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VII, DECEMBER, 1911,
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VARIOUS

**THE OPEN ROAD, VOL.
VII, DECEMBER, 1911,
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The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Published Monthly at

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

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

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Address all communications to

The Open Road

∴ GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA. ∴

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

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Rates on Application.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

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

—WALT WHITMAN.

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The Open Road

Vol. VII

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 6

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

IN THE WOODS. AN OCTOBER DAY.

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



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

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

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



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



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



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

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

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

“ “ “

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

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

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



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