

THE CALL

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

The "Spug" Movement Is a Necessary Movement

The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving Finds Co-operation in San Francisco

"Spug" is the unattractive nickname of a society which is doing a useful service in discouraging the giving of useless presents.

The society was organized last year and has just begun its 1913 campaign to discourage the habit of indiscriminate and unnecessary gift making.

It would be harsh and cruel to stifle the generous instincts of Christmas time, and this society does not do that.

But what is important, most important, in the movement is the discouragement and prevention it gives to gift making among employees.

The large department stores of San Francisco have caught the spirit of the "spug" movement and have issued orders that there shall be no departmental gift giving among their employees.

That is the only way to stop this practice of gift making, which sullies the sacred name of Christmas.

Christmas is the purest holiday we have, the holiday on which affection rules dominant, the day on which we can show our love for our friends by a tangible gift which at no other time we could make with such easy courtesy.

Yet the spontaneous Christmas spirit must not be dulled by the idea that it is a day of extortions or coercion.

The Anti-Defamation League And Its Purpose

America Has Just Protested Against Russian Treatment of Jews, Yet Are We So Very Much Better?

The Anti-Defamation league has been organized to protect the good name of the Jews.

It has been organized in the United States, in the country which has been united in its protests to Russia against the treatment accorded the Jewish race and the one unfortunate Jew, Beilis, just acquitted of the imaginary crime of "ritual murder."

What will Russia think when it hears that in this country the Jews have found it necessary to protect their good name by the organization of a body known as the Anti-Defamation league?

Yet there is need for such a league, although it is to be hoped that the need will not long exist.

The aim of the league is "by organized effort to bring about the abatement of the defamation of the Jew, and ultimately to put an end to unfair discrimination against all citizens."

The league asks for the earnest support and co-operation of all broadminded men and women, regardless of creed.

Broadminded people will respond to the call of the league, and the purposes of the organization will be quickly accomplished.

But it is a stain against the name of the American people that such a league should have to be established.

Let the stain be quickly removed, let the defamation of a race which has given the world its models of idealism, industry, patience and efficiency be stopped.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Adventure

The All-American team of athletes is now traveling toward the old habitat of buccaners and pirates and kidnapers and marooners, but, according to the voracious sporting authorities, one member of the team nearly lost his trip because of a roving band of kidnapers who were on his trail.

Mr. Templeton, a young scholar in the classics of javelin throwing, matriculated at Stanford university, was, because of his prowess, nominated as a member of the team.

From such hazards did the Stanford students want to save their best point getter—also, they wanted him for the field days next spring, when Stanford university will compete with its worthy rivals, the University of the Pacific, the University of Nevada and the University of Southern California.

So, according to the romantic story that appeared in the sporting columns, a plot was plotted in the dim recesses of the Stanford campus and it was decided to kidnap Templeton on the eve of his departure.

But virtue triumphs. When the liner sailed the dock swarmed with students who would have shown no more compunction in kidnaping Templeton, so the narrative goes, than a customs inspector shows in clipping an aigrette.

Rockefeller's Income Tax

How much income tax will John D. Rockefeller pay to the government?

We believe that he will pay all that his conscience tells him that he ought to pay.

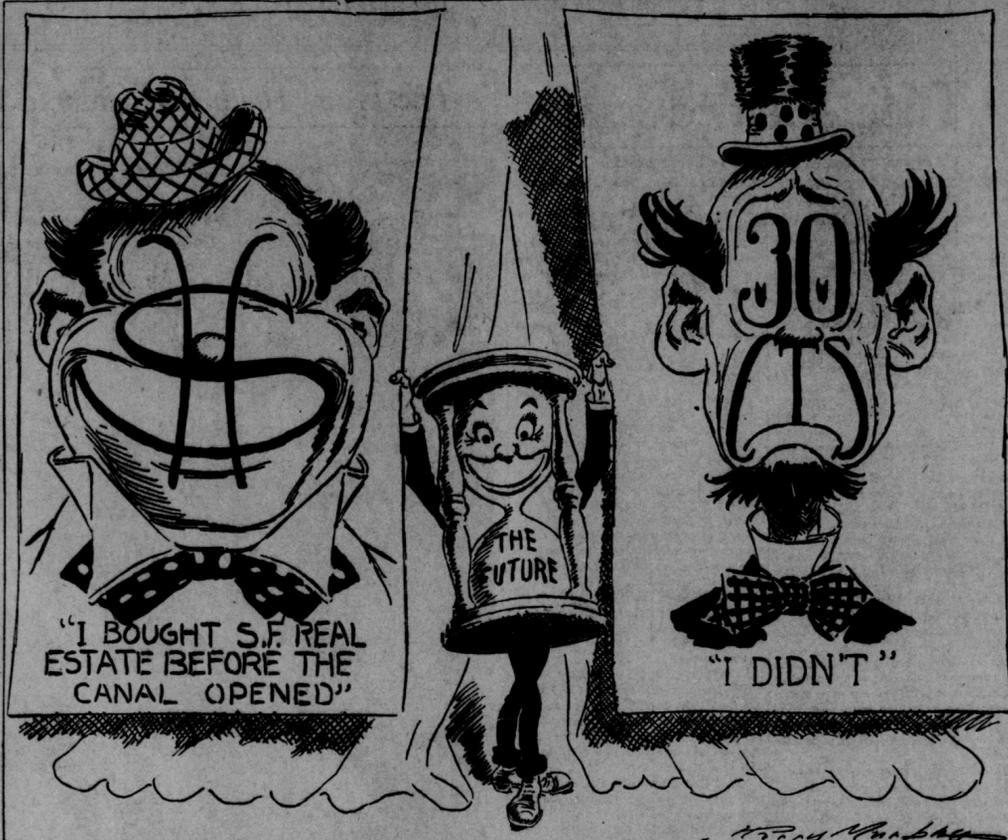
He realizes, of course, that the government which lays the tax protects him in the POSSESSION of his property and that the tax is reasonable insurance.

He has shown his sense of public duty very emphatically by the giving away of many tens of millions, and by the effort to give away and tie up for the public benefit a fortune that would probably amount to five hundred millions, if not more.

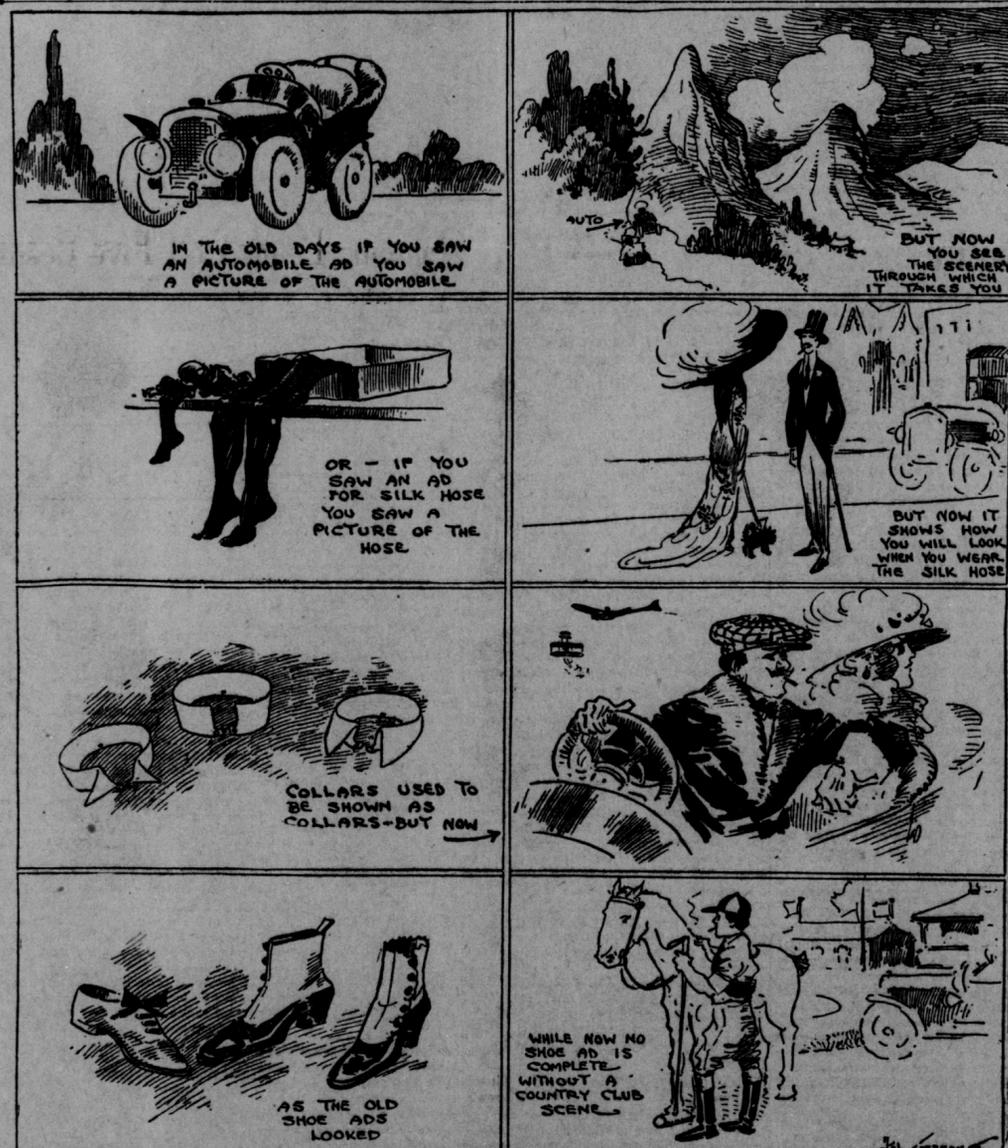
Just what his income is the amount of the tax that he pays will tell us. It will be an interesting revelation.

No matter how big the income is, the public need not worry. It is better to have one John D. Rockefeller drawing fifty million dollars a year and reinvesting it while he sips milk and selzer, than to have fifty Coal Oil Johnnies or John W. Gaseses drawing a million a year each and spending the money to set a bad example on race tracks, in gambling houses and other disorderly resorts.

LOOKING AHEAD



OLD STYLE AND NEW



The Improvement in Advertising

Evening Calls

Elbert Hubbard is writing an opera. What brand of hosiery will it advertise?
The implication is that Huerta does not know an ultimatum when he sees one. Do we?
Stanford university wasn't napping on Saturday, even if it was kidnapping on Wednesday.
If looked for a while as if the Giants wouldn't play the White Sox here, but the overshoes.
Uncle Sam will lick the postage stamps on our Christmas parcels. Now if he'd only buy the stuff for us how grateful would we be.
Alameda county doesn't want any more secret marriages. In these days of single blessedness it should be thankful to take what it can get.
From the wide variety of remedies offered for the Mexican situation one would judge that physicians were treating the country instead of politicians.
Ladies of Crete wore slit gowns 2,000 years ago—and look what became of them!
With the election booths down San Francisco's streets will look less like adjuncts to summer resorts.
Mr. Sweek of Portland is to be minister to Siam. With that euphonious name he'll have no difficulty in proving kinship to the first families of Bangkok.
From the way amusement companies want to build out at the beach one would conclude there must be a patent of nobility given with each created pier.
Anthony Comstock wants children to contribute 5 cents each to help his fight against immorality. We thought Anthony didn't want children to know that such a thing existed.
A young woman in New York is wanted for the theft of \$390,000 worth of jewels. Just like a woman to be satisfied with a bargain reduction. A man would have taken the full \$400,000 worth.

Think of Death as a Friend, Not a Foe



It Is the Only Certain Thing in Life—"A Change of World" Is Desirable—The Happiest Life Would Pall if That Change Did Not Come.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX (Copyright, 1913, Star Company)

RECRIMINATION SAID Life to Death, "Me-thinks if I were you, I would not carry such an awesome face To terrify the helpless human race.

Said Death to Life, "If I were you, my friend, I would not lure confiding souls each day With fair, false smiles, to enter on a way So filled with pain and trouble to the end.

Life made no answer, and Death spoke again: "I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness A soul to being, if I could not bless And crown it with all joy. If unto men My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then Do they pursue me, mad for my caress,

The main object of most human beings is to avoid death, and yet death is the only certain thing in life. From the hour we draw the first breath we are going forward to meet death.

Train declared he should do so. He believed he had overcome death. He believed he had acquired the life habit, and he meant to prove that there was no need of changing bodies. But his body is now dust. Mary Baker Eddy and Helen Wilmans and Wallace Wattles and Eleanor Kirk all talked this same philosophy; all believed they had entered upon life eternal in this body on earth.

All live, on other planes in higher states of Consciousness. No doubt all come near the old scenes and influence those whose minds are tuned in the same key, at times. Yet they have experienced that change which we call death. To me this change seems desirable. I have seen three mature people pass through the change, and to each one it meant deliverance, and each face wore an expression of peace and joy and satisfaction after the great event had taken place.

Each one of us ought to think of these things, calmly and with reverence and with faith in God's great goodness; we should, in the midst of all our pleasures and pursuits and ambitions and occupations, give a little time every day to happy thoughts of that wonderful change called death; and we should know that just as we think of it, and just as we think of life here, so will that life be to which death guides us.

We are building our heavens (and our hells) as we pass along the earth. Cheerfulness, hope, good will, generosity, patience, gratitude, love, reverence, industry, truthfulness, admiration of the beautiful, the seeking for beauty in all things, order and system and harmony—all these qualities are stones which are being laid in the Mansion in the Skies which we will occupy.

Anger, revenge, hate, ill will, greed, and all the other unlovely faults of human nature, build hells for souls to dwell in until they work their way out into fairer realms. Choose your material with care, then, and give a little time every day to thinking your heaven into shape, ready for the occupancy of your soul when it passes onward.

WONDER SONG

HARKEN to my calling when the dusk is falling, Joy of all the morning glow and beauty of the night. Come with me a-gypsying across the Fields of Wonder, Let us fare o'er all the world to part the skies asunder, There to learn the mystery of moon and stars and thunder; Or to scan the foaming wave above each crest and under. Let us live! Listen to my pleading when new day is leading Earth to joy and witchery, hearts to love and light. Come with me, beloved, past the plains of unbelieving, Follow, sweet, o'er gloomy hills of clamorous deceiving, Where the stars are calling thru the sunset falling, And the soft-hued afterglow love's mystery is weaving. Let us live!