



Homemakers' Page



MISS LORETTO A. CONNOR, Editor

Wholesome Summer Desserts

"O H, dear, what shall I have for dessert? I don't want to bake a pie!" So sighs the woman who has her own cooking to do. And one cannot wonder that the poor dear rebels against baking pies, when one stops to consider how many hours she works in a hot kitchen doing her canning and jelly-making.

Of course nobody can deny that nothing is more delicious than a berry pie, but just because summer is berry season is no sign that summer is the best time to make and eat berry pies. Once or twice a week, perhaps, but not oftener in hot weather, should the housewife serve pie, and for two reasons: first, consideration for herself, and second, consideration for the family, because pastry is really a good body fuel and therefore not so appropriate for really sizzling hot days as something simpler.

Ice cream is another dessert which is a very real and solid food, though many people think of it as a mere refreshment; pure cream, sugar, and flavorings make ice cream one of the highest caloric foods, and a very excellent one, too, though not particularly appropriate for dog days. While it is low in temperature it is high in food value, and on the hottest days the body needs less fuel than in winter. The active worker can use such fuel, but the person of sedentary occupation is better off without much ice cream in hot weather.

Fruits are the best possible summer desserts, and we American women are alone to blame for spoiling our men folks and children into believing that the only proper way to serve a fruit is baked in a pie. That's a grand way, surely—our mouth fairly waters as we write, while visions of juicy berry pies swim before our enraptured inner eye—but we American housewives should emulate the French and the English, who consider a handsome peach or pear, served "as is," without being peeled and bedecked with whipped cream and sugar, dessert enough. They cheerfully pay

fifteen or twenty cents for a handsome piece of fruit, and enjoy its beauty and natural flavor.

Of course nothing is quite so nice on a very hot day as a frozen dessert, and in most families there is to be found a juvenile member willing to "turn the crank" for the joy of licking the paddle. Indeed, the juvenile members easily can learn to make the frozen dessert all alone, without help from mother.

For summer sherbets, made from fruit juices, the best results are obtained if the fruits are cooked first; cooking brings out the flavor, and softens the fruit. Berries may be strained, to get rid of the seeds, which are never appealing; peaches or pears should be rubbed through a coarse sieve, to reduce the fruit to a pulp, as a frozen chunk of fruit is usually quite tasteless.

The basis for any sherbet is simple, old-fashioned lemonade. If you wish lemon sherbet, you make it slightly stronger. If you have other fruit juices at hand, you use a little less lemon juice, and then add the other fruit juice. The gelatine is used to give a slight body to the mixture.

Lemon Sherbet

(Basic Recipe)

- 2 teaspoons granulated gelatine.
- 2 tablespoons cold water.
- 2 cups of sugar.
- 4 cups boiling water.
- Grated rind 1 lemon.
- ½ cup lemon juice.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes to soften. Grate lemon and stir gratings in sugar, then pour boiling water over, to dissolve sugar. Add softened gelatine and fruit juice, stirring till sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Cool and freeze.

Variations

Two cups any other fruit juice may be substituted for 2 cups of the water.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, and a stationary one, too much.

LIVER A POPULAR FOOD

Current literature on the subject of diet in its relation to health is both voluminous and varied. The number of books and articles devoted to it is indicative of a wide-spread and wholesome interest in a vital matter. But the variety of the advice and information! Aye, there's the rub! The very diet which one writer recommends as conducive to longevity and perfect health may be elsewhere condemned—sometimes, unfortunately, in the same publication—as the broad highway to an early grave.

Take the case of liver—a pet aversion of the writer's childhood. Today physicians on all sides are recommending it most highly in the treatment of anemia. The result is that the price has soared steadily from somewhere in the neighborhood of the proverbial song upward to seventy cents a pound. It has become quite an indication of prosperity to serve liver at a meal.

Calf, pig, beef, chicken and goose liver all are in demand. Those who know claim that calf liver is more delicious than that of beef, but the latter we are assured is the kind to use when blood building is of prime consideration.

Going on a liver diet may mean consuming half a pound a day, hence it is important to know some of the easier and pleasanter ways of preparing the food.

Liver Loaf

- 1 pound liver.
- ½ pound sausage meat.
- 1 cup bread crumbs.
- 1 egg.
- ½ cup milk.
- Poultry seasoning, salt and pepper.

Parboil the liver and chop fine. Mix with the sausage, bread crumbs and season to taste. Stir the egg and milk together and add to the mixture. Form into a loaf and bake for forty-five minutes. This tastes something like a chicken loaf and is an excellent luncheon dish.

Fashion's Forecast

Annabel Worthington

FRISCO FASHION PATTERNS

For many months the Homemakers' Page has printed style notes from the St. Louis Dry Goods Stores, but feeling that there are many out of town women who might not have the advantage of buying the models they see on the pages of *The Frisco Employes' Magazine*, arrangements have been made with a firm of fashion designers of New York City to furnish the "Forecast" appearing on this page.

If any of these patterns appeal to the reader, they may be secured at a cost of twelve cents each, by sending that amount to the Fashion Department, *Frisco Magazine*, No. 18 East 18th Street, New York City. All the patterns are seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit, and safe delivery of every order is insured.

If these styles do not appeal, the Fashion Department issues a Fashion Magazine which contains a section of movie star styles, also more than 100 styles including a wide selection for stouts, home wear, lingerie, children, etc. The cost of this Magazine is ten cents and the price may be inclosed with the pattern order. The models shown herewith are:



No. 3168—Advanced Model. The pattern comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3250—Tailored Styling. The pattern comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material with 2 yards of binding.

No. 3151—Looking Slender. The pattern comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3236—As Easy as Can Be! The pattern comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3023—Smartly Simple. The pattern comes in sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch contrasting.

Emb. No. 761—Design for Luncheon or Tea Cloth. Pattern contains a transfer design for a luncheon or tea cloth measuring about $38\frac{3}{4}$ inches square. Blue.

Escalloped Liver

- 1 calf or beef liver.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs.
- 4 slices fat bacon.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion.
- A few gratings nutmeg.
- A few grains red pepper.

1 cup water.

Wash and chop the liver. Add bread crumbs and bacon and chop into small pieces. To this add onion, nutmeg, red pepper and water. Mix well and put in greased baking dish. Cover with grated bread crumbs and dots of butter. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) for forty-five minutes.

Some Feet

Conductor (after stumbling over obstacle in the aisle): "Madam, you must not leave your valise in the aisle."

Colored Lady: "Fo' de land sakes, Mistah Conductah, dat ain't no valise. Dat's mah foot."



Bobby's Adventures in Circus-Land

DAD'S old camping tent had been swung up in the vacant lot next to Bobby's house, and red and white rags of various sizes, strung on ropes, waved in the breeze. Mother's oldest sheets had been confiscated to form curtains for the side shows, and the circus was in full swing.

School was out and Bobby, knowing that there was a wild west show in town, sprung the idea at the K. K. K. (Kid's Klub of Kolumbus) that they have a miniature circus. The votes were all in favor of it. It was Saturday, and the children from many neighboring blocks, dressed in their best attire, were filing in. It looked like the tent would be filled to capacity.

Bobby, in his brother's riding boots, his father's derby hat, and a vest about four sizes too large, stood at the opening of the "Main Entrance" and, with whip in hand, shouted lustily, "Rite this way, ladies and gintlemen—wonder show of the world! Biggest and best—ten cents admission! Rite this way—everybuddy!"

As for acts, the really big event was the performance of "King", Bobby's big police dog. To make it more like a circus and side show, "King" had been placed in the largest chicken coop Bobby could find. The partition had been taken out and Bobby had made a swinging door. "King" really resembled a big wolf, and he took it all in the nature of a big circus, sitting calmly behind the bars awaiting his act.

Mary Alice always said she wanted to be a bareback rider and for weeks she had been practicing on the back of Tiny, her Shetland pony, until she could balance herself nicely. It was to be a feature act.

Cats and rabbits were on display in the side show and white mice attracted more of the male sex than the female. A basket of kittens and a box of puppies, placed perilously near each other, called for a constant attendant.

The show was well under way and Mary Alice, in her little red bathing suit, was receiving the applause of the audience, when Bobby slipped out

the door to get "King". He unfastened the door and led him out.

He stepped into the center of the tent, and with a sweeping bow to the audience said, "L—aa-die-s and Gintlemen, kindly lend me your eyes and ears. We have with us today, one of the most wonderful dogs in the world. This dog, reared and trained by the most famous trainer in the world will now demonstrate his many tricks", and the show was on.

"King" performed beautifully. The girls giggled and laughed and Bobby, after each trick, bowed low, and his male audience gazed in admiration at the performance, elbows on knees and hands under chins. Even Willie Jones, the soda pop man, ceased operations while "King" went through his tricks.

But as stated before, the Wild West Show, which gave Bobby his inspiration, was in town. The show was located only eight or ten blocks from Bobby's one-ring circus, but neither the spectators at the large show or Bobby's interested audience were aware of the fact that Mingo, the big cat, had broken its cage and was roaming at will.

Its keeper knew that it had escaped and twenty men, armed with clubs and guns, were already hot on its trail. Mingo, out of his cage for the first time, was extremely frightened. The world was much larger than even his cage or the big cage where he performed his acts. He slunk from one thing to another, always hiding, always looking for something familiar.

His path led him to Bobby's one-ring circus tent. No pursuers were at that time near him and the circus tent looked familiar, with its red and white streamers flying in the breeze. Low on his stomach he crawled, glancing feverishly to the right and left, when all at once he came upon the unoccupied cage which King had just left.

A cage! It was home to Mingo and he walked in. The gate, which had been swinging to and fro in the breeze, suddenly closed! Mingo felt at home once more. He sat down

and surveyed the surroundings.

Bobby's act was nearly completed. With a final bow from both he and King, he proudly led the dog out from the tent and started toward the cage.

He stopped—frozen in his tracks, for the cage was occupied, and he recognized the panther, apparently at ease. He dropped the leash and "King's" hair rose, as he spread his forepaws out and uttered a deep growl.

"Great Jumping Jehosaphat!" ejected Bobby, when he had at last come to life. And then he ran into the tent. "Kids," he shouted excitedly, "common' out here an' see sumpin', gosh almighty—we got a real show!" Boys and girls scrambled out of their seats, pushing and shoving out of the tent, but stopped behind "King", when they gazed at the sight.

Just then four keepers came around the tent. "Seen anything of a big cat, any of you kids?" one of them asked.

"He-ees riight there," stammered Bobby.

The men turned, and, seeing the big cat, gazed at each other in dumbfounded manner. "How did you cage him sonny?" they asked.

"He—he just walked in—we're havin' a circus, too," Bobby stuttered.

"Well, I'm a—" one of them said. "The reward is \$10.00 for catching the cat, and here's an extra dollar for your cage—guess we'll just carry 'im back in it, if you don't mind," remarked the keeper, as he shoved the money into Bobby's hand.

When the keeper had gone out of sight, Bobby turned and faced a crowd of surprised faces!

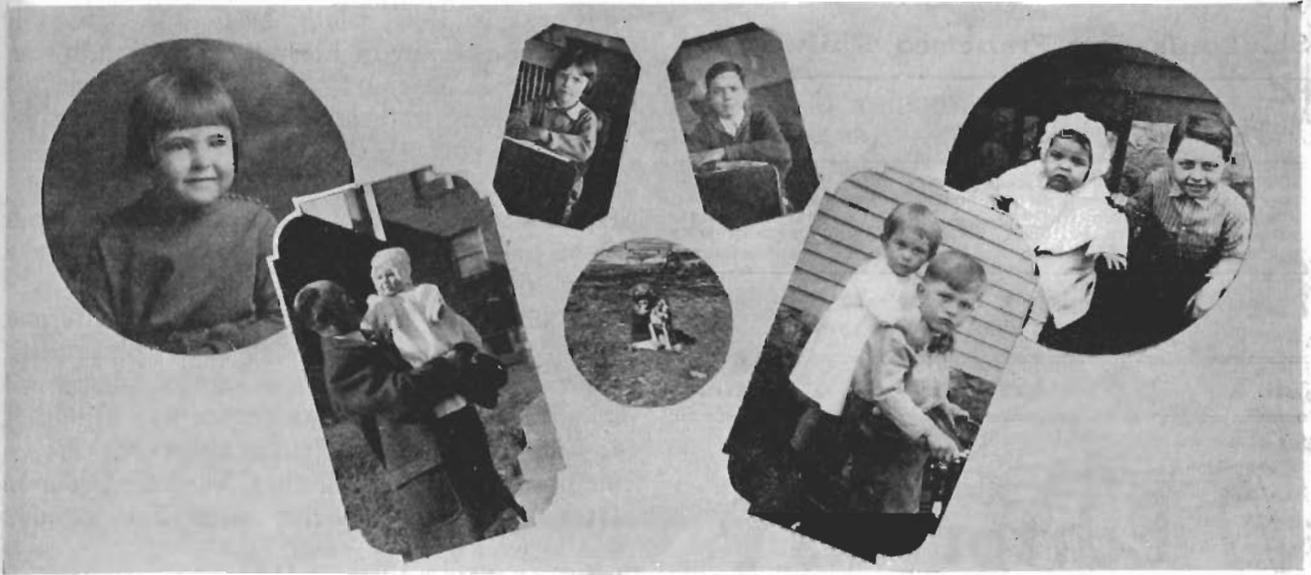
"Well," he said, and then "Well" again. "How many kids here, count 'em, Frank," he said.

"Hurray!" shouted Bobby, "just enough to take us all to the Wild West show—how many wantta go?"

And when Bobby got home that next afternoon from the show, he told his mother excitedly, "Yes, an' you know what—the man at the gate recognized me and introduced us all to the people that was there, and, gee, we had

(Concluded on next Page)

Another Group of Frisco Children



From left to right: Wanda Juanita, age 6, daughter of Mrs. Dorothea Hyde, comptometer operator for stores department, Tulsa; Sally Ann Young, granddaughter of T. U. Young of the president's office, St. Louis; Joyce Bates, age 7 and Robert Bates, age 11, children of M. M. Bates, agent-operator, Lake City, Ark.; (directly below) Dorothy Leona Crumm, age 4, daughter of Arch

Crumm, sheet metal worker, Chouteau Avenue roundhouse, St. Louis; George Willy, age 2, and Elizabeth Mary, age 2, children of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Rook, machinist and wife of Springfield; Frederick C. and Harry C. Mitchell, ages 13 months and 7 years, children of O. C. Mitchell, pipefitter, west shops, Springfield.

lemonade and cracker-jack and—gosh, we got to see the cat do his tricks, and the man said he'll be here next year and for us all to come over," he said.

And at the end of the week, Bobby and "King" stood on a little hill near the railroad track and waved a good-bye to the circus as it left town for its next stand.

"Jo", the Pet Pigeon

"JOSEPHINE" is perhaps one of the queerest pets to be found in any Frisco home. "Jo", as she is termed, is a pigeon, and is owned by Betty Jane and John Felix, children of Tom Staggs, engineer, of Newburg, Missouri.

"Jo" was given to the Staggs children when she was only a tiny bird, and grew to know and love her little playmates.

She likes particularly well to sit with the family in the living room of the Staggs home, and, although she seems to like phonograph music, she will not permit Betty Jane to practice on the piano. "Jo" will fly up on the keys, spread her wings and walk up and down, plainly displaying her anger. She will peck at Betty Jane's hands and annoy her until she either

stops playing or removes "Jo" from the room while she continues to practice.

Two white Spitz dogs are also members of the Staggs family, and "Jo" delights in sitting on the head of one of the dogs while somebody takes her picture.

She is perfectly gentle and loves to be petted. When she wants someone to stroke her back, she will fly to where that person is sitting and peck at the person's hands until some attention is paid to her.

While she remains in the Staggs home all day, she flies to a neighboring barn at night, returning for breakfast early the next morning.

Perhaps some other little Frisco folk have queer pets. If so, the Twilight Lady would like to hear about them. A kodak picture, if it is clear, will help to make the story interesting.

By the Side of the Railroad Track

The first things that raise their heads to the sky,
Proclaiming that summer and spring are nigh;
The first things that brighten the soil so black,
Are the violets that grow by the railroad track.

You can buy them, or grow them—some say it's not hard,
And some folks have them right in their back yard;
But buy them or grow them, they all seem to lack,
The beauty of those by the railroad track.

It seems where the rock and the cinders and dust
Are heaped the highest, and form a crust,
You'll find the leaves greenest, the blooms purple-black,
In the bunches that grow by the railroad track.

The section man picks a bunch to take home,
The agent keeps bunches of them by his 'phone;
The enginemen, brakemen and porters take back,
Some violets that grew by the railroad track.

It's a promise of spring and summer and fall,
The wonders of which we all stand in awe,
We can't make them grow, there's much we lack,
Yet God grows them there by the railroad track.

The FRISCO EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Published on the First of Each Month

By the

St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co.

Edited by WM. L. HUGGINS, Jr.

743 Frisco Building

St. Louis, Missouri

This magazine is published in the interests of and for free distribution among the 30,000 employes of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway. All articles and communications relative to editorial matters should be addressed to the editor.

Single copies, 15 cents each
Outside circulation, \$1.50 per year

Vol. 5**MAY, 1928****No. 8****The Veterans' Reunion**

WITH the announcement in this issue of the dates for the annual reunion of the Frisco Veteran Employes' Association (June 18-19), at Springfield, Mo., our loyal pensioned employes will begin to count the days until the time for the yearly sojourn to the "Capital City of Frisco Lines" arrives.

Four hundred and six pensioned employes, all on the honor roll in the office of the Secretary of Pensions, will thrill to the news that only a month and a half remains before they will be reunited, for two days at least, with the other "boys" who remember the days of link and pin.

Other hundreds of "twenty year men" still in the harness and pulling steadily for Frisco Lines will circle those magic dates on their calendars.

Out in California, Mrs. Jeanette Tanquary, the only woman-pensioner on the rolls, who retired several years ago, after years of service as agent at Lindenwood, Mo., will eagerly receive news of the reunion.

For this event among all others, is the important one to the oldsters in our service. This is the one time in the year that "auld acquaintance" are not only remembered but embraced, slapped on the husky back, pumped by the calloused hand, and greeted as greetings are given only at a Frisco Vets' Reunion.

We aren't positive, but we'll wager that the barbecue will be just as savory at Doling Park as it was in 1927, that "Dee" Forsythe will be on hand again in his policeman's uniform, that the "mock court" will arrest more and better looking veterans on charges of "disturbin' the peace"; that the fat man's race and all the other races will have just as many participants, and that the camera man will run out of plates before the day is over just as he always does.

We hope you'll all attend with the wife and kids. We'll be on hand with that "plate-less" camera man again, with a dozen sharpened pencils in our pockets, and we'll see to it that the July issue of the *Frisco Employes' Magazine* is a "Veterans' Number" again, with more pictures and more stories about the reunion than it ever had before.

Tomorrow's John Weckerlys

FIFTY-EIGHT years ago "Uncle John" Weckerly of Newburg, Mo., straightened his weary back from the task of sawing wood for the Frisco's wood-burning locomotives, and waved a friendly hand to the Frisco's engineers as they puffed by in their bell-stacked "iron-horse."

Today, a retired engineer still living in Newburg, "Uncle John" terminated an interview with a reporter for this *Magazine* by saying, "It's time for the railroad bunch to begin their pinochle game over to the hotel, and I want to be there. It sort of keeps me in touch with the old Frisco".

What a world of changes in Frisco railroad-ing John Weckerly has observed in those fifty-eight years. What visions and memories this Frisco veteran must have.

And the grandsons of the John Weckerlys who are today young men in Frisco service—what sights will they see in transportation of fifty-eight years from now? By road, by rail, by air and by water, in ways a thousand per cent improved over those of today, the traffic of the world will be carried on.

And some day, years hence, a Frisco veteran who started his career "back in '28" may say to an interviewer: "Excuse me, I want to fly my plane up to the 15,000-foot level and meet the east-bound dirigible express for a chat with the boys. It sort of keeps me in touch with the old crowd!"