

This seems to be the period of sea-bathing, and so the pattern of a bathing-gown is the one selected for our monthly pattern. The combination of bodice and drawers is all in one, and buttons down the front with a pleat and the fashionable three buttons; while the skirt is put on last and buttons at the side. This dress is made of blue serge, but I have lately seen some useful dresses which were merely the ordinary striped combinations sold, to which had been added a skirt to match the colour of the stripe. When the dress is only to be used for bathing, the skirt is a pretty addition; but when much swimming is to be done, very little in this way can be carried, and the dress should therefore be made of "galatea," or one of the very lightest of serges. It is well to try to make the dress pretty, for we English are too apt to neglect this point in favour of strict utility and often pure ugliness. In France, this year, very pretty bathing-gowns have been made of white serge or flannel, trimmed with red braid; and the oil-skin bathing cap is covered with scarlet to match. The long black stockings that are worn by French bathers are also worthy of adoption, and so are the pretty bathing sandals.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and remaking at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given, and the patterns may still be had.

Nightgown, drawers, and *Senorita* under-bodice, flannelette princess for wearing over nightgown, combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), gored princess chemise, divided skirt, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children*.—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, pinafores, overall dress. *Mantles*.—Old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke. *Blouses*.—Norfolk blouse with pleats, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse.

*Jackets and Bodices*.—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, *Bréton* jacket and waistcoat, *Senorita* jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, tea gown, chemlette combination for ordinary underwear, princess robe, under petticoat, bodice with new back, Russian blouse, Empire gown with princess under-dress, double skirt, cross-over blouse, flounced skirt, winter or summer knicker-bockers, bib-front, and waistcoat, golf cape, Norfolk blouse with puffed sleeves, cape with three tiers, jacket-bodice for spring, godet skirt, blouse with three pleats, American legettes. Dutch and Normandy bonnets and caps.

All paper patterns are of medium size, *viz.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. W. Isacke, 211, Edgware Road, W., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed. Patterns already issued may always be obtained, and when once sent out cannot be exchanged.



## "CURRY AND RICE."

By the Author of "We Wives."

MANY years ago, while I was still an inhabitant of the great metropolis, a half-frozen, copper-coloured Madrasee came to our door. He wore the usual white and crimson calico toga—big yellow turban—and voluminous cummerbund. Yet it was a cold snowy day, and he a child of the sun.

Poor fellow! We much pitied him, and, after a chat in his native language, promised him liberal "backsheesh" if he would teach us to make a dish for which his country is famous—*viz.*, curry and rice.

Since that winter morning, my "moving tent" has been pitched in many spots. Yet the lesson taught that day in an English kitchen by a native of Madras has been useful in all my wanderings.

You see, in English, Scotch, or Irish larders, cold meat must sometimes be found. As a matter of manners even, we do not like to send down absolutely bare bones to the kitchen. Shreds of lean and scraps of brown morsels cling even to the remnant of joints condemned by cook as quite done with.

How to use up these is the object-lesson I would set before the many, many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. A *réchauffé* may be only a "rayhate," as it is called in Ireland. At any rate it may be a tasty one!

Come into the kitchen with me. On the middle table (spread, of course, with a clean, if coarse cloth, or its hasty substitute, a fresh, crisp page of *The Times*) we see first, a couple of bare ribs of beef, some sliced carrots from yesterday's dinner, a handful of green gooseberries, too hard for "fool" and too old for a tart, a couple of wizened apples, a string of onions, a bottle of curry powder, a saucer of dripping, a paper bag of rice, and a cup of sour milk. (Anne must be spoken to another time; she should not let dribblets of milk accumulate till it is thick. Fortunately, to-day it will come in handy.)

From these ingredients a dainty *entrée*, or, in very economical households, maybe, the *pièce de résistance* for dinner, is to be evolved.

In a frying-pan we proceed to put a couple of ounces of dripping, slicing into it, when very hot, a couple of onions.

While these are browning, we attack the bones. There seems literally nothing on them, till a sharp knife and a skilful hand has sliced off some scraps from between them, and more from the wall of bone behind. They make quite a nice little heap, you see, which we dust thickly with flour.

Our onions are by this time frizzling, so we add to the pan those slices of cold carrot and fry them a golden brown too. If we add a parboiled potato, some peas and beans, heads of asparagus, scrapings of turnip, or even a slice of raisin pudding, they would go down as well.

When these are done, mix a tablespoonful of curry powder in that cup of sour milk—butter-milk would be even better if we had it. Pour over the fried vegetables; bring to the boil. Then add your floured meat, gooseberries cut in half, peeled and chopped apples. If you have it a dust of desiccated cocoanut, or a spoonful of chutney. Plenty of flavouring, you say; but it is the very variety that gives a perfect whole! No flavour predominates; there will only be a *souppon* of everything.

Let the whole come to the boil once. Then cover down carefully with a plate. Draw the pan to one side of our range and let it simmer just as long as you possibly can.

A curry prepared at 9 a.m. is certainly ready for 1.30 lunch. It is even more ready for 6 o'clock dinner.

You need not watch the curry. Steam will keep all moist and cook it to perfection. When you lift the cover, we shall find a mass of soft, yellow stuff, tasting of no particular ingredient in particular, but with a flavour of everything nice and appetising.

The rice will not take long. Half an hour before meal-time put a large pot—the larger the better—on the fire. Let it be full of boiling water—the fuller the better. When bubbling madly add to it half a cup of well-washed, well-dried rice. It need not be the finest Patna at 4d. a pound. The ordinary stuff at 1½d. will do. The cookery thereof, is the secret of good rice.

Boil furiously, without a cover, for fifteen minutes. The little white grains will be dancing and whirling as merrily as snowflakes all the time.

At the end of that quarter of an hour, pour off the water through a sieve. Fix the said strainer with a cloth over it, on the top of your now empty saucepan, or in the oven, for a couple of minutes: then dish.

You will have a wall of white rice. Every grain distinct, yet soft enough to mash when pressed between finger and thumb. That is because we have cooked it quickly.

Inside will be a golden-brown curry, which will melt in your mouth. That is because we have cooked it slowly.

I have dined at the same dinner-party with a Lord-Lieutenant. The French cook was earning a wage of £100 for the one week. Yet even there, the curries were not equal to the one taught me by my Madrasee many years ago. So I pass on his receipt with confidence.

Of course this curry made with fresh chicken, or tender rabbit, or juicy uncooked beefsteak, is better than made of scraps of cold meat. But even that is excellent.

If it is true, as I once overheard stated between my cook and the baker, that "The mistress can make up a dinner out of nothing," I hope many of our girls, after reading this, will be able to do the same.

Remember that pains taken about cookery is time well spent. It adds so much to the health and wealth and comfort of a family.