to every

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emergency. She makes her programs anew every hour out of the materials in her hands and the demands that meet her.



The teacher's example, her attitude toward work, life itself, her personality, soul qualities, and general atmosphere of health, saneness, sweetness and wholesomeness can never be replaced by any academic qualifications, however great or satisfactory, or by any cut-and-dried curriculum.

But the sad part of it is that these qualities, which alone make a teacher valuable are in fact never sought for. They are not considered as a part of the equipment in the selection of teachers as a rule. Those into whose hands we commit the education of our children are examined and get their certificates upon their ability to repeat a certain senseless formula of academical sawdust, which has very little more

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of the real relation to life than the designs on the cover of the text book have to the science of mathematics. I know, for I've been a teacher myself.

This satisfies the requirements and we do not look for that intangible thing, soul quality, which is the most lasting and beautiful influence in all the child's school-life—the thing which sticks to him through all his years, which often sets his key and determines the direction in which his life force shall be spent.



Facts or chunks of unrelated information are worth very little. They may of course afford the material upon which a most elaborate artificial and senseless system of education, so-called, can be spun out, but from which real development can never come. It is strength and health, mental freedom, intellectual honesty, fearlessness,

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and soul stuff that education should give.
First of all health.

In truth, our schools seem to turn out about everything else. Products of the school system exhibit shattered nerves, ruined digestions, weak eyes, hunched shoulders, crooked spines, dwarfed and crippled souls, monkey or parrot inability to reason, mental incompetence, wishy-washy manhood, frivolous, anaemic womanhood.

How long, O Lord, how long! When shall we see the dawn of a better day?



As I have previously remarked in these articles, finalities of judgments as to human institutions must not be taught in the Rational School. Dogmas, hypotheses, customs, traditions, public opinion, the voices of church, state, or individuals must never be permitted to assume the authority and weight of truth.

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The soul of man should be as mercury in response to truth, yielding to the slightest promptings of the spirit, yet always vibrating to its own level at the last.



What a satisfaction there is in being able to look at the great movements of the day—religious, philosophical, social or economic—free from personal bias or inherited prejudice. I marvel every day at the stunting, dwarfing effects of preconceived judgments.

We shut ourselves out from so much that is beautiful and good when we allow prejudice to tinge our viewpoint, either in weighing people or the great world questions.



I suppose everything has its purpose and is good in its place, but I wish I could see the reason for the intolerance which seems to me a particularly malevolent form of hu-

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man cussedness that is holding us forever in the leash—keeping us down.

The trouble is that the shell which we secrete around our minds becomes so hardened that we are shut in. We limit ourselves. We shunt the currents of divine truth away from us, and generate dark spots in our souls.



We must actually free ourselves from any form of bias if we are to make head. We must be willing to revise our deductions every day, to tear down to the last stone the walls of prejudice and preconceived notions we have built around us, get rid of our shells, and face the world naked and unabashed, if necessary, to arrive at the truth.

We dare not crystallize. We must remain fluid, sensitive to the waves of truth from whatever source and in whatever form

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they may come. We must be like the spirit in the carpenter's level, responsive as the instrument is tipped this way or that, and yet always returning to our own center.



When, then, I charge the educational systems of all the world today with being crystallized mixtures of error and truth, intolerance and ignorance, adroitly fostered by organized meanness, I but state a simple truth, which anyone with a rudimentary brain could see were not the eyes blinded by ignorance or interest.



Yet we must not, dare not, yield to discouragement. This is a universe of law. There is a reason for everything. We are not floating aimlessly across the trackless wastes of time. We are not a rudderless derelict buffeted and beaten by the tides of chance. But we are actually moving swiftly, surely, toward our goal.

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Where should we be now if Nature, when she had gotten as far along as the Gorilla, had stopped to think about the immeasurable distance between him and Tolstoy or Earnest Haeckel—would not she have become discouraged and given up the work in despair?



The race moves on. The spirit may grow sad and the heart be wrung at the injustice, greed, misery and intolerance in the world, but yet we know that for every heartache there must be a balm, for every moan of anguish there must be a sigh of peace. Every wrong must be righted. Every debt must be paid. There are no bankrupt courts nor exemption laws in Nature. The Law of Compensation rests not nor sleeps.

All is wise and all is good in its place. All is well. All is as it must be just at this moment. The new day is gestating, and out

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of the womb of present conditions will be born future betterment.



Let the spirit rejoice! Brighter days are coming. We have the same laws today, yesterday and forever. Nature has no revised statutes. Evolution holds no constitutional conventions. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, etc. The race moves forward. We can prove it by looking backward.

Allons.

[This series of articles on Rational Education began in the February OPEN ROAD. Next one will appear in August.]

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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THE SPARK DIVINE, THYSELF.

And they said:
I am the poet of anarchy,
Who sings of anarchy gladly;
That I would uproot institutions and laws
In my frenzy to deify Man.
For I single out man and extol him,
Making him as one with God
And crowning him with honor and glory.
That is the charge.

I call upon each and all
Who are dowered with life and who love life,
Project thy soul!
Trust in thy self and go on!
Be what you are and dare the most!
The laws of man are their stepping stones
That lead to the heights of their greater selves.
Who rises not by means of them,
Descends by them to the pit;
And returns again to dust
For caravans to tread
Which going east and west,
Leave him forever alone!

What is so vast as the soul?

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Institutions and laws and customs of men
Are vestments of a soul!
God became man in you,
When He enkindled in you
The spark divine—thyself!

—Joseph Leiser.

“WHAT’S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?”

I’VE made a discovery. A new luminary appears above the horizon. It’s Ed. W. Howe, for thirty years active hustling editor of the Atchison Globe. Threw up his job, gave the paper to his sons and took to the woods January first. Now at Potatoe Hill Farm, Kansas, he starts a little magazine, E. W. Howe’s Monthly, to tell folks how it feels to hang on to the business merry-go-round for half a lifetime, and then let go, while still in his prime.

There may be other sane men in bleeding Kansas, I won’t inquire too closely into that. But here’s a man who for original horse

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sense seems to have Sockless Jerry Simpson, Hirsute Ingalls, Mary Ellen Lease, Bill White, Carrie Nation, and the whole Kansas museum of freaks chained at the post.

How many men did you ever hear of letting go, while still possessing the strength to grab another dollar? He's not rich, either. Says he has enough to live on simply and comfortably—the proceeds of an income insurance policy—and that's all.

(No, this is not an ad. I'm not saying what company.)

But think of a man in the very zenith of success and power, enjoying an income of twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars a year, putting it all behind him, while still in perfect health and intellectual vigor, and going to the country to live the simple, peaceful life on a farm!



Some folks say he's bughouse. I say he was never saner in his life.

I received the first three numbers of his

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'Zinelet yesterday. Thot I would just riffle them thru, but dam it I couldn't get away 'till I had finished the confounded things. I was anxious to get at planting my garden sass, too.

His two little country nieces constitute his official housekeeping and office force. Speaking of them he deliciously observes:

WOMEN are the nicest things in the world; except as wives. When a woman departs from her natural tenderness, patience and affection, it is as a wife. Nearly all the mean things women do, are done by wives. There is something in the relation of husband and wife that brings out all the meanness there is on both sides. A woman never loves a mother or sister as she loves her lover, before marriage; but no wife ever loved a husband as she loves her mother or sister, after she has been married awhile. You often hear of the heart-hunger of wives. Maybe you think husbands do not know the feeling, too. When my country-girl secretaries marry, they will never treat their husbands as well as they treat me. I've been married; I know about such things.

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I don't know whether Ed. Howe has the daring to follow his idea here expressed down to its roots even if it does put a crimp in our institutional marriage system, but I suspect that he has. I'll write and ask him about it if I think of it. He says he won't permit any soliciting or advertising for his magazine, and every subscriber that kicks gets his dollar back, so I won't tell you any more about where to find him.

The misery of the people is not caused by individuals, but by an order of society by which they are bound together in a way that puts them in the power of a few, or more often one man; a man so depraved by his unnatural position of having the fate and lives of millions of people in his power that he is always in an unhealthy state, and suffering more or less from a mania of self-aggrandisement, which is not noticed in him only because of his exceptional position.

—TOLSTOY.

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IN THE WOODS.

TO THE man awake, almost every day in the country is a red letter day. Here is no monotony. Nature shifts her scenes daily. Every day—every hour brings its changes. How different, and how much more human than the dreary dull treadmill life of grab and greed and grind down there in the city.

And how fearfully oppressive the atmosphere, the speech and the expressions on the faces of people in the crowded city after a few weeks of the sweet, simple, natural life in the woods. You feel in every fiber of your body that artificiality and unwholesomeness. That unnatural unclean prison pallor both in the faces and in the hearts of the cave dwellers. Keen, quickwitted, smart, and shrewd they are, I will admit, as compared to the slow thinking, simple hearted countryman. But it is the keenness of the panther, the shrewdness of the wolf, and the

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cunning of the fox. Qualities that belong to the savage world in the Jungle, but which must be washed out of the human heart before a sane sweet society can ever exist.

From remotest times, the hayseed has left his green fields and his flocks and his herds and gone up to the city—with carpet bag and linen duster to blow out the gas and be trimmed by the smart sports of the human Jungle. But your Rube does not hold malice. He comes home sadder but no wiser, and next year goes up to be pruned again.



The reason is in the life that he leads. The farmer's life is a struggle with nature. A struggle it is, to be sure, to get your crops in and fight the pests and scientifically get the most out of your land, but it is a struggle in which guile has no part. Back of all the operations of farm life he feels that he has the inflexible Justice of law. Smartness, slyness, do not count in battling with the

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soil. Cunning and greed raise no potatoes. If the farmer can understand the law, and work with it, he knows that no mocking injustice will defeat him. Nature never plays unfair, never defrauds, never takes advantage.



And so our countryman's life is spent in wresting from earth the treasures of the soil. He is a producer. No part of his thought is devoted to exploiting his neighbors. His training is not in that direction at all. While, ninety per cent. of the city population are only parasites on the body social. They produce nothing. They consume much. They fulfill no function that is at all needed in a sane society. They spend their lives snatching from the producer and preying upon one another. Can you wonder that the hyena like life they lead shows in their faces, in their very actions and speech?

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I would rather be the Rube and be plucked every year and go back to the farm and forget it all and retain my sweet child-like faith in my neighbors than to be the wise guy in the Jungle living by my wits. For, after all, to be skinned is not nearly so bad as to carry distrust and suspicion in your heart.

Thoreau somewhere says: I think it is in Spring that it seems impossible to be on good terms with both men and nature. If you are a nature lover, if you revel in broad fields and deep forests and leafy nooks and waterfalls and flowers; if you are comrades with the birds and bugs and ants and snakes and all the wild children of nature, you seem somehow to be estranged from people. But if you are up to date, in the swim, of the world worldly, **en rapport** with people, you are a stranger to nature's heart. You know her not.

I confess that seems a bitter alternative to me. If Mankind in general has grown so

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far away from the sweet simplicity and naturalness of nature, it will have to come back. Have to get right with nature before it can advance any further.



Humanity today is struggling under a dead weight of 90 per cent of economic waste. That's our whole trouble. And year by year the parasitic class increases while the producing class decreases. Our disease will grow worse each year, and no amount of tinkering will avail us, until we lay the axe at the root of our troubles and abolish the parasites forever.



But to go back. This day, May 8, is peculiarly a red letter day at Pigeon-Roost—so filled with beauty and so rich in joys unspeakably sweet in a world where every day is a joy that I cannot let it pass without record.

To begin with, the peach trees are in full

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bloom. The first time in many years I have seen such perfect luxurious bloom. Who that has never seen a peach tree in full-blown beauty could ever understand this glory of bud and blossom!

The color is of that peculiarly heavenly lavender purple, or purple violet, shading to heliotrope, which so transports me whenever I see it. However I may try to speak, to write, to think of it, to frame some crude and lifeless words to describe this feeling, to translate this beauty—I cannot do it. It's impossible. Speech is so inadequate. I think only music could properly express such beauty. It's as if all the stops of feeling were opened wide, and the whole keyboard of melody swept at once.

Well, that's the way it feels today to look at that dainty pink-purple-violet picture. You can see a peach tree for a mile, set out clear against the tender new green of the woods. The pink-purple of the oak is indeed

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beautiful, but when you look toward a peach tree today, you can see nothing else.



Excepting the peach tree bloom, the harmony of color is not yet pronounced or positive. It's all like a great symphony orchestra tuning up. Sort of a preliminary subdued sounding of all the instruments just before the orchestra bursts into full harmony. Here and there little snatches of positive tone; a few notes of clear, sweet melody, but only faint and muffled trailing-off into indistinct, inchoate murmur. Some discord, too, as a performer alters a valve or twists a key.



So nature is tuning up. The young pale green just peeping out from the great deep background of winter's lingering monotones in gray and brown; the fresh pink buds changing into brighter reds of the boughs; the dainty elusive half-tones of early spring, mingled with the dark trunks of trees;

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bare rough spots of ground as yet untouched of green and piles of brown dark dead leaves, which completes the illusion by supplying the discord; the grass, green and lovely, being the firm bass undertones in nature's symphony, the foundation for the harmony. Oh, it is beautiful!

Day by day the melody grows more coherent, the rhythm steadier, the harmony firmer. Soon, I know, long before you read this, the orchestra will sweep into glorious full-throated music.

But whichever way I look I come back again and again to that dream of loveliness—the peach tree. Sweet and dainty and chaste as ever blushing cheeks of maid could be. It is the overture before the full burst of harmony.



Well, wouldn't you think all this enough joy to crowd into one day? I should, but that's not all.

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The catbird came today at sun-up! Strange how I catch the new bird voices as they come, always at sunrise. That's the way it has been all spring. They seem to arrive with the dawn.

Yes, there he was with his ever lovely joy-laden song. All the old, rich, sweet notes, and some new ones more thrilling than ever it seems to me. Or is it that my own ears are becoming each year keener, better attuned to nature's music—I wonder?

Could anything be finer? Ask whoever has heard the first catbird of spring at day-break.



Confound the fellow, anyway, who first gave him that ugly name. Most inappropriate and most inaccurate. Makes me mad every time I hear it or see it in print. Our lovely singer never ought to have been called "catbird." He should be known as the American Warbler. Even his scientific name

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(*Galeoscoptes Carolinensis*) is scarcely less hideous.

Many of the bird names are inappropriate as well as ugly. The catbird's plaintive call which gives him his name is heard but rarely, while his ravishing songs he pours out freely upon us all day long, and sometimes until the whippoorwill opens up in the evening. Again there is a whole family of birds called the warblers which do not warble.



I know that no bird lover ever gave the birds their technical names. You can smell gunpowder and stuffed bird skins in all that scientific lingo.

I would like to discard all ornithological absurdities and rename the birds myself. Only poets should ever have been allowed to give birds their names. Your scientific man is not necessarily a nature lover. He will usually kill song birds without ruth, so keen is he for pelts. He is vastly more interested

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in mandibles, scapulars, wing bars and coverts than in the graceful flight of the bird thru the air. He has far more appreciation for the bird stuffed and lifeless than for its glorious song.



I'm rather glad I'm not a scientific man. I very much prefer to love the bird in life than to dissect him. His poor dead broken body has no message for me, except the message of death, of grief for the cruelty of the killers.

But the bird, palpitating with life, happy, free, flitting from tree to tree, looking the universe in the face and finding it good, pouring out upon the world the rich treasures of his soul in song—he speaks to me of life! Life triumphant and immortal, of joy, of love, of purpose and plan, of harmony.



Yes, I think I could discard all the stupid old ornithological titles and rechristen all

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the birds with names far more appropriate
—and surely just as satisfactory to the birds.



Curious thing. I find myself studying and recognizing my bird friends more and more each year by sound, tone. By ear rather than by sight. I have so far learned to know the voices of all the birds whom I know by sight, and indeed some three or four which I have never seen.

Unconsciously I listen for the bird notes. I love to fancy myself the director of my woodland orchestra. My performers are all stars—every one a soloist. I listen keenly to the myriad voices, threading out carefully from the grand ensemble the sweet tones of each separate singer. And it's always the strange voice, the new arrival that I hear first in the morning. I believe I should recognize a stranger bird voice in my feathered family now as quickly as my eye would

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catch a red devil dope wagon desecrating my sylvan peace.



May 12—Another red letter day in the woods. A day also rich in bird joys.

First thing this morning when I looked out the front door of my shanty I found the yard full of thrushes. They seemed perfectly at home, complacently picking up crumbs. You know what a sight that must be, a yard full of dainty, graceful thrushes!

Next, 'way up in the tip top of a tall tree, I noticed the first red-headed woodpecker of this season. Before I could pay much attention to him, the flash of a long reddish brown tail in the low bushes near Old Walt told of the presence of my most adored charmer, the royal brown thrasher! I watched him until he disappeared in the shrubbery, and presently heard his magnificent song pouring out upon the clear morning air.

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But it was on my way to the railroad station after a load of tile with Old Belshazzar and the wagon that I really had the treat of my life. That was a trip I cannot soon forget.

My first experience was running into a whole flock of brown thrashers in the woods on the old Indian trail just beyond the cemetery turn. I counted six at one time. They allowed me to come quite near enough to see them plainly and hear their songs at close quarters. I cannot describe my pleasure. It was such a treat to watch them at their play. The thrasher surely has some of the sweetest notes of all bird music in his throat. He is not at all stingy with them either. He showers you with his melody. And what a romp he is! He does seem to enjoy life if ever anybody did.

The thrasher's song is very much like the catbird's. Sometimes you can hardly tell which it is. But by listening closely you will

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hear two or three clear sweet flute-like notes not in the catbird's repertory.



I heard what I thought was a strange voice of some unknown singer hidden in the foliage and I stopped to listen, but presently discovered it was the oriole. He has two or three different little arias all his own.

'Shazzar was very indulgent about stopping for me to watch the birds after he once understood what I wanted.



It was on my way back when it happened. I was scanning the woods very closely, hoping to see the cardinal, when a spot of brilliant red caught my eye. I halted 'Shazzar quickly as I could, and, sure enough, up there on a small limb sat my beauty—not the splendid cardinal, but something just as good—the first scarlet tanager!

O, but he was a beauty! Either 'Shazzar didn't quite catch my request for him to

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wait a bit, or else he did catch it, but was weary of birding and wanted to get home to his dinner—at any rate, the old rascal started up just then, and before I could expostulate with him, I did not want to speak loud, my red sweetheart had flown.

I was peeved and hastened to favor 'Shazzar with a piece of my mind in the language best suited to such an occasion. I was sore disappointed, but I felt sure my beauty would return, so I waited ten minutes, but he did not show himself. I was so loth to give up the quest before I could be positive whether it was the cardinal or the tanager, that I anchored the bellicose 'Shazzar to a tree, and walked away a hundred yards or so deeper into the woods, sitting down at the root of a big oak to wait her ladyship's pleasure.

Sure enough, my tryst was at last rewarded. Two of the prettiest tanagers you ever saw appeared right near me. They didn't

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seem at all shy, but played tag in the tall trees, lovemaking and skylarking. It was good to see them.



Dear Comrades, the birds have taught me many a lesson. None more valuable than this—the futility of chasing over the world after things; patience. and the certainty that your own will come to you.

He who would know birds must needs be patient, and learn to be still. You will never know or see birds by rushing madly thru the woods. But just go into the forest, sit down, be quiet, open your eyes and ears and wait, and the birds will come to you.

And it's so in life. The happiness that we vainly seek the wide world over is all the time within us nestled close to our own hearts. The fabled Eldorado is here. The long sought for fountain of eternal youth bubbles clear and sparkling at our feet. All we have to do is just stoop and drink.

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To close this beautiful day, the sweet tender voice of the wood thrush comes stealing out over the evening air as I write, gentle and pure like a note from another world. Nothing stirs the soul like the song of this strange sweet bird. He loves best to intone his hymn of praise at early dawn of a bright day or upon a soft balmy evening. I rarely hear him in cold or blustering weather. He is at his best at the close of a quiet, peaceful day. Then, as the shadows lengthen, you will hear that wonderful vesper hymn borne upon the gentle breeze a benediction that fills the heart with love to all mankind and lifts the soul to realms of peace.



The song is ended. The sun goes down in his fiery cradle. The stars light up the night. Nature is at peace. Earth sleeps.

“A teacher prepareth his pupil to be sufficient without a teacher.” OAH SPE.

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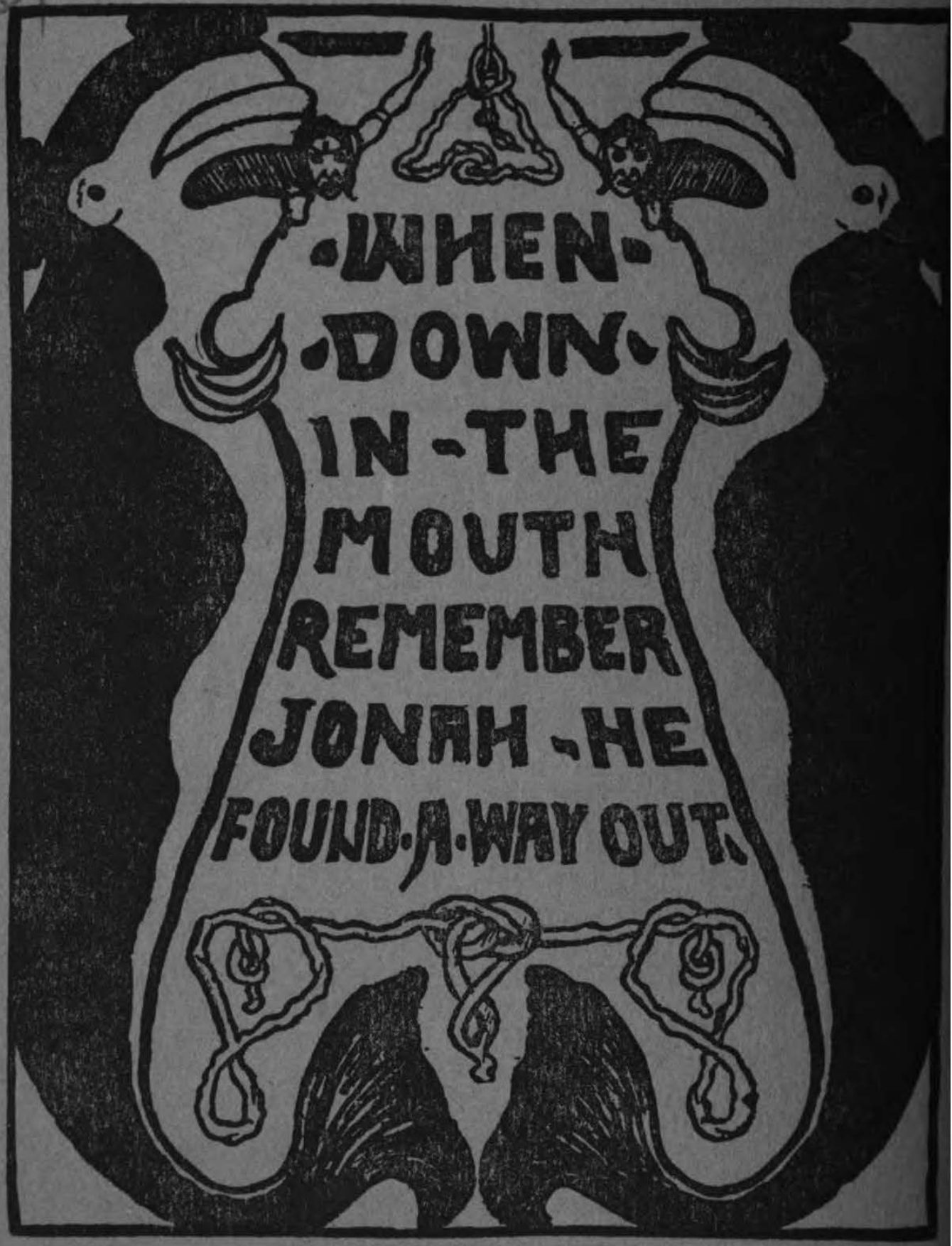
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43



WHEN
DOWN
IN THE
MOUTH
REMEMBER
JONAH HE
FOUND A WAY OUT

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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.

All seems beautiful to me;
I can repeat over to men and women, You have done such good
to me, I would do the same to you.
I will recruit for myself and you as I go;
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go;
I will toss the new gladness and roughness among them;
Whoever denies me, it shall not trouble me;
Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be blessed, and shall bless me.

—WALT WHITMAN.

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32nd Year — September, 1911

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The Open Road

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SEPTEMBER, 1911

No. 3

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

SEVENTH PAPER.

[Continued from August Number]

IN THIS series of talks on Rational Education, I have made numerous references to the value of intuition and the place that the intuitive faculty should occupy in the new education.

I am now asked for a more definite statement as to what I mean by Intuition, and I gladly respond by reprinting in part an essay upon intuition published two years ago in THE OPEN ROAD.

INTUITION.

MATERIALISTIC science in its investigations has always given too little

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credit to that higher faculty of the soul, Intuition. And yet, strangely, it is precisely to this sense that man owes his progress.

Where physical science halts helpless against the dead wall of the impenetrable, Intuition steps in and beckons the searcher onward. Where logic could go no further, and reason could not see, Intuition has dimly perceived the truth there in that shadowy land of the unknown.

When science retires baffled and beaten in its task, Intuition would carry the light still further if only men would trust her. This is proven over and over.

The Intuition of both Darwin and Spencer was nearer the truth than their reasoning, but, mighty intellects tho they were, they could not admit its findings into their philosophy. That they both caught the glint of deeper truths in this higher sphere, even against their wills, is almost certain. Had

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they but had the confidence to follow that light, who knows how much nearer the goal they might have carried the ark? But they could not do it.



And yet Intuition is but the instant focusing of all the faculties of the mind into a judgment, which reflects the highest that force of the individual. It's simply a leaping over the intervening steps of testimony, argument and reasoning and arriving at the conclusion without conscious adjustments. It's a perfectly natural faculty and is neither to be feared nor mistrusted. It is the natural language of the soul. Why may we not trust our own souls, our own inner lights? Of course Intuition can rise no higher than the limitations of its instrument, the individual. But thru this sense man seems to come nearer to the heart of the Infinite than thru any other power of the mind. Its working is beautifully exemplified in Walt Whit-

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man, who leaped at once all the barriers of class room science, seeing what Darwin and Spencer and Haeckel saw, and seeing still deeper into the Cosmic scheme where they faltered at the end of their scientific tether.



Just now physical science seems again to have reached a dead wall. It has used all of its terms, reached the limit of its equation, exhausted all of its paraphernalia, and must shift its ground, learn to think in different terms before it can proceed much further.



We are still in the dark. The answer to the teasing riddle of existence is not yet. That ages-old question, "What is Truth, and where shall the place of Wisdom be found?" still remains to vex the human heart. No system of philosophy, science or religion past or present offers a wholly satisfactory solution to the problem of life. Amid all the find-

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ings of all the systems, life itself still remains unexplainable.

Albeit the tendency of our times appears to be toward a broader view. Old landmarks are being swept away. Obstructions are breaking down. Physical science and its materialism, voiced by the brilliant host of modern giants, from Wallace to Haeckel and Münsterberg is slowly yielding its defenses. Reluctantly giving way to the realization that the true explanation of the Universe, with the origin and destiny of man, must be found partly or wholly in a realm quite outside of the laboratory, in a field hitherto ignored by science.

Some call this realm the spiritual world. Call it what we may, science now stands halting and confused, compelled to admit that no fact in nature can be explained or even understood by the light of physical laws and mechanical principles alone.

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What is man's place in nature? Which way will science turn? Is the curtain now about to be drawn aside? Is the answer to the riddle of the ages to come in these our times? We do not yet know. But it looks now as if we were coming into a higher and nobler consciousness of the meaning of life, approaching closer to an understanding of things than ever before in the history of man. Perhaps, indeed, the veil is about to be lifted. Perhaps we are in this day to see man come into his own.

But a crisis is at hand. A new cycle has already begun. The future belongs to man, and the new science may well heed the call of Intuition as one of the keys to unlock the doors of that supra-physical world we are about to invade.



PLEASE do not get the idea that I am blaming the teachers for all the evils in our educational mill. I do not by any means

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hold them responsible. They are mostly but helpless puppets at the mercy of forces they do not suspect nor understand. I feel only sorrow and sympathy for them.



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

Teachers, of all people, ought to be filled with the divine fire of health, joy and creativity, instead of the poor stupid automatons they are. No Rational School can ever be

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located in cities as now constructed. But if schools must be in cities, I know that if the teachers spent every other week in the country amid the green fields, or could get out with their classes and enjoy outdoor work a part of each day, they would remain young and be every day at their best.

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



Teaching, which ought to be the most broadening profession among men, is really the most narrowing. The average teacher I meet is a mere husk with the life blood

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sucked out of her, like an old horse wearily plodding the treadmill of daily grind.



There are a few teachers—how many I do not know—who are awakened to the great light now spreading over the world. They see the pathos and futility of the educational system and with their awakened consciousness they find their positions now almost unendurable. I have received a great many letters like those I here present. I have not asked permission from any of the writers to print their letters so for prudential reasons I omit names and addresses.



From a Professor in a Technical College:

“I am with you in your crusade for Rational Education. I want to help when the Rational School is established.”

From a Teacher in the High Schools of Cleveland:

“I would welcome the chance to join the Rational School as a release from the intolerable

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slavery of work in the public schools under the system.

"But I must get out soon, or the last shred of initiative and spontaneity will be crushed out of me. Eighteen years in this grind! I have paid a terrible price for daring to think. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is indeed bitter! I sometimes envy the poor creatures who do not think but simply obey orders and draw their salaries. They at least are spared the spectres that haunt me."



From the Superintendent of Schools in a large Pennsylvania city; 20 years in the business. Cannot stand it any longer.

"After having spent 20 years in high schools teaching or supervising, I am now about to leave the work. I have not been able to see how a man can do good and be a part of this system. It may be cowardly, but I cannot endure it longer. I prefer now to let someone else take my work and continue the abominable business. I think you will be glad to know that you do not stand alone on the school question. All you

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say of the system is true, and it is even worse than you charge.”



From a well known teacher in Atlanta, Ga.

“I spent the best years of my life in the school room. I tried to be the ideal teacher. But each year found the exactions of overseers more tyrannical, the system more narrowing and soul-crushing. My heart bleeds for the little ones. But I had to get away from it or die.”



Well, Comrades, do you suppose the dear somnolent stupid public will ever get its eyes open to the dangers that are poisoning life and its very fount—our honored and much loved educational system?

It was in the hope of awakening some one that these papers have been written. Have I succeeded. Who can tell? The future must hear the answer. But a day of reckoning must come. If not today—then tomorrow. Justice and reason are not mocked forever. The Rational School will yet be here to bless

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the world. I may see it and I may not. But I will at least have had something to do with casting the shadows that went before.



This completes the papers on Rational Education. The whole will shortly be published in book form selling, I think, at about 50c and \$1.00. The first edition will not be very large. Several hundred copies are already ordered in advance.

I want all interested in a sane education to read the book. In it I have sketched broadly the fundamentals upon which, as I see it, the Rational Education of the future must be based.

The forces are rapidly culminating for the establishing of the Rational School. An opportunity will shortly be given for all who feel the call of humanity to co-operate in this greatest work the world has ever known. No one man or woman can carry this thing thru. It is too big. It will take the best brains of the best men and women of the age to do it.

The book will be a crystallization of the thought and labor of years, and will propose practical plans for consideration.

Order as many copies as you can use. Send no money until books are received.

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**BIGFOOT JOE—THE READING OF A
RUNE.**

By H. Bedford-Jones.

In a certain town of the North there dwelt four men apart from their fellows. One of these men was a Philosopher, one was a Poet, and one was a Painter. These three lived and wrought, while their town-folk looked up to them from afar. The fourth man was a half-breed Ottawa, and as he hewed all day in a lumber camp, the town knew nothing of him.

The Philosopher wrote a very mystical book on the philosophy of the forest, and he became known to the world. The Poet penned verses filled with the music of the pines and cedars, and the magazines clamored for his work. The Painter limned a picture of a single bent fir-tree, breathing the atmosphere of the lonely woods, and it brought him fame, for it was not skied; while, deep in the forest, tall pines crashed

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down, and the unknown Ottawa lopped their branches.



Now it happened that a Certain Great Writer, having heard of the famous Three, journeyed across the ocean to visit them, for he was an unwearied seeker after the truth that is in life. The Artists received him as a brother, and expounded to him the philosophy and the rhythm and the tone-harmony of Nature; but the Great Writer warmed himself in the steam-heated studios, saying little.

One day the Artists took the Great Writer for a trip to the woods. They arrived at the camp just in time to sit down at dinner with the lumberjacks, and the Great Writer was seated next the Ottawa half-breed. The visitor was observant, and so he noted that as the Indian came in from the woods, bare-headed, he threw a quick glance at the warm furs of the Philosopher.

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During the meal the Painter apologized to the Great Writer for their coarse food—the beans and rye bread, the coffee without cream; although the Ottawa ate hugely, and sweetened his coffee with molasses. The Poet was disgusted with the table manners of the jacks, for a bread-fight arose amid rough jests and laughter; but the Ottawa deftly caught a crust which a Swede threw at him, and ate it with his beans.



Later, the visitors went to the woods, and watched the work going on there. Presently they came to the Ottawa, who was felling a tree, alone. The others would have passed on, but the Great Writer paused.

“B’jou!” grunted the half-breed, wiping his brow.

“B’jou,” answered the Great Writer. “Is it hard work?”

The other stared at him. “Hard? It is my work; I am strong. You little man,

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wear four eyes." His gaze swept over the Great Writer contemptuously. "Dis tree, she's been my brudder, my sister; she's been tall, strong like me. "Bon!" shes say, 'you good lumberjack, you Bigfoot Joe!'" And his axe bit a deep chord of assent from the heart of the pine.

When the Great Writer returned to his own country, he neglected to write of the famous Artists; but he told a wonderful story about a half-breed Indian, and the world cried out in rapture and delight.



This is neither fable nor allegory; it is a true tale, and being true, contains no moral. But, being true, it holds a rune for the reading. Among the nine crafts of a true hero, the old Orkadian sagaman counted the reading of runes; but lest we be not all heroes, let us read together.

The rune in this story is named Soul. Soul is a tremendously simple thing, so sim-

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ple that we very seldom grasp it. The Philosopher sought after his soul, the Painter strove to paint his soul, the Poet would fain have given forth his soul in words. They were all three very positive that they had a Soul, but none of them could quite resolve that Soul into its component parts. The Ottawa, who knew nothing whatever about any such things as Souls, struck fire from the spirit of the Great Writer, who recognized what a plain thing the Soul really is; in fact, that is why he was a Great Writer. He sought the True, for his own use, because he had found that the True is the Immortal, and that the Soul alone is true.

Is there not a little too much striving after soul? The word is coming to mean a hundred things; it is worked to death. One musical critic in Chicago thanks God almost daily that the city has found its soul; this, forsooth, because the inhabitants have learned to love music! There is a deal of

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truth in B. L. Taylor's satire, "Dr. Criticus Flubbe-dubbe," for all its exaggeration.



Our three Artists found the woods wonderful; but the intense concentration of Nature was beyond their grasp. The Ottawa who had lived his life among the woods, found them and all that was in them perfectly natural. He knew they held a message for him, and that message was: "Work! You are here; therefore it is evident that you were to be a lumberjack, but be careful that you are a **good** lumberjack!"

The Ottawa was a philosopher. He worked, ate carelessly, slept soundly, got drunk when he drew his pay, and when his money was gone he came back to work; his only pride lay in the fact that he was a good workman. He was a poet, for the woods talked to him, and he read their secret heart, and answered silently with his. He

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was a painter, but his brush was the axe, and with that brush he painted wonderful pictures, whose truth every woodsmen knew and loved and joyed in instantly. The Philosopher and the Poet and the Painter could not see this; their eyes were closed, they worked upon assumptions, when in fact Nature grants us no assumption whatever .

But the Great Writer looked into the heart of the Ottawa, and straightway glimpsed a Soul in him.

Have you read the rune with me, my brothers? Or, after all, was there any rune?

What profiteth a man after all, my comrades, if he gain the whole world and have not love in his heart? Love, the creative principle of all life! The one thing that will survive the wreck of matter and the shocks of time!

BRUCE CALVERT.

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“EFFICIENCY.”

By T. K. Hedrick, in the St. Louis Mirror.

TOUCHING this “gospel of efficiency” so earnestly expounded by certain hysterical magazinists, I herewith offer a few catechetical arguments which I hope may serve to illuminate the tenebrous matter.

Q.: What is the object of the increased efficiency that it is sought to bring about?

A.: The object is to facilitate, expedite and cheapen wealth production, and to produce more wealth.

Q.: What will be the economic result of this increased wealth?

A.: It will cheapen the cost of wealth production.

Q.: How?

A.: By enabling labor to produce more wealth with the same expenditure of time and energy that it now requires to produce less.

Q.: Who will benefit by this?

A.: Those who receive the difference between the amount of wealth now produced, and the increase.

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Q.: Whom will this be?

A.: Those in a position to take this return and keep it.

Q.: And these—?

A.: The employers of labor, or those to whom they are compelled to pay tribute—holders of natural opportunities.

Q.: Will the public or labor share in any distribution of this increased production of wealth?

A.: Not unless the men who hold it voluntarily make such distribution.

Q.: Is there any "business" reason, or any other reason than absolute justice or philanthropy, that would constrain them to such a course?

A.: None.

Q.: And are these men ordinarily governed by the rules of justice or the claims of philanthropy?

A.: Not so as you can notice it.

These questions and answers, it seems to me, clearly show what the effects of increased efficiency will actually be—not what they should be, or might be. The benefits to the public will be practically nil. A few of the laborers whose

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efficiency is increased will profit through becoming more capable machines, and the interests promoting the increase will grab the bulk of it. The increase is **TAKEN OUT OF LABOR.**

Like labor-saving machinery, increased efficiency theoretically should lessen the sum total of human labor, and grant more hours to laborers "for the pursuit of happiness," but we all know that labor-saving devices, instead of freeing mankind from the demands of toil, have enslaved more labor. This is not "right," of course. But there are no ethics in "business." He takes who has the power, and he keeps who can.

Labor-saving machinery, fruit of man's creative genius, **SHOULD** lessen man's hours of toil, free him from the burden of heavy labor, and give him prosperous leisure in which to pursue happiness—educational advancement, entertainment, culture, etc. And increased efficiency **SHOULD** further this end. But neither does what it should. Why?

The answer is "business."

And what is "business"?

Theoretically, and in terms of equity and justice, "business" is the means of equitably distributing the wealth produced by society among its members.

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In reality, it is no such thing. It is an institution by the rules of which a few men are enabled to take the fruits of the toil of many. It is legalized robbery, a highly organized system of defeating the ends of justice.

The means of wealth distribution permit this because they are clumsy, awkward, unjust and un-Christian. . They are **INEFFICIENT** in serving the general good—the greatest good to the greatest number.

If there is to be “increased efficiency,” let it begin with the business of wealth-distribution. That is the true “gospel of increased efficiency.”

THE FINE CARPENTER.

Once there was a large man. He had no money. He would like to be a carpenter. After a while he was a carpenter. He was a fine one. He could make many things. He worked every day. The Boss said: “You are a fine carpenter.” He gave him \$100 for working one week. The carpenter bought new clothes with his money. He worked very hard all week. He got very much money all the time. He was very happy because he got very much money.

CLIFFORD (aged seven.)

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IN THE JUNGLE.

THE HARDEST, dirtiest, most disagreeable work in Chicago is done by girls. Young girls at that.

I sat the other day in one of the restaurants in the Jungle, while down on the floor on her hands and knees, scrubbing, with bare hands and wash cloth, worked a girl probably 16 or 17 years old. I looked down at her slender, supple figure, doing that hard, disagreeable, dirty work almost under my feet, and I confess my appetite for breakfast was spoiled.

I looked at the girl, a foreigner distinctly, probably Polish or Lithuanian, or of some other slavic race; with ages of history behind her; with the blood of patriots, heroes, perhaps kings in her veins, down there on the floor doing that hard and thankless work; this girl, with a woman's possibilities, and a woman's soul; this potential mother of the race; engaged in work that only a

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strong man ought to do, and a wave of scarlet shame swept over me.

To think that in a land like ours, so blest with the civilizing influences of Christianity; among a people so prosperous, so Christ-like (as the newspapers tell us); with such a wealth of labor-saving machinery; a country where thousands and tens of thousands of men walk the streets or loaf in the saloons, on private yachts or in gilded palaces in utter idleness, we should invade the countries of Europe, snatching almost from the cradle the young and tender bodies of these girls to do our dirty, slavish and disagreeable work! Honest, it gave me a shock.



Now, don't misunderstand me. I am no sentimentalist. I do not place the scrubbing of a dirty floor one whit below the carving of a piece of statuary, signing a check for a million dollars, or guiding a swift ocean greyhound across the trackless sea.

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All useful labor is noble and beautiful and holy. I do not mind scrubbing a floor myself, as I do at Pigeon-Roost, but I did feel that I had no right to be sitting there eating in comfort. I, a strong man, with body able to bear the hard and disagreeable tasks of life, while this slender, brown-eyed girl, with childish form, on her hands and knees paid the price that we owe to civilization. It did not seem right to me.



Oh, yes, we have machines for cleaning floors. We have patent mops and we have vacuum cleaners, but don't you see, comrades, the flesh and bones and body and soul of this poor, helpless, untaught peasant girl, unable even to speak the language, which grated harshly upon her ears, is cheaper than the labor of strong men or than labor-saving devices for doing the dirty cleaning work. It's all a matter of economics.

I am told that perhaps thousands such

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children work night and day all over the great city of Chicago, on their hands and knees, scrubbing the dirty, filthy floors of restaurants, saloons, cigar stores, pool rooms, business blocks and other places of that nature.



Now here, friends, is something wrong. Have we any right to boast and plume ourselves on being a great nation? Have we any right to talk about chivalry, philanthropy, of the religion or progress of a country which can do no more than this for its babes; for its little mothers; for its future women, the makers and the conservers of the race? I can never eat in that restaurant again. I cannot eat or be satisfied anywhere that I have to see such brutality visited upon the poor and helpless.

The supreme test of any work of art is its power to suggest what lies beyond expression.

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“MAKING IT PAY.”

The latest attempt of commercialism to appear rational takes the guise of a philosophy and the name of pragmatism. Quite properly a language long since “dead” is called upon to supply this new doctrine with a name. We already have, however, a term derived from the early Greek expounders of a similar belief. The word is sophistry.

Roughly speaking, pragmatism is the gospel of things accomplished, that is, of things dead and done with. Its criterion of truth is, “Will it work?” The theory we profess is true if we use it. If it has no basis in actual experiences it is senseless. Our thoughts are valid if they help us, are truthful insofar as they prove usable. We can and should choose to hold only usable thoughts, and by thus exercising the “will to believe” create for ourselves the truth.

All this is very much in accord with modern commercialistic tendencies in every direction. “Efficiency” in business management is the catchword of the day. As for education, it has become a custom for assemblies of teachers to gather and repeat in solemn chorus the word “practical,” as a sort of mysterious incantation to ward

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away all evil spirits and bugaboos. Unnumbered periodicals, large and small, abound in eulogy of the "men who do things;" the difference between these columns and those devoted to the ordinary sort of advertising being that in the former price per column is not a matter of common knowledge. And the question of the modern "doer" of things and people is not, "Can I benefit the world?" but "Can I make it pay?"

Now in justice to pragmatism it must be said that there are two sides to this new-old dogma. So were there to the philosophy of the Sophists. But it is the weaker side that has sent the name of sophistry to scorn down the ages. For the weaker side is always the more obvious, the more attractive to the superficial observer. And it is the weaker side of pragmatism that stands behind the modern gospel of "making it pay." Everything depends on the kind of pay you are working for. If you want railroad control and rebate suits and senatorships and investigations, go ahead. There are plenty of such things in the air these days. If you want "honor and fame and good intent," your pay may be slower in coming. A legislature can not vote you a clear conscience. That's the kind of pay you have to earn for yourself.

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Socrates drank the hemlock; but his teaching and those of his pupils left the world immortal heritage. Did it pay? The discoverer of a new continent died in poverty and misery. Would it have paid better for him to stay at home in Genoa and draw impossible maps of imaginary lands? For a mere belief men left the old world to brave the dangers and privations of an unknown wilderness, when the simple repetition of creed—just a few easy words—would have brought them security and comfort in their wonted homes. Did their assistance and their effort pay? The poet starving in a garret, the artist in want, the composer pacing the streets unnoticed and unwelcomed—they are our customary pictures of the rewards of art. Yet do literature and painting and music pay?

The moral of all philosophy, all history, all belief, if moral there be, is that those things often pay best which pay least in coin of the realm. Nothing pays more than that which pays nothing. Every life has its reward. Will you take your pay in fool's gold or in the eternal values?

Yet how much of the real is lost through the fact that we must all seek the material reward to keep life itself within us, how many "mute in-

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glorious Miltons" drudge at machine or desk, how many inventions are swept up in the daily dust of shop or store, what untold beauties lie hidden beneath the everyday garb of weary drudgery, the world can never know. First we must render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's before we may be set free for a higher service.

Caesar has long since had his share, in the heaping up of fortunes, in the vast unequal accumulations of material goods, in the growth of "prosperity" that would clog the very fountain of finer deed and aspiration. Caesar has had his day and his due. We have but to shake off his yoke and own ourselves citizens of a broader and fairer country than his legions could seize or hold. Yet a few days, and we shall be no longer subjects in the Empire of Greed, but loyal fellow workers in the Commonwealth of Brotherhood. And that Commonwealth we shall not know the meaning of the question, "Does it pay?"

Flora Warren Smith, Denver, Colo.

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THE GATE OF LIFE.

By Gertrude Ina Robinson.

Pretty Little Maiden, alone upon Life's gate,
Make your laws for swinging, then swing on and
wait.

Soon beside you someone climbs upon the
swing,

And your laws for swinging to the winds you
fling.

First you think you're swinging down to deep-
est hell,

In another instant, you've swung to heaven a
spell.

God's law has been completed, it's a strange,
sweet thing,

And from the gate of Life, into eternity you
swing.

**Remember in violating the laws of
health you must pay the price, must take
your medicine. Nature has no Supreme
Court to declare your crimes "reasonable"
and let you off with a gentle scolding. You
must be good or she takes it out of your
hide.**

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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 :

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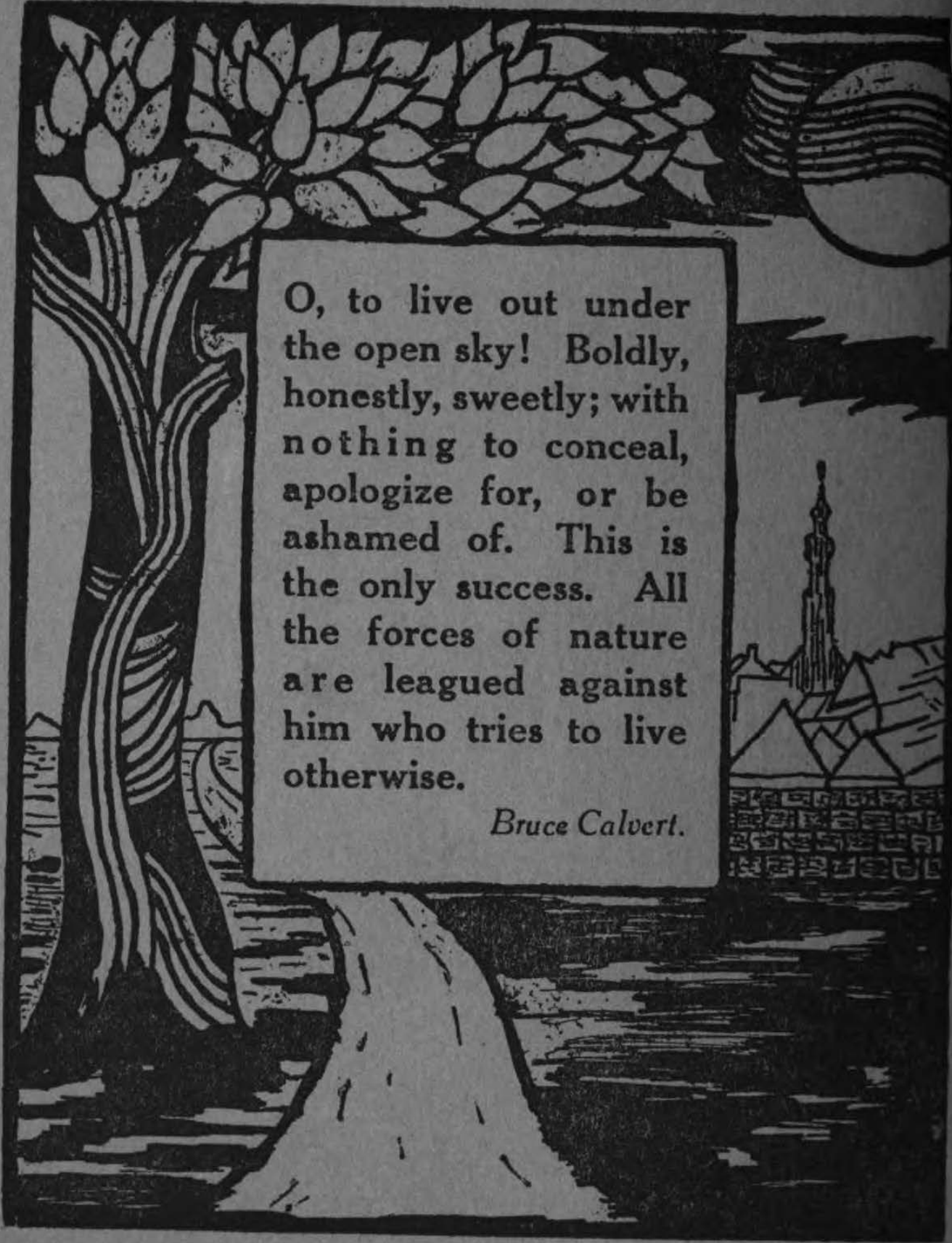
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



O, to live out under
the open sky! Boldly,
honestly, sweetly; with
nothing to conceal,
apologize for, or be
ashamed of. This is
the only success. All
the forces of nature
are leagued against
him who tries to live
otherwise.

Bruce Calvert.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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THE OPEN ROAD.

You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd—you hardly
settle yourself to satisfaction, before you are call'd by an
irresistable call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those
who remain behind you ;
What beckonings of love you receive, you shall only answer with
passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd
hands toward you.

—WALT WHITMAN.

NOTABLE ARTICLES

that have recently appeared or are about to appear in the Magazine

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32nd Year — September, 1911

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The Open Road

VOL. VII

OCTOBER, 1911

No. 4

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

WORLD'S LEAGUE FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS.

The movement for a sane Christmas started so happily last January is now gathering strength by leaps and bounds. Our work seems to have touched the great American under current of common sense. Newspapers far and wide are taking up the slogan "for a sane Christmas" and are printing columns of news notices and editorials on the subject.

The best thing that has appeared so far in the way of comment on the work of the League is by William Marion Reedy in the ST. LOUIS MIRROR of August 10th, 1911. Reedy gives a masterly summing up of the whole question and pronounces in favor of

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a sane, human, brotherly Christmas, freed from sordid commercialism and greed. I would like to print this article in full. It is worth the price of a year's subscription to THE MIRROR. Perhaps I may be able to find the space for it later.

For this widespread interest in the work and the bringing of the matter forcibly to the attention of the public I gladly acknowledge my indebtedness to our able and energetic Director of Publicity, Margaret R. Burlingame, of Indianapolis. She is preparing plans for active propaganda work this fall and we have every reason to hope for a strong organization numbering into the thousands before the holidays, each pledged to abandon the indiscriminate giving and throw his influence in favor of a sane Christmas.

The new booklet of the League is in course of preparation and will be ready by the time this article appears or shortly afterwards.

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The League proposes to publish attractive postal cards with artistic designs bearing messages of love and good cheer, which will be supplied to members at cost for sending to their friends at Christmas time in place of the usual junk.

Now comrades this is a great and worthy movement for sanity and sweetness. We can do a great good to the nation, relieving thousands of unbearable hardships and restoring Christmas day to its rightful place on the calendar. We want the help of every reader of THE OPEN ROAD, not only passive but active, we want you to concern yourself, order a supply of the literature with application blanks for membership—sign the pledge yourself and circulate it among your friends near and far. There is no reason why we cannot halt this annual mid-winter madness and get back to a sane footing. Thousands of harrassed and bedeviled gift buyers of to-

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day and generations yet to come will bless you for your courageous stand.

The ideals of the race without which mankind would quickly perish are ever noble and true, but we are continually burying our ideals beneath the materialistic rubbish of the ages whence they must from time to time be rescued, if humanity is to persist.

In the hour of need a great idealist, saviour, group or movement always appears to recall the mad world to its senses. Such a crisis is now at hand. The spiritual significance of the Christmas season is all but lost. In its place has arisen a crazy, vulgar, brutalizing game of bribetaking and receiving in the form of foolish, mostly useless, Christmas presents. It has reached a point where there is no sweetness, not even sense or decency in it.

In commemoration of Him who out of his great love gave himself, his life for humanity we now afflict one another with brass

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jimcracks, plush doodazzles, and tinfoil. The Christmas mania rages thru December, leaving in its wake only a bitter wale of heart burnings, disappointments, debts and selfish repinings, not to speak of the exhausted nerve-wrecked shop girls and messengers upon whom thoughtless Christmas shoppers practice such fiendish cruelties.

What kind of a civilization is it any how that is willing to buy its pleasure at the price of some one's else misery and ruin? Is that Christian?

The World's League for a Sane Christmas has no other purpose than to stand for sense, sweetness and sanity. To restore to the Christmas celebration its true spiritual meaning. To encourage the giving of love in place of junk. We invite all who believe in the sane Christmas, a sane Fourth, a sane every day to co-operate with us. The League has no goods to sell, there are no commercial considerations whatever at-

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tached to it, no dues, no assessments, no paid officials, all is a work of love—all funds contributed are used solely to further the ends of the movement. Sums in any amount from one cent upward gladly received. The present National Headquarters of the League is at 421 State Life Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

We are in a great work. All will be benefited. Thousands will welcome the chance to join the league as a release from intolerable burdens. The salespeople relieved from days and nights of grinding toil will for the first time see something in Christmas to be thankful for. The merchant will sell more and better goods and will distribute his business more equably over the whole year. Enough of us united can make this reform possible, whereas separately we lack the strength and courage to combat established custom.

Join now.

Bruce Calvert, President.

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LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

IN a world of money we can't expect to raise the best people. We don't raise people any way. We raise money. We look upon a good dollar as better than a good man. Marriages are bound to go wrong. Sex goes wrong. Comradeship, too,—and the children we raise. They all go wrong.

* * * For marriage is only what love makes it. It has no sanction in itself. Marriage as marriage is not conclusive. Is neither one thing nor the other. Marriage is what love makes it. Big or little, ugly or hideous, according to love. Love is everything to marriage. Marriage is nothing to love. * * *

Marriage without comradeship is a failure. We say husbands have duties and wives have duties. I think the statement should be broadened. We could say husbands have love and wives have love. With love duty takes care of itself. Duty becomes volition.

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But with only duty love will not take care of itself. Love becomes slavery. There is no rule. But there are rules. You can't judge one marriage by another. You can't measure the virtue of the contracting parties by their ability to get along together. A thousand things make for success. A thousand things make for failure. Make for joy and distress. Make for growth and decay. It is extreme even at the best for two people to try to live together. But at the worst—what is it then? We might be angels. But we might not be able to live together day after day in the same house. The question goes deeper than our good or bad."

HORACE TRAUBEL.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free." The only way to know the truth is to live it.

BRUCE CALVERT.

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THIS HOUR IN PASSING.

I BELIEVE that the **Fagots of Cedar** written on a sand-dune, with God in the wind, are as great as the Decalogue graved on Sinai with God in the clouds.

I believe that work was made for man, not man for work; and that bookbinding will cast out devils, and drudgery under the whip will incite murder.

I believe that questions make greater men than conquests do, and that liberty is better for the good than law is for the bad.

I believe that he who is always sure knows nothing, and that a guess is nearer the truth than a verdict can be.

I believe there is genius in every hand and divinity in every heart, crying for recognition and dying for want of it.

I believe that Taste—the sense of proper relations—is greater than charity out of place; and that a mind without system is out of tune with the Infinite.

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I believe that Intuition is the highest wisdom, and that materials, codes and reasons obstruct understanding.

I believe in the materialization of ideals, and that the star we pray to constantly will fall to us—brighter than we dreamed.

I believe that untruth kills itself and that truth cannot be defeated and need not be fought for; that he whose cause is lost makes war.

I believe that Compensation is a law of Nature, and that our gains and gifts are loans at interest; that what we earn today we shall receive tomorrow; what we receive today we shall pay tomorrow; and that he prospers most whose wages are longest deferred.

I believe that I shall belong to nothing but the earth under me, the sky over me, and those needs to which every creature belongs; and that nothing else belongs to me.

I believe that ages are the Creator's days

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when the world shall be made and man shall understand; and that the end of mystery is the end of mind.

I believe that man creates deities in his own image and is served by them according to his devotion; that the highest God is the most permanent Good and is known only to love in the human heart.

I believe that Adam, Noah and Christ shall always be, and that each may come into the life of every man.

I believe that salvation is evolution, and that the man who is always the same is dead—and may be raised from the dead by teachers.

I believe that Jesus, Plato, Beethoven, Shelley, Maeterlinck and MacCulpin are immortal in the memory of grateful men; and that no thought or deed of truth or beauty can be lost, forever.

I believe that heaven is peace of mind, and that the way is the daily life that builds;

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that it is as sure in this world as in another and is inhabited by socialists, lovers, Joan of Arc and Jane Addams.

I believe there is a hell and that I have been there, and returned with marks to prove my claim of discovery; that it is a consciousness of error and is alien to dogs and infants and some women.

I believe that what I guess about the "life after death" may be in my lines of "The Larger Dream," written in the presence of God.

I believe that he who does not change his creed every hour is losing time and soul; and that some of this is what I did believe and shall perhaps believe no longer.

I believe that I am Ivan Swift of Little Traverse Bay; that I am known by friends I never saw and in person by none; and that with any other name or habitation I should not have been the same.

IVAN SWIFT.

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HAPPINESS.

WE should let no opportunity for happiness escape us, and the simplest causes of happiness should be ever stored in our soul.

There is a kind of ignoble discretion that has least in common of all things with the wisdom we speak of here for we had far better spend our energy round even fruitless happiness than slumber by the fireside awaiting joys that never may come. Only the joys that have been offered to all and none have accepted, will knock at his door who refuses himself to stir forth. Nor is the other man wise who holds the reins too tight on his feelings, and halts them when reason commands or experience whispers.

To be wise we must first learn to be happy. One might almost compare the man who had never been happy with a traveler whose every journey had been taken by night.

—MAETERLINCK.

**Join the World's League for a Sane
Christmas. Do it today.**

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KNOW THE TRUTH.

THE greatest fact, and yet the simplest fact we can know, and one which we should always keep in mind, but which requires time to realize in full, is that we live upon a perfectly round globe which floats in space; that thousands of our fellow-men have traveled entirely around the globe and found no edge or jumping off place; that year after year the globe moves round and round the sun, floating along at the rate of 100,000 miles an hour, completing its cycle of seven hundred million miles each year; that when we see the full moon we see a planet the shape of the earth circling through the same sort of nothing that the earth circles through; and finally, that in the universe there are a hundred million worlds as large as ours—all swimming through space, and never colliding.

In the childhood of the human race, before commerce was developed or printing

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was invented, each tribe mistook its own four-square neighborhood for the whole universe. Some thought the sky a solid ceiling with the stars set in, that a tower could be built from earth to "heaven;" others that the sun could be made to stand still for a whole day, and that from somewhere a physical god spake unto Moses, saying, "Go to." Other tribes thought the sun was dragged across the sky by horses, and that the world was made in six days, and that its maker rested on the seventh day after he, or she, began manufacturing it.

Continued contemplation and comprehension of the universe as a whole will enlighten and broaden the mind; will dispel from our thought all superstition and all notion of the supernatural, and all fear of any physical, personal, masculine god; teach that even the universe is not big enough to have any room to spare for personal devils. It will give us complete reliance in the kindness of

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Nature (which is the highest worship), and will help us to realize that we are all just people, just men and women, with nothing to fight about. And this last is yet a greater fact than all the rest.

—D. W. SANDERS.

THERE IS HOPE.

Indiana is coming to the front. The first woman ever elected to any office in this state has just been made Superintendent of Schools in DeKalb County. If women had more to do with our educational system I think the rational school would not be so far away. I congratulate DeKalb County in the selection of Dr. Lydia Leasure, gifted woman and educator, who will carry the standard of sane education far to the front in her field.

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SPURIOUS GEMS.

THE WORLD is full of fallacies. High sounding phrases are seized upon by the multitude, tossed from mouth to mouth, and finally crystallized into aphorisms, go rolling down the ages as "gems of truth." Gathering momentum, they bowl over thousands of thinkers and near-thinkers, continuing in their devastating course with ever increasing power.

Only when some daring thinker gets in the path of one of these meteorites and hits it a crack with the hammer of pure reason is the so-called "gem" shattered into a thousand bits of rubbish.

I have been thinking about a few such recently, and I here subjoin a short list which ought to provoke some thought.



"Knowledge is Power," is a piece of nebulous philosophy that has floated over the world for ages. It is a dangerous emana-

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tion, because it sounds very fine. Yet it is as false as it sounds good. Knowledge is not power. It may be confusion. Education as commonly understood is not power. It may be false. Learning, information, knowledge—none of these are the true source of power. They may only induce helplessness if wrongly applied. The only real power is understanding. A pinch of understanding is worth a hundred weight of all the others put together. Understanding is capacity to see and apply great truths. What matters it if a man gain the whole world of knowledge and yet have no understanding? He would be better off with much less knowledge, but with a little more understanding. In other words, common sense.



Another false gem that occupies an honored place in the platitudes of the race is the so-called Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

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Now, I suppose somebody will rise immediately and interpose a howl against attacking this most sacred of all the philosophical junk that has so far obfuscated the minds of men. Deny the Golden Rule! Heavens! What have we left? Treason! Blasphemy!

My friend, Adeline Champney, in one of the most remarkable little essays that has appeared in a long time, entitled "What is Worth While," takes a whack at our time-stained Golden Rule. Adeline shows in the course of her argument very clearly, that as Sunday school platitude or a predigested intellectual baby food it passes muster very well. In fact, it is one of those things which are all right for ornamental purposes, but wholly inadequate for use. As a practical working formula in every day life, it's no good. I quote from the essay:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them" might be good

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sense in a world where all men were alike, possessed of identical needs, desires and tastes. If anyone thinks it applicable in a world of individualities, let him try it out in his daily living. If he attempts to apply it literally, he will speedily discover the arrogance of the assumption that other men are like himself, that what pleases him will be acceptable to them. If he endeavors to disregard the letter but carry out the spirit of it, he will soon be engulfed in that fathomless task of determining what others, actuated by the Golden Rule, would do unto him with a view of having him do so even unto them! And at the best it is not so practical as the familiar "Put yourself in his place." Good suggestions, both of them, but as adequate rules of conduct, such as the Golden Rule is on every hand assumed to be—childish, utterly childish! In the negative form attributed to Confucius it becomes less fraught with danger and discord. "Do not unto others as you would not that they should do unto you." Where others are involved, to refrain from action has this advantage: at the worst one becomes guilty of neglect, but never of aggression. But the moment one begins to "do things" unto others, he is

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on dangerous ground. The Golden Rule, lauded as a social panacea, makes a really pretty plaything for babies, but is more innocuous when written in Chinese!"

Then my little friend also shakes the dust out of another old saw, that one about Self-sacrifice. What a lot of people are going through the world sacrificing themselves for humanity, or for somebody else. But the principle back of this is precisely the same upon which many enjoy poor health. This is another case where, as an abstract principle for talking purposes, the bauble of self-sacrifice can be made to sparkle with great brilliancy, but plunge it in a cold bath of reason and it winks out like a skyrocket stuck in a mudhole. There is nothing in it. Says Adeline:

"Another idol must be shattered in the course of this inquiry, the ideal of self-sacrifice. Grim and grisly rise the phantoms of its antecedents: living animals torn asunder, human blood poured out, on the altars of the gods; self-tortures, flag-

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ellations, loathsome mortifications of the flesh in the cells and hovels of monks and saints,— a gruesome crew! Life and love and treasure offered up to please and placate Deity; and the crowning sacrifice of Deity himself in the person of his son to satisfy his own wrath and save a sinning but well-beloved and eternally damned people! It is doubtless this sacrificial atonement of the ancient churches which has passed into the metaphysical concept of self-sacrifice as a laudable and beautiful thing, a holy and righteous thing, a kind of sublimated duty. Self-mutilations, mortifications of the flesh, are not all in the past. The religious frenzy of the old-time saint is rare, and we call it by its right name now. But in its more subtle form sacrifice unto sanctification is not uncommon among high-strung nervous temperaments. No one can estimate the injury to health, the distortions of mind and character, and that among the finer, more highly developed types of men and women, particularly women. No one can know the loss to society of strong, sane womanhood and motherhood, from this sacrifice. Moreover, the strong give place to the weak, the efficient spend their strength in ministering to the inefficient,

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youth sterilizes itself in the service of age, the fit waste themselves to preserve the unfit, until, viewing the social misery of it, one could almost welcome the restraining hand of a stern but wholesome paganism. For, mark you, for all this sacrifice the world is scarcely the kinder. Indeed, as Oscar Wilde so keenly says, "It takes a thoroughly selfish age like our own to deify self-sacrifice." "Living for others," we say, but deliver us from the arrogance, the insufferable despotism of many of those who insist on living for us. I have seen whole families tyrannized over, kept uncomfortable for years, even disrupted, by one member whose whole purpose in life was to "live for" that family. "Living for others," we say, and we thrill with admiration; but when one really lives for others, what happens? A spoiled life on the one hand, and spoiled character on the other. Who does not know the unselfish, self-forgetful, overworked mother and the utterly selfish, inefficient children? Self-sacrifice is an abnormality, a demoralizing thing. It is not only an injury to self, it is an insult to its object. Who of us has not felt this? Have you never been made the object of a sacrifice. Have you

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felt "properly" grateful for it? In spite of your appreciation of the kindness of intent, have you not found yourself half-conscious of a sort of sneaking resentment? Have you not forced yourself to be demonstrative and thankful, when you were secretly inclined to go away and sulk? Yet you did not wish to be ungrateful. Ungrateful! "Ingratitude is the independence of the soul." The object of a sacrifice, like the object of charity, is placed in a position of weakness, of inefficiency and dependence, and every sturdy soul resents this to the core.

On the other hand, have you not been thrilled into grateful responsiveness upon being made the object of some spontaneous act of affection and thoughtfulness—some expression of the real self of that other? It may have cost nothing, it may have been a real pleasure to the other,—and that is precisely why you valued it. It was a genuine tribute to some excellence in you which attracted it. It is ever the spontaneous things that count. It does not always seem fair that the utmost endeavor of one person should count for less than the spontaneous, uncalculated action of another; but it does. We appreciate the effort, but it is spontaneity which attracts us and gives us joy.

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Being is more beautiful than acting; play is more beautiful than work. It is only when work is play that it is beautiful, when the worker enjoys it and puts himself into it. Nothing is beautiful which does not give joy. And all effort that does not tend toward joy is wasted."



These two aphorisms express in crystallized forms, the two great dominant, most baneful and dangerous of superstitions that have obsessed the minds of men in the last twenty centuries. As Adeline wisely says, they have woven themselves into the sublimated consciousness of the race. They have become racial concepts. Even now, in writing about them, there are moments when I can hardly think of them without the superstitious reverence which was bred in me, and which is so hard to slough off.

Follow them out, and there you get your busybody who wants to go around "doing something" to somebody. From doing something for your neighbor, it is only the

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next and logical step to **doing** him. When you start out to do things to people you are on dangerous ground. You had better throw in the low clutch and go softly. At the best, the safest plan is to refrain from doing things to folks. Let them alone. That is all we need. Stand off. Get out of the way from between us and the sun. That was good advice old Di. gave to Aleck. Give us air. Let us breathe. Get off our backs. That is all we want. We don't want somebody doing things to us or for us all the time. Let us do things for ourselves. We will all do this naturally and beautifully if the busybodies will only keep off the grass.



And now about Self-sacrifice. You see how the idea grows out of the dogma of vicarious sacrifice—saving other people from things by doing something yourself—setting aside the eternal law of cause and effect, subject and consequent, by an overt act. How

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absurd. And yet, I suppose, it will be thousands of years before the last of these two absurdities are washed out of human consciousness.

Follow the principle down into every day social life and see what misery is caused by it. Women marry men to reform them. They both go to hell as a rule. A man gets the idea, encouraged and abetted by the woman, that it is his business to make her happy. And so he sinks his own individuality, clamps his own soul, and puts out his own light, in the vain struggle to make **her** happy.

Now, the fact is, happiness comes from within. A man may make himself happy, and a woman may promote her own happiness, but when they start into the business of making each other happy, and work at it, look out for squalls.

The next great reform wave that sweeps over the world will carry our antiquated educational system by the board.

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SWAT THE NICKELODEON.

A little boy, seven years old, was allowed to visit the moving picture shows every night. He became fascinated by the pictures of hold-ups, cheap melodramas, robberies, and other such exhilarating and up-lifting exhibitions which the **tired** American Public craves to take its mind off of its business cares. This little lad would go night after night and feast upon these things.

Then he hunted up a partner, who also loved the moving pictures, and together these boys started out for adventures.

They would go up to a house, ring the bell and if anybody came to the door, they would ask for a drink of water. If nobody came they would try the other doors, and in this way find out whether any one was at home. If not, they entered the houses. This is not a bit of fiction, figured up from what might happen. This, alas, is a plain, unadorned truth, and happened in a cultured little

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American city. The boys after entering the houses, took whatever trinkets that might appeal to their childish eyes. What fun they were having; just like the moving pictures!

Soon the little city, for it was a place of about five thousand population, became stirred over the many robberies which were occurring. It was thought to have been the work of boys, for nothing of very much value was ever taken.

No one thought of suspecting two bright faced little lads who, when the door-bell was answered, asked for a drink of water. But such a thing could not keep up long, for they were not criminals, but just boys. They did not employ any of the tricks of professional burglars to cover up their tracks. They did these things in the day time, and of course in a very few days they were caught.

They were brought before the Judge, a kind-hearted, fatherly man. He talked to them and tried to make them realize the aw-

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ful thing which they had been doing. They seemed to understand and were allowed to go home after promising that they would never do anything of the kind again.

But the little seven-year-old went again to the moving pictures, and in the intoxication of his excitement he started out for more adventures.

He was again caught, and this time the Judge ordered him sent to a boy's reform school. There he is today; he may come out a good boy and he may come out a criminal.

This same machine can reproduce the finest things in our literature; it can throw upon the canvas the inspiring pageants of history, or the beautiful stories of folk-lore. How are we going to use this wonderful modern invention? In it are untold powers for good or for evil. This is not a condemnation of moving pictures. For, used in the right way, they may, in my humble opinion, prove a blessing for mankind.

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But in the meantime the great American Public sits up and feasts its eyes upon a conglomeration of hold-ups, train-robberies, murders, etc. And the little child who will be the great American public of tomorrow sits and gazes at them with a brain that is plastic. How are they molding that brain? Let us hope that the little boy in the reform school is the exception to the rule. Yes, let us hope!

GEO. B. STAFF.

**Love is enough; Ho ye, who seek saving,
Go no further, come hither, there have
been who have found it.
And these know the House of Fulfillment of
craving,
These know the cup with the roses around
it,
These know the world's wound and the
balm that hath bound it.**

—WM. MORRIS.

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THE LIBRARY SHELF.

"The Magical Message According to Johannes," by James M. Pryse. Cloth, 8vo; — pages. Theosophical Publishing Co., New York, N. Y. Price, \$2.00, postpaid.

"The Magical Message According to Johannes" is a good attempt to translate St. John in relation to theosophy. James M. Pryse has here provided a very interesting work, correcting many of the acknowledged mis-translations in the Authorized Version, but he spoils the whole by turning and twisting the sense to theosophical meanings. Perhaps my appreciation is spoiled by the fact that I am no theosophist, but I am very sure that a little less of the learning of the "magi" and a little more sound philology would have made this a vitally interesting work.

H. BEDFORD-JONES.

"Thou shalt judge thyself; thy spirit is as a manuscript in thine own handwriting; thou art daily writing thy grade and the place of thy abode in heaven."

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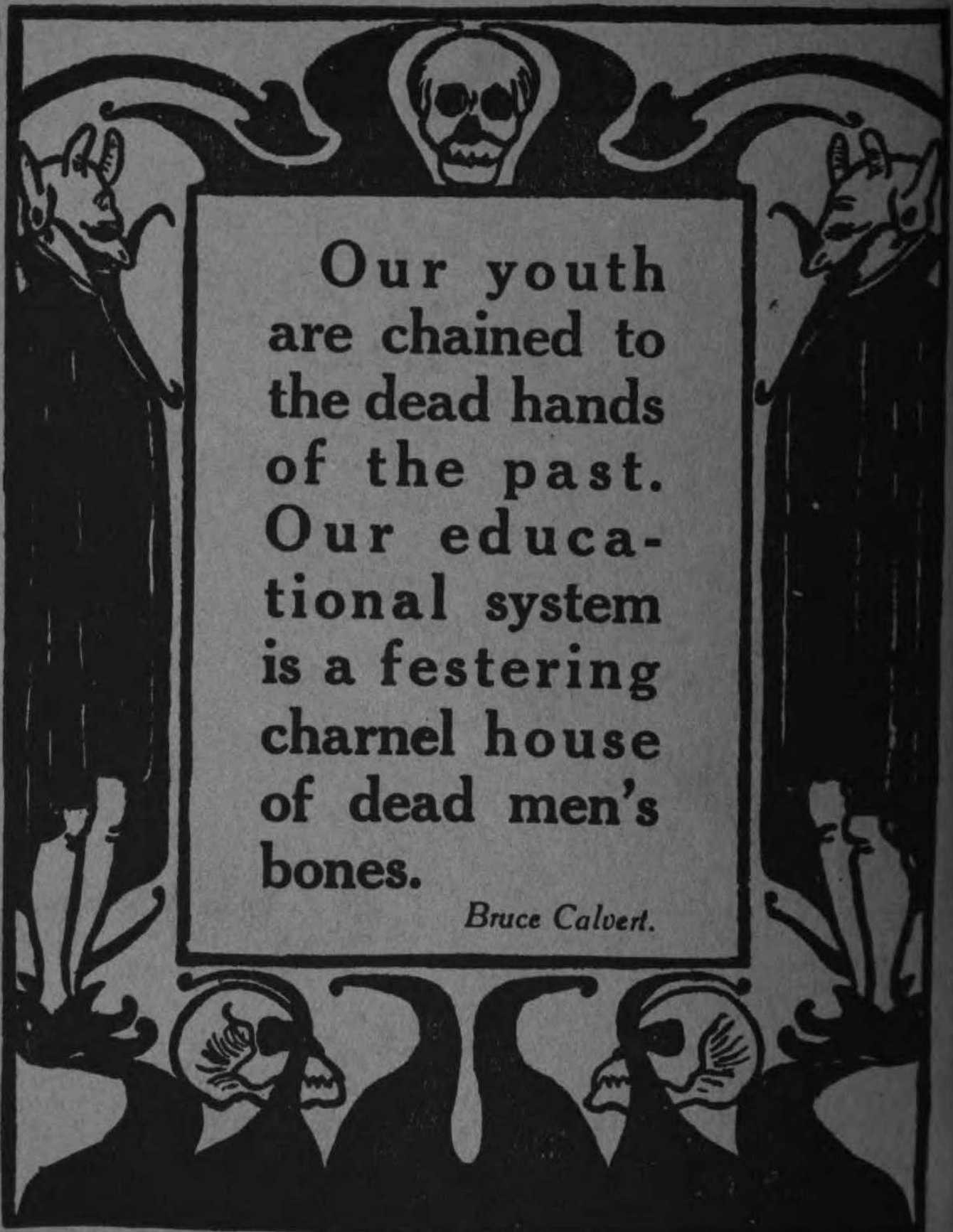
GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



Our youth
are chained to
the dead hands
of the past.
Our educa-
tional system
is a festering
charnel house
of dead men's
bones.

Bruce Calvert.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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Rates on Application.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

I inhale great draughts of space;

The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are
mine.

I am larger, better than I thought ;

I did not know I held so much goodness.

—WALT WHITMAN.

W E NEED YOU. Come with us in our tramp along
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VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1911

No. 5

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

THE RATIONAL SCHOOL.

THE Rational School must be the corner stone of the new free society. The problems that beset human life, must be solved by men and women. In order to grapple intelligently and effectively with any question, we must face it with free, unbiased minds and without prejudice.

That is where society fails today. We do not face life with free minds. Our educational system sees to it, that the millions who pass thru its machinery come out with closed minds. It stultifies mental operations and almost totally inhibits intellectual growth by imposing upon the plastic mind of youth its preconceived programs and for-

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mulas; its cut and dried dogmas, superstitions and errors; its outgrown religions, philosophies and laws.



That is why we move so slowly, painfully, uncertainly toward a saner life; toward a more human society. Against the solid mass of sodden, stupid, inert reactionary units turned loose upon the world by our schools and colleges, we have to oppose it only the few clean, brave, clear-seeing spirits who have somehow—heaven only knows how—managed to evade the soul-killing clutches of the system.



The function of the Rational School then is to contribute to society a new race of free, clear-thinking individuals—not shoe pegs—but live, resilient men and women who can and will approach our social problems sanely, sweetly, bravely, without fear and without prejudice. In this way only can we ever

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reach a sane and just civilization. No enslaved mind can ever bring the light of truth to bear upon any question. Because such a mind is closed against truth. Only free minds can hope to grasp great and noble truths. Only in freedom can man ever work out his salvation.



I do not have to prove this. No body has ever denied it. Its truth is as patent as the force of gravitation. The world has always known it, but has never applied it. We are getting ready to do so now. And the first step as I now see it, is to inaugurate Rational Schools that will give us rational minds to deal with human problems rationally.



Let friends of the new education rejoice over this fact;—the Rational School will not have the slightest difficulty with the child.

THE OPEN ROAD

He takes as naturally to rational methods as a duck to the water. He is indeed our director and our teacher. You will get more of the true science of pedagogy by associating with and observing a child than you'll find in all text books on school psychology ever printed.

The child himself tells us just what to do, as his needs demand it.



All our trouble will be with teachers and parents. We must, as I have said, evolve an entirely new type of teacher, and break down the stupid conservatism of parents. That's where the real difficulty will be met. Never with the child. He will respond to rational teaching as a flower responds to sunshine and the gentle dews of night.



If this were not true, I should indeed be doubtful of my own ground. But the child

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is a natural being. He proves the wisdom of our method by responding so beautifully.



Look around you. See every school day, troops of children going with laggard, unwilling steps to their daily slave tasks in the school rooms of every city, town and village of America. See them in the school houses, with tired faces and lack-lustre eyes.

Then see them released from captivity at 4 o'clock, leaping and shouting with joy, on their homeward ways. Have we grown-ups no imagination? Are we so spiritually dense that we cannot see these things? Get the confidence of the next schoolboy you meet, get his honest opinion—not for publication—of the school. It will be an eye-opener to you.



Trust the child. He knows best what he

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needs. I'll back him against all the pedagogical and theological bigwigs of the world.

A THOUGHT ON WAR.

We take the millions that could found new
schools

And pay them for the maiming iron tools
Of Death. We hear the cry from Hunger's lips
And heedless, build our dreadnought battleships!

Our money in a mass of steel, perhaps
A few short years, then dumped as iron scraps!
While soon we launch another—smash the wine!
It's larger than our neighbor's, my! how fine!

And thus we go, like little boys, our chips
Upon our shoulders: mighty battleships
And armies. These we use to maim and kill
The very ones who now must pay the bill!

When shall we put this cursed thing away?
This grisly relic of an ancient day,
That should no more of our life be a part
Than feudalism, witchcraft, or black art!

Franklin, Indiana.

George B. Staff.

THE OPEN ROAD

THE RATIONAL SCHOOL CENTER.

PIGEON-Roost-in-the-Woods, September 22, 1911.—On the 13th of October, Ferrer Day—Anniversary of the death of Francisco Ferrer, slain by bloody Christian hands, martyr to the cause of Rational education—the Rational School center will be opened in Chicago at Rational Education Hall, 3118 Lake Park avenue.



I propose to give there a series of lectures on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, dealing with Rational Education and also other topics which seem to co-ordinate with a rational life. The proceeds to be used as a nucleus for the Rational School.



The supreme question of the hour at this time is the Rational Education of Children. The child is the hope of the future. Society of tomorrow will be what the education of today makes it.

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Our educational machinery as now operating in all schools and colleges thruout the world is breaking down at every point. It is out of touch with life. We now know that our vast pedagogical structure is based upon error. The system is fundamentally wrong and is a failure.

Shall Man himself or the System survive? Both cannot. One or the other must give way. The issue is momentous. The best minds of all countries are earnestly grappling with the problem.

The Rational School Center is organized to develop and if possible crystallize a sentiment looking toward definite action in the establishing of the rational school. The time is now ripe for the experiment. If the plan which is to be outlined in these meetings receives sufficient encouragement and support I hope to be able to start a branch of the Rational School in Chicago.

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My services in giving these lectures are cheerfully donated to the movement. A small admission fee will be charged for each lecture. Admission will be by ticket only. Any surplus above the actual expenses of the meetings—hall rent, light, printing, etc. will be turned in to the educational fund of the Rational School Center.

There must be many people in Chicago and that section of the country awake to the importance of the new education. The Rational School Center invites all such to participate in the meetings. Here will be the opportunity to confer and to engage in an active, positive work toward a definite end.

For this first course the tickets will be 35 cents each. 6 tickets for \$1.75. Season ticket for the 13 lectures, \$3.25. All who are in sympathy with the cause of Rational Education and all those who are willing to give our proposal unprejudiced consideration, are cordially invited.

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Open Roaders and friends of Education passing thru Chicago are invited to attend the meetings. In the advertising pages will be found a complete program of our first lecture course.

WHY WORRY?

As I sit out under the oak trees this beautiful October day at Pigeon-Roost, I am unable to feel any interest in the eternity, that theology preaches us. I find the present so brimful of joy and beauty, so filled with good work to be done that there is room for naught else. Why should we be so anxious about where we shall spend what they call eternity? We do not know why we fear.

I believe that dread of the unknown life to come has been educated into us. It cannot be natural. We do not lie down at night to go into the unconsciousness of sleep with fear. We do it with faith and love as the babe nestles against its mother's breast.

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Why should we fear that other sleep called death?

Has Christianity with its hideous tales of everlasting punishments, its lake of fire and brimstone, only succeeded in filling the human heart with terror of a perfectly natural and beautiful human experience?

How many centuries of Rationalism will it take to purge this poison from our blood?

BY THEIR FRUITS.

SOMETIMES we hear people say that a new movement in religion, philosophy or hygienics must be judged by the results as seen in the students or followers of such movements. Theoretically this is true. Practically, however, it is not conclusive because the world, which is to do the judging and criticising may be too blind to discern the truth and beauty, manifest in those who are living the new life. The unthinking

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world has too often small sense of values. The things that would appeal to most people as positive evidences of a desirable life might in fact be quite the other thing. For example. Suppose now, I start a new system of diet let us say. I get together three hundred students, each weighing from two hundred pounds up, rosy cheeks, big bodies, and robust build. The world almost to a man will point to my list of three hundred heavy weights with the greatest admiration. They would say "Here is the thing for me. This surely is the right doctrine. Look at these men, broad and muscular, big bodies, healthy, fine-looking."



As a matter of fact, however, the nine and ninety will be dead wrong. Every one of my brigade of three hundred will most likely be a diseased man. Fat, everywhere today, almost without exception passes as an unmistakable sign of health.

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But fat is almost always an indication of disease, notwithstanding the popular obsession that the fat man is strong and the fat woman is a thing of beauty.

And so I say my fat students may all be sick men. They have diseased organs. In them are already laid the train for explosions that will blow them into kingdom-come probably long before they have reached the age when they ought to be at their best.

While admitting that theoretically the value of a system must be judged by the people living it, yet there must be sense, and some necessary critical knowledge in the mind of the judges before a true estimate can be arrived at.

The master minds of all the ages have been 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.

THE OPEN ROAD

Science and Health. Bruce Calvert. Published by the Author at Griffith, Ind.

Bruce Calvert is possessed of a large, well-developed bump of humor: the sort of humor which amuses and instructs. He has evidently dipped into Christian Science in an interrogatory frame of mind, and he finds the cult "a comfortable one, because it is so easily digested."

And fewer critics have hit upon a happier phrase. He says, truly: "The greater part of us find it easier to believe than to think," and that's another little truth in sugar-coated form. The pamphlet is well printed, and while not composed of a great many leaves, it shows a deal of real, truly deep thinking on the part of the author. There is nothing in it to give offense to even the most faithful follower of Mrs. Eddy, but it would rouse some of the cult to warm debate, should they read it with an unbiased mind.

Originally the article appeared in Mr. Calvert's magazine, THE OPEN ROAD, and it is really one of the cleverest things he has written.—
WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THE OPEN ROAD

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

Bruce Calvert, editor of THE OPEN ROAD, has just got out a booklet, entitled "Science and Health." It is intended to be a criticism or expose of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines or Christian Science. Mr. Calvert always writes in an interesting and pungent way. His booklet will undoubtedly be read by a good many who believe in Christian Science and those who do not believe. It matters little what conclusion the author reaches, in regard to Christian Science. But it does matter much as to his method and logic of handling the subject. A reader may agree with the conclusions of the writer without being in the least benefited by the writer's argument. On the other hand, the reader may wholly disagree with the writer's conclusion and be greatly benefited by his treatment of the subject. I can say this much for Brother Calvert's writings: They are always suggestive and instructive; whatever subject he may select or whatever conclusion he may reach.—COLUMBUS MEDICAL JOURNAL.

THE OPEN ROAD

LET US HAVE A SANE CHRISTMAS.

By J. William Lloyd.

I announce a new liberation. Henceforth I absolve myself from all obligations to give gifts to my friends on stated periodical and expected occasions. And I absolve my friends still more willingly, from all obligations to give gifts on such occasions to me. I am annoyed when I think of it, that I have allowed myself to be dominated by such a bondage of fancied necessity so long. And I am sure my friends, when they hear of it, will be as relieved as I am. Henceforth—I shall give gifts when I have the impulse and want to, and it is convenient and pleasant and I have the means, or am sure some one really wants the thing I offer. No more scraping and saving and plotting and fussing and shopping and worrying to get gifts purchased or made ready by an appointed day, as if life would be empty and broken were they early or late.

Birthdays have been the bane of my existence. I never could remember them, my own or anyone else's. Henceforth, dear friends, let us keep eternally young by forgetting we ever were born. At least let us not make ourselves

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old by desperately hanging on to the duty and demand of a gift—to mark the date.

I am not fanatical in this revolt. It is well enough, of course, for parents to remember certain anniversaries by little joy-bringers given to the children, who could hardly understand why the usual customs were neglected, and I retain my liberty to give gifts if I choose on the usual occasions. But it is the sense of duty and the pressure that I rebel against.

As one goes on in life and the circle of one's friends enlarges the supposed necessity to remember everyone in whom one has any friendly interest at all, by a special gift on special occasions, or else risk giving pain and grave offence, becomes an irksome burden and an intolerable tax. All spontaneity dies out and in desperation the most stupid and inappropriate things are purchased and proudly presented to the helpless victims who perjure their souls to murmur thanks, litter their rooms with them for a while in sham gratitude and admiration and then dump them into the ash barrel.

We are so stupid about these things. It is such arrant conceit that makes us sure we know just what our friends will like.

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People of real taste, nowadays, are intensely individualized and want only a few things, fastidiously chosen, and fitted to the whole scheme and order of their homes. To dump whole cart loads of crockery, bric-a-brac, shrieking slippers, impossible tidies, and cheap gee-gaws, or even precious and expensive mementoes entirely inappropriate and useless, on such people, is to render yourself a nuisance well nigh worthy of the police.

The crazy passion to "surprise" makes fools rush in with useless and burdensome rubbish, thrust upon you, when a thousand times would you have preferred they had given you the wasted money and let you select the thing you really longed for. I know families in which it is the common sense custom for one member to say to another "now when you want to make me a present, I want so-and-so." Here is reason and good sense.

When there is a large acquaintanceship and many friends the whole month of December, preceding Christmas, is in a turmoil, and on the day itself presents tumble in, one on top of another, till all sense of appreciation is deadened by surfeit. How much better could they have been distributed along the year, so that both

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giving and receiving might have been a fully-rounded pleasure.

How commercial the thing often becomes, too. So much for so much, and the whole affair a cat in the bag and a blind bargain. Outright barter would be more satisfactory, tenfold. Abolish the friendship tax, and make every gift an expression of immediate joy and free, loving, living impulse. Then every present will be precious with truth and meaning—alive with the life of the giver. Let us see to it that gifts do not crowd love out of the door.

—Out of the Way Home, Westfield, N. J.

PLEASE.

When orthodox preachers write me at 730 Pythian Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., demanding to know why I would rather go to hell and associate with the infinite host of thinkers whom orthodoxy has consigned to that city, than to be sentenced to serve with them in that colony of undeveloped mental cripples, that divinely insane hospital called heaven, they will please enclose a stamp for reply.

—DAVID SANDERS.

THE OPEN ROAD

A SANE CHRISTMAS.

By William Marion Reedy in THE MIRROR.

At Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, in Indiana, has been born a new movement which has in it a purpose of merit enough to appeal to people in a way to sweep the country. At Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, lives Bruce Calvert, and there he publishes a clever magazinelet call THE OPEN ROAD—a back-to-Nature organ, and one that has the real tang of “God’s great out of doors” in it. Calvert’s bible is Walt Whitman and optimism is his passion. He would get us all into the forests and the fields and away from the clutter, the hugger-mugger of life, out of the clutch of the tyranny of things. Calvert writes like one who sings of sheer joy of living. He is an Indiana Rousseau, with humor, which Jean Jacques had not in the faintest degree. He is against conventionalized society, education, diet—everything. To live is what matters, to expand the soul, to take in so much as may be of the universe. And communion with Nature will get those results. It is beautiful as he writes it, and as you read

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you feel like getting a blanket, breaking for the woods and being an Indian. To me, all this seems upon sober thought—I am sober occasionally—to smack of “the pathetic fallacy” that Nature has heart, that she never did betray the one who truly loved her, but it is Calvert’s faith, not mine, and he has sustenance for the soul of him out of it. Anyhow, he is the Thoreau, the Richard Jeffries, the John Burroughs, the George Borrow, it may be, of “the Indiana school of literature” and the root of the matter is in him more than in all his Hoosier contemporaries, and he has fun out of life. Well, Bruce Calvert has organized, at Indianapolis, a league for “a sane Christmas.” He is president. Joseph Leiser, of Allentown, Pa., is secretary. There is no treasurer. Calvert simply can’t bear the sight or sound of money except when he needs it to pay for the paper and printing of THE OPEN ROAD. The League devotes itself to opposition to the commercialization of Christmas. It will urge people to get back to the old-fashioned Christmas, with distribution of presents confined strictly to the immediate family circle. The limitation is pretty rigorous, but who shall say the movement for “a sane Christmas” is not needed? Everybody

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knows the Christmas present has become a burden, so much so that the custom has lost much of its spirit of love. People give presents they cannot afford to people they do not care about. People give presents to get presents. People worry over what they shall give and what their gifts shall cost. It is worse to give too costly a present than too cheap a one. There is the subscription present of the subordinates to the boss—an expression of servility only too often, and engineered by some one desirous of getting credit for putting it through. The Christmas present in the extension of the area of giving is a nuisance and almost a sin. It has become, not a spontaneous symbolization of affection, but a custom into compliance with which people are covered by the desire to do the thing that others do. There's no trouble at all about making the presents you feel like making. The people to whom you feel that way will appreciate any old thing, just because it's from you, as you would appreciate the merest trifle from them. I wouldn't confine Christmas giving to the immediate family circle. There are friends as dear or dearer than one's family. Still, in its broad outlines and purpose, Bruce Calvert's league is one that will

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“fill a long-felt want.” How will it affect the shopkeeper? Will it cut down Christmas trade? Not much, viewing it by and large. Probably it will make better trade, in that better things will be bought, and not so much hopelessly useless stuff turned out all of a pattern. It should do away with the vile, bastard “art” that is dumped upon a helpless people at Christmas time in an avalanche of gimcrackery and flimsy. And even if it should diminish Christmas business, that would be offset by the later business from a people not, as now, “broke” for two months as a result of “blowing themselves” on Santa Claus. Christmas, as now celebrated, is a great debt creator. Less Christmas buying ought to mean more business for the stores in January and February, two dull months. Let us have this sane Christmas—surely Christmas latterly has been insane. Let us not be afraid not to give presents we cannot afford. Let us not give presents to people perfunctorily. Let us limit our Santa Clausing to those whom we like or love and give for the liking and the loving, not for the value of the gift, not in the hope of receiving in return something equally or more valuable. There are the “kids” and the poor and the sick and faithful ser-

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vants, though good pay and steady is more to these than gifts, and the pals you train with all the year—these are to be remembered in the spirit of Christmas kindness, but all the rest—cut 'em out! Bruce Calvert, of Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, deserves the plaudits of the nation for inaugurating this crusade in which every one can go most, if not all, the way with him.

THE RICH MAN.

Once there was a rich man. He was thirty-two years old. He lived in a fine, large house. He lived away off in Europe. He would like to live in Chicago. After a while he moved to Chicago and bought another large, fine house. He went to get a cook lady. He bought many things. He had a fine home, but after a while his money was all gone. He found a place to work. He saw an advertisement, "Men wanted." He said to the boss, "May I work for you?" The boss said "Yes." The man worked in the machine shop. He got \$12 for six days. He was very glad because he had a fine time working.

CLIFFORD (aged seven).

THE OPEN ROAD

OL' BILL COOK.

I thought of calling it a little journey to the home of Ol' Bill Cook, then I knew you'd say, "Oh, shucks! Some more truism-larceny and platitude-latrocinny!" Anyhow, read it; maybe it is.

He lives in a big house up at the top of Piety Hill, he never goes to church, and you never see him anywhere 'round the village except at the Post Office, maybe. He made a pile of money writing books, and is still making it, but don't let that prejudice you against him. He has to make it some way.

One day I found a village youth reading the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Ever read it? I thought not. I asked him where in helngon he got it, and he replied, "Ol' Bill Cook, he lent it to me." I wondered.

Another day I found the village soak, whom I knew rather well,—no, I'm not a bit ashamed of it,—installed in a nice little room, lined with books and other things,

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and to my surprise was told that he was on the wagon for good. I inquired where he raised the coin for such a neat little establishment, and what had inspired him to brace up, and he answered with a faint blush, "Say, keep it dark, y'understand, but Ol' Bill Cook, he got after me, an' kinda boosted me up." I wondered some more, for I didn't know Ol' Bill.

There was a young chap working for three per week on the village paper,—that's a fact,—who had great ambitions in literature. One day, looking at some of his stuff, I was really astonished at his knowledge of technique,—please leave it, Bruce, just like that,—and also at the fact that he was getting verse accepted in several good markets. I asked him how he did it, and he said, "Well, Ol' Bill Cook took hold of me, gave me books to read, told me how to fix MSS. up and where to send them, and I guess I'll make a go of it yet; if it hadn't been for

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him I sure would have laid down and quit.”

Here's the point. One of the village “good men” told me to keep away from Ol' Bill Cook. “He don't never go to church, an' he writes them damnation novels that folks go crazy over an' git sent to jail for. Why, I heerd say that he don't believe God made the arth in a week!” Same old story; he had never read one of Ol' Bill's novels himself, so I tried it.

Quit it! This is no boost for Ol' Bill, because you would never recognize that name in a thousand years. I just wanted to lay the facts before some one, because it makes a good story, and it's true, and Ol' Bill is a few hundred miles away.

I think that Ol' Bill Cook is loved by a good many people whom he has “kinda boosted up;” if you and I find one such we are lucky. A great many people look up to him as a popular author, and sneer because he doesn't spend his money on motor cars,

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but few men are successful unless they have been men of sorrows, and he has. Whether God made the earth in a week or the earth made God in a week, doesn't matter, but it does matter whether or not you are God.

“Have I ever met one person and left him just a mite better or nobler than when I found him? Have I ever brought a tear of real joy or gratitude to a single eye,—or even a smile to one face?” Think it over and blush. Then recollect that Ol' Bill Cook doesn't go to church, and that he writes damnation novels, and disbelieves in most theology, and that probably several hundred people love him for his personal touch and friendship.

Go on. I've blushed already.

—H. BEDFORD-JONES.

Send for your membership card in the
“World's League For a Sane Christmas.”

THE OPEN ROAD

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

By

Gertrude Ina Robinson.

Men tell that we need the rain,
The storms and pains of life,
That through them we are fitted
To meet life's din and strife.
That every cloud of grief or pain
Is helping us to grow,
And by this suffering we learn
The calmer life to know.
But bid the rains fall gently,
Like a refreshing shower,
For we must know the sunshine
To be a perfect flower.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But, ah! the touch of lips and hands,
The human touch, warm, vital, close—
life's symbols dear,
These need I most, and now, and here.

—RICHARD BURTON.

THE OPEN ROAD

THE clod with little heed
May bring forth clods
In form and substance
Like unto its own.
The lout whose wretched form
Defiles the air of heaven
May reproduce his kind
In reckless lust.
And come they forth in love
Or hate, or want, or wealth,
'Tis nature's silent urge
Which each in blindness heeds
Whether he will or no.

But he the noble sire
Whose mind in sacred love
Has travailed and produced
Reason's children.
These really are his own.
In them his life will shine
For nations yet unborn,
Brothers of heart and mind.
The race's heritage
Free to him who will
With thirsty soul
Reach forth and drink it in.
A beacon light in every age.

THE OPEN ROAD

Thou light divine,
The noble part of man.
Whose use divides us
From the tree and clod.
The magic gift
Whereby we steer our course
In every sea of doubt.
In thee do we find peace.
By thee we know
That he whom we call poor
Is brother to the stars
And holds the spark divine
Within his naked soul.

H. C. T.

“Education, in regard to corporeal things, must embrace the manipulation and handling of corporeal things for useful purposes. And, foremost of all problems is: How to provide the necessities of life with one’s own hands, that he may not be dependent on others.”

THE OPEN ROAD

WHO can help loving Bruce Calvert? Such a big, healthy cock-sure, warm-hearted, dogmatic, slangy, poetic and altogether lovable grown-up kid (or is it a Mahatma that he is, to be sure?), living in his Pigeon-Roost-in-th-Woods of Indiana and editing the OPEN ROAD, one of the most inviting looking little mags ever born from the press! Bruce is a boy, with all a boy's prejudices damning the doctors and ready to prove to all the world that raw food and nakedness ensure physical salvation. He should be in the colony of my other good friend, Darling, the "Nature Man" of Papeete, Tahiti. But tho I think him an awful crank, and on every point a little wrong (just as I was at his age, and am now, for that matter) I agree so much with him and so closely that criticism is disarmed. Read and criticise him yourself. Only just whisper to him that tho slang is salt, and salt is good, nobody wants soup all brine.—J. William Lloyd in THE FREE COMRADE.

Send in your orders early for Bruce Calvert's new book "Rational Education."

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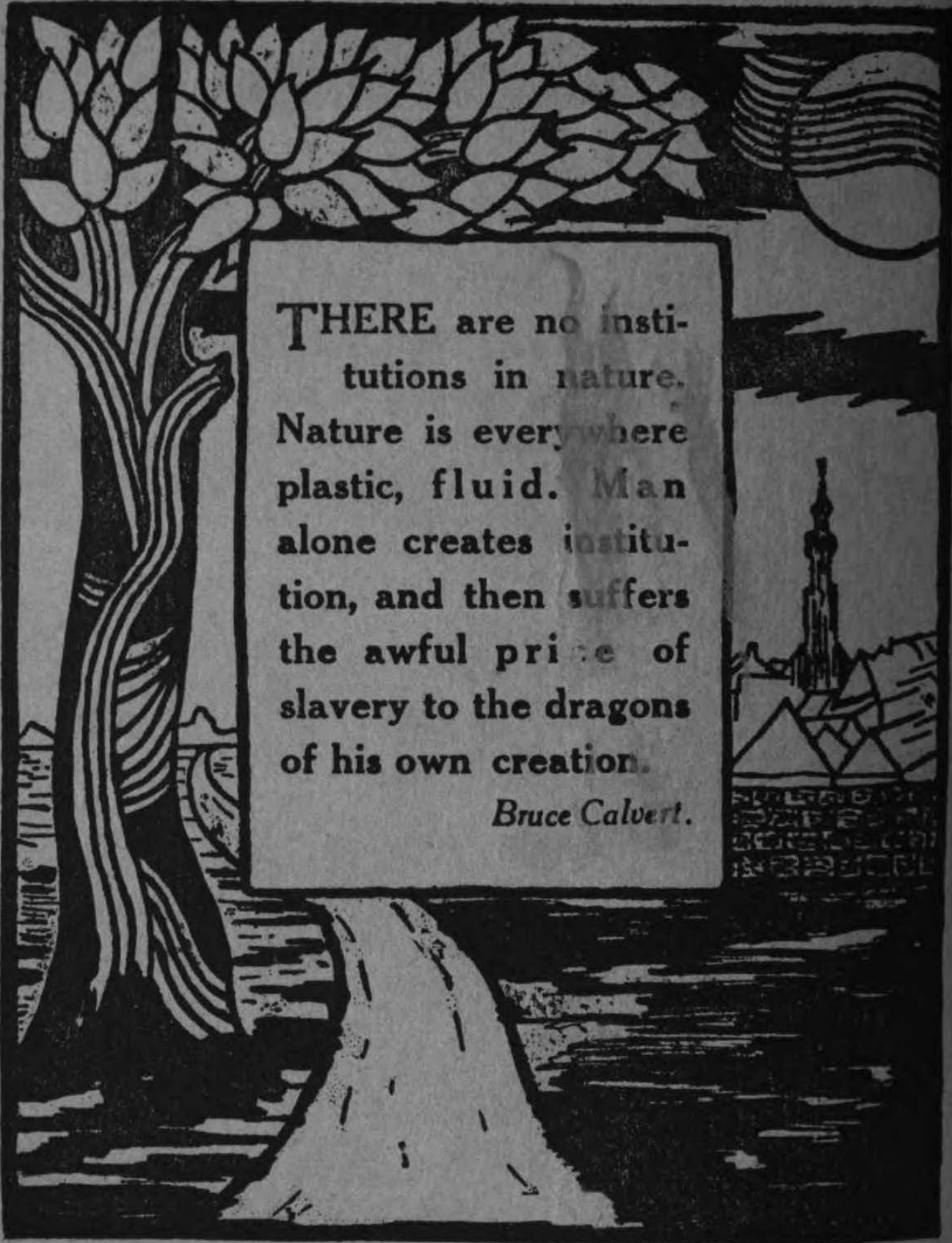
GRIFFITH

(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 institution, and then suffers the awful price of slavery to the dragons of his own creation.

Bruce Calvert.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



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

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

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

— Old Walt

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THE OPEN ROAD.

Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each
moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in
the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd
by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that whereso'er I go
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

—WALT WHITMAN.

W E NEED YOU. Come with us in our tramp along
THE OPEN ROAD. Subscription and member-
ship in the Brotherhood one dollar a year. Life
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for sale. Vol. II and Vol. III are also getting scarce.)

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The Open Road

VOL. VII

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 6

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

IN THE WOODS. AN OCTOBER DAY.

COOL, crisp, delicious air with just a hint of frost to come. Fleecy clouds hang like filmy lace over the eastern sky. Great dark blue masses of vapor settling low in the west. The chastened sun breaking thru cloudland here and there trying with ineffectual fierceness to regain his lost glory.



All the woods in a flame of dying splendor. Billows of red and gold. Seas of brown and yellow.

The trees wittingly and beautifully shedding their rich foliage for earth's winter carpet. The merry jingle of the brown dry leaves underfoot as you wander thru the dim aisles of the forest.

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The last lovely goldenrod of autumn hiding in a protected corner of the rail fence so modest and shy as if she did not know that this very night perhaps would her lover Jack Frost come to claim her for his own.



Dropping nuts, punctuating the deep religious silence of the woods like some giant clock ticking off the pulse-beats of eternity.



The busy squirrels hoarding up their winter stores, yet with plenty of time to stop and scold you, chattering and barking their displeasure when you linger too long in their neighborhood, reminding you that you are after all but a loafer and had much better be about your business, as they are.



Flocks of Juncos, those amiable friendly winter birds wheeling in dizzy circles around your head, making a tremendous ado about nothing that you can see.

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A white breasted nuthatch working away at a terrific rate—such a comical figure he cuts—clambering among the branches and around the trunk of an oak tree head downwards, searching the bark for grubs as if he never expected to get another meal while he lived.

Off in the hedge row there beyond the cornfield, a bird voice that made me jump in surprise, so startling and unexpected at this time of the year. It seems scarcely possible, but if that wasn't the voice of an oriole then I must be dreaming. Or maybe I'm only drunk with this beauty, this wine of life filling the veins like quicksilver today. It's enough surely to overcome one.



I would not be surprised at anything now. The madness of the October woods has got into my blood. If some golden-winged genii suddenly appeared before me—dropping from the skies at this very moment and in-

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formed me that I was the Lord of the Universe—the King of the World—and that all the spirits of the earth, air and water were henceforth to do my bidding, it would not astonish me. I would simply bow low and say:—

“Thank you, Old Sport. I know I am all you say. I want nothing more. Just this October day is enough. Push that veil of cloud there a little to the right of the afternoon sun, please. There, that’s better. Now part the lace curtains in the east, so. Hold the sun just where he is till I send for you. Leave me now, I am content. Thank you.”



Well, Mr. City Man, digger at tasks that for the most part were better left undone. Bearer of burdens that have little reason for existence. Do you know what I’d do if I were you? I’d close my desk with a bang. I’d grab my coat and hat and rush to the

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nearest railroad station, and buy a ticket for the nearest October woods.



Come out of it, man! In heaven's name! Can't you hear the woods calling, calling to you?

What will your little dribbling "business" cares amount to in a hundred years from now? But the benediction of one October day in the woods will be with you, blessing you and enriching your soul till time is not.



Come, then. Take my hand. Let me lead you to where your soul waits for you.

"And you, my comrade, who long to be free,

Break loose from your prison abode.

I'll grip your hand as I pass you by

At the next bend in the road."

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RELIGION AND MORALITY.

A FAVORITE stock argument of the god-spooked is that with no Jehovah, no gaseous vertebrate deity, or other anthropomorphic Lord of the skies to oversee things, all morality disappears, all restraints vanish, and only unbridled license remains.

This is the fatal blunder upon which all religious systems of the world so far have been founded. It explains why all have crumbled into dust, and why Christianity, the last great system, is now but a tattered shred flapping in the breezes of rationalism.

It is the placing outside of man himself the secret springs of action. The postulating of some all-powerful force or intelligence foreign to man from which he derives his impulses to action.

This is superstition's last stand; the last great battle between idolatry and reason. Between theology and science. It's the last rampart of orthodox stupidity, and the fight

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is now on to the death. Soon the victorious hosts of rationalism will sweep the field and, let us hope, the god obsession will disappear from earth forever.



Morality is not a thing outside of man. Human ethics are not superimposed upon us by some overruling deity.

Morality is from within. It inheres in man by reason of the logic of human existence. It is the very basic law of man's being. It manifests in every nerve tremor; in the very fibre of his blood. It is instinctive within every creature, and it would have led us to human brotherhood ages ago, had not the religions of the world obscured the truth and interfered with man's natural instinctive action with their voices of authority, their gods, and devils, and ghosts, and spooks.



Man is his own explanation. His own jus-

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tification. Within him are written the reasons for his existence, the conditions and laws of his unfoldment. He needs no gods or devils, no benevolent omnipotence overruling his destiny from the outside to complete him. He is complete and whole as he stands on his own feet. Nothing can be added to him, or taken away from him. Potentially he is the all in all.



Within each of us lies all beauty, all sweetness, all love, all power. Look within.

THE infinite always is silent,
It is only the finite speaks.
Our words are idle wave caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science
Explain, decide and discuss;
But only in meditation
The mystery speaks to us."

—Anonymous.

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THE LIBRARY SHELF.

"Swaying Treetops," Elmer Willis Searle. Cloth, 160 pages. The Neale Publishing Co. New York and Washington. \$1.00.

"Swaying Treetops" is a delightful little book with a self-assertive purpose,—To make people fall in love with trees and out-of-doors. The bits of wisdom—they can scarcely be called chapters, have little connection, and yet taken all together they remind one of a treetop swaying and beckoning to us to come out in the open and really live. The author says, "Man was just as happy, vastly more healthy, when he rowed across the river in a hollowed log or swam across than now when he crosses on a steel trestle." And who shall say he is not right?

H. C. Thomas.

"New Reading of Evolution," by Henry Clayton Thompson. Cloth, 8vo; 360 pages. New Reading Pub. Co., 3510 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.

A work of 356 pages on sympathetic philosophy is not apt to be exactly popular. Henry Clayton Thompson's "New Reading of Evolution" is rather a book for the student than for the many. It is admirably printed and bound, and affords a study-plan for the individual who is

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willing to form a philosophy for the development of his own life. Sane and clearly written, this book has not been formed in a day, and it is not an ephemeral work, but one that must depend on the future rather than on the present for its use. It is filled with quotations from the best of modern thinkers, and in the work of the author himself shows an intellectual and well balanced personality.

H. BEDFORD-JONES.

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

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Behold, the Uzians have schools, and they teach their young by and in books. But when their youth are thus educated, as to their brains, their hands are useless for providing food and clothes and habitations.

—OAH SPE.

FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS.

Two thousand years ago was born A SON OF
GOD to man!

History is silent concerning the name, rank, and
possessions of His Parents,

But simply the fact records "He was born poor"
—a manger birth—in a wayside inn,

And this was the only heritage that came to Him!

As the years rolled on, without the aid of book
or script, his mind unfolded,

And blazed with the white light of intuitional un-
derstanding.

No school claimed this self-efficient teacher from
the poor,

Nor did any church proclaim Him then a God?

Thus, *Joshua of **Naz Seir grew in calm ma-

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jesty of thought,
Simple of taste, considerate, just; free from the
bondage
That binds to name and forms, but living a life
of open righteousness,
Spurning the cloth of purple, gold, and the priest-
ly crafts.

So we this day rejoice, and make glad at our
hearths, giving for gifts
Kind thoughts, gentle deeds, and a friend's hand
shake as taught by Him.
Nor of the slaughtered do we feast but of rip-
ened fruits a goodly seat
To gladden the heart, and light the soul to Peace.

Simply He lived, and gloriously He died for the
Cause of Freedom,
And for liberty of thought, a sure martyrdom for
all who this path tread.
No funeral service, absolution, or priestly out-
pourings were offered here,
God received back His own, "a true, and faithful
servant, at the Gates of Heaven!

Ring out Ye Bells! Clear may thy chimes sound
forth,

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Brothers, grasp the hand of friends and foe alike!
Then with that Sage of old declare—
“He who with love offereth Me a leaf, a flower,
a fruit, and water,
That offering I accept made by the pure hearted.”
This is the Great Gift Itself, and sufficient is,
unto the needs of every age.

*In the Aramaic Language—Jeshua; in the Hebrew—Joshua; in the Greek—Jesus; and in the Latin, Jesus.

**Naz Seir means—The Coming Prince.

Norton F. W. Hazeldine.

Too many of us are lashed to the mast of tradition. We fear to attempt the new because we are afraid to abandon the old. We bend the knee to the same gods to which our ancestors knelt. We vote as our fathers voted. Men say, “If that party was good enough for my father to vote for, it is good enough for me.” They forget that times are changing. Each day finds the face of the world transformed.—John Nicholas Beffel.

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THE PINE-TREE IN THE DOORWAY.

THERE is a page of the *Illustrated London News*, bearing a group of pictures and sketches of notable men of the day. In the center of the page is a picture of the "Master of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds," who recently died from the effects of a fox-bite. He received the bite at the end of a run—and if you know anything about foxhunting you know what that means. If you don't, go and find out.

Anyway, he died, and that was all the *News* could say about him. As I read it, I thought his death was quite logical and in the nature of things; that fox in his death-agony had the spirits of Bruce, Reedy, Leonidas, and Swift all rolled into one. His last act echoed around the world.

Well, I turned over the page, and beneath an illustration read "His Majesty is indifferent to the weather . . . while crawling on hands and knees among the

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roughest ground after the deer, although he is not always as lucky with the stags as he deserves to be."

Deserves! Get that? Poor George, etc. Wettin, Rex et Imperator, a man without a country! If he only had had a chance, he might have made a name for himself in the world; one feels infinite pity for the royal deerstalker, who slays for sport, and one feels infinite admiration for the little red brother of the Brush who slew as he was slain.

It is not the sport that makes the spirit; it is the spirit that makes the sport. Brutality does not find a vent in football, but football finds a vent in brutality. Fox-hunting is not complete without the scarlet raiment, the tail-clipped steeds, the run to earth, and the brush. Deerstalking is not complete without the tears of the wondering stag and the antlers above the hearth. Yet, can you imagine Walt Whitman, Bob La

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Follette, Henry Thoreau, or the man who lives next door to you and digs a little garden in his back yard, as fox-hunters and deerstalkers?

Bruce looks up and says, in his quizzical, kindly way, "The only trouble with you and me, old man, is that we want to remould this sorry scheme of things nearer to our hearts' desire! When shack-dwellers leave the woods for a cave-house, they always want to plant a pine in the door-way,—and it doesn't always grow."

Which is perfectly true, but the fault is usually to be located around the roots of the pine-tree. George Wettin, on whose dominions the sun never sets, and on whose dominion it never touches, and the late lamented Master of the Fox-hounds, whose memory is enshrined in many a breeze-whispered curse of the Wiltshire hedges, are—or were, settle it yourself—honest English gentlemen, no doubt, worthy of all due

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respect. Let us grant it them; what then?

(Bruce says I'm working around to Rational Education, but he had better attend to the roots of his own pine-tree and let me look after mine. I'm not working around to anything, and if you are seeking esoteric vitriol, just skip the rest, please. Thanks; goodbye!)

I wish more reformers and prophets were as charitable as Bruce is, and applied Saint Paul's words on charity as truly to every day life. There are a good many Masters of the Foxhounds in this little world of ours, a good many Royal Deerstalkers, and I really don't believe that one of them ever walked down the Open Road on a sunny morning and lay down under a hedge or a tree for a quiet chat with God.

Had they ever done this, had they ever dwarfed themselves and their estimate of themselves into a part of the life around them; had they ever let the sun and the rain

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beat into their face until they threw open their arms wide in sheer joy of it; had they ever looked into the inquisitive eyes of a woodpecker and startled him around the tree with a cheery "Good morning!"; had they done these things, they had perchance doffed their scarlet coat and shooting-jacket forever.

"Slay! Slay!" is the cry, "Give our boys to the Open Road that they may know the things of the forest and learn to slay in time of need! Give them merit badges for life-saving and for marksmanship; teach them the games of knight-errantry and the man-hunt!" But it is the country that developed the fox-hunt that also developed the Boy Scout later.

Yes, I grant you the fox is a pest sometimes; a nuisance to be got rid of; yet has he not a place in this caravansary as well as you and I? Could you not rid yourself of him without the fang and the knife, the

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mangled body and the pitiful trophy?
Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! And is
the stag, preserved for the slaying, a pest
also?

Our own country has its hounds and its
fox-hunting clubs, its Boy Scouts and its
drills. One is not the outcome of the other,
for both are the outcome of something deep-
er, something that we call the Spirit of the
Nation. It is easy to think of Roosevelt as
a fox-hunter, and perhaps something of that
very thought undermined and exploded
the Roosevelt myth. It is very hard, how-
ever, for our minds to clothe Clarence Dar-
row or Joaquin Miller in the garb of a Gen-
tlemanly Sportsman!

P. S. If you've struggled thus far, read
it again.

—H. Bedford Jones.

THE body is physical, but the force which animates
it is spiritual. Feed the soul.

Bruce Calvert.

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A SOCIAL CONDITION.

After an investigation of conditions in Boston, says a Monday morning dispatch, Miss Louise Marion Bosworth, Wellesley, '07, a settlement worker and author, makes the assertion that the small wages earned by thousands of Boston girls are actually insufficient to buy them food. That there are working girls earning anywhere from \$3 to \$9 a week who cannot afford to buy enough food to sustain them, Miss Bosworth proves by a figure-bristling account of her two-year investigation along the self-supporting woman of Boston.

The telegram tells us further that Miss Bosworth found that the girl of the average shop type spends but \$3.16 weekly for food. That is about 45 cents a day or 15 cents for a meal. Another girl of another class spends \$2.84 a week, making it a bit over 13 cents for a meal. Moreover, the news item says that in the lodging-houses Miss Bosworth

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saw working girls huddled in tiny rooms, often cold and without water. She found girls eating little or nothing,, many of them going without meats to save money for enough to wear in cold weather.

Naturally arises the question, what are we going to do about it? And Business gives answer, "What can we do? The law of supply and demand regulates wages. Business isn't philanthropy." If that is the right answer, an a great many people think it is, why, the girl will have to starve or take on "a friend" on the side. And if she does that and finally comes to the streets, to the calaboose or the workhouse with her!

But that is not the right answer. The right answer is, that the working girl is underpaid for her work because other people are overpaid for doing nothing, or those other people are appropriating to themselves the pay of the working girls' labor, and of every other form of labor. And

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the chief instrumentality of such appropriation or malversation is known as rent. The thing to do is for the State to take the rent.

Miss Bosworth does not realize this, but some day she may. When she does she will have learned the cure of the disease whose symptoms she so accurately describes. And all the shop girls are not in Boston, Mass.

—William Marion Reedy.



WHEN THE ENEMY LAUGHS.

He is a strong man who can withstand the laughter of derision from his foes when he goes down before them in defeat. Man may lose a hard-fought fight and meet destruction with unflinching eyes, if the cries of the rabble are bitter, if they turn upon him their torrents of abuse and scorn. But if the laugh—ah!—their laughter has a thousand flaming tongues that sear his soul.

—John Nicholas Bffel.

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I am anxious to assist you in every way possible in establishing a rational school either here in Chicago or nearby, as I have long realized the need of such, having given the subject considerable attention, and you will notice by the enclosed circular that I prepare a correspondence course on this very subject.

One of the many great flaws in the education of the young is its failure to develop individuality. Boys and girls with the most diverse tastes and talents are put through the same curriculum. The dull boy and the bright boy, the dreamy book-lover and the matter-of-fact realist, the active, inventive spirit, and the one whose soul is attuned to hidden music, the youth with the brain of a financier, and the one who delights in mimic warfare and strategic games—all are put into the same mold and subjected to the same processes. The result is inevitable. Nine-tenths of the children educated in this machine-like fashion are copies of one another and reproductions of the same pattern. Our present system of education tends to destroy individuality and is a curse to the nation.

True education, the education for which the world is ripe, is unfoldment, calling out the

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germs of possibilities, developing original force, fostering self-reliance, encouraging and stimulating initiative power and executive ability, cultivating all the faculties, and exercising, strengthening, and buttressing them .

We want leaders and originators more than we want followers or imitators. We have enough, and to spare, of those who are willing to lean on others. We want our young people to depend on themselves. We want them to be so educated that their qualities of leadership, their originality, and their individuality will be emphasized and strengthened instead of obliterated.

Some time ago you told me that you would probably establish a school here in Chicago rather than down at "Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods," but I hope you will conclude to do both. While you could no doubt reach the masses to better advantage here in the city, yet there are many who would prefer having their children in the country. I know I would. In the wilderness and the desert and in the mountain solitudes many a man has been made great. It is a remarkable fact that the vast majority of the great minds of the world have been developed amid the soli-

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tudes and sweet influences of Nature. By far the greater part of the advanced students of to-day were brought up at a distance from the centers of trade and the throngs of great cities. In spite of the advantages and the better opportunity for studying human life, there is something in life amid the crowd that is distracting and unfavorable to continued thought. Life becomes fragmentary, and taken up too much with trifles of existence. In the quiet and separation incident to country life, there is that which impels the thoughtful mind to great themes. The very lack of other things to engage one, forces the thought outward to Nature, and inward upon itself until the mind is brought face to face with the most profound problems that can occupy the minds of men.

Nature is not only a teacher but a tonic, not only an instructor but an inspiration to the highest. There is life in the ozone of the forest, and delight to be had in the study of its manifold forms. We know people who have spent their lives in the country, and yet scarcely know the name of a wild flower or a bird, and others who are in such intimate fellowship with its feathered creatures that every bird note is the voice of

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a well known friend, and every flower is sweet to them and not "born to blush unseen." To know the birds, trees, and flowers as familiar friends is to have opened up to one's mind a never ending source of delight and profit.

Few young people who spend their summers in the country realize the splendid opportunities open to them for education as well as pleasure, at least to those of them who have not learned to use their eyes. "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world," says Ruskin, "is to see something and tell what he saw in a plain way." Think how much it would add to life's happiness to be able to see things as this great Nature-lover saw them! To him beauty and harmony were everywhere.

It is small wonder than an Agassiz, who would go into ecstasies over the structure of a leaf or a flower, over the scale of a fish or a grain of sand, was so rich in the cultivation of his observing faculties that he could not afford the time to lecture even for five hundred dollars a night. To study the wonders of Nature, to hear her music, and to interpret her language were riches enough for him.

THE OPEN ROAD

If we love Nature and study her we cannot help seeing beauty everywhere; it will make us stronger and happier. So much, indeed, of the real joy of life comes from keeping the mind,—all one's faculties and senses,—responsive to Nature, that it is nothing short of criminal to allow a child to grow up without learning to use his eyes and ears properly and to see and hear things as they are.

One of the first lessons that should be impressed on every child, whether he live in the city or in the country, is how to see things out of doors. If he learns this early in life, he will be not only a man of larger intelligence and culture, but also a happier and more successful one than he otherwise would.

Many of us have become so self-absorbed and have had our energies so long directed upon our material desires and problems,—our plans to amass money, to make business pay, to perfect some invention, to write a book, or to attain this or that ambition;—in short, all our faculties have been centered in ourselves so long that they cannot look outward except upon the things that concern our immediate interests. To learn to see things out of doors would be, to many of us,

THE OPEN ROAD

like learning a new occupation or profession in middle-life.

How often do we see a weary or broken-down city man go to the country for rest and recuperation and return to his city home or office unrefreshed and unstimulated. He did not really see or enjoy any of the country's wonder and beauty; he was not in sympathy with the voices of Nature, and could not hear them. His mind had become so hardened and sordid in its absorption in wealth-getting that it no longer responded to her appeals. He had eyes, but saw not, and ears, but heard not; and so the real wealth and joy of life had passed him by. How different it would have been had he allied himself with Nature.

Who has not felt the magic of that wonderful, refreshing, rejuvenating, recreating, process going on within when walking about in the country? We can actually feel ourselves being made over, we can actually sense the renewing process going on within us when we are in the world of Nature. Who has not gone into the country when the worries, frictions and discords of the strenuous life have well-nigh wrecked one's nervous system and felt the magic, recuperative

THE OPEN ROAD

touch of mother Nature? How insignificant the things which yesterday forced us well-nigh to distraction seem when we are drinking in Nature's healing power at every pore! After a day in the woods we feel as though we had taken a new lease of life, as though we had bathed in nectar and drunk the wine of life. Great minds have ever felt the peculiar healing power of Nature; the invigorating currents of life in the country have ever been a balm for their wounds, a panacea for all their ills.

Wishing you the abundant success which you so richly deserve no difference where you may see fit to establish your philanthropic and child saving and character making enterprise, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

(Prof.) L. H. Anderson.

SANE CHRISTMAS.

"The crazy custom of Christmas present giving has in it very little to recommend. It is not ennobling, but is actually debasing in its effect upon character. Let's cut it all out this year.

"The true spiritual significance of Christmas has almost wholly disappeared and in its place has come upon us a made paroxysm of indis-

THE OPEN ROAD

criminate buying and giving that lacks sweetness, neighborly love, even good sense or decency.

“In commemoration of One Who out of His great love gave Himself, His life—we afflict our friends with plush doodazzles, brass gimcracks and tinfoil.

“The Christmas insanity must stop. It has become an intolerable burden sapping the resources and energies of the people. Through December the madness rages, killing salesgirls and delivery messengers and leaving in its wake only a bitter wail of regrets, disappointments, debts to stores and loan sharks, greedy repinings, heart-burnings, complaints.

“Honestly, now, hadn't we better cut it out? Aren't we all ashamed of ourselves every time we send a package of Christmas plunder to our friends just because we know that they are expecting something?

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

THE OPEN ROAD

THE CHILD AND RATIONAL EDUCATION.

The child is a natural being. He has no prejudices to be combatted. No dogmas and no superstitions. He comes into life clean and free and rational. Also original and beautiful.

All the educative influences of the child's life, however, unite to destroy his originality—to break down his independence, and reduce him to type. From out this social mangle he emerges unnatural, selfish, mean, sly, dishonest.

With the child placed early enough under the influences of the rational teaching, no time need be lost in readjustments. There are no shells to break. The child's mind is plastic, unbiased—he does not secrete shells to hedge himself in. We may therefore from the first devote all our efforts wholly to construction work.

We can't get them too young. The child's

TEN PRODUCING WELLS WITH ROOM FOR FOURTEEN MORE ON FORTY ACRES

in the center of Section 4, heart of the Kern River Field, and known as the Denver and the Michigan properties—has been acquired by The Atlanta Oil Company.

ADDITIONAL RIGS ARE UP and fully equipped with the casing on the ground, ready to spud in—for two new wells. A well can easily be drilled in and completed every 30 days, and the production increased about 1,000 barrels each month. The depth of the territory is about 850 feet, while the logs of wells already drilled show as much as 390 feet of oil sand. **At the end of 12 months the company can have 24 producing wells.**

EQUIPMENT CONSISTS OF twelve complete rigs, with 10 wells in and on the beam, pumping, with engines for each, supplied by a 600-horse power boiler; two rigs ready to drill and two portable boilers for drilling purposes. A 4,000-barrel steel storage tank; machine shops; cook house; bunk houses; teams, wagons, etc., together with four miles of pipe lines—all in A No. 1 shape and best that can be purchased.

PRESENT AND FUTURE INCOME Some of our wells do as high as 75 barrels a day, but, for a conservative figure, allow an average of 30 barrels a day. This oil is sold to the Independent Agency, the present price of which is 38 cents a barrel, but it should go to 50 cents in the next six months. From this is the following:

STATEMENT

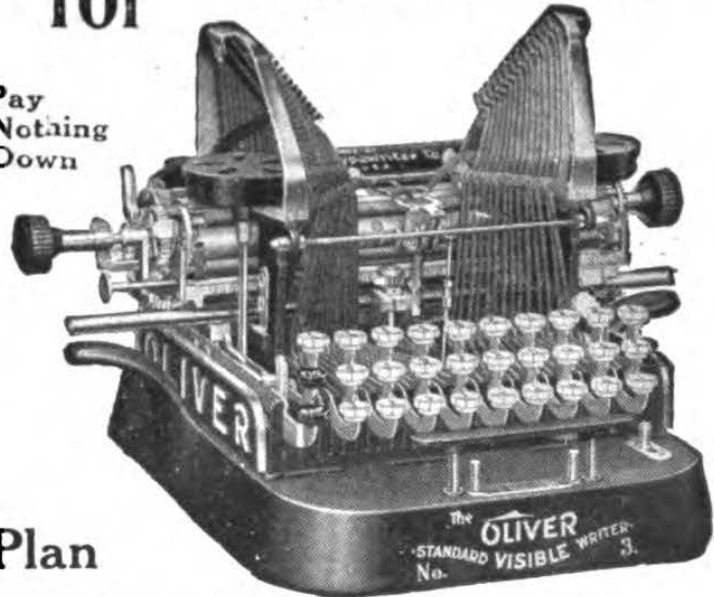
FULL INCOME at Present Price with 24 Wells.....	\$99,864.00
Present and Future Production	
10 Wells, Now in, 300 barrels Daily.....	109,500 barrels
14 Wells, to Drill, 420 barrels Daily	153,300 barrels
Present Annual Income	
109,500 barrels at 38 cents	\$41,610
Operating Expense	\$ 7,500
Royalty	12,483 19,983
NET PROFIT NOW	\$21,627
Additional Annual Income	
153,300 barrels at 38 cents	\$58,254
Operating and Development	\$35,000
Royalty	17,476 52,476
FUTURE ADDITIONAL PROFIT (first year). \$5,778	
On Full Development	
Operating Expense	\$10,000
Royalty	29,962 39,962.00

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Let us send you the world-famous OLIVER Model 3 on five days FREE TRIAL. Use it right in your own home until you have demonstrated to your own benefit, at our expense, that you should have this typewriter "for keeps." Then if you finally decide that you do not want it, just tell the expressman to call, and return it at our expense. Or if you decide to keep it, send us \$5; and a month later send us \$5 more and so on until you have paid

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Don't delay a single minute in writing for our *valuable booklet*. It tells you facts about the typewriter business that every up-to-date man should *know*. It is *worth \$50 to you* because it saves you that much on the best machine made. A postal card brings it. *Don't overlook this.*

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Chicago, Ills.

I herewith enclose you stamps to the amount of fifty cents to pay my fare for one year along your OPEN ROAD. It has a pullman done to a finish.

GERTRUDE DURHAM, Winsted, Conn.

I know of no other magazine which gives me the same glad-to-be-alive feeling as the OPEN ROAD, and that is probably because the spirit of "Old Walt" guides your pen. An acquaintance of mine writes editorials for the Brooklyn Times. It is his first job in the newspaper line and he has been holding it for 39 years. The previous incumbent was Walt Whitman.

Many are the stories told in that office today about "Old Walt." The former Editor, who died fifteen years ago, used to say Walt was the laziest man he had ever employed. Of course, when Walt felt like doing a thing he just did it. If the sunshine was bright, and the country called him, he simply put on his coat, left his case and walked off.

I tell you, comrade, nothing is more encouraging than to see on this great East Side in the City of New York, with its hundreds and thousands of foreigners, so many environment-locked people who are following the truth. It is more than encouraging. It is simply soul-inspiring. In the homeward bound cars I hear young girls, factory girls, speak of the philosophers Kant and Spinoza, of books like Carlyle's Revolution and James' Psychology. I see working men on all sides beginning to think. They want to know and they are thinking. They go to Cooper Union to heckel the speakers. All this betokens a great day of awakening when men shall come to **their** senses.

Continue sending out your beautiful messages through the OPEN ROAD, and believe me with best wishes,

LOUIS STARK, New York City.

NOTABLE ARTICLES

that have recently appeared or are about to appear in the Magazine

“EDUCATION”

32nd Year — September, 1911

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-
- Differentiation of High School English** President Charles W. Eliot
- Instruction of Exceptional Children** Associate Supt. Andrew W. Edson, New York City
- The History of Art as a College Discipline** T. Lindsey Blayney, Ph. D., Vice-Pres. American Federation of Arts
- Vocational Training** Charles A. King, Bay City Mich.
- The Importance of Habit Formation** Prof. O. J. Schuster, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.
- The Place of Agriculture in Higher Education** Prof. L. H. Bailey, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
- Essential Principles in Teaching English** Charles Swain Thomas, Newton, Mass., High School
- The Sunday School Curriculum** William C. Ruediger, Ph.D., George Washington University, Washington, D.C.
- Accuracy in Arithmetic** Joseph V. Collins, State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wis.
- Where Shall we lay the Emphasis in Teaching Geography?** Prof. R. H. Whitbeck, University of Wisconsin
- Student Organizations in City High Schools** Dean David E. Cloyd, Highland Park College, Des Moines, Ia.
- The Religious Freedom of the Schools** Mary H. Leonard, Rochester, Mass.
- The Moral Training of Private School Boys** Charles K. Taylor, University of Pennsylvania
- High School Biology and Sex Hygiene** Prof. H. E. Walter, Providence, R. I.

Throughout the school year a series of suggestive Examination Questions on the College English Requirements, and a series of Brief Biographies of Historic Educators will be special features.

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

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M. R. Burlingame, Financial Secretary and Director of Publicity,
421 State Life Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please enroll my name as an active (associate or honorary) member of the WORLD'S LEAGUE FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS. I will from this time forward neither give nor accept Christmas presents, outside my own immediate household, and I will do all I can by distributing literature and by other propaganda work to discourage the senseless practice of indiscriminate Christmas giving; to the end that true human love and brotherhood may reign in the hearts of men instead of the maudlin insanity which now disgraces the day.

I enclose \$. for which please send me literature to that amount.

Signed.....

Address.....

Active Membership, No Fee.

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The League's first propaganda literature, a handsome booklet, "THE CHRISTMAS INSANITY," con-

taining three splendid articles—one by Bruce Calvert, which aroused public sentiment upon the subject and led to the formation of the League; another (and a very clever one) by Geo. E. Owen, the brilliant Oklahoma journalist and poet; and a beautiful thing on the same subject by League member J. William Lloyd, of Westfield, N. J.—mailed at cost of publication, as follows: 100 for \$1.00; 500 for \$4.50; 1,000 for \$8.00.

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I am moving steadily and surely toward my goal, the founding of the

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BRUCE CALVERT.

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Best Value in the World for . . \$8.00

All this list one year for \$5.50

But be quick. I'm liable to change my mind before next month.

THE OPEN ROAD

GRIFFITH, (Lake Co.) INDIANA

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“UP THE DIVIDE”

Its a wee magazine hunting the trail to the Heights of Freedom and Justice.

It has made a hit with the liberal earnest people whose ranks are so rapidly increasing in these anxious days.

They say it is: “Breezy, vigorous”—“Charged with the gunpower of progress”—“Brushes away of cobwebs”—“An eye-opener”—“Full of burning words”—“The wee magazine with the big thots”—“The new spirit and the conscience shine on each page.”

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GET BUSY, NOW, Before the Assortment is Broken or Stock Exhausted. Write for prices.

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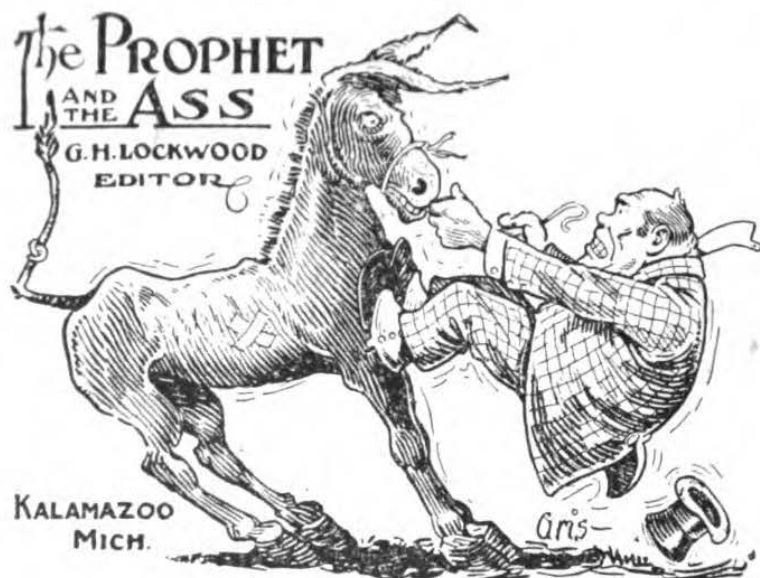
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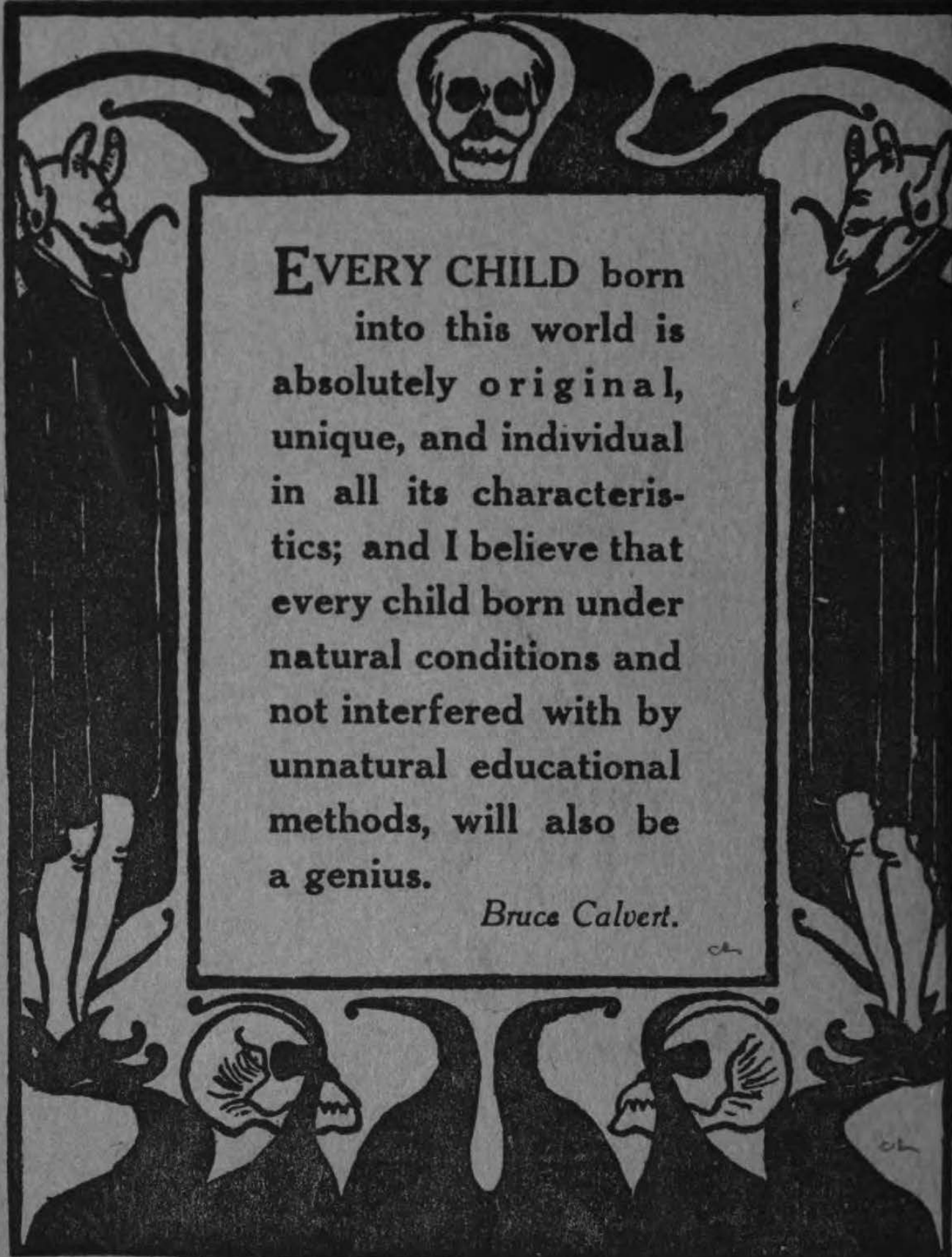
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Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



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not interfered with by
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methods, will also be
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