

FINE FOUNTAIN PENS WILL BE GIVEN



WRITERS' CONTEST

The choice of "An Ideal Christmas" as the subject in the new writers' contest was a happy one, a large number of delightful little stories having been received, a number of which appear on this page today, together with the stories which have been awarded prizes.

The same subject will be continued next week, and The Junior Call earnestly desires its young writers to carefully comply with the conditions of the contest. They are very easy:

First, write plainly with ink on one side of the paper only.

Write your subject at the top of the first page and immediately under it your name, age and address.

The story must contain not more than 300 words nor less than 100, and it must be told entirely in your own words, not copied from any other paper, magazine or book, and it must have the number of words which it contains written in the upper left hand corner of the first page.

Pay strict attention to spelling, punctuation, grammar and penmanship, as all these points will be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes.

Try to write a bright, interesting, original story. Do not follow the lead of other stories that are published today, but send in something as entirely different as you possibly can from any other story that you have read.

Publication of the Christmas stories will be continued next Saturday and the Saturday following, so if you have not already written your story, please hasten to do so and see if it will merit one of those excellent Junior Call fountain pens, five of which are awarded as prizes in the writers' contest each week and which will give you so much pleasure if you are fortunate enough to win one.

Address your story to the editor of The Junior Call, so that it will reach The Call office not later than Wednesday afternoon for publication next Saturday, and the earlier the better.

Awarded a Fountain Pen

A SAD CHRISTMAS WITH A HAPPY ENDING

John T. Hayden, 3125 Folsom street, San Francisco, age 11.

Three years ago there lived in a little town close to San Francisco a family consisting of the mother and three small children—two little girls and one boy just able enough to toddle around. Their father had gone to sea and had not been heard from for two years. Their mother gave him up for dead. Being poor people, the mother had to work hard for the support of her little ones. She kept up bravely until their first lonesome Christmas.

She asked the children what they would like for Christmas and they answered that they would like Santa Claus to bring back their papa with lots of toys to them. The poor mother, believing her husband dead, would go away and cry all by herself.

The following year was worse than the last; the mother's strength was fast giving way and the children had barely enough to eat or clothing to wear. Their suffering would have been great but for the kindness of the neighbors.

Christmas was coming again. The poor mother was in great pain. She had nothing with which to make them happy, so she told them some stories of the dear little infant who was born in a stable in Bethlehem.

Suddenly they heard a knock on the door. The children ran to open it and with a glad cry sprang into the arms of their father. Their mother fainted, but was soon restored. She found her dear husband was not dead and had returned.

He had been shipwrecked and was picked up by a vessel which was many months getting to port. The children's prayers were answered. Santa Claus brought their papa and lots of presents, too. It was indeed a happy Christmas to them.

Awarded a Fountain Pen

THE COVETED RIFLE

SAMUEL SCHONWASSER, Majestic Hotel, Sutter and Gough Streets, San Francisco, Age 15 Years

I awoke to the distant peal of the churchbell and the still nearer merry jingling of sleighbells, which showed that people were already astir. Outside snowflakes floated gently to the earth, clothing it in a mantle of white.

The cold crisp air threw off my sleepiness, so noiselessly I slipped out of bed and made for the parlor, where last night I had hung my stocking. I eagerly put my hand in it and pulled out first some dates, then nuts, candy, raisins, Christmas apples and many other things that Santa Claus brings to good boys and girls.

Way down in the toe of my stocking I found a big, shiny, brand new \$5 gold piece. I danced around in an ecstasy of joy, for this added to my \$7.53, which I had saved up would make the necessary \$12.50 to buy my long coveted rifle.

I ran to my room and laying the gold piece on a table danced a war dance around it, resting every once in a while to take a bite of my candy cane or a chunk out of an apple.

I went to the window, opened it and looked out to see if any of my playmates were around so I could tell them of Santa Claus' liberality. Then I espied a poor ragged urchin sitting on the curbstone, looking enviously up at me, while his arms were wrapped around him for warmth.

I saw his piteous glance, half of appeal, half of pride, so snatching up my lately acquired wealth I threw it to him and closed the window.

The rest of the day, although I had no rifle, was spent in the happy thought that I had given some one an ideal Christmas.

Awarded a Fountain Pen

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS

FRITZI STEINDORFF, 2422 Stuart Street, Berkeley, Aged 14 Years

In Germany Christmas is the festival of festivals. Every one, from the court princess to the poorest peasants, partakes alike in its joy and cheer. At this time of the year the greatest pleasure of the children and "grown ups" is sleigh riding. Girls and women ride in sleds, made in the shape of arm chairs, which are pushed by the men and boys, who are on ice skates. The skaters are found not only on the river, but on the boulevards, lakes and ponds as well. Nearly always there is a band which plays inspiring tunes for the merry makers. A restaurant can always be found close at hand, where sandwiches, tea and chocolate are served.

Christmas is celebrated on the evening of the 24th, generally at midnight. When the tree is lighted the children come in, and before receiving their gifts sing Christmas carols. The theaters on this night are all closed. The plays generally given are "Dornroschen," "Schneewitchen" and "Hansel und Gretel."

A big goose, "herring salad," composed of about 24 different things, and a "stolle" are the principal parts of the Christmas dinner. The "stolle" is a cake, the dough of which is made at home and sent to the baker to be baked, as the stoves at home are not large enough to hold the cake. On the tree hang such cakes as "pfeffernusse" or spice drops, "pflastersteine," made of chocolate and almonds, and "mohrenkopfe," the dough of which is covered with chocolate and filled with whipped cream. These are quietly taken by the children before the tree is untrimmed.

Christmas is the only night on which the parents play with their children. The games played are "lotto" and "glocke und hammer."

Awarded a Fountain Pen

CHRISTMAS IN ROME

RUBY BOARDMAN, 1829 Arch Street, San Francisco, Aged 12 Years

An ideal and most interesting Christmas was to me that which I spent with my mother and father in the ancient city of Rome. Waking on Christmas morning to find one's self in a strange land brings a pang of homesickness, but this can not last long, for the chiming bells in cathedral spires are calling, ringing out their joy in melodious tones, mingling with the carols and voices which float up from the street below.

But let us now go to St. Peter's cathedral and see how one of the greatest churches in the world celebrates its Christmas day. Coming to the spacious square of the obelisk, surrounded by the half circle of gigantic gothic columns, one is struck by the grandeur and magnificence of the building which looms up majestically against the smiling sky. We enter the bronze portals of the beautiful temple and see there assembled those of high rank and the most ragged beggar. Mass is being held in several parts of the immense church. Priests in robes of crimson and lace walk to and fro filling the air with the smell of incense which they swing from silver burners. Choir boys are singing anthems, their youthful faces uplifted and their strong boyish voices penetrating the highest dome. The whole scene is inspiring and fills the heart with the thought that surely this is a temple of God.

Such was my Christmas in Rome.

Awarded a Fountain Pen

WHEN THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS BECOMES REAL

MARJORIE McCANN, Selma, Aged 11 Years

A clear cold morning, earth clothed in mantle of snow, as easterners tell us about. I hear the sound of many little feet as they jump from bed to run to stockings hung up the night before to see what Santa Claus brought; then back to bed and creep under cover to examine and compare. I only dream of this lovely Christmas, such as I hear my papa describe, for I am the only child in this household in California. I hear people say they pity an only child, and they are "apt to be selfish." It is natural to think of self first, I know, and perhaps some consider self first, last and always, yet I hope I shall never develop into such a character.

I have pictured Christmas, 1909. A beautiful new piano is in the parlor, and on its top a lovely doll looking down at me; in its hand a fountain pen, just what I have wished for so long.

I call my two little girl friends from next door to share my joy, then present my little gifts to them, purchased with some of my savings of a year, almost forgetting my pen at sight of their joy. I see mother's delight and papa's loving smile as I extend gifts to them. I hear in fancy the lady next door say in kindly tones, "Thank you, Marjorie," as I bestow a little token.

Giving causes hearts to swell with generosity and makes me wish for lots of money that I might make every child in Selma as happy as I am, or will be, when the ideal becomes real.

CHRISTMAS TIME

ERWIN O'MEARA, 1048 Hampshire Street, San Francisco, Age 11 Years

Christmas is a time of merry making and every one should try and give a little pleasure to others. For weeks before Christmas day the stores are beautifully decorated and have wonderful displays of pretty things.

Christmas day is the birthday of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It is celebrated all over the Christian world with great religious ceremony. On this day we offer and receive gifts from those we love and it is the one day in the year, perhaps, when we see the

most families reunited. There is generally great feasting and all kinds of amusements, and even the children are allowed to take part in the fun, and bedtime is often forgotten.

In most every home there is a tree prettily decorated and lighted with colored candies.

GATHERING CHRISTMAS BERRIES

WILLIAM A. WITTE,

143 Waller Street, San Francisco, Age 14 Years

We all enjoy our Christmas trees, which, with the presence of the Christmas, or holly berry, is sure to attract attention. But for the most part I enjoy gathering them. One bright sunny morning in December three other boys and myself started.

We took an early ferry for Sausalito and then picked one of the roads leading from the outskirts of the town. We had not traveled far when before us we could see the holly tree standing out from the underbrush. As usual the finest were on top. The tree we had picked out stood about 15 feet high. The branches were very thick. One of us volunteered to climb to the top. While climbing out on one of the branches we could distinctly hear the chirps of young birds.

Upon closely examining them we found them to be young blackbirds.

The mother bird being left exposed could not live very long. They were then home with scarcely any berries we left. Each of bunches to bring home we put the cage with a female.

The canary fed young ones until young ones were in cage for them. One day we put the holly tree in the cage. While tree we each and how we climbed brought home the u

A MERRY

JOSEPH

1064 Florida Street, Age 11

Ha! ha! ha! It is mas and Santa Claus. My little brothers are as busy as bees in place and the chimney could come down.

We are all going stockings. I am up a big stocking might think I am give me anything.

We were all very stockings were hung went to bed and sleep, for we wanted

THE JUNIOR CALL



The Junior Call has prepared a splendid Christmas treat for its readers. The Junior wishes to place a set of eight beautiful cut-out dolls of all nations in every home where it is read. No charge is made for these eight dolls and no special task is exacted. All that is necessary is to cut out the coupon which appears herewith, write in your name and address and bring or mail the same to the office of The Call.

Important! The dolls will be issued at the main office of The Call at Market and Third streets, San Francisco, and at the Oakland branch office, 468 Eleventh street, Oakland. Bring a coupon filled out with your name and address to either of these offices

and the envelope containing the dolls will be IF YOU ARE A

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