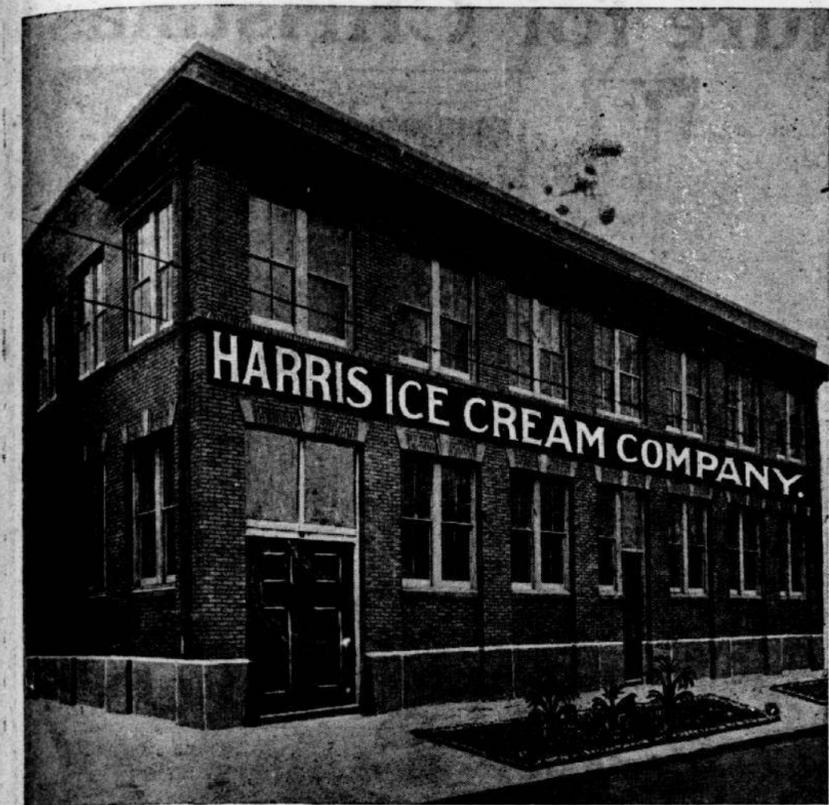


# Harris' Jersey Ice Cream

"THE CREAM OF QUALITY"



The name "Harris" has been so inseparably connected with the Ice Cream business in this city that when this confection is mentioned the name "Harris" almost looms up at once. The reason for this is, of course, obvious. Mr. Harris has been doing business with the Algiers people for many years. His product is such that it is responsible for his big trade in this section. Some time ago it was the pleasure of The Herald to publish an account of the new sanitary factory erected, which was described in a previous article. Herewith is a picture of the exterior of the Harris Ice Cream Company's plant in Dryades street. For the past many years the Harris Ice Cream Company has furnished almost exclusively the different orders, clubs and societies in the Fifth District. Not long since an official inspection by the Board of Health was made of the different ice cream factories in the city, and there was none that showed to a better advantage than Harris' place. This in itself is a recommendation for the stability of their product, which after being manufactured is stored in cellars having a temperature of several degrees below zero. Mr. Harris extends a cordial invitation to all of his Algiers customers when in that vicinity to take an inspection of his plant, which will be a revelation and at the same time a very interesting experience.



**P**oor Mrs. Midgely sat in her disordered living room in an utterly hopeless attitude. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I haven't the heart to tidy the house or even myself. To think of Christmas only three weeks away, and not one gift for the children and no hope of getting any. I am glad they are at school; I can at least have a good cry!" Just as she was getting out her handkerchief preparatory to enjoying this unusual luxury she heard the postman's step on the porch. Habit forced her to gulp back the tears and go to the door. He handed her several letters, all of which she recognized as bills, with the exception of one, which bore the handwriting of her sister Judith. "Anne, dear," she wrote, "at last I can visit you, and shall be with you in a few days." "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! To think of Judith visiting us at a time like this, when we can hardly manage, with the high cost of living, to set the table, let alone having a holiday time!" Mrs. Midgely indulged in the desired cry, then, realizing there was much to be done, she dried her eyes, and with the relief that the shedding of tears

"Anne, dear, we must take an inventory of stock and see what we can make for the kiddlets for Christmas." "There is nothing," said Anne. "We'll find something!" determinedly answered Judith. "You can make things out of comparatively nothing," laughed Anne, "but you can't make them out of absolutely nothing." "Yes, we can! I'll send for my yarns and knit a cap and mittens for each child. They are using bright colors and combinations of colors. In that way we can use your left-over yarns, too. We'll have plenty without buying any more, and I knit rapidly. I've done lots of this work for the Red Cross." She made looms with empty spools and pins, from which each child helped to make a round string which they worked on at odd moments. They were to be sewed on the mittens. No more hunting for the "other mitten." The children were entertained with the idea of being useful and of helping Aunt Judith. The sisters looked up discarded dolls and sewed up legs and arms, painted the faces and restored the hair. Entire outfits of clothes that could be taken off and put on were made from bits of cloth found in the scrap bag, and they crocheted lace enough for the trimming. These were for the two little girls, Martha and Peggy, aged seven and nine. How to make eleven-year-old Ralph happy with left-overs was the problem. Then Judith remembered that years ago she had been the recipient of a stamp book which she had not used. She wrote her father for it, and then invested in some mixed stamps for Ralph to make a beginning with. A few new puzzles and toys from the ten-cent store made a goodly array of bright things for Tommy, who was the youngest child. "Now for the dinner," said Judith. "Let's not try to have the usual Christmas dinner, but think up something different." "I did so want to ask Mr. and Mrs. Lambert," sighed Anne. "They came from England several years ago, and are so alone at Christmas time. I had hoped to have them, but of course I cannot do it this year." "That gives me the very idea, Anne. We'll invite them and surprise them with a regular English dinner—roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and gravy, and have roly-poly pudding for dessert." The days flew by with the sisters as busy as bees. Anne was never happier in all her life. She had not time for repining, and found that by simply making the best of everything she had no real troubles at all. Henry, too, caught the spirit of hope, and remarked to his wife: "It won't be long until we have made up for lost time, and I like my new position better than the old one, because it has more of a future to it." The Lamberts were delighted with the invitation, as they were expecting a lonely day, far away from Merrle England. One day, when Judith came in from shopping, Anne met her with the news: "A nephew, John Leigh, has surprised the Lamberts. He has seen service in France, and is sent here by the British government on a mission to Washington. He has a week's vacation and has come to spend it with them. I insisted that he come to our Christmas dinner, and they are all going to eat tonight." "How interesting," exclaimed Judith. "Perhaps he can advise me about my Red Cross work." Everyone was delighted to meet the handsome young soldier and eager to hear stories of "over there" from one who knew. John became a great help to Judith with her plans for the children's Christmas and her Red Cross work. In fact, he thought of so many things that he came to the Midgelys at least once a day and every evening. He trimmed the tree while Judith made the simple things to adorn it. One evening Mrs. Midgely remarked to her husband: "I never saw a young man so interested in children." He looked up from his paper in amused surprise. "My dear, do you really think he is interested only in the children?" "John, you don't mean Judith?" "Certainly. It has been evident from the first." Christmas arrived—a glorious day, with snow on the ground. The children had hung up their stockings. Into the bottom of each had been placed the bright new cap and mittens, and a gay bag of candy on top, while the other gifts were grouped about the tree. After the successful dinner was eaten they spent the evening in singing carols. John had a good tenor voice and Judith accompanied him on the piano. Then he sang military songs he had learned in the trenches. The guests took their departure, vowing it the happiest Christmas of all. Mrs. Midgely turned to her sister. "Only think, Judith, I was afraid you would have a dull time. The children have missed nothing, and you have been an angel of mercy!" "Happiness has nothing to do with the possession of things," smiled Judith; "it is all a state of mind. And—John and I will have something to tell you tomorrow, when he leaves for the front."



**Became a Great Help to Judith.** gave her, she started in to put the sauce in order. "At least we'll be clean," she said to herself, as she made broom and dusterly about. Some months before this time Henry Midgely had lost his position as book-keeper on account of the failure of the firm for which he worked. They had had no idea of impending conditions and were almost staggered by the blow. The Midgelys had four growing children and every month had lived up to the salary. Mr. Midgely had just found another position. When Anne wrote home she did not tell her family of her loss, and she bravely set herself the task of making up for the months when debts had accumulated. Christmas! That was the hard part. Nothing for the children! They had had such jolly times before, with presents for everyone. Now she had more work than ever to do and less time for making presents, even if she had the money with which to buy material. "I shall have to tell Judith," she said to her husband that night, when they were seated by the lamp and the children were in bed, "how sorry we are that we cannot make her visit a pleasant one." "It is too bad," said he. "Judith is such a slave to your father, looking after his every whim and never thinking of herself. I wish she had a home of her own. I always planned to give her a really good time whenever she should make that long-deferred visit." Judith arrived, her face shining with happiness. "As last I am here! Are you quite well, Anne?" "Oh, yes, dear," Mrs. Midgely's voice had a strange note in it. Judith looked up quickly. "You don't look well, Anne. What is the matter?" Poor Anne let the floodgates of her tears open and told Judith her troubles. "It's only that we don't want you to have a stupid time, Judith," answered Judith. "I am wildly happy just to be here with you all. But I am glad you told me." The children were delighted to have their aunt with them. They had often visited the pleasant old white house that had been their mother's home, and it was a happy party that surrounded the dinner table that night. Mrs. Midgely, too, almost forgot to be worried as she smiled at her sister's high spirits. Next morning after Judith had kissed the four children as they left for school, she turned to her sister and said:

"Anne, dear, we must take an inventory of stock and see what we can make for the kiddlets for Christmas." "There is nothing," said Anne. "We'll find something!" determinedly answered Judith. "You can make things out of comparatively nothing," laughed Anne, "but you can't make them out of absolutely nothing." "Yes, we can! I'll send for my yarns and knit a cap and mittens for each child. They are using bright colors and combinations of colors. In that way we can use your left-over yarns, too. We'll have plenty without buying any more, and I knit rapidly. I've done lots of this work for the Red Cross." She made looms with empty spools and pins, from which each child helped to make a round string which they worked on at odd moments. They were to be sewed on the mittens. No more hunting for the "other mitten." The children were entertained with the idea of being useful and of helping Aunt Judith. The sisters looked up discarded dolls and sewed up legs and arms, painted the faces and restored the hair. Entire outfits of clothes that could be taken off and put on were made from bits of cloth found in the scrap bag, and they crocheted lace enough for the trimming. These were for the two little girls, Martha and Peggy, aged seven and nine. How to make eleven-year-old Ralph happy with left-overs was the problem. Then Judith remembered that years ago she had been the recipient of a stamp book which she had not used. She wrote her father for it, and then invested in some mixed stamps for Ralph to make a beginning with. A few new puzzles and toys from the ten-cent store made a goodly array of bright things for Tommy, who was the youngest child. "Now for the dinner," said Judith. "Let's not try to have the usual Christmas dinner, but think up something different." "I did so want to ask Mr. and Mrs. Lambert," sighed Anne. "They came from England several years ago, and are so alone at Christmas time. I had hoped to have them, but of course I cannot do it this year." "That gives me the very idea, Anne. We'll invite them and surprise them with a regular English dinner—roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and gravy, and have roly-poly pudding for dessert." The days flew by with the sisters as busy as bees. Anne was never happier in all her life. She had not time for repining, and found that by simply making the best of everything she had no real troubles at all. Henry, too, caught the spirit of hope, and remarked to his wife: "It won't be long until we have made up for lost time, and I like my new position better than the old one, because it has more of a future to it." The Lamberts were delighted with the invitation, as they were expecting a lonely day, far away from Merrle England. One day, when Judith came in from shopping, Anne met her with the news: "A nephew, John Leigh, has surprised the Lamberts. He has seen service in France, and is sent here by the British government on a mission to Washington. He has a week's vacation and has come to spend it with them. I insisted that he come to our Christmas dinner, and they are all going to eat tonight." "How interesting," exclaimed Judith. "Perhaps he can advise me about my Red Cross work." Everyone was delighted to meet the handsome young soldier and eager to hear stories of "over there" from one who knew. John became a great help to Judith with her plans for the children's Christmas and her Red Cross work. In fact, he thought of so many things that he came to the Midgelys at least once a day and every evening. He trimmed the tree while Judith made the simple things to adorn it. One evening Mrs. Midgely remarked to her husband: "I never saw a young man so interested in children." He looked up from his paper in amused surprise. "My dear, do you really think he is interested only in the children?" "John, you don't mean Judith?" "Certainly. It has been evident from the first." Christmas arrived—a glorious day, with snow on the ground. The children had hung up their stockings. Into the bottom of each had been placed the bright new cap and mittens, and a gay bag of candy on top, while the other gifts were grouped about the tree. After the successful dinner was eaten they spent the evening in singing carols. John had a good tenor voice and Judith accompanied him on the piano. Then he sang military songs he had learned in the trenches. The guests took their departure, vowing it the happiest Christmas of all. Mrs. Midgely turned to her sister. "Only think, Judith, I was afraid you would have a dull time. The children have missed nothing, and you have been an angel of mercy!" "Happiness has nothing to do with the possession of things," smiled Judith; "it is all a state of mind. And—John and I will have something to tell you tomorrow, when he leaves for the front."

**His Day.** "I presume you had a great time Christmas, Willie?" "No, I didn't have so much fun Christmas day, but I did the day after." "Were you sick on Christmas?" "None. But you see the day after Christmas pa had to go to work and I got a chance to play with all my boys then."

## DATE WITH SANTA CLAUS



EAR Santa Claus, I'm waiting here For you to come with your reindeer, And bring the toys you've got for me Right down into this chimney. Can't keep my head up very straight, So hope you won't be awfully late. Might go to sleep in this big chair. So Santa, if you really care To meet me, as I hope you do, You'll make your reindeer come right thru. Cause if this date you're going to keep, Do hurry 'fore I go to sleep.

## My Teddy Bear



Oh, Teddy Bear, I'm glad you came, I like wild animals what's tame. I'm not afraid to squeeze you tight, 'Cause you won't snarl or snap or bite. I'll take you with me ev'ry day, Togeizzer we will romp and play. At night time, too my dearie Ted, You'll snuggle by me in my bed. If I am cross, you will not care, You'll always be my Teddy Bear.

Woman is evidently a special dispensation of Providence to prevent man's conceit from running away with him. —Chicago News.

**Let It Stop at That.** A white Christmas is well enough, but it need not embroder its beneficence by adding frostbitten toes.



## Real Estate Man Thinks Women Talk Too Much

When women were being shown an apartment by an agent. Sure, it is possible to get an apartment in Washington—if you know where. That's the trouble, knowing where they are. These women knew, evidently, because there they were, being shown around by the real estate man himself. As the trio passed up the steps who should issue forth from an apartment but Mrs. Smith, friend of the two ladies. "Oh, Mrs. Smith, so glad to see you," said one lady. "You can tell us about this apartment we are going to rent." The real estate agent had stopped, waiting for the women. He was about three feet away. "I sure can tell you about that apartment," said Mrs. Smith, falling utterly to see the agent. "What was worse, it wouldn't have made any difference if she had seen the agent, because it happened that she had never laid eyes on said apartment." breathed Mrs. Smith, "don't you let the agent fool you on this apartment. Ask him about the sink that stops up, and—" Then came a whirlwind of advice, which the two prospective tenants listened to eagerly—as did the agent. "That worthy began to blush, it must be confessed, and the two women began to blush a little themselves, but innocent Mrs. Smith kept right on. "You know," she continued, "that apartment is exactly like mine. What are you going to charge you for it?" "Twenty dollars," said one of the two ladies. "I'll pay \$50 for mine," said the all-revealing Mrs. Smith.

**W. L. Douglas Shoes**  
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**Why We Should Be Careful of Our Eyes**

Glass is made of different qualities of material as well as silk and other goods. The lenses which are ground out of Optical Glass should be made of the highest grade and ground by expert grinders. We profess to handle the highest grade of lenses and are expert optical specialists. When you are fitted with a pair of

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## James J. Reiss Company

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## Have It Reblocked for Xmas

You'll need a new hat for the coming holidays—why not let us reblock your last year's hat and you can put the difference into Christmas Gifts? Our patented hat cleaning process will make your old hat every bit as good as new, and our prices are the lowest in the city for the highest grade work. As manufacturers of hats, we are in a position to sell you a new hat at about the price you care to pay or about ONE-HALF the price the retailers charge. Out-of-town orders given prompt attention. Place your holiday order at once and have it in time for Christmas.  
**Chicago Hat Works, 715 POYDRAS Main 4994 J. Joseph.**

## THE STOREKEEPER UP TO DATE



Gas masks are indispensable articles near the front. This Y. M. C. A. canteen manager has been forced to don his "muzzle," but he is still holding his position behind the counter. He was later wounded while on duty. Y. M. C. A. men at the front not only see that the boys are furnished refreshments, but they often help in the care of the wounded. Several Red Triangle workers have been wounded by shell and gas, while a number have lost their lives in this service. The sign just over the "Y" man's shoulder reads: "Our Slogan—Best for the Man in the Mud."

**WOMEN'S ARMY TO BUILD MORALE**  
Happy Idea Meeting Hearty Response Among Patriotic Women.  
A new "army" has been born. It is called the "Sunshine Division," and it is made up of women—mostly young women—who are eager to become a part of definite organized effort to help win the war. The soldiers will not bear arms and court death like their sisters among the Russians. Instead, their line of duty will have to do with service that will strengthen morale, and help win the war by promoting life among the American and allied soldiers, rather than death among the enemy—the final result, according to military authorities, being equally as effective in its relation to victory. The "women soldiers" of the Sunshine Division will enjoy a definiteness of war work which they have not had before unless they have become members of the leading war work agencies, such as the Red Cross. The plan, which had its inception with a group which composed the concert party headed by Miss Wilson, the president's daughter, which gave concerts in all the army camps, suggests a happy and suitable disposal of the available time and talent of patriotic young women not engaged in definite war activity. Interested persons are being referred to Maj. A. P. Oakes, at offices of the United War Work Activities, Dallas, Tex.

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