

The storm-wind is howling, the thunder is roaring;  
With flame blue and lambent the cloud-masses glow  
O'er the fathomless ocean; it catches the lightnings,  
And quenches them deep in its whirlpool below.

Like serpents of fire in the dark ocean writhing,  
The lightnings reflected there quiver and shake  
As into the blackness they vanish forever.  
The tempest! Now quickly the tempest will break!

The storm-finch soars fearless and proud 'mid the  
lightnings,  
Above the wild waves that the roaring winds fret;  
And what is the prophet of victory saying?  
"Oh, let the storm burst! Fiercer yet—fiercer yet!"



### To the Readers

The name "Open Road" had to be abandoned, owing  
to the existence of a magazine by that name.

### Observations and Comments

The importance of written history for the people can  
easily be compared with the importance of a diary for  
the individual. It furnishes data for recollections,  
points of comparison between the Past and Present.  
But as most diaries and auto-biographies show a lack  
of straight-forward, big, simple, sincere self-analyses,  
so does history seldom prove a representation of facts,  
of the truth, of reality.

The way history is written will depend altogether  
on whatever purpose the writers have in view, and  
what they hope to achieve thereby. It will altogether  
depend upon the sincerity or lack thereof, upon the  
broad or narrow horizon of the historian. That which

passes as history in our schools, or governmentally  
fabricated books on history, is a forgery, a misrep-  
resentation of events. Like the old drama centering  
upon the impossible figure of the hero, with a gesticu-  
lating crowd in the background. Quacks of history  
speak only of "great men" like Bonapartes, Bismarcks,  
Deweys, or Rough Riders as leaders of the people,  
while the latter serve as a setting, a chorus, howling  
the praise of the heroes, and also furnishing their blood  
money for the whims and extravagances of their  
masters. Such history only tends to produce conceit,  
national impudence, superciliousness and patriotic  
stupidity, all of which is in full bloom in our great  
Republic.

Our aim is to teach a different conception of his-  
torical events. To define them as an ever-recurring  
struggle for Freedom against every form of Might. A  
struggle resultant from an innate yearning for self-  
expression, and the recognition of one's own possibili-  
ties and their attitude toward other human beings.  
History to us means a compilation of experiences, out  
of which the individual, as well as the race, will gain  
the right understanding how to shape and organize a  
mode of life best suited to bring out the finest and  
strongest qualities of the human race.

The American Brutus is, of course, a business man  
and has no time to overthrow Cæsar. Recently, how-  
ever, the imperialistic stew became hot and too much  
for him. The marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt pro-  
duced such a bad odor of court gossip, as to make the  
poor American Brutus ill with nausea. He grew indig-  
nant, draped his sleeve in mourning, and with gloomy  
mien and clenched fists, went about prophesying the  
downfall of the Republic.

Between ourselves, the number of those who still  
believe in the American Republic can be counted on  
one's fingers. One has either pierced through the lie,  
all for the people and by the people—in that case one  
must become a Revolutionist; or, one has succeeded