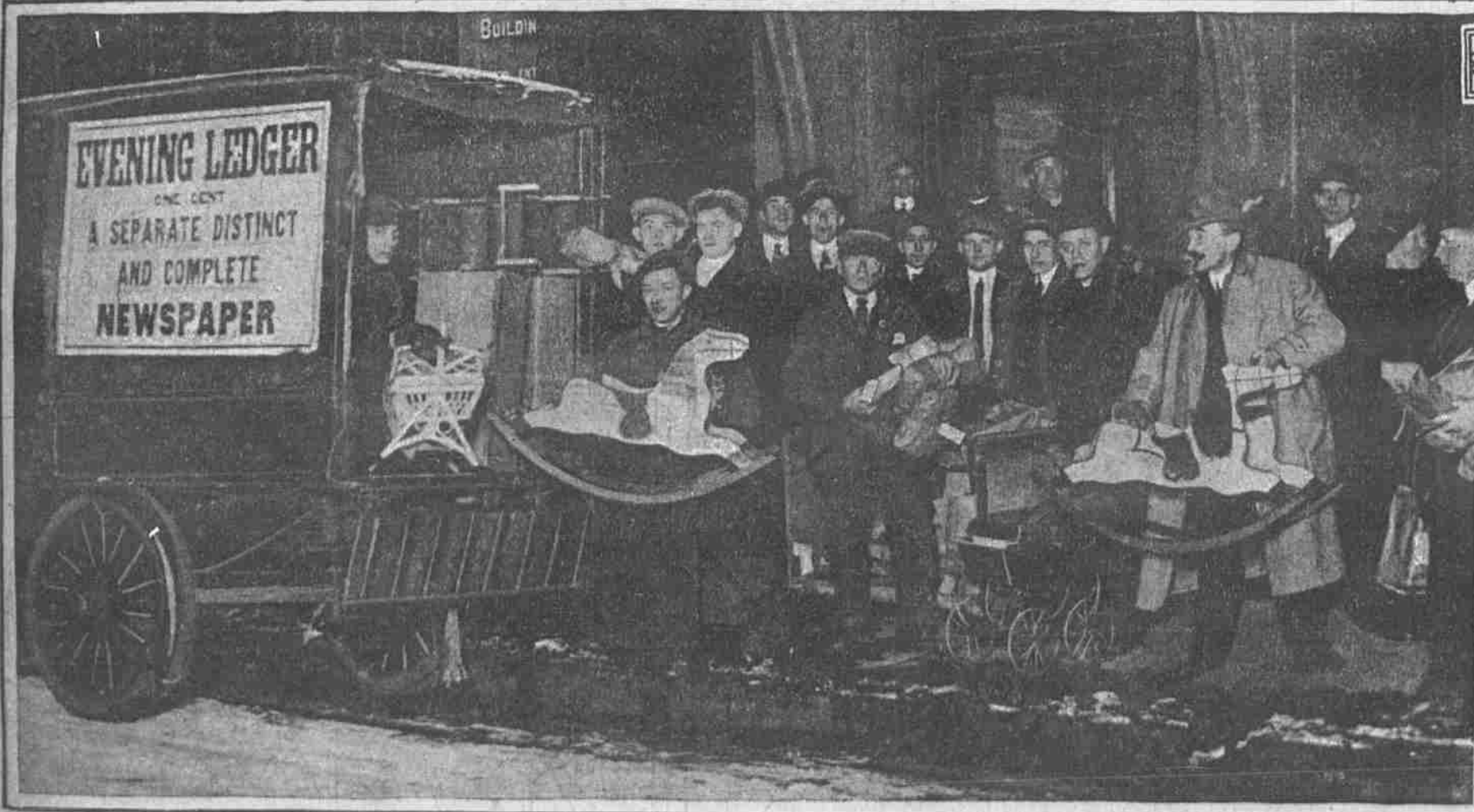




SCENES FROM A CHRISTMAS DAY MARKED BY BITTER COLD BUT MANY BENEFACTIONS



A CHRISTMAS DAY SCENE AT THE WAR FRONT AND ANOTHER ONE ON HOME GROUND
 On the left is a German field kitchen preparing the potatoes and sausage and soup which composed the dinner for the Kaiser's forces yesterday, through which there was fighting all day long. On the right is one of the busiest spots in Philadelphia on an ordinary day. The picture was taken looking east from City Hall down Market street. This big thoroughfare was deserted as a lane in a country town yesterday. The coldest Christmas day in recent years brought with it a sweeping wind.



SANTA CLAUS COMMANDEERS EVENING LEDGER WAGONS TO HELP HIM DISTRIBUTE GIFTS
 Almost 15,000 presents were sent out from the headquarters of the Public Ledger Santa Claus Club yesterday and went to the children who needed and craved them most. A large proportion of the presents were given by children, too. Many of the recipients were so overcome by the unexpected arrival of the Santa Claus wagon that they broke down and cried; others danced and clapped their hands.



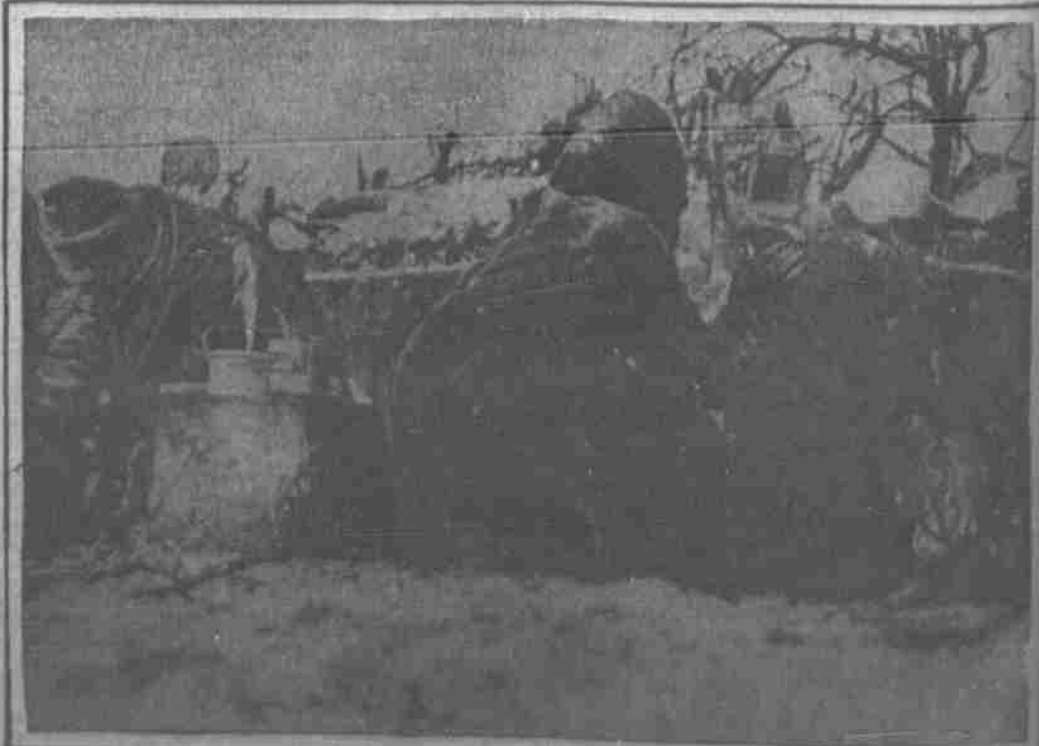
A FREE DINNER MADE A BITTER DAY LESS BITTER
 The American Rescue Mission gave out many substantial baskets, filled with the best of food, to Christmas applicants who otherwise would have gone without. Above is a scene typical of many in front of the mission building.



OLD SANTA PAID PERSONAL VISIT TO LITTLE PATIENT
 Miss Katherine McMahon is shown snuggling against her good old friend at the University Hospital, where there were many surprises for the children who can't skip and run about as their more fortunate playmates do. Santa paid them a special visit.



MASS OF PACKAGES HANDLED BY LEDGER WAGONS
 The photograph shows the vast collection of gifts that kept the delivery notes of the Evening and Public Ledger busy.



MEANTIME, HERE'S HOW THINGS LOOKED AT THE WAR FRONT
 Though all of us may not have had all we wanted yesterday, at least we did not have this in addition—a cold, wind-swept front and only a tiny blaze to warm our freezing fingers, with death as our principal companion.