

# 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

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# The Open Road

VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1912

No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

## DO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS EDUCATE?

By ANDREW LESTER

Superintendent Schools, Beaver Falls, Pa.

MANY school men have confessed freely in public that the common school course of study ought to be modified. In our meetings we talked for five years about enriching the course and we did enrich it, but just as soon as we got well on in enriching, we began to talk about eliminating. We have now talked five years more about eliminating and modifying, and we have found that it was much easier to enrich than it is to eliminate.

To be honest, I believe, that privately and seriously neither you nor I believe in either elimination or modification. We have a sys-

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tem and by our system we intend to instruct. It seems to me that we want to be let alone and in order to insure immunity for ourselves we must let the system alone.



When I think of how we hold so tenaciously and sacredly to our system, I am reminded of two men, noted in educational literature, one a certain Johann Pestalozzi of Bonnal, Germany; the other a certain Thomas Gradgrind of Coketown, England. We love to juggle the name Pestalozzi on our tongues and to do him honor by saying that our schools are conducted on the Pestalozzian plan, whatever that may be. I suppose every young teacher, when he makes his first speech at the local institute, feels it his duty to instruct his hearers about dear old Pestalozzi. But if Pestalozzi and Tom Gradgrind should return to this life and explore the graded school systems of our broad state and nation, which would be honored?

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Pestalozzi would say, "Alas! my life was lived in vain; no one has taken my work seriously; my work in Bonnall is not known in America; my return to Hades will not be celebrated. I am doomed to eternal oblivion." Gradgrind would say, "Charles Dickens was a failure. The thing he tried to destroy he has perpetuated. My work at Coketown has grown into a great system." Then he would issue this decree: "I, Thomas Gradgrind, by right of conquest and patent applied for in America, demand that, as long as my honored method of instruction is pursued throughout the land, my statue be placed at the entrance to every school house in America, and my motto, "Facts, facts, facts," be placed upon it.

But some say their schools are not Gradgrind schools. Maybe not. They know better than I do, but since our graded schools are all built on the same plan, I infer that they are of the Gradgrind type also. If they

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are conducted on the plan of the system, and I know of no graded schools that are not, then from the very nature of the case, they do honor to Thomas. But why are our schools of this type? Because first and fundamentally they are rigidly and mechanically graded. Because further each grade requires so many facts to be learned. Because, in order to pass into the next grade, a child must write down facts in answer to certain ten questions. Because to get enough facts taught to meet the requirements of the system, the individual must be made of secondary importance. Because a system like ours is primarily a system requiring facts, notwithstanding our defense to the contrary. And because all we can add to our course of study of interesting cultural, artistic or manual work is only so much tacked on to this system on the outside, while internally and fundamentally the system remains and the facts are required. Yet this is not wholly

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my reason for condemning the system. We need some facts. Schools without some facts carefully learned would lack an important feature. I should say that probably one-third of the facts now being taught should be required and rigidly required. My objection is not so much to facts, as to the number of facts; not so much to system, as to rigidity of system. We are giving the facts in exactly the way that Gradgrind gave them and the children are getting them in the same poor way that Tom Gradgrind, Jr., got them. And through the whole school year we talk in grade meetings about spontaneity, individual initiative, thinking power, interest on the part of the pupil and what not that sounds good, but at the close of the term, ask for facts.



What is the result of this Janus kind of system? I know what the result is in Beaver Falls. In our school the enrollment below the high school in daily attendance has

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for the last six years been 1,400 pupils. I recently examined the records of the pupils covering six years' time and found that that there were 260 pupils who failed once, 208 who failed twice, 126 three times, 122 four times, 67 five times, 26 six times, and 7 seven times. This means that in six years there were 2,086 failures. It means also that in six years 817 different pupils failed. It means further that the ratio of those failing to those passing was 1 to 3.



But you say to me, "Do you discuss the failures with your teachers when promotions are made, and do you talk personally with many children who fail and know many of these children by name?" "Do you promote children after they have been in a grade for a certain time, even though the work has not been completed and the facts given?" "Do you have a system of tutoring for backward children under a trained teacher?" "Do you promote children on condi-



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tion?" "Do you have special classes with a small number of children in them?" Do you have a system of study periods when children are taught how to attack the lesson and secure the needed information?" "Have you eliminated one-third of the topics in arithmetic?" I answer that we have done all these things. But I am convinced that these things are not remedies. They do good. They aid the system but they do not change it. Now I am not a faddist. When I am through talking, you need not tell me that our failures come from sickness, from physical defects, from poor attendance, and what not. I know the effect of these things and so do my hearers. But, I want to say that these things are not fundamental; they are accidental. We have been too prone to attribute faults of our system to mere accident. The faults of our system cannot be explained away by this, that, or the other, to people who are thinking for themselves.

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I am not fully convinced that we, as a profession, are cognizant of the fact that we are fast enslaving ourselves to a monstrous system, or are cognizant of the grip this system has on the life of the school. Not only superintendents and principals and teachers, but most notably the pupils of the schools are held by it. We have mistaken a system of operation for systematic management, and I assure you there is a great difference. "We need to recognize the value of system as a tool only and learn to use it; not leave it to run things itself." Why is it that we are slaves to this system? I might ask you, "Why are we slaves to the Penrose system?" I don't know. They tell us we don't need to endure this political octopus unless we wish. We talk about Penrose in the same way we talk about the school course of study. We say in public we favor elimination, but privately and seriously we believe in perpetuating the system. There was a

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time when it was thought that our great state was bigger than any man in it, but it isn't now. There will be a day, however, when common sense and common honesty will rule this commonwealth, and there will be a day, too, when the schools of this land will be bigger than the system which now has them in its grasp.



But what are some of the results of this system under which our schools are operated? Well, I mention first the blighting process of requiring the same product from dull children and from brilliant children that we require from average children in a room of thirty-five where we have probably only five that are normal or average. I would like to have some one prove to me that it is right that one boy should be punished and another boy commended for expending the same energy upon a certain work. Shall I name then discouragement a dislike for work, antago-

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nism between teacher and pupil, artificiality? Why, many of the best teachers in your schools, use an unnatural tone of voice before their classes. If you have not already done so, it will pay to inspect your schools with this one thing in view, namely, to see whether teachers and pupils act **naturally** when in the schoolroom. You will discover that they use not only a schoolroom tone of voice, but they wear a bland expression on their faces. We are usually astonished on entering a room and finding the teacher and pupils talking and acting in a natural way. We think something is wrong, but there are a few teachers who will act thus in spite of the system. Have you ever inspected your schools and tested the children to learn whether it is fundamental in the system to lead children to like work, to be honest, to be obedient to authority? Is it not quite probable that you would find the children

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giving their time to getting facts, totally ignoring these higher virtues.



Maybe you use the Cambridge Plan, the Elizabeth Plan, the Chicago Plan, the Batavia Plan, Ungraded Classes, promoted by subjects, the Group System, truant schools, quarterly promotions, or a combination or modification of these. These are, no doubt, good, but I think the need of them is an admission of the weakness of the system to reach the children. They serve only to aid the system, not to change it. They are but appendages. They furnish no solution.



Now, what are the conditions? Here they are. We have the system. The parent has the child. We require the parent, when the child is admitted to school, to submit to certain requirements and meet certain conditions: (1) The child must be six years old and vaccinated; (2) the parent must agree

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tacitly to allow us to kill all the mental germs of the child's natural tendencies, and to substitute therefor physical germs of measles, chickenpox, and mumps. We agree on our part to see to it that the child shall get facts, and shall be spiritually and physically and mentally systematized. We agree that this child though dull, by inheritance and environment, shall get the same number of facts that normal pupils get, and that this child, though brilliant, shall get no more.

But have we not manual training and domestic science? Ah, there's the cure! To teach children how to sew and cook and mould and join and saw and eat is good. Surely some poor homes will be helped because of the lessons in manual training in school, but just there is where we fail. If anybody thinks he has solved the school problem by adding manual training to the course, he deceives himself. There is noth-

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ing fundamental in manual training 30 or 40 minutes per week. So far as I have observed manual training is good just as any other bit of interesting matter is good, but it, too, is an appendage. It is only a little more enriching. It is going to depend largely on the purpose you set for manual training. If you propose to teach the children how to do things in later life, it is a failure. If you propose to make manual training a basis of thinking power and of real life in school, it may be made a success provided, I should say, at least an hour per day is devoted to it.



Well, what is the cardinal fault of the graded school system? The cardinal fault of the system is that we accept the child as made for the school and thus attack the problem from the wrong standpoint and as I said a while ago, we mistake a system of operation for systematic management of the

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child. So, through the mechanism of our system, we set up an antagonism between teacher and pupil. Who is the teacher in our schools who has the best reputation? The one who can get the most facts and who can make the children sit up and look as though they had taken their dose most systematically. Why is it that if you take a spelling lesson of ten words and mark out two of them the children will day by day learn all the words marked out, and, if any are misspelled, they will be among those required to be learned? Well, you may answer that as you please. My answer is that the child likes to do a few things through his own initiative. He gets tired of daily prescriptions in each branch of study five hours per day for 9 or 10 months per year. He feels that all his knowledge is superficial and he is opposed to the whole thing. If I were to submit a **questionnaire**, asking as one question how much study is conducted in the



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schools here represented which is not doled out, how much is actually a school life experience and a training in real mental activity, I fear that both you and I might be greatly embarrassed.



I predict that the graded school system with its stilted manners, its superficial relation of teacher and pupil, its cramming for examinations will within 20 years be superseded by an entirely different plan. I predict that in the reorganized school, instead of principals who sit in the office making-records and examination questions to frighten teachers and pupils, we shall have men whose business it is to know the growth of each child from personal knowledge without an examination. This does not mean either that examinations will be eliminated. The teacher, instead of constantly calling for study and for correct positions, will conduct her school on a plan that when a child says,

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“I beg your pardon,” there will be a real reason for saying so.



Of course there will be an entirely different course of study from that now in use, based on what the child needs rather than on what the teacher is compelled to do according to a system. The children will explain some things to the teacher and will not always be catechised for things they don't know. It is well put that the one wrong conception of school people is that effort must be painful in order to be valuable. We would not eliminate hard work. In fact we would increase it, but we would not allow each day to be spent in painful mental and physical inactivity. School discipline will be easily cared for whenever we get our pupils actually doing something that interests them instead of looking at the book while the teacher looks at them, and taking

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a biff at the boy in the next seat whenever her eyes are turned away.



Now, my answer to the question, "Shall the course of study be modified to meet the needs of the individual," is that the trouble is not with the course of study; it is in the requirements of the system. Many teachers have taught their grade so long and they know their part of the system so well, that all that remains is a catechising to get the child to say the thing that is in the teacher's mind and to say it in the way it is in her mind. But if a half dozen boys in sixth grade were to build a house, each boy doing a certain line of work, one the brick work, one the plastering, one the roofing, and one be the investor, they could show the teacher things she never thought of, yet in finding the number of board feet in a tapering stick 10 inches square at one end and 8 inches at the other, 12 feet long, all the six boys are

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proved by the teacher to be dull because not a boy knows the rule for finding the result nor cares to know it. But who would think of allowing six boys to spend two weeks working out the building of a house, buying, shipping, hauling, building, collecting, and what not? That kind of business will not fit the system. Who would think of allowing four more boys two weeks to make a trip from one port to another, load the vessel, buy and sell the goods, figure up the cargo, and compute how much is gained or lost? What is the difference whether the boys plan the voyage, map out the route, draw plans of the vessel, buy and sell the goods and return with the money in drafts or whether the teacher does all this and merely asks the boys what route the vessel takes? I need not answer the question. But I might suggest that in one case something actually takes place in the boys' minds.

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When our schools are reorganized, the course of study will not only be reorganized, but it will be enlarged and enriched. Children will not be constantly hindered with limits prescribed in learning anything that interests them even though it should be taught in the next grade. It will be a good thing if some pupils go to the next succeeding grade having learned half the work of the grade to which they go. When a child is promoted, he will be rated according to his ability to think and according to his knowledge, not of the work of the preceding grade merely, but of things in life and of his ability to apply what he knows. An individual report will go with him indicating the line of work the child has pursued and the line of his preference. Instead of the teacher's explaining everything and the child nothing, the teacher and the child will know that the child knows certain things. It will mean practically that here is a child

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to be dealt with, not does this piece fit the system. But you say there will be no system. No, but things will be done in a systematic way. The teacher will have a record of the regular work, but instead of measuring the child by the system at the end of the term, the new teacher will be informed, partly by the school record partly by the child himself, of what he knows. It will be necessary for the teacher to spend a large amount of time individually with the children who enter her room, examining them. This means that, in order to help the children, the teacher must know them. Instead of the teacher's being handed so much work to dole out, she will be handed boys and girls in course of development. These boys and girls will come into the room with work on hand, ready to proceed with it. The new course of study will have a core or a minimum requirement which will occupy an average of about two hours per day of the

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school week. The bright pupils will have all the work they need, and the slow pupils will have all they can do, but will not be required to do more. All the auxiliary work will be done in such a way as to aid the teacher in securing the completion of the core of the course by the pupils and in such a way as to develop independent thinking. The schools will be disciplined rigidly but it will not all consist of sitting up straight in the seats. There will be a greater variety in discipline than now exists. The discipline must not be worse, but better, since it will be more natural.



The first thing we need to do then is to change the system; the next is to persuade the teachers that school life is real life and not a preparation for life and therefore must be natural, and the third thing is to select the required and essential part of the course of study and make every grade larger and

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richer in material for work. Finally, we shall test for growth and development of mental power and not for facts alone.

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### **THE OPEN ROAD.**

Have you heard the call of the OPEN ROAD  
As it stretches straight and brown,  
On its bosom bearing many a load  
Over the hills and down?  
Does your heart beat high with its pure delight  
As its dust-brown length you see?  
Could you follow it on till the fall of night?  
The comrades our souls shall be.

Will the thoughts you think and the deeds you do  
Shine pure in the light of day?  
Will your soul in the dark to itself be true  
Nor regard what men may say?  
If your deepest thought does no man wrong  
No matter your outward mode,  
Then comrade mine, I will take you along,  
We'll follow the OPEN ROAD.

The OPEN ROAD is the symbol of love  
For man and sky and earth.



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The earth beneath and the sky above  
And men of equal worth.  
Whoever you are, on land or sea,  
Of high or low abode,  
If you'll be yourself, then come with me,  
We'll follow the OPEN ROAD.

H. C. T.

Lovingly inscribed to Bruce Calvert, by the  
author.

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## **A SERMON ON SIGNS.**

Sometimes a distance of fifteen feet results in a remarkable change in church Christianity, even when shown by nothing more than signs,—one beside the entrance of a large city church, in gold lettering, the other on the lawn, fifteen feet away. The one, “You are welcome,” the other “Keep off the grass.”

The church in question presents by no means a unique case. Built on a large corner lot not far from the business center of the city, it has a lawn both to the front and

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side, unused for any earthly (or heavenly) purpose, except, perhaps, as a background for the "Keep off" sign. This church, like many others holding land of high value, continues to hold the ground, of which there is more than is needed or even used for church purposes, simply because it is exempt from taxation. It benefits neither the church, nor the city, nor the public in general. Even its use as a place of recreation, as a breathing space, is barred by that warning sign.

"You are welcome," but "keep off the grass." What a summary of the church spirit.

Welcome, yes, to sit in the uncomfortable pews, to listen to some one's guesses based on an elaborate system of guesswork called theology. And you are welcome, when the plate is passed, to contribute toward this man's support, in order that he may continue his study of systematized guesswork, replenish his stock, and then pass it out in

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weekly doses, certified purely vegetable. That is the church's "You are welcome." So long as you passively swallow the doses, so long as you conform, just so long the church's message to you is "You are welcome."

But to the child of the tenements, whose bare feet are blistered by the heat of the pavements, the message is "Keep off the lawn." To the child whose playground is a fire-escape, whose greatest longing is for a grass plot to romp on, the church says, "keep off the lawn." It stands ready to fill that child's head with confusing creed and dogma but denies him a piece of God's green earth.

Surely here is a situation needing remedy. And the only certain and fair remedy is to tax all church property. Exemption of the property of churches, which exist primarily to uphold certain beliefs, having no direct bearing on public welfare, is incompatible

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with American standards. It is a relic of that Old World union of church and state which we boast having ended long ago. Special privileges for the churches is no more just or defensible than special privileges for corporations.

The church can never reach the point of greatest effectiveness until it stands alone, receiving no exemptions. Even some within the church are beginning to realize this.

In the last analysis, exemption is nothing more nor less than an indirect church tax. It means that those that pay must pay more. It appears, then, that exemption is only another name for state support of the church.

The day is not far distant when these things will be seen in their true light, and then we shall be willing to do what we claim to have done long ago, and will make the separation of church and state a fact and not merely a theory.

Columbus, Ohio.

LISLE D. BELL.

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### LOOKING TOWARD THE HEIGHTS.

By John Nicholas Bffel.

**T**O make our city and our nation greater we must make our individual selves greater. There is nothing selfish in saying, "I am strong. I can do things. I believe in Myself." Only the narrow-minded will look upon a man who speaks thus as an egotist. The day of the humble is passing. This is the age of the strong—of those who can make good. The old proverbs that counsel men to be humble and to be meek are worn-out creeds. Success is not for him who stands back.

To do big deeds we must broaden our outlook. No success is greater than the outlook of the man who achieved it. Narrow minds and knockers go hand in hand. We knock our neighbor and forget our own shortcomings. Let's cheer up and get at the big thing.

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### WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR ?

**T**HE MAN who lives next door to me, or in the flat below, is he my neighbor? Not necessarily. Ten thousand miles of land and the trackless wastes of ocean may separate me from the dear soul whose heart throbs respond to mine, who sympathizes with my thots, and who understands. Yet he is indeed my neighbor, while the person I pass every day on my doorstep may be as far from me as the milky way.



Propinquity is not at all an essential to understanding. Members of the same family living under the same roof may be wholly unacquainted. Brothers and sisters may not be related to each other.

You may not know your own child. Husbands and wives may be only partially acquainted with one another. In truth it seems that the very closeness of the relations between a man and a woman living together

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prevents their really knowing each other. There is not enough perspective. The views are all short focussed. They say you have to live with a man to know him, but I say if you live too close to a man all the time you will never know him.

We are not always able to open our hearts even to those nearest us in space. I firmly believe there are thousands of wives who fondly delude themselves with the idea that they know their husbands—know the loved one's secret thot—when in fact they have never entered the areaway of the vestibule that leads to the dwelling of the man nearest them. And the same thing might be said of the husbands as applied to their wives.

As Edward Carpenter so finely puts it, you may clasp her body in your arms, yet that woman's soul may be a million leagues above you, in that realm of pure spirit where none but the pure in heart may enter.

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A marriage license, the Bishop's blessing, nor any conjugal dog collar however beautifully jeweled, can ever open the embowered gates of the soul. The soul will not be bought, cajoled or forced. It yields only to the magic touchstone of real love—the love that is beyond meat and drink and physical satisfactions.



The urge of life is soul hunger. The supreme need of human beings is love, sympathy, understanding. The search of human life is for spiritual balance, spiritual completion, soul satisfaction. All else is but the husks of existence.



Why is it that in the married relation, so many sail out of the flowery inlets of courtship, love, perfect sympathy, understanding, onto the wide seas of life, and soon find the matrimonial bark tossing and plunging without compass or helm?



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How is it, that so often starting in perfect attunement, perfect understanding, perfect confidence and love, the relation soon degenerates into indifference, neglect, unsympathetic soulless life?

I think I know why. Men and women can only flower in beauty as they are free. All true beauty is evolved from within. Pressure from the outside will never aid, but always inhibit. The soul must find its own way—and love is the only star it follows. The slightest exercise of conjugal tyranny upon either side immediately disturbs that exquisite balance of comradeship, confidence and love which alone makes it possible for men and women to associate successfully.

The very moment affection or service is claimed as a right all beauty and sweetness vanish. All loving associations must ever remain a privilege and not an exaction of rights, or a matter of habit if the spirit is to live.

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The marriage tie should not enslave but should really liberate. Can it be made to do so? I think it can. But it will need readjustment all along the line. Each must get rid forever of any idea of ownership over the other. Larger liberty, larger confidence, larger, purer love must help to find the true path. Each must have ample opportunity for privacy, and freedom in the home, and this must be respected by each. We must be alone some of the time in order to find ourselves. We could not endure sunlight all the time any more than unbroken darkness.



Happy people who can live under the same roof and yet be neighbors.

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**What a blessing it is that we forget pain, but joy lives with us. We feed our souls with the memory of happy hours.**

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**Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher**

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## **WOMAN—COMRADE AND EQUAL.**

**Eugene V. Debs.**

The London Saturday Review in a recent issue brutally said: "Man's superiority is shown by his ability to keep woman in subjection." Such a sentiment is enough to kindle the wrath of every man who loves his wife or reveres his mother. It is the voice of the wilderness, the snarl of the primitive. Measured by that standard, every tyrant has been a hero, and brutality is at once the acme of perfection and the glory of man.

But it is a lie and a libel. The author of it is an unnatural son striking his mother, a brutal husband glorying because he is able to fell his faithful wife to the earth, a beastly father beating his daughter with his fists

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and gloating as she falls because he is stronger than she.

Real men do not utter such sentiments. He who does so prostitutes his powers and links himself once more to the chattering ape that wrenches the neck of the cowering female, glorying as he does so in the brute force that is his.

Yet the sentiment is not confined to a moral degenerate who writes lies for pay, or to sycophants who sell their souls for the crumbs that arrogant wealth doles out to its vassals. It is embodied and embedded in the cruel system under which we live, the criminal system which grinds children to profits in the mills, which in the sweatshops saps women of their power to mother a race of decent men, which traps the innocent and true-hearted, making them worse than slaves in worse than all that has been said of hell. It finds expression in premiers hiding from petticoated agitators, in presidents ignoring

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the pleading of the mothers of men, in the clubbing and jailing of suffragettes, in Wall street gamblers and brigands cackling from their piles of loot at the demands of justice. It is expressed in laws which rank mothers and daughters as idiots and criminals. It writes, besides the declaration that men should rebel against taxation without representation, that women must submit to taxation without representation. It makes property the god that men worship, and says that woman shall have no property rights. Instead of that, she herself is counted as property, living by sufferance of the man who doles out the pittance that she uses.

Woman is made the slave of a slave, and is reckoned fit only for companionship in lust. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life are scorned as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength and plumes himself that he can subjugate the one who made him what he is, and would have made him

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better had his customs and institutions permitted.

How differently is woman regarded by the truly wise and the really great! Paolo Lombroso, one of the deepest students of mind that time has ripened, says of her:

“The most simple most frivolous and thoughtless woman hides at the bottom of her soul a spark of heroism which neither she herself nor anybody else suspects, which she never shows if her life runs its normal course, but which springs into evidence and manifests itself by actions of devotion and self-sacrifice, if fate strikes her or those whom she loves. Then she does not wince, she does not complain nor give way to useless despair, but rushes into the breach. The woman who hesitates to put her feet into cold, placid water throws herself into the perils of the roaring, surging maelstrom.”

Sardou, the analytical novelist, declares:

“I consider women superior to men in al-

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most everything. They possess intuitive faculty to an extraordinary degree, and may almost always be trusted to do the right thing in the right place. They are full of noble instincts, and, though heavily handicapped by fate, come well out of every ordeal. You have only to turn to history to learn the truth of what I say."

Lester F. Ward, the economist, the subtle student of affairs, gives this testimony:

"We have no conception of the real amount of talent or of genius possessed by woman. It is probably not greatly inferior to that of men even now, a few generations of enlightened opinion on the subject, if shared by both sexes, would perhaps show that the difference is qualitative only."

"I am glad to align myself with a party that declares for absolute equality between the sexes. Anything less than this is too narrow for twentieth century civilization, and too small for a man who has a right concep-

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tion of manhood. I declare my faith that man, like water, cannot rise higher than his source. I am no greater than my mother. I have no rights or powers that do not belong to my sisters, everywhere.

Let us grant that woman has not reached the full height which she might attain—when I think of her devotion to duty, her tender ministries, her gentle spirit that in the clash and struggle of passion has made her the savior of the world, the thought, so far from making me decry womanhood, gives me the vision of a race so superior as to cause me to wonder at its glory and beauty ineffable.

Man has not reached his best. He never will reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character. Shakespeare under-



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stood it when he made his noblest women strong as men, as his best men tender as women.

Under our brutal forms of existence, beating womanhood to dust we have raged in passion for the individual woman, for use only. Some day we shall develop the social passion for womanhood, and then the gross will disappear in service and justice and companionship. Then we shall lift woman from the mire where our fists have struck her, and set her by our side as our comrade and equal and that will be love indeed.

Man's superiority will be shown, not in the fact that he has enslaved his wife, but in that he has made her free.

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**I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—Richard Rumbold, the scaffold, Sixteen Eighty-five.**

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THE PROPHET AND THE ASS is a new monthly which has bobbed above the skyline from the classic village of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Its co-editors are G. H. Lockwood and his running mate Annie. Guy says the title of the magazine symbolizes his family relations. It would be indelicate of me to say he has chosen a most felicitous title, so I shall not say it, for Comrade Lockwood is rather a good fellow if he is an Ass, and by the way Kalamazoo is not so few either.

I was invited by the Lockwoods to give one of my celebrated and inspiring lectures there. The Ass said he thought he could get a couple of dozen of the high brows out to listen to me. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at the Ringside to find a splendid audience of between eight and nine hundred people burning to hear the words of wisdom from Pigeon-Roost. I think that is going some for a small country village. Lockwood, in addition to being an editorial Ass also

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conducts the Kalamazoo Art Institute, where young women and men are trained in the fundamentals of the graphic arts. A number of the students gathered on Sunday morning at the studio where I had the great pleasure of a heart-to-heart talk with them.

I know the PROPHEET AND THE ASS has some good stuff in it because the Ass browses on the OPEN ROAD and occasionally pinches classic gems found therein. All this is only an excuse for printing the following from Lockwood's facile pen. If you think you could stand the braying of the Ass for a year, to say nothing of the Prophet's gentle wisdom, send one William for a year, ten cents for one dose. THE PROPHEET AND THE ASS, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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### **GIVE THE CHILDREN A CHANCE.**

The Ass firmly believes in that old saying, "never too old to learn." But unless a person STARTS to gathering wisdom in his youth it is a mighty hard proposition to get him started in

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after years, when ideas, like habits, become fixed, and it almost takes a blast of dynamite to make a place for a new one.

Children learn easily, and they learn what is BAD as easily as what is good. Most men hold tenaciously all thru life to the religious and political ideas taught them as children when their minds were "receptive," not in an analytical or reasoning stage.

There is a time in a child's life when he asks questions and accepts the answers without question. It is at this stage that he should be TAUGHT TO REASON, and care should be taken that his mind should NOT be filled with all manner of man made THEORIES that cannot be substantiated by FACTS, for even a child has a right to his OWN opinions. It is in this stage that OLD ideas are impressed so strongly on the NEW generation. The fellow who said, "Give me the child until he is seven years old and you can have him afterwards," or words to that effect, knew what he was talking about—there is an abundance of evidence all around us, and they are not all Catholics either. I have known people who call themselves "freethinkers" who instilled the poison of GROWN UP BE-

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LIEFS into children's minds, and I can't see a bit of difference.

I say a child should be taught to **THINK** and **REASON** for himself—**AND GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF FORMULATING HIS OWN BELIEFS**. It is blind and unreasoning **BELIEF** that has cursed this old Earth for ages past, and will probably curse it for ages to come.

**Unfetter the child's mind.** Let the young generation be **FREE** to **THINK** for itself and then all these problems that are merely speculative will be handled on their relative **MERITS** and the **TRUTH** will come to the surface. Let us give the children a chance to be governed by the ideas of the **LIVING**, their **OWN** ideas, if you please, not bind them in the intellectual shrouds of past ages and train and twist their young minds to fit the worn out "beliefs" of dead men. Again I say **TRAIN YOUR CHILDREN TO THINK**, and let them formulate their **OWN BELIEFS**.

The Ass will cheerfully take all the responsibility.

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**Every man is his own priest and is responsible for his own soul.—Baha Ullah.**

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**'CROSS-LOTS IN HAMMOND.**  
**By H. Bedford-Jones.**

Speaking of sealing-wax, I've nailed boxes in a factory, swung out lines on a lake-boat, tramped it, and eaten figs alongside Bruce, so I always thought I had a pretty good hold on the facts of life. So do you, but you're wrong—unless you know Virginia Brooks. She's a great little combination of Jane Austin, Diana, Emma Goldman and the good that's in you.

“Oh hell,” says Bruce as he wipes his specs, “what's Virginia Brooks got to do with the Open Road?” Not a thing, old man! But the Open Road's got a lot to do with Virginia Brooks. Shut up and let me talk.

If you never ruined a woman and never uplifted a man you ought to come to Chicago. You can do either one there as often as you like, if you have the price to fix the cops. And it often costs a whole lot less to

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put your fellow-being in the mud than it does to pull him out. To anyone who owns a half-decent soul the vice of Chicago is terribly sickening, degrading, horrifying. You go around for days with a pain in your heart after running up against it. You send Bruce a dollar and wish to hell you were out of it. Then maybe you read the Bible and forget it, or else you roll up your sleeves and pitch in.

The same applies to West Hammond, only less forcibly because W. H. is just a trifle smaller than Chicago. It has lots of things that Chicago doesn't have, such as goats and sheep on the vacant lots, dives without benefit of clergy, and Virginia Brooks. Also it may have good government in the course of time. The vice of a city does not always depend on the city council, but the city council depends on the vice of the city. However, I'm not going to tell the story of one girl's fight, because she can do that bet-

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ter herself. I'm just moralizing along while we cut across the back lots toward the settlement to see if any of the grafters have been jailed yet.

The settlement? Oh, that's where you'll find Virginia. I might say "Miss Brooks," if this was polite society. Thank God it's only the Open Road. When you shake hands with that slender, black-eyed Goddess of the Backlots you feel like reading Walt Whitman or writing Bruce. You feel as if you'd known her all her life. Sure! Come on in and see the settlement.

I know it's small, but then Christ was born in a manger, if you remember. Influence doesn't go by size, anyway. Size is largely a matter of influence. Upstairs you'll find the nurseries where the Polish babies are given the time of their lives once in a while. This is largely a town home for the wives of the Poles, you know. They **can** bring their babies here, after which the



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babies bring them, and have them taken care of all day. Personally, I think little babies are a nuisance unless they happen to be one's own. But then, as Bruce says, one has to speak from experience about that.

It's quite a neat little place here, isn't it? Yes, they have all kinds of classes for women and children, boys and girls. Every road is open to this settlement, everyone is welcomed. The only condition is that they wipe their feet on the doormat. If we're lucky enough to catch Virginia at work maybe she'll let you help sweep up or carry furniture or something. I'd like Bruce to meet her—remember that woodpile, old man? There's nothing slow around her.

She is not a fanatic. She has never led a mob. (Oh, shucks! What do I care about the papers? Haven't I shaken hands with her?) She has given her life and efforts to the Polish people of Hammond and in the founding of this settlement has brought her

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work to a head. As somebody said about somebody else, I don't remember whom, "By gad, sir, she's a woman!"

The title of the OPEN ROAD is "A magazinelet of faith." Virginia is a woman of faith. It radiates from her eyes and shines in her work. Faith in herself, in her Poles, in the inherent good and God in man. She inspires faith, too. It's harder to inspire faith in a Pole than it is for Bruce to pull subs from the elect, but she does it. You ought to see the children smile at her as she passes! Maybe I'm over-enthused, but it reminded me of the sick people in the cities of Galilee some years back. And when you meet a person who reminds you of the Good Man of Nazareth you're in luck.

A certain Lit'ry Man who met Virginia said to me when she was gone, "I wish I was a Pole and lived in Hammond! If I saw that woman every day I'd get the inspiration for the greatest book ever writ-

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ten!" It requires a woman of that very type to give herself to Hammond. Those Poles are no dream of delight to work with. They are brutal and ignorant. Their children and babies drink milk or beer indiscriminately. Their women are what they are. But to them Virginia Brooks is bringing the faith, the beauty, the sunlight of the Open Road.

She is fighting the vice of a saloon town with love, fighting darkness with light, fighting the body with the soul. The best argument for joining any fraternity that I ever heard is that the local Elks donated the "town home," house and lot. But then, perhaps that only proves the greatness of Virginia Brooks.

From praying and fasting we have turned to thinking and working. The result of the change of method is plainly visible in the conquests of modern industry, whose soul is the productivity of our labor.—Joseph Dietzgen.

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### GO GET A BUG.

A notable article in last week's Mirror, entitled, "What Shall I Do?" setting forth the aimlessness of life of a young man who does not care for business, has occasioned no end of comment. Of course, any young man who wants to know what he shall do, must be a failure.

Let him start out with the query "Whom Shall I do?" and success will positively dog his footsteps and he will be gorgeously celebrated in write-ups, paid for by himself, in thick volumes, with steel plate portraits, entitled "Our Captains of Industry."

Any young man who will put in his time, as this young man does, by his own confession, in reading Nietzsche, De Maupassant, Emerson, Wilde, Ibsen and Shaw, and in thinking about things will never be a success.

To succeed, you must not think about anything but money. You must give up everything else for that. And when you get that,

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it gets you and you're a failure anyhow. If you want to get all there is out of life, get a "bug," plunge into some cause not quite respectable and not at all popular, devote yourself to it, lose friends and money by sticking to it—that's the real fun of living.

So, young man, or woman either, go get a "bug," a lively "bug," a "bug" that will bite and sting you, every time you begin to grow lassitudinous, into activity for the cause.

Then you'll be happy as you never can be otherwise, save when you're in love; and in time, when you can't be in love with anyone or even with half a dozen, you'll find through the cause you're in love with everyone, and you'll be happy even though you're mostly broke, and when it comes time to die, you're so tired you're glad of it and besides, you'll see your cause just coming out on top. This is "the true pathos and sublime of human life."—William Marion Reedy.

## **THE OPEN ROAD**

### **THE OPEN ROAD.**

#### **A Comrade's New Year's Greeting.**

Comrades! Happy may thy New Year be,  
Filled with the joys, to help, to work, and give.  
Open thy hearts, let Nature reign therein,  
Free as the wind that blows o'er oceans vast.

Give justice unto all, no special privilege take,  
Work, just to work, abhor all idleness.  
Look to the heavens every morn and eve,  
And know thyself a God! Lord of all Right and  
Wrong!

I desire not what my brother may not share,  
Nor in heaven dwell, whilst a soul remains in  
hell,  
Naked into this world I came, and naked I de-  
part,  
To where Freedom reigns supreme, and Love  
Herself!

Happy the New Year thus begot—  
Into thy darkness go, O Greed, and Lust,

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**LABOR and CAPITAL thy hands now here  
join,**

**And live in PEACE—dividing equally thy wares.**

**NORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.**

**December 11, 1911.**

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**The noise of history is made by the clatter  
of the wooden sabots going up the stairs and  
the rustle of the silk shoes coming down.—  
Balzac.**

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To make our city and our nation greater  
we must make our individual selves greater.  
There is nothing selfish in saying "I am  
strong. I can do things. I believe in My-  
self." Only the narrow-minded will look  
upon a man who speaks thus as an egotist.  
The day of the humble is passing. This is  
the age of the strong—of those who can  
make good. The old proverbs that counsel  
men to be humble and to be meek are worn-  
out creeds. Success is not for him who  
stands back.—John Nicholas Beffel.

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## AN OCEAN PRAYER.

By J. Wm. Lloyd.

I pray to thee, Ocean, salt and grand,  
To send me a woman to mate my mind,  
To be my sea as I her land,  
A world together with heaven to bind.

An Ocean woman of kindred thought,  
With brain-waves beating with mine in rhyme,  
And a Gulf-Stream heart of love, full-fraught,  
Glowing to warm my mental clime.

Bathing my coasts in a beautiful sea,  
Cleansing, caressing, cheering me on,  
With deep proud tides of sympathy  
For the work I do, that I have done.

A woman indeed, whose sea-like soul  
Flows 'round the world in a wide embrace,  
With great heart-billows that break and roll  
On every shore of the human race.

Whose generous stream holds every keel,  
And mirrors the glory of every sky,  
Whose depths go down to think and feel  
As deep as my peaks rise heavenward high.



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O beautiful Ocean, salt and strong,  
Mother and lover of every shore,  
Send me this woman for whom I long,  
That my lonely brain may thirst no more.

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To do big deeds we must broaden our outlook. No success is greater than the outlook of the man who achieved it. Narrow minds and knockers go hand in hand. We knock our neighbor and forget our own shortcomings. Let's cheer up and get at the big thing.

Enthusiasm is the beginning—and the culmination—of all things worth while. All other qualities are as nothing if we lack enthusiasm. It is the white heat that fuses all the other qualities into one effective mass.

John Nicholas Beffel.

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**PEACE TO THE WORLD!**

**T**HE ten million dollar Palace of Peace at the Hague is nearly done. To the furnishings France donated paintings and tapestries, Germany the monumental entrance-grill, England four huge colored glass windows, Italy the marble for the corridors, Russia a great jasper vase, and so with the other nations.

Meanwhile, Englishmen are dying of fever and bullet along the Indian frontiers, France is "occupying" Morocco, Italy's bersaglieri are shooting down Arabs, Germany is launching dreadnaughts, and the Russian regiments are pouring into Persia. And, in the shadow of the magnificent Palace of Fiddlesticks, the Boy Scouts are drilling.

We are almost tempted to believe that charity begins at home. We have a noble institution here in our midst, an institution that is destined to make manly men of our boys and teach them the art of living and

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dying like English gentlemen, under the patronage of the Y. M. C. A. This organization, evidently believing that Christ has failed to accomplish his purpose, puts forward the Boy Scouts as a substitute. Sometimes I read over the Boy Scout manual and lose myself in admiration of the men who wrote it. They should be lawyers—corporation lawyers.

On paper the institution is a fine thing, an uplifting thing for our boys. But getting down to cases, looking beneath the skirts of fine words, we see the first-aid bandage around the ankle of Conflict. Our boys are shown how life is a series of battles, from the athletic field to business, and are bid prepare for them. We bid them develop their muscle and their skill, show them how to live outdoors on their own resources, train them to command and obey—and while they are doing these things we are assured that in time of war we shall have an efficient reserve.

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The Boy Scout idea is good for our boys in one sense, but it is a magnificent waste of energy. It is not good business. The United States is not a military nation but a business nation, and always will be. Life is not a series of battles by any means, nor is business. Business is evolutionary today, which means that it is attaining the standards of efficiency, fair dealing, and honest value.

In Europe the uniform symbol of centuries of heroic deeds adrip with blood, and the whole history of England is suggested by the bearskin shake. Here the uniform is a symbol of disgrace—in the Mexican war, in the Civil war, in the Spanish war. Not disgrace from the standpoint of romance and heroism, I grant, but from the standpoint of Christianity, which is vastly higher. Romance and Heroism seldom comprise Christianity, but Christianity is the very embodiment of Romance and Heroism.

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The Socialists, who are essentially Christians, are fighting the Boy Scout movement tooth and nail while the Y. M. C. A., which is nominally Christian but in fact only dogmatical, upholds it. For the boy in the city streets the movement is a good thing. Every great movement has its good features, but good features do not necessarily canonize every great movement. If they did we might all be preaching Anarchism, slavery or bank robbery.

Our Boy Scouts cannot last very long. The organization is a throw-back to primalism and as such is contrary to the very instincts of this country. We are going up, not down, and evolution will not be denied. Our boys do not need to learn Sanscrit (although it is highly interesting), neither do they need to learn the manly art of war (which is also highly interesting). It would be much better to teach them safe-cracking, which demands a high degree of intelligence,

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skill and efficiency, and which can possibly be defended, than to teach them Boy Scouting, which also demands a high degree of intelligence, skill and efficiency and which cannot possibly be defended. For when we defend a thing it must be on the basic, underlying principles of it. The basic principle of safe-cracking is simply the acquirement of money, which is a very practical and laudable endeavor if it be gone about rightly. But the basic principle of Boy Scouting is preparing for war in time of peace, which is a very practical and unethical affair at best.

I do not advocate teaching our boys safe-cracking or Nihilism or slavery, although they would certainly find these things more useful to them in the business world and I do not advocate teaching them Boy Scouting, which is useless in the game of life. Life is really a game and not a battle. It has evolved upward, from brute strength to skill.

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Why not teach the boy to enter the woods as a part of them, instead of as from another world? Why not teach him the nobility of every-day labor instead of the nobility of high deeds?

You may contend that the Boy Scout is taught just that, in learning to obey and to be useful to others. Quite true. Well, why not teach him safe-cracking, and thereby develop his skill, intelligence, patience, concentration and efficiency?

So the world wags, while, to flatter the short-sighted vanity of a millionaire the Palace of Fiddlesticks nears completion. That is a crude, honest, unlovely attempt to force evolution on nature. The nations give of their wealth to further it, while their sons slay and are slain; for their right hand knoweth not what their left hand doeth. And with us are—the Boy Scouts, save the name!

H. BEDFORD-JONES.

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### OIL AND ACID.

By Will Levington Comfort.

Some men sit so high on their teaching-perch that all other men look like bugs below.

The Great Law says, "Live your own life." The Stage says, "Act mine,"—so pitifully often a poor playwright's abortive conceptions.

Women often fail to remember what pure attractions to a man are their silences and their minor tones.

It is the sons of strong women who have that fineness which makes them choice, even in their affairs of an hour.

We must keep our gods far away—lost we lose them.

Man's delicacy is not accentuated by the fact that a woman sacrifices her power within him, when she falls to pleading a little.

A writer must be a mineral, a vegetable, an animal, and a soul, to win the whole market.



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I hope that when it comes time for me to pass out from this great stage of ever-changing scenes, I may give up my life in the service of some fellow man. I hope that when Death comes to me it will be in an hour when I have helped to strike the shackles from some creature who struggles in the abyss. . . . And I shall want no tears.—  
John Nicholas Bffel.

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### **RATIONAL SCHOOL CENTER NOTES.**

**D**ECEMBER 27 was red letter date at the Center in Chicago. It was the occasion of our first benefit concert.

Several of our artist friends gave their services for the cause of rational education in a song recital that will long be remembered by the select audience which filled our little auditorium to overflowing.

Among others, the work of Mr. Harry T. Carlson, pianist, and Mr. David a Soderquist,

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baritone, both of Chicago, deserved special mention and secured well merited applause. Anna Gulbrandsen, Contralto, of New York City, who was in Chicago holiday week on a concert trip, sang for us one of her inimitable Norwegian programs in her picturesque costume of the Norwegian peasant girl.

After the concert a symposium of short speeches by prominent men and women educators completed a most enjoyable evening. A substantial sum was netted for the educational fund of the Center.

The cause of Rational Education is gaining ground rapidly. Education of the young—real education, not machine methods—is the one fundamental reform back of all other reform movements. If we are ever to make headway, we must attack the abuses of life at their source—the educational system. I believe the new day is breaking, and over the east spreads the rosy dawn of a new education. Let it come quickly.

# The Open Road

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

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## AFTER SHELDON—WHAT? The Next Step in Salesmanship

By BRUCE CALVERT

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**I** WROTE this heading two years ago, but somehow the impulse to finish the preachment never came till now. Having committed the heading and these notes to paper, I must hurry and get the stuff into print else Elbert Hubbard or Bill Reedy are nearly sure to beat me to it.

I've had some queer experiences in that direction. When I have written something especially good—well laugh, doggone you—I say when I get some particularly good stuff by the tail and write it out I am frequently much pained and not a little mortified to find

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that Hubbard or Reedy will have the same idea in type before I do.

How these noted literary freebooters manage it I do not know, but their pranks occasion me great distress. Perhaps they have the trick of roaming about the country in their astrals. Hubbard, at least, has been accused of marked Jekyll and Hyde proclivities. It would be quite easy for an expert spirit prowler to float over Pigeon-Roost and grab some of my copy while I am out at the woodpile or ministering to Belshazzar. I always leave my writing pad in full view on the kitchen table, too.

But I am evolving a scheme to crab their game. Hubbard, I'm sure, has only one language—a sort of dialect known as "Roycroft"—rather nearly related to English. While as for Reedy, I have made careful inquiries of his **valet de chambray**, who tells me confidentially that Bill is on speaking terms with every known tongue save Chinese.

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So I am now studying the Chink lingo with a view to protecting my brain children from the two Grabski Brothers, Bill and Elbert.

To see your choicest intellectual gems appear in the **Phil-a-Stein** or the **Looking Glass** while still on the galleys at Pigeon-Roost Printery is embarrassing even if those popular pillars of publicity do have faster presses or bigger circulation than the Zinelet.

Enough of Reedy and Hubbard. They'll keep till another time. Hubbard will, at any rate, he's so thoroughly pickled in his own attic brine that he'll need no resurrection tonic. My business today is with Sheldon, or rather with Sheldonism.



Sheldon is the reputed father of Scientific Salesmanship. Let it go at that without argument. Salesmanship is the science of selling a man something he doesn't want. No salesman is needed to sell a man something he does want. You can't keep him from

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getting that thing even though you nail it down and stand guard over it with Gatling guns.



Sheldon in constructing his science of salesmanship has drawn upon the occult forces, has made use of certain spiritual laws, whether consciously or unconsciously I cannot say.

But Salesmanship—the art of persuading people against their wills to buy things they do not want—is based upon intellectual coercion, and involves the use of hypnotic suggestion.



Now it's a peculiarity of laws or principles that they are neither moral nor immoral in themselves, they simply exist. The use that is made of them determines the ethics of the action. The same law that holds a man's feet safely to the earth as he walks—gravitation—will likewise hurl him to his death

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if he steps off the roof of a sky-pusher onto empty air.

Knowledge may be either a great power for good or for evil. The responsibility rests not with nature and the law but with the individual who invokes the powers and forces. Laws may be used for destructive as well as for constructive ends.



The particular malevolent and destructive force which we as a people are now suffering from is that of suggested ideas. We're slaves to suggestion. We have about lost all claims to individuality. We live and move and breathe, in a world of suggestion. Spontaneity, originality, initiative, is so rare as to be looked upon with wonder. We designate persons exhibiting such characteristics as geniuses—ones set apart from their fellows. We do not use our own brains to think with. We do not try to think and act for ourselves. We are so weakened

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morally and intellectually by this subservience to suggestions that we become the easy prey of the strong and unscrupulous intelligences that are making use of their knowledge of psychic laws to exploit the weak and helpless.



Man's whole problem now is to free himself from the strangling webs of suggestion that surround him upon every side; from the thrall of suggested ideas which have beaten him to earth, dethroned his reason, sapped his strength, and left him well nigh a helpless derelict on the tides of fate.

He who would be free must first learn to defend himself against the suggestive forces that assail him. Man must regain his own. He must be free. Must break every bond that binds him. Must rise in the majesty of his own powers, throw off all repression, assert himself supreme above all forms of suggestion and let the spirit flower in freedom



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and beauty as it will. To surrender your will power to another is spiritual suicide.



Scientific salesmanship, then, when it makes use of the law of suggestion to coerce men or women into a line of action not sanctioned by their own desires or intentions, is a destructive force and the result is evil.

The trained salesman may indeed triumph over the weakness of his victim. He may, by using all the petty arts of flattery and cajolery; by appealing to the cupidity, selfishness, vanity, greed, avarice or pride of his customer, make the sale, but the cost is too great. Somebody suffers, and everybody pays the bill.



That's one cause of our unhappy economic condition today. Too much lost motion. Society's overhead charges are too high. We're carrying too much dead weight. Too many parasites. Too few producers. One of the

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most persistent, pestiferous parasites on our social epidermis is the salesman. He is on the side of waste, always. The more "scientific" he is, the more dangerous is he, and the heavier tribute he's levying upon society. I repeat, no salesmen are needed to supply people with the things they want. And what ethical justification is there for pushing upon anybody the things they do not want?

Uncle Sam does rather a fair trade every year in postage stamps with never a salesman, "scientific" or otherwise. He refuses even to allow you a commission, though you insist upon selling stamps for him.



And what do all the salesmen's efforts amount to in the end? Simply that Googem, Gougem & Co. sell a few more of their world renowned Goo-Goo-Girl than their competitors Grabem & Skinem. Perhaps truth to tell, in a sane society where things were

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made for **use** in place of just to sell, neither of these honorable firms would have any reason for existence. The world would wag along just as happily without their unsurpassed Goo-Goo-Girl as with it.



There can be no doubt that the rage for profits, for stuff to sell, the importunities of salesmen for new and seductive wares to tempt the jaded appetites of the buyers, does stimulate a vast amount of unnatural and greatly overdone manufacturing and merchandizing. In other words, we'd probably be much better off if about one-half of all the business concerns in the country were wiped out altogether and the remainder were concentrating their efforts, not upon flaming flimsy novelties and shoddy, made to sell only, but upon solid, substantial merchandise made to use. All of which is to say that there are a lot of people in business who have no business to be in business at all. They

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would much better be back to the land adding to the world's store of real wealth than to be juggling with fictitious wants and factitious values, aided by an army of scientific salesmen. According to Dun's and Bradstreet's weekly obituaries, about 80 to 90 per cent of all men in business fail. Do you suppose this awful mortality of business enterprises would occur if things were made and sold for use in place of simply for profit?



We all instinctively recognize the salesman as our natural enemy. He has come to wheedle us into buying what we don't want don't need and can't afford. He may deftly separate us from our hard won substance, and load us up with his unforgivable junk, but that is the least of the harm he does to us. He has robbed us of self-respect, has played upon us with his suggested ideas, and we have fallen to his blandishments. He has despoiled us of what is a thousand times

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more precious than cash, and that is our individuality, our will power.



In all large cities, you see in the great office buildings signs displayed reading thus:

“No Agents, Peddlers, Book Salesmen, Insurance Solicitors or Dogs allowed.”

A tacit admission that the salesman is regarded as a public nuisance, and is classed with stray dogs.

Many business houses now say in their advertisements, “We will send you full particulars by mail, and we promise not to annoy you by sending a salesman to see you.”



I do not criticize the salesman. He is usually a bright and able man of more than ordinary capacity. But I do say it's a pity that his talents are not employed in productive effort in place of on the side of economic waste.

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Now, this is not to assert that Sheldon has not actually done great good in the world. He has. He has taken many an incompetent good-for-nothing-else, and trained him into an expert scientific salesman able to jolly the dining room girls and pad his expense account with the brightest and best of that most ancient and honored profession, the Knights of the Grip.

And then, too, as a result of Sheldon's activities, we shall now be compelled, in order to protect ourselves from these trained spoilers, to study the laws of mind and learn how to resist suggestive influences and hypnotic advances. We must match our wits against theirs. They will have no power over us when we understand the laws of psychology they are working with as well as they do. In this way the standard of intelligence will rise immeasurably, and thus will Sheldon indirectly benefit humanity. Perhaps that is not just the way he expected to ele-

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vate the race, or would like to think he is doing so, but that's the way it actually works out.



What's to be done, then? This. Let Sheldon immediately start a "School for Scientific Protection Against Scientific Salesmen." If he will do this he may yet prove a public benefactor in the biggest and broadest sense. He may in this way atone for that hungry horde of forty thousand odd scientific "separators" he claims to have let loose upon the world through his salesman factory. Let him get up a correspondence course in overcoming the wiles and combatting the schemes of the professional salesman. Let him fortify us by a knowledge of the principles of suggestion to protect ourselves against his graduates.

Big scheme, it seems to me. He can run both schools at once. In fact, use the same lessons. Just reverse the salesmanship

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course for the protective course—work it backwards, you know. Very easy.



If Sheldon will do this, immortality awaits him and his business will flow on forever. If he doesn't do it, now that I have furnished the idea and given him first chance, then I guess, by cracky, I'll do it myself.



Now watch the "efficiency" roosters carp and caw.

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No matter if the world laugh at you, take your own self seriously. The mob laughs at what it does not understand, ridicules what it cannot comprehend. Too many men who have the fire of genius within never let it kindle into flame because they fear the laughter of the crowd. . . . Forget what others think. The thing that matters is what you think yourself, and that you believe in yourself.—John Nicholas Beffel.



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**HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH.**

They were ordinary high school boys. And they must have been discussing that most fascinating of high school pastimes, note writing; for one of them said, "We don't sign no names to 'em."

Shades of Shakespeare! Why waste precious time trying to teach Latin to students when they are so sadly in need of common everyday English? Nine out of ten of them are like the boy who said that all of the high school Latin that he could remember was, bonus—a—um, and he didn't know what the a—um meant.

Why do we hang so tenaciously to a relic of ancient history? Discipline, says its supporters, driven to their last, lone argument, discipline for the mind. Ah yes, splendid mental training. Very much like giving a man a hammer and letting him break up a large, useless stone to develop his muscles. Wouldn't it be more practical to give him

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tools and some suitable materials and let him develop a creative power along with his muscle?

All of which is a long throw from the chance remark of a high school boy, but it is one phase of the trend toward the practical in educational affairs. One incident in the great movement that is knocking the props from some of the blindly worshiped humbugs of antiquity.

A health to the pioneers who are blazing the trails for Rational Education.

—George B. Staff.

Franklin, Indiana.

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**A downright fact may be told in a plain way; and we want downright facts at the present more than anything else.—John Ruskin.**

**Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak; it comes out of the past; its foundations are laid far back.—Wendell Phillips.**

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### BUG HOUSE.

Once on a time, the world was free  
For use of bugs and folks;  
The bugs they dug and scratched with glee,  
The folks they cracked their jokes.

The bugs they loved and multiplied,  
And found the world quite jolly;  
The folks they dreamed, and schemed, and lied,  
And filled the world with folly.

The bugs they followed nature's way,  
Each one as best he knew it;  
The folks each one aspired to say,  
Just how the rest should do it.

The bugs they made their earthly home,  
With Heavenly joys resplendent;  
The folks conceived a hell to come,  
To scare the independent.

And thus the bugs they lived in peace,  
And found the world quite snuggy;  
While folks from strife would never cease,  
Until they all got buggy.

J. Bellangee.

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### THE TENACITY OF FALSE TRAINING.

By Dr. Leon Patrick.

“Truth springs eternal in the human breast,” sang the poet—probably not realizing what he was singing about. Had he given the matter more serious thought he would have discovered that the reason truth is eternally springing in the human breast is that its very soul revolts at the false training of the human mind which has cost more health than all other causes combined.

All the unhappiness of man comes from the false. Real, simple, natural ignorance is not capable of creating a world of ills. Disease—pain of body and mind—can more often be traced to a false knowledge than to ignorance. False notions about everything—eating, drinking, clothing, work, amusement. Beginning with the false notion that to be happy hereafter one must be melancholy here—for to be happy here meant hell hereafter—the education of the generations

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has been deliberately preverted from the natural to the imaginary; from the wholesome to the stale; from the inherent good to the exherent bad. They have been taught that "man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upward," which is not true. On the contrary, it is a falsehood that has bred distrust, and has arrayed mentality against mentality even in the same individual. The truth springs eternally to the front, only to be crowded back by the misfit education which is the opposite to knowledge.

We have few educators who are great enough to rise above the superstition and prejudice of the time and to teach with Bruce Calvert that **"It is strength and health, mental freedom, intellectual honesty, fearlessness and soul stuff that education should give."**

Our professors have not yet learned—and greater the pity—that true knowledge is the ability to THINK; to think rationally, to

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analyze, to see the absolute relationship of cause and effect, to go to the root of things, to ask the **why** and the **wherefore**, to take nothing for granted, and to believe only that which is capable of proof.

When I see so-called educated and cultured and diplomaed people believing in the rankest superstitions, giving credence to the most absurd impossibilities, ignoring all physical needs of the body, and trusting blindly to some drug for restoration to health, then it is that I feel like saying,—away with all schools, colleges, professors and doctors with their farcical education!

Tell me,—of what use is all this book learning, if, in the process, the individual has failed to acquire that essential vitality that makes it possible for him to be and do? Is an individual fitted for a career when lacking that creative force upon which all efficiency depends—health?

It is axiomatic that the force of the under-

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standing increases with the health of the body. And it is just as impossible to possess an unhealthy mind and have a healthy body as it is for a healthy mind to remain so in a diseased body.

Why is this true? Because Nature is a mental and physical demonstration of perfection, of harmony, of ease, of efficiency.

A sound body is of greater importance to society, or the individual, than a mental development at the expense of health. Vigorous men and women are the prime essential and cannot be purchased at too great a price.

It is my sincere belief that there is no single measure that would so positively, so immediately contribute towards the happiness, progress and efficiency of the human race as teaching the people the science of health.

Everywhere we, as physicians, have to contend with the false conceptions and superstition of the superficially educated man and woman—made so by doctors and professors

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who can't see anything in sane educational processes, because they know nothing about them. And until they do know they won't be able to **see**.

A man can see in a thing only what he knows about it—and this particularly applies to the problem of health and education.

Education is growth, not acquisition; the development of self, not the addition of accomplishments. And in the final analysis it will be found that the fundamental base of all progress, all moral development lies in the bodily refinement and physical betterment of the individual.

Man is the crowning wonder of creation, and as such is the noblest study the world affords. Yet he who would champion so unpopular a cause as that of a safe, sane and rational education has to battle with that blind ignorance, akin to hate, with its venomous tongues and its sly stab in the back, which proves nothing more than that the



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crowd has no time for him who thinks differently.

The world cannot tolerate anything except perfection in innovation. It can stay with the old haphazard, absurdly false, guess-work measures until doomsday and never make a complaint, but when confronted with something new to it the welkin rings with its protest. Nothing emphasizes the tenacity of false training so much as the manner in which a coming change is criticized by the old order. Yet the one great truth remains, that the hetrodoxy of today is the orthodoxy of tomorrow—and true as the multiplication table a week later. And although the heretic has no precedent to follow he is enjoying the air of freedom and the sunshine of effective thought which make for true progress.

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**There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them, as from a cold room.—  
George Eliot.**

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**THE AVENGER.**

Fierce rages the conflict between the foes,  
One by riches owned, whilst the other, labor  
binds.

Who of this strife shall victor prove.  
But Death the soul of hatred, feed avarice and  
wrong.

Justice alas! is bound upon her throne—  
By rules of courts, red tapes and forms.  
The judge, but mortal, narrow-minded, proud,  
Himself unknown to sorrow or poverty's dark  
domain,

Ah! What wrongs in justices' name are wrought?  
What hollow mockery for man to stand for trial!  
Before a court well paid and kept.  
But the plaintiff no money hast, the defendant  
hath, and wins.

No wrong in law can righted be, without much  
cost.

In courts one buys human justice for what 'tis  
worth—

If the judge is blind, the jury deaf, and lawyers  
devoid of truth

What chance has RIGHT to win before such bar,  
Oh! man?

—Norton F. W. Hazeldine.

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### SELF EDUCATION.

I am inspired to report the case of an acquaintance who drifted into my life who was a good illustration of the meaning of the term "self education."

My name is published in the International Scientific Directory as a student of fungi and fibers. Some twenty years since I began to receive microscopical slides of various fungi from a man at Lodi, Ill., who gave his name as Francis Dinett.

There are over 40,000 listed species of fungi, and I never knew all of them by any manner of means, and it took time and study to name these slides. However, many interesting species came before me through that source which I never would have otherwise noted.

One day I received a slide exhibiting the trachea of a cricket with the request that I would investigate for "internal hairs." I placed the slide under my microscope and

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investigated it, using many methods of illumination, but was not rewarded by discerning internal hairs. I took it to a meeting of the Illinois Microscopical Society, where it was examined by several members, but none of these saw the hairs.

I wrote Mr. Dinett that our Society was about to give a Soiree and wanted him to come and bring the slide.

One day there rolled into my office a man short and stout, and with great hands that gave little promise of the delicate mounting I was familiar with. This was Francis Dinett, and I listened with interest to his life story. He had been a sailor the larger part of his life, having little or no opportunity for education. Finally he left the sea service and settled upon a farm at Lodi, where he continued to keep a log book, through force of habit.

His son read the Youth's Companion and became interested in a microscope offered

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as a premium for new subscribers. With his father's help he secured this instrument, worth about \$8.00, and of comparatively little value as a scientific instrument. However, it was the means of opening Dinett's eyes to the marvels of the world about him. He became absorbed in research in every direction. After a time an expert microscopist came to Lodi selling fine objectives, and discovering Dinett he soon made a convert of him. With the aid of these objectives and a Bulloch stand our student now began to ransack the world about him. He sought the help of other students as he discovered me and his vision was wonderfully enlarged.

Dinett attended the meeting with me and now reinforced by his presence many others beside myself noted the internal hairs of the trachea of the cricket, which before we could not detect.

The sailor farmer had really made a discovery in Science. This man, without the

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benefit of school education, without any scientific training except what he gave himself, had really accomplished that which world renowned scientists had failed in. He had found insect's means of oxidization of the serum which had been dimly believed but never before understood. In fact, he has since made several valuable additions to the store of microscopical knowledge. He was not satisfied with the glimpse into the unseen world but also became a student of Astronomy. He secured a six-inch telescope and with this searched the heavens.

And yet Dinett was past fifty years of age when he made his first start in the direction in which his mind became so acute.

What a discoverer he might have made had it been possible for him to have given his life to science!

I well recall Mr. S. H. Burnham, the world renowned astronomer, who has found

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more double stars than all other astronomers combined.

I visited him in early years when he had his six-inch telescope mounted in his back yard. The astronomical world laughed at Burnham's efforts at first, but these are now everywhere recognized as most efficient.

I knew Prof. George W. Hale when as a lad he began to search for facts in astronomy. It is not wonderful that the great discoverer should have so added to the store of knowledge to the world for he has always been an alert student.

I personally knew Professor Barnard, the keen-eyed observer of Lick Observatory. His knowledge was not that of the schools, but was obtained at first hand from Nature.

I could name many others of my own personal acquaintance who became expert in various departments of life and few of them ever had an opportunity for even a limited school education. I have known many col-

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lege and university graduates and know of few of them who have risen high in departments of real knowledge. Even in as limited an experience as my own has been, I have had opportunity to note that those whose names stand highest upon the roll of honor are those who graduated in the "school of life" without much help from the ordinary schools, colleges and universities.

We certainly need a method of developing men and women who have not lost the use of their God-given faculties of observation, a fact that has been so often stated by Bruce Calvert, Mr. Richard T. Crane and others who have given attention to the subject.

—Charles O. Boring.

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**Show me the man you honor. I know by this symptom, better than any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.—Carlyle.**



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### THE NATAL HOUR.

. . . It is clear to me that the whole race is lifting with a wonderful inner animation. In the next quarter of a century great mystic voices shall be heard. And there shall be One above all. . . . There never was a time when the mind of woman was so eager and inspirational; never a time when men were so tired of metal and meals and miles. The groan for the **Absolutely New**, for the utmost in sense and the weirdest of sensations, for speed to cover distances and power to overcome every obstacle, even thin air—all these express the great weariness of the flesh, and make clear to the prophetic understanding that man is nearing the end of his lessons in three dimensions and five senses. . . . Verily, when women begin to dream about bringing prophets into the world the giants of those other days are close to her, crowding closer, eager to be born again.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

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### PRISONERS.

Prisoners, all—

Knowing the taste of sunlight and freedom,  
The beauty of the stars, the great round moon  
And glorious woods and fields.

Yet in our madness we shut ourselves in prison,  
Lock our hearts' doors to the call of gentle earth,  
Shut our eyes to her beauty,  
Clutch with fierce hands at our brothers' goods,  
Hug with desperate arms our gathered spoil  
And call for blessings on our garish alms.

Prisoners, all—

In bonds of our own contriving.  
All nature calls on man to be free.  
Each day the sun calls to earth in gladness,  
Stars smile in beauty and winds blow in freedom.  
But man must bind in chains  
Himself and his brother,  
Grope in blindness for that which but degrades—  
For the thing whose having  
Leaves but the greed for what his brother has.

—H. C. Thomas,

**Words without love mean nothing.—Baha  
Ullah.**

# The Open Road

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VOL. VIII

APRIL, 1912

No. 4

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

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## **“GOD IS LOVE---COME IN AND GET RIGHT WITH GOD.”**

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**T**HIS ALLURING sign displayed in flaming letters over the entrance to one of the big fashionable churches in Chicago, caught my eye today as I hung onto a strap in a Wabash Avenue car.

The first proposition I have no intention of disputing. You can say God is Love, and Love is God, or God is life — using any or all of these indefinite statements, which, standing alone, count for nothing. In fact, if you use such words as Love and God nowadays, when these terms have acquired so many different conflicting meanings you

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really must append a glossary to your terminology. In other words, you must state what you mean by "God" or "Love" or "Heaven" or any other of all those nebulous words coming down to us out of the theological mists. I won't quarrel with this part of the sign, but will pass it as harmless and meaningless unless coupled with some further information.

But the audacity of that invitation to "Come in and get right with God" set my teeth on edge, causing me to yank at my strap with a savagery that was not appreciated by my neighbors in the crowded aisle. If I had had the time I should have liked to get off the car, pass through the magic portals in that great stone wall and see what they have in there that would "get me right with God."



Now the pathetic thing about the whole business is, that this is an immense build-

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ing, occupying an immensely valuable space almost in the heart of the great city of Chicago. I do not know whether the building or the ground pays any taxes. Probably not. But here is an institution representing an investment of many hundred thousand dollars. Somebody is paying the bills to maintain this expensive religious plant. The preachers have to live. The singers, choir boys, vergers, janitors, assistant rectors and all that sort of stuff connected with the business must be supported. So that even in this busy age, this dawning of a rational era, we still have people so obsessed with the old idea, that you can go "in" some place and in some mysterious way "get right with God" that they are going into their pockets, paying out good money—which is the strongest test of their sincerity—for the support of their delusions.



Immediately opposite the supposedly sa-

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cred edifice was a saloon, also with a flaming sign over its alluring entrance. This sign said "Headquarters for good fellows—come in."

Now, for my part, I am almost sure that the sign displayed on the House of God "Come in and get right with God" might with equal propriety be tacked onto the saloon opposite. But the "Good Fellows" invitation could never by the most violent stretch of the imagination be fittingly placed over the church door. What I mean is this: If going into some **place** means finding "God" and getting right with Him — whatever that may be — then so far as the places go, I am quite as likely to find God across the street leaning up against the bar in that booze shop, as I would be to find Him around the altar, snuffing the sacred candles or breathing the holy bacteria of the sacred edifice.

Of course, a lot of my W. C. T. U. ad  
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mirers and my Christian enemies will resent this apparently blasphemous assertion that their God is just as likely to be in a saloon as in church, but I will not take back a word of it.



Let me state my position again. If God is to be found in any particular places reserved or selected by Him or His commission men (the preachers) I would just as soon take my chances on paying the price of admission and finding Him in front of the bar, or even behind it, as I would in finding Him in front of the altar on the other side of the street, or behind it.



But I deny the whole proposition. It is absurd, childish, idiotic. It is that poor, pitiful little conception of a God or Jehovah coming down from the days when the nomadic Hebrews carried their God around in a little box — the tabernacle. To them God

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was a something or somebody, and there seems to be a good many million dollars invested right here in Chicago in institutions today that are on the same intellectual plane as the wandering tribes of Israel who carried their God with them in the ark, taking Him out every day at sundown, and packing Him up next morning at sunrise for the next day's journey.



If you say "God is Love," then I will tell you, (and you must admit with me) that there is just as much love in the bar-room, more real human kindness, more neighborliness, more actual human affection than there is in the average House of God, if we judge by the actions and lives of the supporters of those two antagonistic institutions.

Suppose I am cold, freezing, hungry, thirsty, lonesome and desolate; how many weary miles will I have to tramp in Chicago



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or anywhere else to find a House of God, open and heated (except on Sunday for an hour or two) with somebody to give me the glad hand and place me by the fire and bring me a steaming cup that will bring life back, put new courage in my body and new hope in my blood? Answer!

Do you think I would have to walk half a block anywhere in Chicago, day or night, before I would find the swinging doors of some saloon opening to welcome me to shelter, warmth and a cup of something to cheer?



Again, the man in rags, uncouth, illiterate, low browed beast of burden though he be, is just as welcome in the liquor shop as the man who comes in furs and diamond be-decked.

But, you let him, dressed in rags, with his toes out in this frosty weather, slink into the great institution on the other side

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of the street, seeking to "get right with God" and see what happens. Although it may be 20 degrees below zero on the street, he will find the atmosphere 70 degrees colder inside than outside. He will find in there no one to welcome him. No one to heal his heart hunger. He will be gently accosted by the officiating usher, and politely but firmly turned back again toward the doors that admitted him. To him God is not at home. God, to him, does not mean love, but hate.



No, I am no protagonist of the gin mills. For myself I'm on the water wagon by prenatal tendencies. But having eyes, I see; ears, I hear; brain cells, I use them. I am not swallowing anybody's predigested brain food. I'm doing my own mastication, and I'm sure, getting more fun out of life than any preacher between here and — you know where. I've reformed on language.

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I can't say it myself. I promised HER I wouldn't any more in print — but I'd give a dollar to be out by myself just now where I could say it.



If you still insist upon saying that God is Love, I for my part know a place where you are more likely to find Him than in either the saloon or the church. I will take you to the open fields, to the woods, to the hills, by the bounding brook, in the forest. I will stand with you and we will listen to that great somber silence, broken by the music of the wind rolling through the tree tops; I will show you the blue bird singing to his mate; to the robins nesting; to the gray squirrel there gathering nuts for the winter; to the mother wren feeding her babies, and I promise you that you will feel more of the spirit of love—love for nature, love for every living thing, love for all men and all women, love for yourself —

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welling up in your heart there in the great woods or by the roaring waterfall or the lapping waves of the shore, than you ever will in any building, saloon or temple made with hands!



Beloved brethren: "Getting right with God" is not what concerns people most. The great thing for men and women in this life is to get right with themselves.

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## SHE SLEEPS OUTDOORS.

Feb. 19, 1912.

To the Open Road:

A good thot is always loved into life and will bear rich fruit. And so the good thots sent out by the OPEN ROAD for a more rational life are now finding their fruitage in great movements such as was lately formed, namely, THE CHICAGO OUTDOOR SLEEPING SOCIETY. I believe this is the

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first of its kind. Its name indicates its prime object.

There is hope for rationalism when humanity takes to the out of doors, the great world of nature thru which God speaks.

OPEN ROAD readers can do much for this society by becoming members, or better still, forming like organizations wherever enuf members can come together.

This is a vital move toward rational living, and I hope the Open Roaders will do all in their power to foster it. If you are with us, join now, and help yourself to more health and efficiency.

For information write to

**JENNIE O. JOHNSON,**

Vice President.

1001, Powers Building, Chicago, Ill.

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My old friend Fra Elbertus has reached the pinnacle of fame. A cigar has been named after him.

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### FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS.

**T**HE Venerable OUTLOOK prints the following in its editorial columns, issue of February 10th, but neglects to inform its readers that the great change of public sentiment on the Christmas craze has been largely brought about thru the efforts of the WORLD'S LEAGUE FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS — tho in view of the wide publicity given to the League's work, the Outlook's Editor could scarcely have been in ignorance of what we have been doing.

#### **Christmas and the Post-Office.**

A survey of the kinds of mail sent through the post-offices of the country in the recent Christmas season shows that there is going on an evolution in the system of gift-giving. The tonnage of mail has decreased enormously in the recent Christmas season compared to the same period in 1909 and 1910; but the number of pieces of mail sent is greatly on the increase. This is due to the millions of cards bearing words of greeting appropriate to the season that were sent in December through the post-offices on

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their cheer-giving errands. In fact, Americans gradually for the last two years have been replacing the old method of gift-giving by merchandise with a new method of exchange of attractive Christmas cards. That this new spirit of a saner Christmas will grow there seems no doubt. The gift-giving had become a nightmare with many persons in recent years, and had reached its zenith in 1909. It had been on the increase for many years. It had so grown that one had to keep books against Christmas, and the new year opened with a nervous breakdown and with the poorer persons nearly in bankruptcy. One postmaster tells of meal and milk tickets being presented as gifts. Of course the candy-colored suspenders, misfit hose, and unfit cigars that no one ever had use for have had an important part in alienating the Christmas shopper. People finally saw that this must stop somewhere. No one believes that we have entirely recovered. But the postmasters, readers of the signs as given by the shipments of mail, tell us that we are on our way, at any rate, to a better appreciation of how Christmas should be celebrated in the giving of gifts.

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Our efficient Director of Publicity, Mar-

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garet R. Burlingame, sent the following letter to the OUTLOOK, to which no reply has been received at time of going to press:

Indianapolis, Ind., 2-14-1912.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, Editor,

“Outlook,”

New York City.

Dear Sir—In your current issue you publish an editorial entitled “Christmas and the Post-Office.” This is of keen interest to us, because although you do so unconsciously, you pay tribute to the work the WORLD’S LEAGUE FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS.

We are enclosing for your information, Mr. Abbott, some of our literature, which will give you an idea of the work we have been doing. At a recent meeting, held at the La Salle Hotel, Chicago, a resume was given of the year’s work. We found many specific examples where the work of the LEAGUE had been the direct means of lessening the Christmas Mania. We feel that our investigation along the money-lending and pawn broking lines and the resulting publicity, aided materially in lessening this traffic also.

A recent editorial spoke in glowing terms of the salary the Director of Publicity and other



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officers were probably drawing. We do not, of course, know what your ideas on this particular subject may be Dr. Abbott, but in order that you may be intelligently informed even on the details, permit us to explain that there are no salaries paid in the LEAGUE. The director of publicity happens to be a busy advertising manager who does the other work purely from a desire to bring about a needed reform for those who don't seem to be able to do it for themselves.

We do not want to stop Christmas, but we do aim to stop the **commercializing** of Christmas; and when you get right down to "brass tacks," it is rather laughable when you analyze and find that the people who really benefit from this commercializing of the Christian holiday are the very people who revile it—at least who do not accept it. But this is not the vital point—the vital point is that we have lost our sense of values here as in so many other instances, and we are far, far from the real spirit of Christmas.

The LEAGUE will continue active work throughout the coming year, and if, as I judge from your recent editorial, you are in full sym-

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pathy with us, we will indeed appreciate your help.

We have been asked for local charters in order that branch organizations may be formed. If this were done, it would of course band together thousands of sanely thinking people. It has its advantages and its disadvantages. Such a banded force would be a splendid strength ready to throw its weight in favor of other world movements — and yet there is the danger of partisanship. If you have the time, Mr. Abbott, we would appreciate any suggestions or advise you might have along this line. We have really reached the point where a positive course must be taken.

Thanking you in advance for any thought you may give the subject and for your courtesy in general, we are,

Very truly,

M. R. BURLINGAME.

Director of Publicity, The World's League for A  
Sane Christmas.

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**Life is health. Love is life. If you don't believe it — try it.—BRUCE CALVERT.**

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### THE OWEN BILL.

The appended correspondence sent out by the "National League for Medical Freedom," main office, 315 4th Ave., New York City, shows what the doctor trust will do to us if ever it gets the power to enforce its tyranny thru a federal department of health, such as it is now exerting under military rule in the Canal Zone.

Congress is now in session and it is stated on good authority that the advocates of Medical Legislation though pretending somnolence will be more active than ever. The two orders issued by President Taft regarding medical practice in the Canal Zone affords a fair idea of what lovers of liberty and freedom may expect should the proposed health bill become a law.

Better look into this matter for yourself and write your congressman that you don't want any medical oligarchy dictating to you

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as to what health rules and treatments you must observe.

We are quoting a paragraph from a letter received from B. O. Flower: "Last year at the hearing before the Senate and the House Committees, we claimed that whenever power was given to executive departments, bureaus or boards—it would only be a question of a short time before the rights of the citizens would be invaded and it would be a crime for a practitioner to cure even those whom the regular doctors failed to relieve, without permission of the executive, the bureau, or the department officials. The opposition ridiculed and said that such fears were absolutely groundless.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY the Executive orders as copied below and see if our judgment was not correct."

COPY,

EXECUTIVE ORDER NO. 1419.

Amending Section 10 of Act No. 9, entitled "An act to provide sanitary rules and regulations

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for the Canal Zone, Isthmus of Panama, and for the enforcement thereof," enacted September 2, 1904.

By virtue of the authority vested in me, I hereby establish the following order for the Canal Zone:

Article 1, Section 10 of Act No. 9, entitled "An act to provide sanitary rules and regulations for the Canal Zone, Isthmus of Panama, and for the enforcement thereof," enacted September 2, 1904, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Section 10. Every physician, druggist, school teacher, clergyman, midwife, nurse, head of a family, or other person in attendance on or in charge of any one sick or injured, having knowledge of the existence in any district of the Canal Zone of any of the diseases hereinafter named, shall immediately report the same to the District Physician or District Sanitary Inspector. The diseases required to be so reported are: Measles, rubella (rotheln), scarlet fever, typhus fever, relapsing fever, typhoid fever, yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, plague, tetanus, anthrax, small-pox, chicken-pox (varicella), diphtheria (croup), tuberculosis (of any organ), glanders, leprosy, infectious diseases of the eye, puerperal septi-

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caemia, erysipelas, whooping cough, dysentery. Any person who fails to make due report, as required, by this order, of any of the above enumerated diseases shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$25.00, or by imprisonment in jail not exceeding thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

Article 2. This order shall take effect sixty days from and after this date.

(Signed) WM. H. TAFT.

The White House, October 14, 1911.

COPY,

EXECUTIVE ORDER NO. 1420.

To prohibit the practice of medicine, surgery, dentistry, pharmacy, or midwifery without a license.

By virtue of the authority vested in me I hereby establish the following order for the Canal Zone:

Section I. It shall be unlawful for any person to practice or attempt to practice medicine, surgery, dentistry, pharmacy or midwifery within the Canal Zone without first having obtained a license therefor from the Board of Health of the Canal Zone. Any person thus offending

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shall be punished by a fine not exceeding Twenty-five Dollars (\$25.00), or by imprisonment in jail not exceeding thirty (30) days, or by both fine and imprisonment in jail not to exceed thirty (30) days, or by both fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court; provided that this order shall not apply to commissioned surgeons of the United States Army and Navy, or Marine Hospital Service, nor to physicians, surgeons, dentists or pharmacies and their assistants and nurses employed by the Isthmian Canal Commission, nor to nurses acting under the orders of a licensed physician.

Section II. Any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine within the meaning of this order who shall prescribe for, operate on, or in any wise attempt to heal cure or alleviate, or shall in any wise treat any disease or any physical ailment of another; provided that nothing in this order shall be construed to prohibit gratuitous services in case of emergency, or to the administering of ordinary household remedies.

Section III. This order shall take effect sixty (60) days from and after this date.

(Signed) WM. H. TAFT.

The White House, October 14, 1911.

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### HICK'RY SHIRT PHILOSOPHY.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Bruce started it with his red absinthine tie and khaki doublet. He was just jumping on me in delight at my wearing a hick'ry shirt when Stanley took a hand.

“What you doing around here in those duds?” he shot at Bruce. “Say, does the Chicago Press Club look like the backwoods to you guys?”

We asserted that if Stanley could write the “Story of Ab” in a stiff collar and biled shirt—well, when the smoke cleared off Bruce was still grinning as they led Stanley away.

Come to think of it, civilization is merely a matter of viewpoint. There is really no such thing. If we lived in the days of Ab and attended a musicale in evening dress, consisting of a tiger skin, we would have



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been clubbed. Today, if we should visit the Auditorium clad in a hick'ry shirt we would also be tenderly clubbed—into a patrol wagon. It's simply the reversal of the rule.

You needn't argue about individual right as opposed to communistic opinion. Or rather, you may; I won't. The wearer of the boarded-up neck is usually one who works with his brains and keeps his body free of dust. The wearer of the hick'ry shirt is usually one who works with his body and keeps his brains free of dust. Bruce and I, Swift, and a few more happen to be great men who work with both and keep both dusted; we are rare, unique, wonderful, in that we can introduce the hick'ry shirt into the counsels of the wise and come forth unscathed. The great man is he who can do something better than his fellows—and reap the reward. Bruce and I can wear hick'ry shirts lots better than Dug Malloch or J.

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U. H. or the rest of the bunch; we get away with it and cop the reward, therefore are we great. Can you beat it? You cannot.

But we are not extremists, Bruce and I. Bruce would not attend grand opera in his advertising duds; he doesn't like grand opera well enough to waste the time. Neither would I wear evening dress to a lecture by the Fra—same reason. Seriously, the sheer barbarism of civilization is appalling. What chance would Buddha have in New York if he wore a hick'ry shirt? Not a ghost, and you know it. Let him slide into a biled shirt and poke collar and he'd be a millionaire prophet in a year. But take Bruce—why, he wouldn't look at a biled shirt if it was made of thousand dollar bills, or he says he wouldn't. I don't know.

We are ruled by the devil of conventionality, brethren, and his tail is twisted around our necks. Fifteen cents, two for a quarter. It's a cheap kind of slavery, isn't it?

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The trouble is that it hits the middle class, everyday folks like you and me. Billionaires can go naked if they want to; everyone knows they can afford clothes. Other folks have to prove it by poking their chins over the edge of a starched collar. Still, collars have their uses. Many a man holds his head high only because he wears the Arrow brand. (That's mine, Elbertus; don't swipe it.)

It is a fact that the man who intrudes the collar into the plane of the hick'ry shirt gets laughed at; the man who intrudes the hick'ry shirt into the plane of the collar gets stared at and admired. Men may ask, with J. U. H., "When's your laundry coming home?" but they will add, also with our friend, "Dammitt, I wish I had the nerve!" Such is the tribute paid to great men, brethren. I can forgive 'Gene Banks for lifting my Ol' Bill Cook story from the OPEN ROAD and alluding to me as "Bewford"; I

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can forgive his printing a verse in the Peace Pipe in which "again" is rhymed with "pen"; but I cannot forgive him for being a poet and wearing a stiff collar. His is the mortal sin.

Many a millionaire pseudo-society man wishes that he were back in the days when he could respect no glad rags and feel a hick'ry shirt collar rubbing his whiskers. But, mind you, a hick'ry shirt doesn't go with a thin, sallow face and long hair and a flowing tie. There the hick'ry shirt rebels. You can't hide your pose from your shirt. Choose it for comfort only, with a sense of the fitness of things, or the hick'ry shirt is bound to show you up as an imposter. It goes with the woods and the wild things; only he who loves and knows these things can wear the hick'ry shirt into the city and be at ease. For the woods teach you poise, self-command, confidence, knowledge of your own value; wear your high collar into

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the woods, brethren, and you'll feel a consuming sense of shame every time a woodpecker pokes out his head at you.

The hick'ry shirt stands for truth and freedom. It should be the great American symbol. It never flatters you in the least, but shows you as you are. Therein lies its poetry.

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### AN ALLEGORY OF THE SENSES.

(Translated from an anonymous Castilian document found in the ruins of a Spanish monastery).

The church would never have canonized him if it had been known before his exaltation to the dignity of sainthood that in a talk with one of his disciples he had said:

“These scriptures tell us of Creation as though something had been evoked and fashioned from nothing. Yet know this, my son, that these writings are of oriental origin, and were not intended as so many of us westerners\* are inclined to interpret them. In my youth I dwelt a while among the semitic

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peoples far to the east of us, and learned to look for the allegory at the bottom of their most matter-of-fact deliverances. And so I see in the account of Creation that this but typifies the development of conscience in Man.

Each of the five days of creation, then, typifies the awakening of the five primary senses. These man has in common with the brute. And on each of these "days" God is represented as having viewed what he had wrought and found it good.

But somewhat was lacking. And so God devoted another day to improving what he had produced. And on the sixth day he made Man in order that his former good work might be appreciated. And he looked upon what he had accomplished and pronounced it Very Good. And this symbolizes a sixth sense, which is not shared by sub-human beings—the sense of appreciation.

And linked with Appreciation is Inquiry.

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Man is the Inquirer. Unlike other animals endowed with but five senses, he has the desire to know the reason of things. If his investigations lead him to find fault with the universal scheme he is denied the "peace that passeth understanding." Per contra, if his inclination to inquire leads him to harmonious accord with the infinite universe he develops a sixth sense—the sense of appreciation.

Moreover, so the allegory continues, God having concluded his labors rested after finding that all was very good. And so, too, the man who is alive in his sense of appreciation of the All-there-is develops yet another sense—the sense of rest or tranquility—the seventh—the sabbath of the senses. And this it is, my son, that is meant wherein we are told that God, the very spirit of infinite life, 'rested' from his labors."

HERMAN KUEHN.

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\*Barcelona was of the Occident in those days.

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### THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

(Extract from the Speech of Eugene V. Debs on "Liberty.")

"It does not matter that the Creator has sown with stars the fields of ether and decked the earth with countless beauties for man's enjoyment. It does not matter that air and ocean teem with the wonders of innumerable forms of life to challenge man's admiration and investigation. It does not matter that nature spreads forth all her scenes of beauty and gladness and pours forth the melodies of her myriad-tongued voices for man's delectation. If liberty is ostracized and exiled, man is a slave, and the world rolls in space and whirls around the sun a gilded prison, a domed dungeon, and though painted in all the enchanting hues that infinite art could command, it must still stand forth a blotch amidst the



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shining spheres of the sidereal heavens, and those who cull from the vocabularies of nations, living or dead, their flashing phrases with which to apostrophize liberty, are engaged in perpetuating the most stupendous delusion the ages have known. Strike down liberty, no matter by what subtle art the deed is done, the spinal cord of humanity is sundered and the world is paralyzed by the indescribable crime. Strike the fetters from the slave, give him liberty and he becomes an inhabitant of a new world. He looks abroad and beholds life and joy in all things around him. His soul expands beyond all boundaries. Emancipated by the genius of liberty, he aspires to communion with all that is noble and beautiful, and feels himself allied to all the higher order of intelligence, and walks abroad, redeemed from animalism, ignorance and superstition, a new being throbbing with glorious life."

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SEEN IN THE CRYSTAL.

By John Nicholas Beffel.

When a man truly reveres a woman, he is silent about her in the hearing of the world.

A sorry being is he who waits to see God in another world.

Just as one may view the stars by day from the bottom of a well, so the man trampled deepest into the ditch may see a light that points the way.

The hunting of dollars, like the hunting of beasts, fills the eyes and the heart with the heat of the kill.

Society sometimes does itself a great service by casting out one who has trampled upon its code, for the exile goes into the silent places to meditate, and comes back to hold a glass before those who sent him away.

# The Open Road

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**Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher**

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## IN DARKER NEW YORK.

A young girl stood shivering on the corner of Broadway and 28th Street, ringing a bell and displaying a banner which solicited the passersby to contribute for a turkey dinner to be given to the poor on Christmas.

“Why have the poor no turkeys of their own?” I asked the girl.

“They have no money to buy turkeys with,” she replied.

“But why have they no money?” I persisted.

“I don’t know,” was her answer, as she rang her little bell, and held out her tin cup to receive the coins dropped into it.

I didn’t contribute. I refuse to buy tur-

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key for the turkeyless on these grounds. If the poor are themselves to blame for having no turkeys I do wrong to encourage them in their evil ways by giving them turkeys which they might buy themselves if they did what was right.

If they are not to blame for their sufferings, but are the helpless victims of stronger oppressors, then I am doing doubly wrong to waste my money in buying them turkeys for Christmas, which, at the best, can do nothing more than afford them but temporary gratification of the appetite, while actually helping to perpetuate their hardships by encouraging the exploiters to continue their oppression. For so long as the strong may with impunity rob the weak, and then appeal to public charity to save the victims from starvation, we can hardly expect that either the oppressor will get off his back or that the oppressed will make much of a struggle to free himself.

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So I feel it would be much wiser, and indeed kinder in the long run for me to save my money and put it into a campaign fund for education, or for arousing the unthinking poor who are hungry to a realization of the causes of their misery. It seems to me a matter of simple justice and logic.

If the hungry man is to blame for being hungry, I only compound the crime by giving him turkeys. If he is not to blame, let me not help to perpetuate the system which will forever keep him hungry by donating turkey meals to him, but let me go right after the fellow who is robbing him and use my ammunition to whip that fellow into a sense of justice.

No, I cannot on any grounds justify giving Christmas turkeys to the poor. Just as long as we give turkeys to the poor there will be poor to give turkeys to.

I know the Nazarene is reported to have said "The poor ye have always with you."

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In the first place I doubt if he ever said it. If he did he showed a very poor faith in the ultimate triumph of the great principle of love, brotherhood, which the church proudly points out as his finest contribution to human ethics. But the statement sounds a good deal more like the pious palaver of some lazy, rascally priest uttering the platitudes and sophistries of his masters, the ruling class. For you know where we have rulers there must be slaves, and where we have great wealth we must have poverty. The two always go together.

But no matter who made the damnable prediction, I hurl the lie back in his teeth. Poverty we shall not always have with us. The world's next great step is to abolish poverty, and this it will do by removing the cause of poverty, which is the usurpation by a few people of life's opportunities to the exclusion of all the rest.

My faith in man is much higher than

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Christianity's faith. I do what no christian preacher can do without denying his God and his Sacred Book — and if he did this he would cease to be a Christian. I stake my belief and my hope in man's ability to solve all human problems, to banish want and poverty and misery and crime from this world, to enthrone kindness and love, true brotherhood — which will mean equal opportunity for all — plenty for all — hunger and woe for none.

We shall NOT always have the poor with us.

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Nothing is ever finished. Moses only saw the promised land, he never entered it. We never reach the promised land ourselves; we are fortunate if we only see it. The promised land is the ideal toward which we strive; to reach it would not bring happiness. The joy of life is in striving, not in attaining.—BRUCE CALVERT.

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tian. Frankly, I don't agree with Bruce's Sane Christmas dope—all the way. There is a golden mean. But as a great reactionary movement tending to bring about a reform in our insane concentration and perfectly sane posturing, it's immense!

Our concentration is often a pose. Bending the brows does not mean concentration, unless no one is watching us. The concentrator, the poseur, and the traveling salesman are three anomalies of civilization. On the surface, it seems that all three have been produced by that very civilization; but dig down and you'll find that all three have produced that civilization—which is a condition of life that we cannot very well defend. You can argue that the Fijian stands in urgent need of bibles, rum and revolvers. Why not argue that we stand in need of aeroplanes? We don't, though.

These three types are parasites on the world. Concentrating, posing and selling



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things are all right up to a certain point, until productiveness ends; concentrators, poseurs and traveling salesmen all believe in themselves, but they produce nothing. Posing is by no means an indication of insincerity, although insincerity is always an indication of posing. It works by reflex action, too. That is, the poseur often claims to be as open as a book. Too often it is true. The finest woman I ever met or want to meet is a consummate poseur, is different things to all men, and her only trouble is that she always gets mixed in her lies. You have to startle such people out of their pose; shock them, hurt them, enrage them, and if you don't find a worth while soul underneath it, then drop them. If you do, keep it up.

The really fine art of posing consists in playing on others without deceiving oneself, wherein the above-mentioned woman excels. It demands a keen sense of values, a great deal of imagination, together with a modi-

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cum of the much-abused temperament. The reason for it all lies down around the vilified root of all evil.

The world, or rather our western world, seems to need some new Messiah to waken it from its posturing. Why is it that we cannot put a little religion into all we do every day, instead of putting all our religion into a little that we do on one day? Why is it that we cannot give a gift on impulse, for love's sake, instead of giving it on compulsion for God's sake? Some of us can and do, unless we are posing as conventionalists. But with most of us—the scramble for a living holds us back. Why cannot we hold back the scramble for a living?

Conventionality is an absolute pose—although I do not condemn conventionality. I do condemn conventionalists, people who stifle every impulse from an insane fear of "ghosts," save only the impulse to indecency. When you meet persons who are afraid

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to give you of themselves, who mask their reality behind a pose, babbling of green fields and smiling upon their fingers' ends, then you must either beware of them or love them. They are either very shallow or very deep, and they are not wholesome unless you have the ability to pierce through the mask.

And if you cannot do this—then God help you, merry gentlemen! Concentrator, poseur, traveling salesman—man or woman, no matter; you are up against a stiff proposition, a fascinating combat with personality, and your only chance of winning is to be a very Walt Whitman or a very Dr. Jekyll. I think that love conquers finally, if you have the strength of human love behind you. For love is charity, and no human being needs your charity more than the poseur.

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**Don't hurry. Take your time. Life is only the prelude to the symphony of existence.—BRUCE CALVERT.**

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### THE TRUE LIFE.

His life alone is true  
Who sees the light within  
As but a beam  
Of that which shines in every living soul,  
And will not lead astray.  
But when with meager view  
We see our brother's light  
Shine brighter than our own  
And seek to follow him  
We fall in wretched state  
And freedom is dethroned.

Let thought and deed be one  
And each with fervid wish  
In naked truth unawed  
Live out his life before the world  
Unbound by sire  
By neighbor or by son;  
The thing distinct  
From living creatures all  
The infinite light  
Expressed in him  
Else were it unexpressed.

—H. C. Thomas.

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**THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.**  
By **Eugene V. Debs.**

No fledgling feeds the father bird!

No chicken feeds the hen!

No kitten mouses for the cat—

This glory is for men.

We are the Wisest, Strongest Race—

Loud may our praise be sung!

The only animal alive

That lives upon its young.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The wages of vast numbers of workingmen are so small that they and their families are reduced to the barest existence. Life means nothing to them but a hopeless struggle which ends only with death. Poverty is their lot and misery their heritage. Their sad condition is irrevocably fixed. They toil, skimp, worry, suffer, despair and die. There is not much else in the “simple annals of the poor.”

The children of these workingmen, who

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are poverty-stricken only because they are exploited of what they produce, come into life in an environment and under conditions that almost inevitably predetermine their wretched fate. Poverty is their sole inheritance. The cottage in which they are born, unless it chances to be a tenement or a hovel, is limited to the necessities of existence. The walls are bare, the bedding scant, the furniture cheap, the food coarse, and the clothing shoddy. The most rigid economy is self-enforced. Life is hard and hopeless here in poverty's breeding pen.

The father returns after his day's exhausting toil to revitalize himself for the next day's slavish task—that is all that home means to him. The mother—prisoner of poverty that she is—knows nothing of the joys of home, the ecstasies of motherhood. She is not a mother at all in the sense in which that term is breathed in reverence, but only “a female that gives birth to young.”

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Love is not apt to dwell long in such a lair, if it enter here at all. And this is the unhappy lot of millions of laboring people who are foredoomed to such a bleak and barren existence, and from which there is no escape this side of the grave.

This condition of penury, want and social debasement is fixed and permanent in the existing industrial system and no amount of maudlin sympathy or patronizing philanthropy can materially alleviate its horrors, a fact our dilèttante charity-ball reformers unwittingly confess in their favorite and oft-repeated scriptural injunction, "The poor ye have always with you."

It is under these harsh and gloomy conditions that the children of the poor come into life and are joined to misery at its very threshold. Denied all that makes home the haven of love and the abode of joy, deprived of all the sweet influences that fill childhood with rapture, and which the memory treas-

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ures in after years like a vanished dream, these children of the poor are at their very birth fated to struggle and perish among "Les Miserables," the world's disinherited millions who, robbed of their birthright, are despised for their infirmities and scourged as wantons to dishonored graves.

From the wretched habitations of the poor the children early seek escape instead of clinging fondly to their birthplace like fledglings to the parental nest. Under the cruel lash of poverty they are driven out into the world in their childhood. There is no time for health-giving and body-building recreation and no means for education, for culture, for mental training and moral enlightenment. They are but the children of the poor, fit only for menial service, which awaits them at the cradle and drags them in its relentless fetters to their graves.

What words can fitly describe the life tragedy of the children of the poor! Born



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to poverty, they walk in the darkness of ignorance, and is it strange that some go astray? Is it not a miracle that all do not become vicious and depraved?

Society's doors are all closed against them. They are but outcasts when they are "respectable." What a melancholy paradox! Those who rob the poor despise them.

The pampered parasites hold in loathing and horror the deflowered victims whose ruddy life-drops glisten in their gaudy plumage.

These children of the poor find their way in increasing numbers to the haunts of vice and shame. The darkness of the hovel and the sweat-shop is relieved by the red light of the slums. The children of the poor are food for misery and crime. The vile groggery for the boys and the house of horror for the girls. So do millions of the children of the poor pass through this "Vale of Tears."

And so it will ever be while capitalism is

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suffered to rob the children of the poor of their inheritance. Deplore it as you may, these are the conditions as they are, and only a new social system can change them. Child labor laws, factory inspection laws and other remedial legislation may ameliorate in some degree the wrongs suffered by the children of the poor, but all such palliatives are powerless to end them. As long as labor is merchandise and production is carried on for profit, child labor will have preference and the children of the poor will be ground into luxuries for the children of the rich.

Socialism offers absolutely the only means for rescuing the children of the poor, and slowly but surely society is being pushed, by the underlying forces that move it, into the acceptance of its philosophy. The abolition of poverty is Socialism's insistent demand and this demand proclaims the end of private property in the means of life.

The earth spreads out before us, rich in its

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resources beyond the power of the imagination. The inventive genius of man has captured the lightning, snatched the thunderbolts from the hand of Jove, and grasped all the forces of nature and converted them into titanic toilers for the children of men. The earth and its riotous abundance, and man with his miraculous productive power, scout the idea that poverty is to forever scourge the human race. The past, in the density of its ignorance and the night of its superstition, may be excused. But the living present with all its myriad available agencies for producing food, clothing, shelter, and for the education of the children and the diffusion of light and intelligence among the masses, can make no such plea.

There is absolutely no excuse for the widespread poverty that now scourges mankind. It is an affront to human intelligence and an impeachment of civilization. Child labor is not only unnecessary in this age, but

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a crime against both the children and society. Every child ought to have, and in the triumph of Socialism will have, time enough for physical growth, for the joy of healthy childhood, for education, and for everything else required in a truly enlightened age for the scientific rearing of the children, the progenitors of succeeding generations.

It is for this very reason that the poor and the children of the poor are turning toward Socialism in increasing numbers all over the world. It is their movement, born of their travail and consecrated to their emancipation. Millions of them are already marching beneath its international banner and swelling with joyous strains the anthem of their coming deliverance. To them Socialism is as a beacon lighting the shipwrecked mariner to his destined port. It is their sunshine and shower, their meat and drink, their life and hope. It sheds its radiance in their din-

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gy hovels and eases the ache in their numb and weary flesh.

The disinherited of every race and clime are here at home. They are in truth the people and to them of right belongs the earth.

Socialism is their gospel of economic freedom and social salvation. In the name of its commanding genius they unite in greater and greater numbers, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of them, keeping step to the same proletarian heart-beat, the heart-beat of the international revolution, animated by the same social spirit, held steadfast by the same social conscience, their radiant faces turned forever toward the sunrise.

These are the children of the poor who have made the earth rich and are now moving toward their eternal inheritance.

The love of comrades is in their hearts, the passion for freedom in their souls, and the light of victory in their eyes. The trials

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that beset their struggle but fit them for their freedom and for the infinitely higher life that lies beyond and holds out to them its eager, outstretched hands. They move steadily as gravitation in one direction—toward the light, the fulfillment of their historic destiny. The storms may beat upon them and the lightning smite them to the earth, but they will rise again undismayed, pressing on and on, with all the patience of fate and all the persistence of truth and justice.

No disappointment, however bitter, no defeat, however crushing, can dampen the ardor of their spirit, or quench the fire of their enthusiasm. All the forces of evil must yield to their unconquerable will. All the governments and all the armed forces of the world must recede and finally disappear before the march of these silent battalions—these intrepid soldiers of international peace, who bear not the arms of sanguinary

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conflict, but who, armored in the righteousness of their cause, proclaim to all the children of the poor the glad tidings of the coming Kingdom of Peace and Plenty over all the Earth.

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The measure of a man's ideality is the amount of ugliness he can look upon—and live.—Richard LeGallienne.

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When thousands kill one, it means that the one has conquered.—Leonid Andreyev.

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No woman has ever come into my life but that she brought to me something that was good.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

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For all that you hold in your cold, dead hand  
Is what you have given away.

—Joaquin Miller.

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The dreams of youth become the deeds of age. Let us be dreaming.—Thomas Dreier.

THE OPEN ROAD  
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THE SMALLTOWN NEWSPAPER.

—  
By H. Bedford-Jones.  
—

**G**RANT me the knowledge of experience. I helped to make 'em, for five years. No, **make** 'em! I was a local item man, compositor, press pusher, reporter, advertising man, and sometimes editor; I grew to be A. P. and B. S. representative and then quit. So I ought to know the Smalltown Newspaper.

It is in a class all by itself. Frequently it is a parasite on the town; sometimes it's the other way 'round. Usually the advertising, patent medicine, mostly, pays expenses and the circulation goes to the owner and editor. The point is that the Smalltown Newspaper is a spineless thing. Not always, but most always. It is independent in politics, unless there are two of them; it uses plate for fillers — the owner and editor not



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being able to write 'em — and it accepts every ad that comes along from Peruna to Mrs. Winslow's.

Its subserviency to the Almighty Dollar is its only strength. Let me give an example from my own experience, back in the Michigan woods. We'll call the town Goats Corners, for instance.

There are two Smalltown Newspapers there. Both are interesting studies for the morgue fiend. One is run by a lawyer who indulges in patent medicines on the side—a medicine that cures anything from goiter to colds. That's a fact—or he says it is! The other is run by a woman with a passion. And a most damnable passion.

When the woman fails to be invited to a card party, et al., she mentions said party in vitriolic terms. Her ink-stand holds vitriol and prussic acid mixed, they say. In fact, she has the lawyer bluffed to a finish. As a result, she is prominent socially, not

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a soul in town but reads her paper to see who the latest victim is — and up goes the circulation. That is one way of running a Smalltown Newspaper.

The lawyer exemplifies the other way. He is a meek, harmless cuss — used to pay me three a week — who dare not open his lips about politics or home rule for fear of the vitriol. When he does get a dose he turns the other cheek and smiles. His dawg gets kicked around all the time, in fact. His paper is a catalogue of curealls, but it prints quite a bit of news and so circulates. An occasional timid effort at political mention is made, but always with harmless results.

So much for destruction. Now for construction. These two types are but types. Neither helps its town in the slightest, beyond the usual extravagant praise of local talent. Neither is trusted by its readers, who all know the value of a dollar with the editor. That is the great pity of it.

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The Smalltown Newspaper has a splendid chance today. If Bruce ran a paper at P. R. I. T. W. he would annex Gary in a few years. Such a newspaper is an expression of its editor, invariably. Look at our near-literary men today who became famous from their Smalltown Newspaper writing! White made a city of Emporia. There are thousands of Emporias scattered over the country, but they are in embryo and they lack White to fertilize them.

Up at Petoskey there's a Smalltown Newspaper. It is weak on politics, but nowhere else. Across the bay is another town with two papers. The Petoskey paper has not only cut them out of their local ground, but attains a big circulation among the thousands of resorters. It is "square," and it reflects its owner. He upbuilds. He is not afraid to strike a blow or take one. His sub-editor has been flung out of every church in town—but he's a mighty good editor, and

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the job is his to keep. That is the opposite way to run a Smalltown Newspaper.

(This is not strictly an Open Road topic—but neither is patent medicine strictly a Collier's Weekly topic. Anything that is anarchistically constructive—get that?—belongs in the Open Road. So to proceed, having finished our apology.)

From owner to devil, the workers on a Smalltown Newspaper have no limit to their opportunity. Newspaper opportunity does not consist in rending at the bad things in your home town, but in boosting the good things. The good will eliminate the bad. Go to the town we called Goats Corners, start a Smalltown Newspaper there that is a newspaper, and watch the other two fakes die! The Smalltown Newspaper must have sincerity, boldness, and principle.

Men of principle are always bold speakers, even if bold speakers are not always men of principle. Yet the Smalltown News-

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paper must depend on the dollars, you say. I do not admit it. It must depend, not on the dollars, but on the citizens behind the dollars. Oh ye of little faith! Let your readers learn to depend on you, let them learn that you do not sell your pen or your columns, let them learn that you do not change your decisions, but only your principles. None but the sage and the fool refuse to change their principles, said Confucius.

The writing men of the country today are being swept by a reform of sincerity. Creation, the joy of giving, and not the joy of taking, is being preached by them in every literary magazine. It is a sadly needed preachment, and it is doing great work. This reform must extend to the small town, if it is to grow, and to its newspapers, if they are to accomplish anything.

“What’s the use of printing good stuff in a daily?” growls the editor, turning to his

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box of plate. "What's the use?" has served its use in the world. "Why not?" has taken its place. I could take a Smalltown Newspaper that was crumbling with dry-rot and make it famous; and that without going to the "yellow" extreme, or the sensational extreme. The Smalltown Newspapers are afraid to give, so they do not receive. But perhaps some of them have nothing to give — God help them!

## THE SCIENCE OF MAN.

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Many is the mystery within me held,  
One of which is called Life—how vague—  
A thought ray divine of eons of past ages,  
Which through countless myriads of forms  
Brings me to the I Am of the present.

Who hast seen born an electron of light  
From the atom of darkness?  
Yet, this union of Electron with Atom  
Produces from a common parentage the children  
all,  
Thus, organism is the offspring of this marriage  
eternal.

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From the organism is born the animal,  
But its varieties of forms are not  
Greater than those of its parents.  
Mystery of mysteries!—where is involution and  
evolution  
Into the soul born as waking consciousness?

The electron of life, and the atom of death,  
The dual cell of mind and soul,  
The spiritual organism in its universality,  
The universal entity in celestial solution,  
Incomprehensible being—Man!

Of Absolute Termination, surpassing all quali-  
ties and actions,  
Thou art indeed made in “that image and like-  
ness.”

Verily, thou art all from the inconceivable  
atom to the God,  
Yea, all that is the result of involution and evolu-  
tion thou art,  
Which abiding within thy supreme consciousness,  
Maketh thee a God—in mortal form.

—Norton F. W. Hazeldine.

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### IRON TRUTHS.

By Will Levington Comfort.

The way to Heaven is always against the crowd.

I believe in the natural greatness of women.

The more a man knows the more he will believe.

If something hits you from the inside that a thing isn't good to do, don't hurry about doing it. If you wouldn't do it when the person you like best in the world is watching, it isn't a good thing to do alone.

Physical heroism is cheap—the cheapest utility of the nations—but it is not without inspiration to watch.

Women whom men avoid for being strong-minded are apt to be the strongest in their affections. You can prove this by the sons of clinging vines.

A man's courage may be just his cowardice running forward under the fear of scorn.



# The Open Road

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**Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher**

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## THE BOY SCOUTS.

**D**EAR BRUCE: When I sent you my announcement of Camp Boyville last summer, I remember you remonstrated with me for advertising that we would, among activities of Civil government, Arts, Crafts, Photography, Nature Study, Forestry, etc., do "Peace Scouting." And now you want me to tell you what I think of the "Boy Scout-ing" idea. I purposely advertised "Peace Scouting" last summer to see if there would be any demand for it from the boys and girls. You know Life is the great teacher. Well, what happened? Some of the youngsters who were with us last summer paid good money for the privilege of being in the atmosphere radiating from

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“Prof.” and Walt, and all of them were bent on getting everything they paid for. They clamored for Hikes, for swimming lessons, for instruction in Arts, Crafts, Photography, Nature Study, Forestry, Parliamentary law, and for everything else on our spiritual bill of fare. But not a single boy even asked, “What is Peace Scouting?” I said Life is the Great Teacher, and in the face of our experience in Kenmore Camp and Play School last summer I have concluded that healthy, active, normal boys are not interested in the Boy Scout movement as expressed in special khaki uniforms. I do not say that healthy boys are not interested in the stunts that the leaders of the Boy Scout movement have seized and labelled as peculiarly scout “achievements.” Boys have always delighted in some form of exploit. You don’t have to put a boy in khaki uniform to interest him in a hike, or to induce him to sleep out o’ nights, rolled in his blank-

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et, with the bosom of Mother Earth for his couch, and the friendly sky for his tent. You don't have to fill a healthy boy's head with the idea of Rank or Office in order to stimulate in him an interest in the stars, birds, trees, ferns, fishes and animals. There is in every normal boy a healthy inquisitiveness that speedily results in acquisitiveness when he is turned loose in the woods with folk who know how to wear a hickory shirt without discomfort.

Those youngsters who were with us last summer, some 25 of them ranging in age from 8 to 18, were so busy doing all the worth-while things that the scout leaders advocate, they didn't have time for any make-believe," about "Indians" and "Enemies." Our Camp was ruled by the spirit of democracy, expressed in terms of service. For sake of convenience we organized along civic lines, with a Boy Mayor and other city officers, manned by boys, with a daily town

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meeting, where a referendum was taken on all programs of activity. Every one was free to be passive as he chose. Therefore he did not choose to be. The Camp **Zeitgeist** was for activity, and activity, as I have said, expressed in terms of service. Everybody in Camp took his turn at every form of work necessary for the good of the Camp. I know of no better Laboratory method for the training of good citizens.

Some of these Scout Leaders should take a lesson from the methods employed by the Indians in their training of boys for Life. As you know, all the games and exercise of an Indian boy had a direct relation to what he would do and be as a man.

Now the weakness of the Scout movement is, that it is unrelated to the life work of grownups. The argument is advanced that there is a discipline in the regulations that govern the working of the Scout organization, that young Americans stand much in

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need of. But this we know is only a flank attack on the spirit of America by that spirit of Authority, which it is the chief business of America to destroy. Therefore, we of The Modern School spirit should set our faces resolutely to the task of exposing the designs of those who seek to instill into the minds of hundreds and thousands of young Americans respect for the Authoritarian spirit.

Grownup Americans are not engaged in the business of fighting Indians, and we are traveling so fast toward the state of World Peace, that we shall soon be unconcerned about questions of fighting anybody. But thinking grownup Americans are engaged in a struggle against the very forces reflected in the organization and discipline of the Scout movement. The chief business of a grownup American is, or should be, the task of making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Whatever training there-

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fore we give our boys **and** girls should have in mind this central fact and demand of the twentieth century.

This fact and demand we tried to keep constantly in mind in our work with the boys and girls of Kenmore Camp and Play School last summer. We had boys entrusted to our care, who, before coming to us, had never been trained to consider their part in domestic life, and who had never contributed anything to the common purse of their homes thru productive effort. It came as a rude shock to one or two of them to be requested to take their turns at dish washing and wiping, removing garbage, and caring for latrines, carrying water, etc.; nothing more than the common duties of every healthy country boy of past generations, and, in most parts of these States, still the privilege of thousands of young Americans. It is to the credit of these same boys, or rather to the unspoiled human na-

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ture within them, that they responded to their environment, and before the summer was over were among the most active of our Boyville citizens laboring for the common good of the Camp.

The only places where the Scout movement flourishes, so far as I have been able to determine, is where the leaders are frankly opposed to Militarism, and are using the interest aroused by the Press to gather together boys, and raise funds for work with boys that could not be raised in any other way. Here in Joliet, there is an organization of Scouts, and it has been a success because the leader of the movement is not a "Scout." He has held the boys together by the force of his personality, and has employed Gill's School City idea, laying the emphasis upon civic rather than upon Military ideals. For the past month he has held the "gang" together by rehearsals for a dramatization of Robin Hood, and I under-

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stand that all his plans for summer camp work center round the Boy City idea. This seems to be the general method employed by all successful "Scout" leaders.

On the whole I believe that we need have no worry over the success of this latest effort of Militarism to fasten itself upon the nation in the life thought of the latest generation.

The Scout movement, as is true of all movements, depends upon the personality of leaders, and no man with Personality is to-day under the spell of Militarism. At least, I have not yet met a single successful leader in work with boys who is not an avowed out and out opponent of the military spirit. The Zeitgeist is against it and the spirit of Froebel and all gentle lovers of childhood is coming into its own.

Kenmore is on the Open Road and if you have time this summer, drop in on us.



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With all love and blessings,

Cordially yours,

Walter Henry Macpherson.

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**T**HIS interesting report on the Boy Scout miasma is from the Rev. Walter H. MacPherson, founder of that most interesting and widely quoted experiment in boy culture known as "Boyville," in Chicago, now pastor of St. John's Universalist Church at Joliet, Ill.

My comrades know how much affection lurks in my cosmos for preachers—that vapid aggregation of good-for-nothing elses—who vainly agitate the sacred ether and disturb the holy bacteria of their amen corners on Sunday mornings.

If Walt were nothing more than a pulpit pounder his name would never be found on the pages of the OPEN ROAD, but he is more—vastly more. Down underneath the ecclesiastical millinery Walt is a man! And

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I do love a man—male or female—wherever I meet him, whether in pulpit or camp, shop or field. I think that at heart Walt really holds in as much contempt as I do the ministerial haberdashery which his parishoners compel him to wear on preaching days. I know that he always seems to me immensely happier and very much more of the real man, out on a tramp in his corduroys and khaki shirt or sporting on the sands and breasting the placid waters of the lake with his boys in no shirt at all. It is this Walt—the natural, wholesome, healthy, sane and kindly man whom I love most.

And it is because he has this actual contact with life, this sympathy with boys and girls and this keen understanding of their natures that I give publicity to his observations on the Boy Scout movement.



People are very much like sheep. Sheep do not think—they follow the leader. And

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people are continually being set off headlong at mad pace after some delusion adroitly fostered and properly played up by far thinking and far seeing schemers who trot out their decoy leaders and pull the strings from behind the scenes.

The Boy Scout delusion is one of the worst that has been plumped upon us for a long time. It has hardly a shred of any good feature to recommend it, and it is so fraught with destructive influences of the most dangerous character as to appal those clear sighted ones who are watching its insidious encroachment upon the boy life of the nation—city, village and country.



Waves of pity and wrath surge thru me every time I see a Boy Scout uniform. Pity for the splendid material of young manhood being so played upon, so cruelly deceived with the substance of things.

Wrath at the cold calculating wretches

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behind the curtains who are thus so heartlessly invading the very cradle as it were—exploiting the boy's natural play spirit to turn him into an arrogant militarist, an unthinking obedient machine who can be utilized later at time of need by his masters in the coming struggle between mass and class. Wrath at the stupidity of parents, teachers, preachers, and publicists who are so blindly playing into the hands of the schemers by encouraging the movement without ever once looking back of it for the real motives, and by sending their children and pupils to the boy scout barracks to be trained in the arts of murder and the habit of slave-like obeysance of orders.



Kenmore Camp and Play School will be conducted thru the summer months at a beautiful spot in Northern Michigan. It will be in charge of Walter MacPherson and Prof. Philip Green Wright, an edu-

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cator of Galesburg, Illinois. Parents who want their boys in the right mental, spiritual and physical atmosphere could not do better than to write for accommodations.

I wish I were a boy again that I might be one of Walt's students and playmates at Kenmore this summer. As it is I guess I'll go anyway and be a boy for two weeks if I can get away from Pigeon-Roost.

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**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—and we are duly qualified candidates for the toboggan.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

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### A MAN.

**I** RECEIVED the statement printed below, with a short note written in the trembling hand of a man sick unto death, and a few days later (March 29) I learned that my friend and comrade of the years, Dave Sanders, had paid his last debt to nature, and folded his hands in the eternal sleep.

I publish David's last coherent public statement for the encouragement of his rationalist friends—many hundreds of whom will learn with surprise and sorrow of his untimely taking off—and for the instruction of those narrow religious fanatics who are accustomed to citing us the terrors of the death bed scenes of Free Thinkers who die without the ministrations of preachers or the consolation of creed religions.

David Sanders was known far and wide as one of the most active and aggressive propagandists of rationalism in America. He was secretary, one of the founders, and

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the moving spirit of the Indiana Rationalist Association; a member of almost every free thought organization in the country; a constant contributor to free thought journals; an agitator and speaker on the street corners and on the platform for rationalistic philosophy; always seeking in season and out of season to break the chains of supernaturalism and let into the darkened fear crazed recesses of men's minds the healing sunlight of reason—freedom to use one's own brain and speak the speech of one's own heart without fear of any theological hells, heavens, gods, ghosts, goblins, or devils of the imagination.



I met Dave often. We spoke from the same platform many times. He was the most consistent and persistent rationalist I have ever known. His life was always an inspiration to me. For the last three years his increasing physical weakness often made

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life hard for him. But I never knew him too tired or too ill or too busy with his own affairs to extend a willing ear and a helping hand to those in trouble, or to combat religious fanaticism with his cheery optimistic gospel of rationalism.



The last lecture I heard him give was his "Devil's Funeral"—an oration brimful of wit, sparkling with satire, and pregnant with logic invincible. His famous message to the Gideons on the absurdities of placing bibles in hotel rooms has never been answered by any Gideonite. His book on Civil Government is a recognized standard textbook in the schools of Indiana and is one of the most widely used school books, so far as I know, yet produced by any Indiana author.



Dave Sanders' ability as a writer and an editor would have brought him honors and



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riches had he been a conformist writing on the side of Christian cant and social conventionalism. But he chose to cast all hopes of these behind him and use his talents on the side of mental freedom and intellectual honesty, exposing the hypocritical humbugery and pious pretence of the paid retainers of the church. The result was that he did his work without the emoluments and rewards of material success. He had only the strength of his own indomitable spirit to sustain him and he who might have been a world-wide character is but little known outside the circle of freethinkers who made up his audience. These loved him and will pay their tribute of homage to his memory.



With the shadows of death gathering about him my friend left this hastily prepared statement as the last impulse of his heart, a message dear to his friends, and a splendid refutation of any possible calum-

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nies such as our Christian friends are fond of inventing and circulating about the last moments of noted atheists or agnostics, and then folding his hands he passed serenely and fearlessly into the great unknown, dying as he had lived in the unfaltering faith of Rationalism.

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### A STATEMENT.

Indianapolis, Ind.

March 18, 1912.

I am told by consulting physicians that I must be taken to the hospital for the amputation of my left foot and probably of the entire lower leg, to intercept the further spread of diabetic gangrene. Having lain in almost constant diabetic stupor for more than eight days, with only occasional brief intervals of consciousness, and, being well acquainted with the stealthy, sneaking ways of this malady, I am rather reluctant to be taken to the hospital. If I cannot win the

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issue, neither shall I lose. In any case, I am content. Death is no harm at all to the Rationalist; it is only a question of sooner or later—with all of us. I am not trying to deceive myself with regard to my real condition.

I am leaving sufficient life insurance and other means to pay all my just debts and to place my mother in comfortable circumstances the rest of her life, and to give a little to kind and deserving relatives and a little mite to certain institutions whose aim is to promote the happiness of mankind. This, it seems to me, should be an infinitely greater satisfaction to an honest man than all the consolations of religion, especially than any religion which makes a man forget his debts to his fellow men and turns his mind inward upon his own selfish little self and fret about the conditions of his own imaginary little soul.

My will provides that, immediately upon

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the cessation of life, my remains shall be delivered in charge of Flanner & Buchanan of Indianapolis for cremation without any religious or fraternal ceremonies whatever. All my relatives, being sensible and considerate, cheerfully promise me to co-operate in the execution of all the provisions of the will. I have given fifty dollars to The Free Thought Beacon, fifty dollars to The Truth Seeker, and fifty dollars to the Indiana Rationalist Association.

I have derived my full share of enjoyment from the game of life, though a poor man. I have enjoyed the beauties of nature and the superlative glories of the universe. The greatest and most comforting fact that my mind ever comprehended is that the world is a globe, a floating star, a unit of the universe. Religion often shuts out from the mind much of this beauty and grandeur. I have no regrets. My nearest approach to regret is that I have not been more indus-

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trious and aggressive in helping other Rationalists to free the human mind from the clutches of superstition with which most childhood is victimized. I make this statement in the presence of my mother, unattended by any Rationalist friends and before I have had a chance to see any of them. Thus, no person can ever have any excuse for saying that I was influenced in any way to make this statement which is made under circumstances in which a man would certainly wish to speak with all the frankness and honesty with which the mind of man communicates with itself.

DAVID W. SANDERS.

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**Be careful how you criticize a great work of art. It is yourself that is on trial. All art is a challenge to your intelligence. The impression it makes upon you measures your capacity.—BRUCE CALVERT.**

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Bruce Calvert's intensely interesting book, "Rational Education," should be read by every parent and teacher in the world. This new book will wake up the dry bones in the educational grave yards of America in the same startling way that Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby did in England. It is the most illuminating terrible, and yet the most helpful, loving, damning criticism of the iron-clad school system ever penned. I have been for fifteen years a teacher and institute speaker. With a deep sense of guilt I finished reading the book, and feel under obligations to try to undo the harm I did while teaching dead and formal courses of study to live and buoyant children.

If I were a rich man I would purchase a million copies of "Rational Education" and send one to every teacher and school officer in America and a half dozen to every public library.

D. W. SANDERS,

Author Civil Government of Indiana, Secretary Indiana Rationalist Association.

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IN THE WOODS.

**F** AITHFULLY, steadily onward swings our old Earth, careening towards her ecliptic as usual, and now once again, despite the gruesome predictions of Garret P. Serviss, the new spring sun—as if to put to shame the professor's slander that he's losing his fire—beams upon us with undiminished warmth, calling into budding life the sleeping worlds under our feet and above our heads.



Can it ever lose its charm—this annual mystery of earth's resurrection! The old yet ever new birth of spring!

I have felt and enjoyed the change this year as never before. It has been a long, hard winter—the coldest in a generation, so they say. I have been obliged by the vicissitudes of business—or have that I was—to spend much time in my nearby Jungle, the

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city, instead of in my accustomed haunts, the woods.

Today, for the first time in many weary weeks, I set out for Pigeon-Roost. I must have a day or two in the woods and a few nights of sweet sleep in my outdoor bed, no matter what happens. Simply couldn't endure civilization another minute.



I sniffed with delight the sweet country air which filled my lungs the moment I stepped off the train at our nearest water tank. My! what joy to breathe again that clean washed ozone.

Shouldering my pack (it seems to me I must have toted at least a million pounds of luggage over that trail from the railroad to Pigeon-Roost in the last seven years), I straightened my chest and set off with long strides thru the timber.

It was quite early in the morning. I was to have a long day at home, you know. The



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sun was getting into action a little uncertain yet, but warming up to his business as he gained confidence. The walking was good, and by the time I reached the Cathedral woods I was in a pleasant glow.

I call this forty acre patch of virgin timber the Cathedral woods, because when seen from my cabin the late afternoon sun lights up the darkened arches and shadowy aisles under the trees for all the world like a giant St. Peter's.



My comrades, do any of you know that sweet thrill of fresh, woodsy odors after days and weeks of civilized smells? To me the smell of the woods in early spring, or just after a rain, or the heavenly incense that rises from a meadow on a summer morning, is the most delicious perfume in this world. I can never quite get used to the smells of the city—the sewer gas and smoke, and rotting garbage, and that equally

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nauseating smell of people in the mass, as in crowded cars, crowded sidewalks, churches, theatres, lecture halls, close, stuffy offices, and overcrowded workrooms.

I think city people have mostly lost the sense of smell. That watchful sentinel, warning us instantly of unholy and unwholesome surroundings (Carlyle says "holy" and "healthy" are really the same thing), has thru abuse and general neglect been almost entirely lost. They breathe, with perfect indifference and seeming unconsciousness, air filthy enough to kill a dog. If you try to open a window in a crowded car packed with washed and unwashed bodies, saturated with clean and unclean breaths, or even reach for one of those innocuous "ventilators" in the roof, you'll be greeted with snarls of protest.

If I go into a school room where the air is so disgustingly foul with carbon dioxide as to make me sick, and speak of it to the

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teacher, she'll sniff indignantly, and point me with some acerbity to a bunch of key-hole openings high in the wall, by which she assures me the building is "perfectly ventilated," smiling the while in indulgent contempt at my ignorance.



Loitering with laggard steps and loving leisure along the old half-obliterated roadway, which wanders in that friendly informal fashion of cowpaths thru the forest, and which I much prefer to our new macadam road, white and hard, following the section lines, I stopped for a moment's rest under the gnarled and twisted branches of my ancient friend of the years, Old Abe, one of the few majestic oaks left standing in this county.

I sat down at Old Abe's roots and leaned back against his grizzled sides. What strength and courage seemed to flow from that rugged old monarch into my careworn

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body! What peace seemed to breathe from every movement of his great trunk, swaying back and forth in the gentle morning breeze!

The sunshine grew hotter, a drowsy lassitude overcame me and I sank back in delicious lethargy.

Presently I roused myself to listen in lazy delight to the chirping of a pair of blue birds down by the fence, and then slept again with their love chatterings singing in my ears.

A flock of thrushes fluttered near, gossiping in friendly surprise at the intruder, a slight movement of mine scattering them in flight.

Again I felt the spirit of the woods calling to me. The accumulated strength of centuries of struggle seemed to pass from the old oak into my veins. I settled myself deeper in my mossy bed and a peace and joy too deep for words, such as I had not

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known for months, took possession of all my senses. I slept again. Finally I tried to move, to get up and resume my journey, but I could not stir.

“What’s the use,” said the big oak. “We haven’t seen you for so long. You don’t come here very often now.”

“No hurry,” cried the Wood Sprites. “Your work out there at the cabin will wait. What does it all amount to anyway? Stay here with us. See! we’ll show you our new spring dance.” And joining hands they circled around Old Abe, while a brown creeper over my head beat time, tapping the rough bark with his bill. “What’s the use, what’s the use,” mocked a far off jay.

A distant robin sung high and clear, calling to his mate. Other strange bird voices joined in the merrymaking. My, what a carnival! The Wood Sprites seemed tireless. Round and round, faster and faster they wheeled. Was any mortal ever so feted?

## THE OPEN ROAD

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The wind crooned a lullaby in the branches above me. What music! What harmony! I recently heard that noble epic Parsifal sung by our greatest artists with all the elaborate stage machinery of the Metropolitan Opera house and a hundred and twenty trained musicians, with Alfred Hertz at the helm. But this is indeed music! What are the voices of a Fremstad, a Gadski, what the poor squeaking of a hundred instruments beside this divine harmony from the very heart of nature, filling all the universe! Music that touches every key, vibrating every chord of human feeling! What rest, what peace of soul!



Of a sudden I missed the music. The birds were no longer singing. Then I noticed that the Sprites had ended their dance and were nowhere in sight. Anxiously I listened. The oak was singing, but now in a

## THE OPEN ROAD

different key. A chill pervaded the air. What had happened?

I opened my eyes and sat up in astonishment. Deep shadows were gathering. The sun was sinking low in the west—long red banners of light streaming in among the trees. The whole afternoon had passed and I at the root of that old oak in dreamworld. Was it dreamworld or had I only awakened from the world of reality into a world of dreams, who knows?



I had just time to make the cabin before dusk. Stretching my stiffened legs, I lifted my bag and with thankful heart and reverent step I took my way out of the Cathedral woods.

I had seen a vision. The voices of nature had spoken to me and I had caught their meaning. I, a tired child of the world, had been tenderly taken to mother nature's loving heart. I understood. Something of

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To do our work sanely, sweetly and beautifully.

To look for and expect the best in our neighbors.

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

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

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

*Would you add anything to this?*

*If not, are you with us?*

**One Dollar and a smile will let you in  
for a whole year.**

*Ananias is holding the gates ajar.*