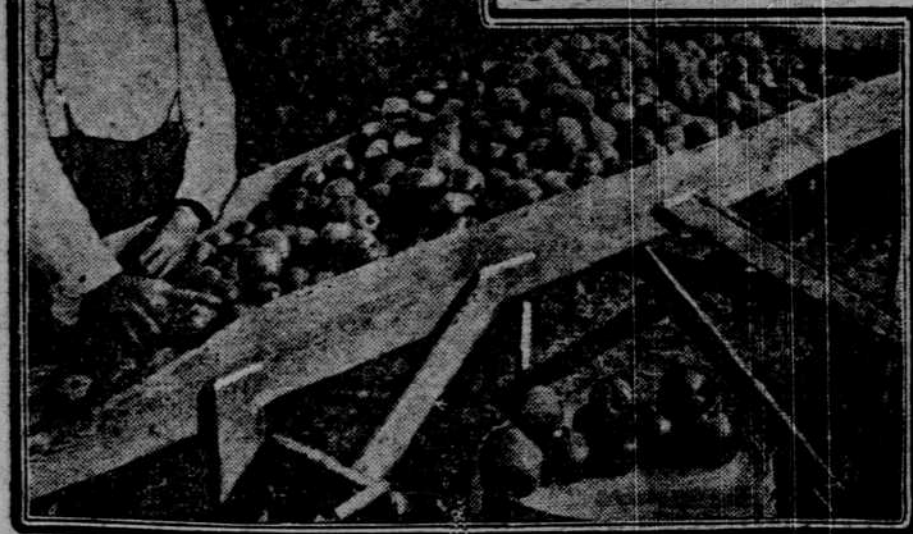


# The BARRELLING of APPLES

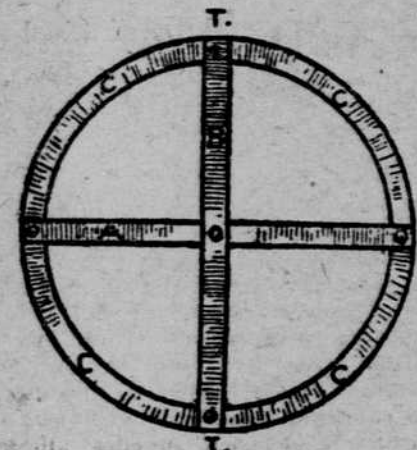
BY A. McNEIL, CHIEF OF FRUIT DIVISION, OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.



ON THE SORTING TABLE

It is probable that a very large part of the fall and early winter apples will be packed for market in the orchard, and excellent work can be done there, if proper provision is made for both picking and packing. The most convenient packing bench for orchard use is made on the same principle as the ordinary stretcher couch or like an enlarged saw-horse, with a bolt where the supports cross each other. The upper points of these supports are joined with a 2x2 strip, as long as it is required to make the table, and on these pieces of timber a sheet of stout bur-lap is fastened securely. When this is opened and braced with light pieces below, it makes a very convenient packing bench, which can be carried about from point to point by a single workman, and which will not bruise the fruit in any way. A heavy plank should be provided for the barrels to stand on and upon which the racking can be done during the process of packing. Good work cannot be done if the racking is attempted directly on the ground, and even if it were possible, it would be likely to render the barrels unsightly with soil.

The barrel should be prepared for packing as follows: The quarter hoops should be forced down firmly, and three nails driven in a slanting di-



Iron Circle Press Head.

rection and clinched upon the inside. The face end of the barrel should be nailed and the headlines placed in it. The fruit for the face should then be placed neatly in the barrel. For this purpose it is well to support the barrel a few inches from the ground while performing the operation. The grade of the apples should be precisely the same in face as in the rest of the barrel, and there should not be the slightest attempt to get high-colored or specially perfect fruit for the face. Each apple is laid with the stem end down, the stem having been previously cut off with a steamer. Upon no consideration should a very large or very small apple be used to finish up in the center of the face. If the apples are colored, the second layer should be placed so that the color of the apples will show through between the apples for the first layer. After the second layer is laid the apples may be turned in from the round-bottom baskets in which the graded apples have been placed. Never use any device that will require the apples to fall any distance into their place on the grading table or in the barrel. The presumption is that the grading has been done off the grading table, and that fruit of perfectly uniform grade is put in each barrel. As each basketful is placed in the barrel, the barrel should be shaken (racked) slightly, not so as to throw the apples against each other or against the side of the barrel violently, but just sufficiently to settle them into place. It must not be supposed that this racking can be done successfully, if it is delayed until the barrel is nearly full. When the barrel is full to within two or three layers of the top, a "follower," a round piece of plank slightly smaller than the head of the barrel is placed on the apples, and the packer holds this firmly in place, while he continues to rack or shake the barrel. The effect of this is to make a comparatively level surface upon which the last process or "tailing-up" can be done. It is well to note here that the "follower" should be covered with a heavy felt, such as is used by harnessmakers for pads.

The process of "tailing" of apples is the severest test of a root packer. It consists in arranging the last two or more rows of apples so that they will project slightly above the barrel.

The characteristics of good tailing is to have the apples of the last two rows placed solidly and evenly, so that when finished the head will touch with the same pressure each apple exposed. This is a very difficult thing to accomplish, even when considerable time is taken in the operation, and it is only a skillful packer who can perform this operation quickly and well. It is a common fault with unskilled packers to allow one or more apples to project above the general surface. When pressure is put upon the barrel, these apples take the whole pressure at first, and are frequently crushed

before the head is in place. It is advisable for young packers to take off the head of a barrel of their tailing occasionally and note the number of apples which have been touched by the head at the pressed end. If it should appear that a number of apples have not been touched by the head and others are severely pressed, then they may rest assured that they have made a poor job of the tail. The aim should be to have equal pressure upon every apple in the last row.

In the ordinary wooden press head the greater part of the pressure comes upon the center of the barrel head. To force the head into the chime, it is necessary to press the center of the head some distance lower. After the head is firmly fixed in the barrel, and the pressure taken off, the head, of course springs back. The apples are therefore, subjected to fully an inch more pressure in the center of the barrel than is necessary if the pressure were applied near the outside of the barrel head. This can be done by means of the iron circle press head. It will be noted that the bars A and B in the diagram are made with an arch, as in D. It will be noted also that these bars are made with a shoulder E, to meet the inside of the iron circle C, otherwise, when the pressure comes where the two bars cross each other, there would be so great pressure on the rivets joining these to the circle that they would soon be cut off. These heads are now sometimes kept in stock by hardware men. If they cannot be procured at the hardware stores, any blacksmith will readily make one. The circle should be 14 inches in diameter, and made of quarter-inch bar iron.

## THE STRAWBERRY WEEVIL

By C. F. Adams, Entomologist, Arkansas Agricultural College.

This is one of the most troublesome pests of the strawberry plant. The small blackish beetle lays its eggs in the young buds and then punctures the anthers and the ovary. The larva feeds upon the pollen of the bud and reaches maturity in about a month. The beetle can be easily recognized, generally, from other beetles feeding on the strawberry plant by the snout which is characteristic of the group to which it belongs.

This is a difficult insect to combat. It has been recommended that early-flowering varieties of strawberries,



Spray of Strawberry Plant Showing Weevils at Work—Natural Size (from Riley).

such as "Charles Downing" be planted in such location as will serve to attract the beetles upon their first appearance. If this is successful in causing the beetles to mass together they can be sprayed with kerosene emulsion or even pure kerosene. If there are woods in the neighborhood of the field these early-flowering varieties should be planted near them, for the beetles are most likely to be in that part of the field. It is also interesting to know that redbud trees will attract these insects before the beetles have begun to infest the strawberry. If it is convenient to have some redbud trees in the field they should be watched early in the season and as soon as the beetles begin to collect on them they should be gathered by the "jarring" method and destroyed.

Treating Foot Rot.—One of the simplest and most effective remedies for foot rot in sheep is a pint of crude carbolic acid to each two gallons of water. Wash the affected foot once each day with this mixture. If there are a large number of sheep to treat, make a shallow trough and set it in the gate so the sheep will have to pass through it. Fill about four inches with the mixture and drive the sheep through the gate two or three times each day.

They Need Them.—Clean water, salt and charcoal should be kept where the hogs can partake of them whenever they desire. They are all essential to the health of the herd.

# For the Hostess

"Southern Supper" Is an Entertainment That Will Be New to Many—To Give a Tea Party.

A hostess who has devoted oldtime, colored servants invited a few friends to what she called "a southern supper." These fortunate enough to be present are talking about it yet. There was no attempt at display or formality. The table was bare, the doilies and centerpiece were of the fascinating Russian peasant work. In this instance the coloring was old blue and white, which harmonized well with the low ivory tinted bowl filled with flaming nasturtiums.

This old fashioned garden flower which grows so brilliant as the season advances was used throughout the rooms, and the effect was charming. Four glass candle-sticks held red shaded candles on the table, and with those on the mantel and plate rail furnished sufficient light.

These place cards were pictures of southern scenes, each accompanied by a verse. When all were read a very pretty love story had been told. The first course was the heart of watermelon served in tall sherbert glasses. Twenty-four hours before serving the melon was plugged, filled with sherry and left to ripen.

Chicken pilau with rice, such as only the native born "down South" cook knows how to prepare, came next, with wax beans from the garden in which the man of the house toiled after business hours were over, and he declared in all seriousness that each bean was worth its weight in gold. Then there was stewed corn, prepared with butter and no milk, in a manner known only to the initiated.

Corn bread, hot and crusty, olives stuffed with almonds, candied ginger, radishes and iced tea were on the table. And then the salad in a great cut-glass bowl same when the guests declared they had almost reached the limit. It consisted of tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, and white hearts of lettuce with French dressing made red with paprika. Spanish cream, sugar cookies, coffee and Benedictine completed this appetizing spread which was served at half-after six o'clock.

Giving a Pea Party. It was out in the country when little Ted's birthday came and the children begged for something new, something different from any other party. Thus it is that even the six-year-olds of this day and age are becoming bolder and actually demanding novel methods of entertainment.

The mother, always equal to any desires expressed by her young hopefuls, cast her eyes over the garden and exclaimed: "I have it!" She immediately issued notes ornamented with a bright green pea-pod at the top of the page asking the neighboring children to come to a "pea-party" on the day and date mentioned.

Here is what they found: A great tin pan filled with peas which were shelled by the expectant guests. Then each took a small bowlful of peas and a bunch of toothpicks. Directions were given to make whatever articles they wished. Sewing tables were provided for the little architects, and it was surprising the variety of things they built in the allotted time.

There were ladders, chairs, hairpins, furniture of all descriptions, dolls, animals enough to stock a farm and queer contraptions without any names. The refreshments were nut sandwiches, gelatine, with whipped cream, individual birthday cakes, each with a tiny lighted candle delighted the small guests immensely.

A New Shower. "Everything is finished except running the ribbon in my underclothes, which I hate to do," said a tired little bride-to-be recently.

An intimate friend overheard the remark, and thus a new "shower" was added to the already long list of affairs which fall to the share of the bride-to-day.

A dozen girl friends were asked to bring their "ribbon runners" and assemble at the home of the bride from "two to five" on a day about two weeks previous to the wedding. In an upstairs room all the dainty lingerie was spread out and amid exclamations of delight the pretty garments were ribboned, neatly folded and laid away amid bags of linen filled with orris root and violet powder. A really laborious task had been accomplished and a most enjoyable afternoon had been spent.

Just for the sake of old times a box of chocolate creams was in evidence and the refreshments consisted of iced tea, wafers and delicious cookies, which were brought up stairs on a large tray.

The whole affair was informal, and the bride-to-be said it was the only "function" which she has had given her that she had thoroughly enjoyed and from which she had not returned perfectly exhausted. She reclined on a couch and watched the other girls work.

I heard of this rather good scheme the other day for a birthday celebration. Each guest was asked to come attired representing some person or event that corresponded with his own natal day. The guessing began after all had arrived and the names or answers to the human conundrums were written down on pretty handpainted cards. To give an example, there was a man who had a birthday on the same date as "Paul Revere." He was dressed as a colonial and carried a quaint lantern. There was "George Washington," also "Martha" and one girl was dressed in a plain gown completely covered with tea advertisements. It took some time to devise that her natal day and the Boston tea party were on the same day of the month. Another girl wore a picture of Mrs. Cleveland, taken from an old magazine.

MADAME MERRI

## MATINEE BLOUSE

Matinee blouse of pongee silk, with net over the upper part. The trimmings consist of stitched tabs and buttons and the yoke is of heavy lace.

A beautiful table cover can be made with cream denim and brown ink. The denim is outlined with spatter work and can be made very handsome if care is taken in doing the work. The cloth must be laid perfectly smooth on a table, while the outlines should be planned into place. A large wreath of oak leaves as a border, with a circle of smaller ones in the center, is enough relief work. Dip the toothbrush in the brown ink, draw the fine comb evenly through the bristles and spatter the ink in stipple effect over the entire surface, making a dark chocolate color over the cloth. When dry, lift the paper patterns and the oak leaves will stand out in beautiful creamy designs. Take golden brown floss, outline the leaves and fill them in with brown veins. The cover is very handsome. If one wishes, the edges of the cover can be scalloped or banded with a bias fold of cream denim.

Black and white is a well established and favorite scheme, especially for muslin frocks and for the millinery that accompanies them. Black is introduced into a white hat by means of the brim lining and binding, and by the long waving plumes that adorn it, or by masses of black marguerites standing upright above the crown, as if growing out of it. Upon a white net hat a binding of black velvet looks charming, and the crown is belted to match and has soft, black ostrich feathers falling away from it.

Favorite Fabrics. Chiffon, nylon, silk, muslin and marquisette will be the favorite materials in the evening nowadays; chine silks and chiffon satins, too, are in great favor, but more often applied to the more delicate materials. Lace must be little and perfect; beautiful old lace, of course, always is worn by those fortunate enough to possess it, but with the disappearance of the fluffy frock lace always declines in use to a great extent, and embroideries more than ever are in favor.

Dainty Gravats. The pleated linen and lingerie frills have returned to favor, and the use of frilled jabots at the neck is popular and becoming. These jabots are usually worn on the transparent plastrons of the shawl-fashioned corsets.

## BREAKFAST DAINTIES

APPETIZING DISHES FOR THE MORNING MEAL.

To Get the Best Results with Biscuits—Cornbread and Sour Milk—Corn Cake—Soft Gingerbread is Nice.

While the acidity of milk varies, requiring judgment on the part of the cook, a safe general rule to follow is a level teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk, that has stood two or three days, and a scant teaspoonful of soda to a pint of sour milk that has just turned to a jelly-like consistency. The mistake that many cooks make is to add too much soda. Just enough is required to counteract the acidity of the milk. Sour milk that has stood long enough to acquire a bitter or moldy taste is unfit for use and must be thrown away.

For the biscuit, sift together two cupfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, a level teaspoonful sugar and a rounding teaspoonful baking powder. Put into a bowl a half cup each sour cream and milk, then beat into it half teaspoonful soda dissolved in a table-spoonful cold water. When it stops "singing" stir in with the sifted flour, mix gently but quickly with a spoon and turn out on a well-floured board. Pat with the floured hand until a smooth cake is formed, then cut into shape with a small biscuit cutter or tea-caddy lid. Lay in a greased biscuit pan and bake in a hot oven. If you have no cream, rub a spoonful lard or butter in the prepared flour before adding a cupful sour milk with the soda. Keep the dough as soft as possible, so that the biscuit will be tender. Buttermilk biscuits are made in the same way, using a table-spoonful shortening to a quart of flour.

Steamed Cornbread.—Sift into a bread bowl three cupfuls Indian meal, one cupful wheat flour, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Mix in another bowl one cupful sour milk and one of molasses and beat into it a teaspoonful soda dissolved in a table-spoonful cold water. Add to the sifted flour, pour in a well-greased mold and steam steadily for three hours. Bake a few moments at the end to brown the top of the loaf.

Sour Milk Corn Cake.—Sift together one cup flour, a half cup Indian meal, two table-spoonfuls sugar and a half teaspoonful each salt and soda. Pour in one cupful sour milk and a table-spoonful lard or butter melted, and beat well. Fold in a beaten egg and bake in hot gem tin or a round shallow pan.

Sour Milk Pancakes.—Stir into a pint of sour milk a teaspoonful soda, a half teaspoonful salt and flour to make a good consistency for baking. Have the griddle hot and well greased, bake the cakes in perfect circles and pile one on top of the other. No eggs are needed. A nice addition to this season is a handful of huckleberries.

Soft Gingerbread with Sour Milk.—Put into a pan one cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one-half cup softened butter, one heaping table-spoonful soda, a table-spoonful ginger and flour to mix very soft.

Grimeleche. Two motzas (passover cakes), one-quarter pound of moza meal, two ounces of ground almonds, two ounces of stoned raisins, two ounces of cleaned sultana raisins, two eggs, a quarter-pound of brown sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Soak the motzas, mix the almonds, sugar, raisins, sultanas and spice with one egg. Squeeze the water out of the motzas, add to them the meal and the other egg. Put a little of this paste into a spoon, shape into an oval, lay a little of the other mixture on and cover with paste. Shape carefully, sprinkle with meal and fry in boiling fat or oil. Serve with clarified sugar.

Orange Cream Pie. Beat thoroughly the yolks of two eggs, with one-half cup of sugar; add one heaping table-spoonful of cornstarch, dissolved in milk. Pour into one pint of boiling milk and let it cook about three minutes. Cool and flavor with extract of orange. Pour into a baked crust. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; add one-half cupful of sugar, flavored with extract of orange. Spread on top, put in the oven, and let it slightly brown.

Plum Marmalade. A delicious marmalade for cold meat is made by using the deep purple damsons in the proportion of one quarter of a pound each of whole mace, cinnamon and cloves, tied up in a small muslin bag, to each pound of plums. Having stoned the plums, boil them with the sugar and spices until they become a thick marmalade. Remove the spices and put away in jars until needed.

Tomato Wine. Squeeze and mash ripe tomatoes, to extract the juice. To each gallon of juice allow three pounds white sugar and put in a demijohn to ferment. Tie over the mouth of the demijohn a piece of thin muslin, when fermentation ceases rack off into bottles, adding to each bottle a few raisins. Cork tightly.

Cornmeal Cake Filling. Bake any layer cake and let cool. Use one and one-half cups of brown sugar, with sweet milk to moisten, butter the size of hickory nut, and boil until it will harden in cold water like candy. Stir in quickly one table-spoonful of extract, spread between layers.

To Hold Sheets. Sheets will stay in place on the mattress by sewing three large buttons on the head end and foot end of the bed, on the under edge of mattress. If the same size sheet is to go on either side of bed sew loops of white the same distance apart.

Poor Man's Batter Cakes. Mix one quart of sour milk and flour enough to make a good batter. Let stand over night. Add one egg, one teaspoon soda, and salt in the morning. Beat well. Save what batter is left and stir up again and you will always have nice, light cakes.

# MOTHER ANSER

By MARGARET SULLIVAN BURKES

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was a blue-eyed maiden, graceful as a fairy, who first convinced Sylvester McCracken of the fact that there were other women in this world beside his mother. He loved Louise Selwin, and to his great, strong nature, love was a serious thing.

How lovely she looked one summer evening as she lounged in saucy ease by the vine-wreathed window, gazing out into the night, while he stood outside, unseen by her, gazing in at what seemed to him the golden day of his whole existence. A meteor unusually bright, shot across the sky, and clapping her hands with delight, she sprang from her seat quite upon the window sill, when she perceived Mac.

"Oh, did you see that? It was a real star, for I was looking at it burning steadily up there, when all at once it started from its place and was lost in the distance. Oh, I am sure now there are lost stars, and I believe that I must have witnessed the flight of one of them. Say, Mac, did you see it?"

"No; I saw none of the stars outside; I was looking at a brighter, purer star within, which I hope will never, never be lost. Do you know, little one," said he, vaulting over the window ledge, "what a tumult you have created in my heart? I have learned to love you so, that if all the stars of yonder heaven were blotted out, it would not be darker than my existence would be without you."

A perplexed face was turned steadily away from him. His avowal had come so very suddenly, that, taken by surprise, she was casting about for a way to gain a little time for the expected reply. She had, long ago, learned to love this magnificent man, and was now inwardly wondering what he found in her to deem a fitting exchange for the grandeur she saw in him.

"Speak to me, Louise," he went on, "and tell me if you can consent to shine for me alone; to be my dear little wife?"

Half provoked at his persistence, half frightened at being thus suddenly brought face to face with so serious a question, half bashful, too, and altogether thoughtless, a sudden inspiration of mischief prompting her with an idea, she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"What have you found so amusing in my proposition, Louise? I regard the matter under consideration as far too weighty for such unusual mirth."

"Oh! oh! oh! I was just thinking, you know, that then, when I grew old, I—oh! oh! oh!—should be—Mother McCracken, you know."

"You'd better be than that Mother Goose," he burst forth, stung to the quick by this irreverent allusion to his honored mother, by one, too, whom he had regarded as little lower than the angels. Then without another word he strode from the room, from the house, out into the darkness—a starless night.

Realizing what she had done, Louise threw herself prone upon the sofa in an agony of tears.

"Oh! why did I say that? And his mother must be such a grand woman, too, to have such a son. If I had only known her personally I never could have said such a thing, I know. He adores her, too! Will he ever forgive me?" then the natural hopefulness of her nature asserted itself. "Yes, I know he will. He is too grand to stoop to mean spitefulness. He will be back to-morrow."

And wiping her eyes, she fell into a pleasing reverie over the scene that would be then and there enacted.

But he did not come back to-morrow, nor the next day, nor the next. He had received a pressing offer of a very advantageous business connection in a distant city, which was the real cause of precipitating his proposal.

A terrible plague was visiting the City of M— where Mac had made his new home.

Louise, who had mourned her folly after she had heard of his removal, so far beyond any hope of regaining him, till she had finally accepted the fact with all the philosophy she could summon, heard this news with alarm. Her nature, far from being frivolous, was one of unusual strength.

"I will go to M—," she exclaimed to herself. "They need never know till it is over, but I must be within call if he should be sick. For oh, I drove him there! I drove him there!"

And to M— she went, knowing full well that the way would close behind her back and prevent her return from the plague-stricken city. She soon ascertained the respective numbers of his residence and place of business, and every day disguised as a stooping old woman, was hovering near when he passed from one to the other, and if by chance she missed him would make immediate inquiry till satisfied of his welfare.

At last one morning, when he failed to appear, her heart stood still as the porter gave her the alarming intelligence of his illness. She fairly flew to the house where he had been taken upon being promptly turned away from his boarding place for fear of infection. It was a poor place, improvised into a hospital, with insufficient nurses and a dearth of comfort of all kinds, and her petition to attend him found a ready acceptance.

She gave her name as Mother Anser, and nobody there suspected the erstwhile bright and winsome thing that was hidden within the bent figure hobbling in by the aid of a stick.

The blazing southern sun seemed scorching into the very marrow as Louise hung breathlessly over the beloved sufferer, cooling the fevered brow, while he babbled incessantly of "mother."

"He has cast me out of his thought," she sadly mused, as she kept the large pin-leaf fan swaying over him. "He has never mentioned my name once."

"Water," pleaded the patient, and immediately she took the cup, and

lifting him in her arms, held him against her breast while he drank. Something in her touch seemed to inspire him with a half recognition, for as she laid him gently back upon the pillow, shaking and turning it over at the same time, he murmured:

"Oh, Louise, my lost star, how dark, how very dark it is without you!"

Instantly her lips were pressing his, unheeding the danger, and that kiss was the kiss of death. But it seemed to be life to him, for he fell at once into a sweet sleep, during which the fever passed away, and when he awoke there was reason in his eyes.

"Who are you?" he asked, when he first saw her with seeing eyes.

"I am Mother Anser," she replied.

And the attending physician, who was present, added: "And the person to whom, under God, you owe your life more than anybody else."

When he awoke again, another nurse was beside him, and in his deep thankfulness for this renewed lease of life, Mother Anser for a time passed out of his mind. He grew stronger day by day, till in a fortnight he walked the streets—feebly it is true, but entirely recovered.

"Did you know, Mr. McCracken, that old woman who so cleverly nursed you is down," said one of his clerks, one morning soon after. "Here is her name in the list. 'Mother Anser,' that was it, was it not?"

"Yes; oh, my God! What an ingrate I am! To let business perplexities make me forget her for one moment. But heaven knows I never dreamed of this, and I meant every day to hunt her up; but I am still so feeble."

He flung himself into his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive for life to the house where he had so nearly passed from life. Coachee declined to go nearer than the length of a square from the post-house, and forgetful of weakness, Mac strode the distance till he reached the door. And there in the very same room where she had held him back from the gates of death, lay—not Mother Anser, no; but oh, God! there lay Louise Selwin, delirious and raving incessantly for him.

"Oh, Louise! my lost star!" cried Mac, flinging himself down in an ecstasy of grief.

Slowly but surely she recovered, and at last one day when the white frost had come, like a snowy-winged angel of deliverance, and borne the plague away, they were quietly married, and went steaming up on the bosom of the broad Mississippi to visit Mother McCracken.

Leaning over the guards just outside their stateroom, looking at the moonlight on the waters like a thousand fairies in their waltz dancing, their bridal trail, with voices secured from the ears of their neighbors by the ceaseless throbbing of the engine below, Mac said:

"How blest I am, my beautiful star! To think I dared be blasphemous enough to believe you frivolous and heartless, you, my dear angel! But where on earth did you pick up that outlandish name, 'Mother Anser'?"

"Why, you gave it to me. Don't you remember? You did not call me an angel then, but something with wings, all the same. Anser is Latin for goose, you know, and I was dreadfully afraid your scholarly eye would detect me, too, and that is the reason I ran away as soon as you regained consciousness."

Preparation.

"Ah, let me see," said the distinguished arrival as the tug bearing the representatives of the press was discerned coming down the bay to meet his vessel. "Have I got my interview down pat?"

"It is easy, your highness," said the private secretary. "You must remember to say three things."

"Ah, yes. One is, I'm delighted to realize my ambition to see your wonderful country."

"And don't forget to say, 'My nation is in perfect accord with yours. I deprecate any hint of war.'"

"Yes, yes. And the third is, 'I consider American women charming. Bring on your scribes.'"

Justified.

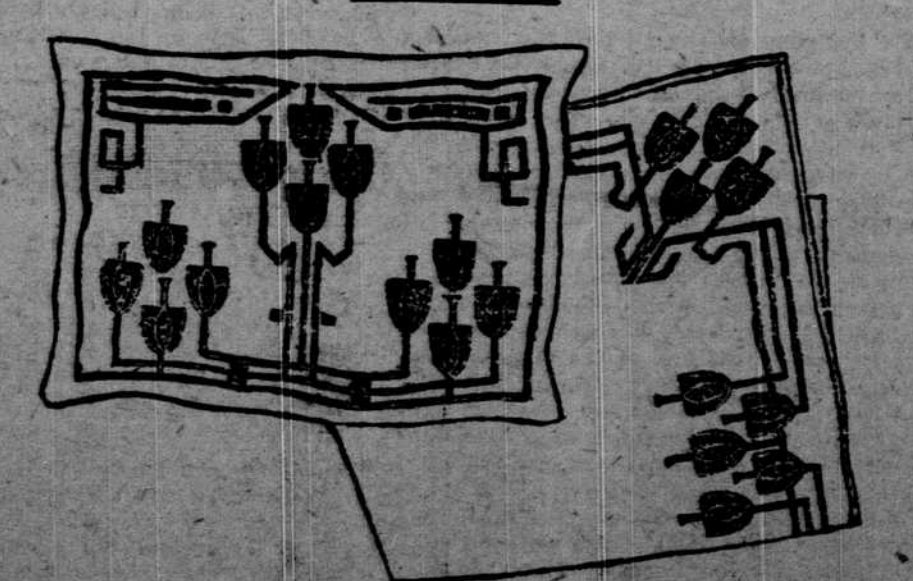
"Who taught your little boy to play the fiddle?"

"My former husband."

"Oh, did he? Well, I don't blame you for getting a divorce from him!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The woman who ascribes her longevity—she lived to be 107 years old—to her habit of eating onions, has strong reasons for

## For the Porch



In this day of pretty porch accessories, the above will form an acceptable suggestion. The material used is heavy linen in the natural color, against which the rest of the bell-shaped design and the green of the corner designs and other lines contrast very richly.