

or writing it is different. And as one is always bound to be interrupted, and to have to do some small family job or other when one least expects it, it is most necessary to be able to do it quickly, and yet not inefficiently, and then to turn one's mind easily back to the music, or reading, or whatever it may be. This faculty is to a certain extent a gift of the gods, but it can be cultivated. A brother of mine, to whom I was once lamenting the ceaseless interruptions of life, said to me: "You must learn to read in scraps;" and I found his advice most valuable, and easier to carry out than it sounds.

But I don't wish for a moment to undervalue the difficulty, which is indeed so great that one is often tempted to give up the game altogether, and to let the days slip by without trying to put anything real into them. It is, however, not impossible, of that I am sure, to succeed both in being an entirely unselfish and available member of the family, and yet to develop one's individual life as well. And to say that it is difficult only means that it is always hard to realise any ideal.

The day, I hope, is not far off when the lives of women will be reorganised on a different basis, when all girls will be brought

up to some definite work in life, as a matter of course, and when their occupations and pursuits will consequently be taken as seriously as those of their brothers. The sooner that day comes, the better.

Meanwhile, the question for us all is, how to make the most of life as it is, and one way surely is, to develop the interests and the companionship of home to their fullest extent. For it is certain that any true success in after-life, in its friendships, and in its most serious pursuits alike, will depend largely on the character and mind that have been formed in the years spent at home.



## SOME ECONOMICAL INDIAN DISHES.

By the Author of "We Wives."

SOME time ago (in the September No. of the G. O. P.) I told our readers the way to cook curry and rice. I then promised, at a future date, to contribute an article upon some other Indian dishes, which we have proved toothsome and economical.

The first one sounds like lenten fare. It tastes far too savoury to be relegated to those forty days of abstinence. My family would indeed make a to-do if they never saw one of their favourite dishes, except between spring and summer. We indulge in it all the year round; whenever, in fact, a cold joint has to be served on our table, it is flanked with a vegetable dish full of

*Dhâl and Rice.*—The ingredients required are a cupful of red Egyptian lentils, a couple of onions, a few small red chillies, some peppercorns, an ounce of dripping, another of butter, and a tablespoonful of curry powder.

Split peas may take the place of lentils if your jar is empty of such; but the dish is not so delicate in flavour then; it also takes longer to cook.

After boiling the lentils in enough water to make them of the consistency of soft stir-about (about half-an-hour), add to them the curry powder and half-a-dozen chopped chillies. Let it simmer away until shortly before serving. Then stir in a lump of butter about the size of a walnut.

To dish.—Have ready a wall of well-cooked, snow white rice (directions anent the boiling of this to be found in the September No. of the G. O. P.). Pour your soft yellow dhâl into the centre of this. It will be about as thick as whipped cream. Pile on the top a crown of crisp brown fried rings of onions, and serve very hot.

This is a very easy dish to prepare, and is always appreciated, besides being most economical. Far less meat is eaten when dhâl is served with it. Yet the children's health will not suffer, beans and peas and lentils supplying every requisite necessary for heat-giving and flesh-forming purposes.

*Pillau.*—When tired of a joint, put it down—bone and all—in about a pint and a half of water. Simmer until you have as much rich broth as will be absorbed by half-a-pound of rice. It is impossible to say exactly how much, as rice is so different in its absorbent qualities, Patna drinking up more than Carolina, Java rather less, and so on.

When well stewed, cut the meat from the bones and break up into small pieces. Add

three onions, a few chopped cloves, shreds of cinnamon, a scrape of ginger, and a couple of peppercorns. Have ready some well-washed rice. When the broth is ready add it to the pot.

You will find your rice absorb all the liquid soup very quickly, so prepare to supplement it with a teacupful of milk. Up to this point, your pillau has been left to itself. From the moment of adding the milk, however, we must stir thoroughly until it boils again; otherwise that jelly-like substance of rice and broth and milk would discolour and adhere to the pan.

A few minutes, and the pillau is dry enough to dish.

Ladle out into a cover-dish, strew on the top some light brown rings of fried onions, and encircle with disks of hard-boiled eggs as a garnish.

*Babooty.*—This is another plan for using up cold meat. Its curious name must not prejudice you against it, nor must the mention of water-soaked bread. I can assure you you will never regret trying it.

Take equal parts of finely-chopped cold meat and soaked bread-crumbs (warm water is best to use, and the bread must be squeezed quite dry). Add to this, I must confess, untempting sounding mixture some finely-shred onions, a little salt, a small dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and a piece of butter. Moisten, if necessary, with a little milk, and press into a buttered dish.

Now beat up one egg, and pour over your shape. Bake for an hour. Throw out and serve with rice. Our Madrassé of former fame thought this a very "seldom" recipe, and very seldom indeed have we met with it anywhere except at our own table.

I shall expect, however, to be pressed to try "babooty" very constantly in future, as the hundreds of readers of the G. O. P. are sure to have this dish very often when once they have tried it.

There is a sound gastronomic principle underlying the craving for sweet things occasionally, even with cooked meats. Mutton without red-currant jelly is apt to taste greasy. Pork, without its corrective of apple-sauce, is very indigestible. Boiled turkey, minus its accompaniment of raisin or prune stuffing, may be somewhat tasteless.

Far more "wanting" are curry and pillau and dhâl, without a modicum of chutney to eat them with. Yet chutney is an expensive thing to buy.

In our next two recipes I will tell you how to provide your tables with plenty of that same at the cost of a few pence.

*Cashmere Chutney.*—Ingredients: Two pounds of green gooseberries (or apples), two pounds of moist sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of dates, half an ounce of garlic, three quarters of an ounce of red pepper, four ounces of ginger, chopped and pounded, two ounces of salt, vinegar.

Have all these things well-chopped, except the dates. Pound the ginger as well, and of course top-and-tail your gooseberries. But on no account peel apples, if such are used.

Have ready a clean saucepan, and boil the fruit in enough vinegar to cover it. When soft, add everything else (the dates being cut in small pieces only).

Boil for about ten minutes all together. Have ready some wide-mouthed bottles. Fill with the chutney; cork well, and, if possible, put by for twelve months.

If used at once, this chutney is eatable; but if allowed to mellow for some time, it is delicious. The cost thereof is infinitesimal compared with all chutneys bought at a shop, so it can be used *ad lib.* in the most economical of households.

The above recipe is an exactly scientific one. The next one must be followed in a general way, as I can only give rule of thumb for it. It may be prepared fresh and fresh as wanted, and is preferred in summer-time to the more elaborate condiment. We will call it

*Hasty-Mint Chutney.*—From your garden gather a handful of fresh mint. Take another handful of sultanas, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one chili, one teaspoonful (or less) of salt.

Put all these ingredients into a mortar, and pound until the mixture is juicy and soft. Add about two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir well, and put into ornamental glass jar. No boiling is required, and you have a tasty addition to lunch or dinner-table.

The recipes I have given in this paper have all been more or less of a savoury nature. At least, they have not had to do with sweets exactly. In my private housekeeping-book there are many creams with curious names, and fritters of Indian origin. At present I will be content with passing on to my readers the above-mentioned recipes. Whether I ever add to them remains to be seen. It depends on what welcome is accorded to this account of "Some Economical Indian Dishes."