

THE CALL

F. W. KELLOGG, President and Publisher
JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Vice President and Treasurer

Be Patient With Fools--That Is a Most Important Art

If It Were Not for "the Fools," the Wise Man Would be Less Prosperous. He Might Worry

Let us all, dearly beloved, learn to be patient with fools--and especially with those that in our majestic self-conceit we mistakenly THINK are fools.

All of those who looked at Newton, the greatest mathematician that ever lived, said, when he was a boy, that he was a fool and always would be.

Michelson of the University of Chicago, one of the greatest living scientists and winner of the Nobel prize, went to Annapolis with other young gentlemen, studying to be a fierce naval fighter.

Nobody would remember any of THEM, unless it be because they were at the naval academy WITH MICHELSON. He corrected men's knowledge as to the speed of light, and thus corrected all measurements of distances in space.

Interesting to those that have brains.

Let us, as we have said, learn to be patient with fools, and also, whenever possible, let us learn to realize that it is ourselves and not the other man who is the fool--very often.

There are fools in the world--many of them, millions of them. But there is only one real kind of fool. And he is the man who is not patient, free from self-conceit, or willing to learn.

The man who will learn and who will be patient is never a fool.

Be patient with fools, for practicing patience alone is of the greatest possible value.

Genius is nothing but patience, AND POWER. The patience without the mental power can not produce genius.

But the mental power, no matter how great, can not translate itself into the work that we call genius unless it has "the infinite capacity for taking pains," which means patience.

Be patient with fools, for they are the majority. And we must make our living from the majority, get our applause from the majority, and win our victories over the majority.

Be patient with fools, also, dearly beloved wise men, because this world would be uncomfortable for you, wise men, if there were not so many fools in it.

There are many successful men, and ninety-nine out of one hundred are really successful BECAUSE NOBODY GAVE THEM SERIOUS COMPETITION.

You can put your finger on the map, and hit any little town, and find in it a prosperous, successful newspaper. GIVE IT COMPETITION and you won't see it in six months.

And in the same town, on Main street, you will find a very prosperous, successful merchant.

Give him the taste of such competition as a bigger man could give him--and you might soon find him driving the bigger man's delivery wagon, if he hadn't saved up money.

We succeed because the fools are plentiful, soft and easy, just as the woodman's ax sinks deep, because the trees are plentiful, soft and easy.

Give the ax steel to cut, and the story will be different, and the chopper's arms will ache.

Take away the fools, the men who think they can succeed without effort, and life will become a harder, more difficult problem.

We have in this country a particular form of stupid ignorance which we call race and religious prejudice. It expresses itself often in hatred of Jews.

Did it ever occur to you that small minded, weak failures hate the Jews BECAUSE THERE ARE SO FEW FOOLS AMONG THE JEWS?

Whether the Jews really were God's chosen people, and manufactured with especial care--we do not know--except through the teachings of faith.

But we do know that the Jews have gone through a severe process of elimination during long centuries.

For 2,000 years and more the cruel, the avaricious and the dishonest have lain in wait for Jews. The so called "noble men" of the middle ages tortured them to get their money.

They were hated because they succeeded. The Jew who was a fool, in the middle ages, did not last long. And that is also true of the Jew who was a drunkard, or otherwise intemperate.

He could not last in the atmosphere of hatred and murder that surrounded him.

Consequently, the Jews that have survived to our day have had the fools and the drunkards very well weeded out from among them.

Next time you hear some small minded individual talk contemptuously of Jews, explain to him the fact that his contempt is really envy, caused partly by the fact that the Jews are not fools and it is disappointingly difficult to get the better of them.

Study the fool, be patient with him. If you know him, you know more than half of the human race.

And study yourself, AND DON'T BE PATIENT WITH YOURSELF, and don't be afraid to call yourself a fool.

Your own criticism should weed out the fool features of your own nature, just as the brutality of the middle ages weeded out the fools and drunkards from among the Jews.

Never call your brother "Raccab," which means "thou fool." If you call your brother "thou fool" you will go to hell, as the bible tells you, and after you get there the things that will happen to you would make a whole moving picture by themselves.

But do not hesitate to call yourself "thou fool." There isn't one of us that does not need to be called "fool" BY HIMSELF many times a day.

Be merciless with yourself, merciful to others, PATIENT WITH FOOLS ABOVE ALL.

"THE first sweet violets of early spring" are the words in a very sentimental song.

The song writers are always about six months late when it comes to writing of violets. In the effete east the violet might loiter in its luxurious bed until March 1, but no such laggard is the San Francisco violet. Already she is up and about her work, which is scenting the pseudo-wintery air of our streets with its fragrance.

"The first sweet violet of early autumn" is the way a California song writer, if he took his inspiration from nature, would write his lyric.

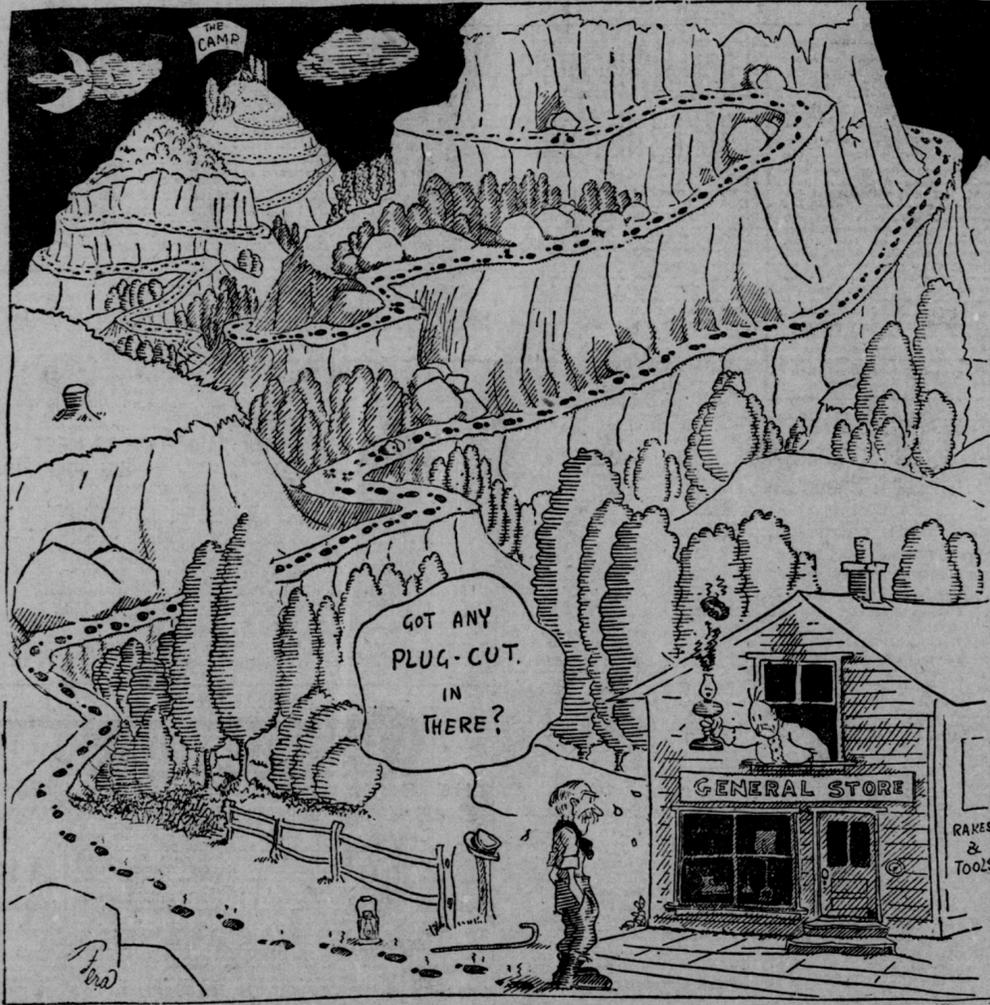
The California violet, as it blooms in the vicinity of San Francisco, is a fall flower, sharing with the chrysanthemums the floral honors of decoration.

The violet beds down the peninsula will soon be in full bloom, and they are one of the rare midwinter shows of this city.

SOME ROLL



PA FORGOT HIS SMOKIN'S



Evening Calls

After lynching a negro the citizens of a Mississippi town adopted resolutions which raise the question of the man's guilt. Where's the grand jury--or do they have such things in Mississippi?

A state civil service commissioner was chased off the grass of the state capitol grounds by a gardener. Now watch for the gardener's promotion.

A Miss Eleanora Sears has got into some sort of automobile trouble in Boston. Where have we heard that name before?

Now Congressman Kahn wants to drive the Alcatraz siren off the island. Send it to some good conservatory of music.

At least it can not be charged that Governor Sulzer's friends were anonymous check writers.

The park commissioners are going to trade a pair of buffalo for a pair of laughing jackasses. They must want some animals that can show proper feeling before a lot of park statuary.

If Russia should only establish a college in Tohougoutchak, its new possession in Mongolia, what a splendid yell its rooters would have.

"A man should never eat if he is bad tempered when he arises in the morning," says a British savant. That's right, starve the bad tempered fellows to death.

The champion checker player of the world is a New Yorker who learned the game in a backwoods roads country store. Yes, the backwoods stores have had very checkered careers.

Cuba will look sweet at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Footnotes of Humor

At a church conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes the bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that Mr. X. is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it that way if you like."

"Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical tones--

joyed his dip. While drying himself he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty afraid of shark."

The evening callers were chatting with the hosts when there came a patter of little feet along the hall.

"Hush!" whispered the hostess, raising her hand. "The children are coming with their good night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

CHARACTER

No Poverty of the Purse Can Ever Make You Poor While You Have Love, Sympathy and Kindness in Your Heart.



By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE great need of the world is to have all classes come into an intimate understanding of one another.

The more we can do to refute that old statement that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives" the better for the race.

"Happy as a queen" is a phrase often used.

Life of Royalty Is Far From Happy; Ask Those Who Know

But those who know the intimate lives of queens and kings know how far from happy they are.

Study their portraits and they will reveal much of the melancholy, the discontent, the selfishness or the dissatisfaction which pervades their minds and marks their features.

King George of England is doubtless one of the best men, one of the most kindly and unselfish kings who ever sat upon a throne.

But he does not look like a really happy man; he looks like a man conscious of his great obligations, troubled about many things, and under a continual nervous tension to keep his duties to the nation performed. Queen Mary has the same serious expression, and one who reads an account of their doings for a single month wonders how two not over robust human beings can endure the constant mental and physical strain to which they are subjected.

When we look upon the outside of palaces and homes of millionaires, when we see the occupants whizzing by in motor cars, or when we read of their smart functions, and jewels and fine linen, we imagine they live the life of fairy princes and princesses.

But when we come to know the intimate facts of their lives we realize that happiness is not a matter of position, or place, or honors, or rank--nor of money. It is a matter of disposition, of character and of habit, of thought.

Discontented young working women often indulge in bitter resentment toward the people of wealth and leisure.

I wish these young toilers might study the faces and hear the conversation of hundreds of women in fashionable homes and at fashionable resorts.

Restlessness, ennui, dissatisfaction and ingratitude distort many a lovely face and render beautiful costumes but a mockery.

I do not mean to say that this is true of all women of wealth.

What I mean to say is just this:

As many people in the humble walks of life, toiling for their daily bread, find enjoyment as in the ranks of wealth and fashion.

It is a matter of character and disposition, not of money. One who travels to any extent is sure to arrive at this conclusion.

There is, indeed, great dissatisfaction to be read in the faces of women in a hotel dining room at a seashore or mountain resort than in the faces of women who emerge from shops and factories at 6 o'clock in any of our large cities.

Yet the majority of these toilers regard the woman who can travel and wear fine garments as favored by the gods.

No woman is favored by the gods unless she has cultivated cheerfulness, appreciation, kindness and good will and sets forth each day determined to be happy and to make happiness for others.

Many a working girl could teach her wealthier sister how to enjoy life.

In no home of poverty did I ever see unhappiness so marked on the faces of an entire family as on one I saw at a hotel not many moons ago.

The mother's eyes were full of jealousy and ill temper; the father's face was defiant and bitter with disappointment; the son was a dissipated wreck of manhood, the daughter a restless, irritable fault finding child of misfortune.

Wealth Alone Can Never Give Enjoyment or Happiness

Yet there were millions of dollars being spent yearly for the "enjoyment" of this family.

There was no love, no harmony, no good will, no gratitude to God, or man in the hearts of these people.

Better a crust of bread and a cup of milk after a day of hard labor, and love in the household and hope in the heart, than such splendid misery.

The poverty of the heart is the worst poverty on earth. Remember that as you toil and pray for wealth.

If you can keep your heart rich with love, sympathy and kindness, hope and faith, then whatever you acquire of worldly wealth will increase your opportunities for enjoyment.

But wealth alone can never give you enjoyment or happiness, and no poverty of the purse can make you poor while you have these qualities.

A good disposition is the only thing worth coveting, and that can be acquired.

The Farm Boy's Kiss

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

THE farm boy paused a moment in the lane When morning mused upon her dewy throne; The silence told him that they were alone And so he kissed the rosy mouth of Jane.

They trembled there behind a leafy screen; They did not know it was a world old bliss. They did not know it was the same first kiss That Antony exchanged with Egypt's queen.

Such wondrous joy, they deemed, was ne'er before; To them it was a madness newly found. They little thought that underneath the ground Are many million lips that kiss no more.

They kissed and parted in the tender dawn, One little kiss, stolen where roses blowed, As sweet a kiss as ever was bestowed By any glorious lover dead and gone.