WOMANKIND

SHE IS MINNESOTA'S CHAMPION MILKMAID

Ebba Hallbom, a Bright Kandiyohi Girl, Breaks All Records by Milking 10,260 Cows in Nine Months.

Prior to the street fair recently held in Willmar, Minn., the Bank of Willmar offered $10 as a prize to the young lady in Kandiyohi county who should prove that she had milked more cows than any other from Jan. 1, 1901, till Oct. 1, 1901. The prize brought forth many competitors, but was easily captured by Miss Ebba Rebecah Hallbom.

Miss Hallbom is but 16, yet she has performed the remarkable feat of milking 10,260 cows within the first nine months of the present year, or nineteen cows every morning and nineteen cows every evening. This is a big undertaking and one from which many robust men would shrink. It takes Miss Hollbom on an average just ninety minutes to coax the milk from her nineteen cows, so proficient has she become.

This peerless milkmaid is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hallbom, living two miles south of Willmar. The family consists of three boys and three girls, of whom Miss Hollbom is next to the oldest. The children have all been brought up on the farm, and are intelligent, industrious children. At the age of 8 Miss Hollbom received her first lesson in milking. The work was fascinating to her, and as she grew older she increased the number of cows she milked. This summer, when other work about the farm demanded the attention of the entire force of farm hands, Miss Hollbom would often milk fifty cows in one day. She has a sister two years her senior, who is also an expert at milking. The family are in humble circumstances, and both the girls are anxious to see their father prosper. This summer the girls have looked after the entire dairy department as well as assisting in other labor. They have helped in cutting and stacking 200 tons of hay, husking 50 bushels of corn, cutting and stacking their entire wheat crop, besides looking after a part of the household tasks.

When seen by The Journal representative Miss Hollbom blushingly admitted that she was doing the work of a healthy man, but that it was her desire to see her father work less, and she was happy. She declared she had not forgotten the lessons in cooking her mother had taught her, and to prove it prepared an appetizing dinner for The Journal man.

Miss Hallbom is of a strong and healthy physique and has never been sick a day in all her life. She is a very charming and prepossessing little woman of pleasing manners. Her hands are small, soft and white, not at all tanned from outdoor work, as one would suppose. She was formerly a student at the Willmar high school, and she has a retentive memory. It is said all conquerors have aquiline noses. Miss Hollbom also has such a nose and she is, too, a conqueror of 10,260 cows.

MISS EBBA HALLBORN,
—Photo by Wold.

Considerable publicity has come to Miss Hallbom through her milking feat, and she is somewhat abashed in telling her story. One amusing incident connected with the notoriety she has received is the fact that she is already the recipient of two letters of proposal. One came from a young farmer in North Dakota and the other from a young man now in the engineering department at the Minnesota state university. These letters are regarded by the young lady and her parents as products of crank minds, and will be kept and placed in a collection with others which are likely to follow. She has many friends and admirers in this city, but gives it out coldly that she has no other favorite than a red plush Jersey cow which she has appropriately named "Ruddy."

PICTURESQUE VELVET FLAT

FULL DRESS CHAPEAU

STYLISH FRENCH TURBAN

Three beautiful hats are shown in the pictures, each representing a distinctive style and its proper method of trimming. The French turban with the round lace medallions is usually called a colonial shape, from the way the side brims lap over the crown. It is of black cut velvet—milliners' velvet, which shows a very short pile—stretched plainly at the crown and puffing out in innumerable folds over the bungling wings of the brim. A row of big lace medallions (windmills they are called) and a bunch of American beauty roses are handsome garnitures for the front. The back rim rolls up tight to the crown, a knot of narrow velvet ribbons with short ends holding it in place. With such a hat a veil with black velvet spots, showing rims of white, will be found an effective detail.

Fluff and feathers characterize the second chapeau, which is a fancy braid showing at the inside brim a unique tufting of ribbon and velvet loops. Black and white mingles harmoniously, a rich fold of velvet at one side and two short ostrich plumes at the other covering some of the spotting. The outside of the hat is all black and displays another and longer feather and a brim frill of black lace.

All rolled brim hats with this "lift" are worn jauntily to the side of the head, the extent of the "cock" depending on the height of the band put at the left of the crown. Some heads require more of the side tilt than others, and where the face is fair enough to stand the severity the beautifully-rolling brims are left untrimmed. That is, except for a velvet hair band—which is a necessity for all hats that sweep away from the face.

Ribbons and plumes dominate the last creation, which though adorably becoming to the right countenance, yet calls for youth at every point. Very beautiful colors are displayed in this model, the "flat" shape being of sapphire blue velvet and the ribbons wall-flower yellow satin.

Three black ostrich feathers en panache lift high at the left front, and the wide ribbons, which show a single loop, are held flat at the knot by a round buckle of sapphires and jet.

This drooping flatness is the distinguishing feature of all these dangling back ends. —Nina Fitch.

THE PERSONAL NOTE IN FALL EMBROIDERIES

All the New Needlework Intended for Personal Adornment—Dress Accessories and White Embroidery.

Handwork was the special feature of the summer gowns and women seem to have been so pleased with the feather-stitching, catstitching and French knots with which they adorned their fluttering muslin, that they are now at work embroidering the flannel blouses that will form a part of every woman's wardrobe this fall. They have put aside the flower patterned centerpiece and the lace doily is left undisturbed in its silken workbag, while a voluminous receptacle, large enough to hold the flannels, the great bunch of soft pastel silks, is always at milady's side.

It is rather amusing, but no one is doing any table embroidery now and the interest in Battenberg is no longer at fever heat. Embroidered fronts, boleros, stocks, belts and cuffs are being made more or less elaborately and the woman who can do nothing else is fashioning French knots for a yoke or cuffs.

Pretty Blouse Designs.

Some of the flannel blouses are charming and are almost covered with unconventional patterns in oriental shades; others have a graceful design of roses clambering over the flannel in the soft uastel shades, the blue, yellow and rose, and still others have only a delicate tracery bordered with French knots. The blouses are embroidered much or little, as the embroiderer is more or less ambitious.

The everyday blouse does not monopolize all of the embroiderer's time and her reception gown or fluffy evening frock will have a front that has been cross-stitched or embroidered in the same color or the pastel shades. Before the front is embroidered, it is cut out by the modiste and then stamped.

"I saved $15 on one of my winter gowns," exclaimed one young woman who is clever with her needle. "All this hand work costs so frightfully and you simply have to have it. I didn't think of doing it myself and was going mad trying to calculate how I could have an embroidered flannel blouse, evening and reception gowns on my usual allowance. My dressmaker suggested that I embroider them myself. I finished the bolero for the reception gown yesterday. It is of gray and edged with Russian cutwork filled in with stitches in yellow, pink and green, the pastel shades, you know, and is too stunning for words. It was very quick and very effective work, and I felt as though I were making money every time I picked up my needle."

The girls who are not embellishing their gowns are at work on their lingerie and have yards and yards of ruffling stamped and rolled in their work bags. The scalloped edges are worked in white embroidery cotton and one Park avenue girl plies her needle for half an hour every afternoon before she makes her dinner toilet.

Minneapolis Girls Are Ambitious.

"The Minneapolis girls are really very ambitious," said Miss Osterberg, "and we stamp more ruffling every day. It is a fad with the girls to make their own trimming and every garment has to be marked with the name or initials. Just at present the monogram is out of favor and the name or initials are stamped in old English or old German letters. For marking lingerie the name is enclosed in a medallion or bow knot. The autograph-marking is also a fad and the girls have facsimiles of their own autographs.

"What little table embroidery is being done, is also in the white cotton. It is much more satisfactory than silk, for it does not turn yellow or wear through, but outlives the linen on which it is done. The Russian cutwork is used on centerpieces and table covers and we are still making Battenberg designs, although not in such numbers as last winter.

"There is a new sofa pillow this fall, or rather an old one revived. It is round and placed over a puff of silk, and the cover is embellished with roses, whose large petals sprawl all over it. It will recall the laced affair of ten years ago."

The older women are rather interested in this revival of white embroidery, and they have hunted out the remnants of the ante-nuptial flounces they made. The girls have exclaimed and wondered at the dainty edgings and insertions, yards and yards of them, made before machine embroidery threatened to drive the hand work out. But it never can be driven out of fashion, for fashion likes what is expensive and exclusive.

In addition to embroidering their gowns and their underthings, the girls are decorating their hose with bow knots, fleur de lis, violets and forget-me-nots, which are wonderfully effective on the black silk. This is quick work, for the pattern is confined to the ankle, and a girl does not have to be especially clever to adorn a stocking in an afternoon.

Knitting Golf Sweaters.

Golf is responsible for the revival of another old-fashioned art and some of the prettiest sweaters that have been worn on the Minikahda links have been made by the fair wearers. They are in bright green or red with white collar and cuffs, and are knit in a simple basket stitch. One of the visiting girls, whose home is in Lincoln, Neb., is seldom seen just now without a great ball of maroon worsted out of which she is fashioning a sweater for a university man, the result of too great a confidence in the Nebraska football team on the part of the Lincoln girl.

Fancy work this fall seems to have taken a new departure, and everything that is made is for personal use. There are endless possibilities in the fad for the woman who wants to make her own Christmas gifts.

—Frances R. Sterrett.

California Tourist Cars.

To find out all about them, consult Minneapolis & St. Louis Agents.

MISSIONARY WORK IN COSTA RICA

Miss Ruth Chadbourn Talks of This Tropical Country With Its Revolutionary Tendencies.

Miss Ruth Chadbourn has been speaking before several conventions and gatherings on missionary work in Central America. Miss Chadbourn is a Minneapolis young woman who went to Costa Rica about five years ago for the Central American Mission society. The work is entirely evangelical and nothing of an educational nature is attempted. The missionaries concentrate their efforts on making converts, organizing them into little groups for service and Sunday school. work. As there are good schools in Central America and the natives can read and write, there is no need of mission schools.

The Central American Mission society supports about five missionaries in each of the Central American countries. Of the group in Costa Rica three make their headquarters in San Jose and the others are on the Pacific coast. The natives of the Pacific coast are not as well educated as those on the Atlantic shore and different methods have to be used with them.

Miss Chadbourn's work has been almost entirely in the east. She spent considerable time in San Jose and made regular journeys in the neighboring country, when she is away weeks at a time. These journeys were in ox carts or on mule-back, and over terrible roads. Just before she came home, she made the long trip over the mountains to the Pacific shore.

The Costa Ricans are indolent, as all the Central American people are, but they are bright and intelligent. The country may be said to be under military rule and is subject to the usual revolutions that are a feature of life in Latin America. The periodical attack against Nicaragua is a regular comic opera war that reminds one of the old nursery rhyme:

The King of France with twice ten thousand men
Marched up the hill and then marched down again.

It usually takes place at election time and the president sends his army to the frontier and then has himself re-elected. The soldiers return without firing a gun and the war is over until the next election.

Europeans and Americans are entering Costa Rica in large numbers and securing control of the coffee and banana plantations. Their presence has introduced a new element, one that will simplify the work of the missionaries.

Miss Chadbourn will return to Costa Rica in January.

HOSTESS AND FLOWER LOVER

In These Delightful Roles Mrs. Isaac Atwater Appeared at Her Best—A Pioneer Who Influenced the Social and Intellectual Life of the City.

The death of Mrs. Isaac Atwater last week removed one of the last of the pioneer women of the city. Mrs. Atwater had spent over fifty years in Minneapolis, coming here before the west side was settled at all. In her early residence she was a woman of much activity and full of interest in public affairs. Her home was one of the social centers of a new and growing city and her hospitality was proverbial. Not only were her neighbors and friends made welcome to her home at the old Atwater homestead on the banks of the river near the present Riverside park, but many strangers of prominence were delightfully and cordially entertained in this cultivated and attractive home.

Judge and Mrs. Atwater gave up their homestead about the time of the building of the West Hotel, and Mrs. Atwater spent the remainder of her life at the hotel. Her lively interest in life and her old associates and her social tastes remained with her after age crept on, and she was the life of her circle of friends, for she retained her health and much of her vigor and energy up to a few days before her death.

Last summer, during the long period of hot weather, Mrs. Atwater concluded that she would suffer less from the heat if more busily occupied than with her books, family and friends. She had always contributed largely to the Needlework Guild, making all of the garments with her own hands, but she took up her guild work with unwonted energy, and, as a result of her constant sewing through the long, hot weeks of the summer, she completed about 160 articles for the guild, apportioning them among her friends, who are section presidents, Mrs. H. F. Brown, Mrs. Hovey C. Clarke and Miss Kernan.

There are few whose memories go back to the period when Mrs. Atwater came to Minneapolis as a bride in 1850, but she herself left a lively and graphic account of those early times with their hardships mingled with pleasures in her contribution to the "History of Minneapolis," edited by her husband.

Reminiscences of Early Days.

Mrs. Atwater's tastes being decidedly literary, she first gave an account of the intellectual resources disclosed by her first winter's acquaintance with the rude pioneer village. She said: "All had brave hearts, and, moved by kind sympathies, they joined efforts to make the most of their scanty resources, and to render their isolated society as cheerful as possible. Books, magazines and newspapers were not lacking." These were generously lent and many enjoyed them.

"One bright day something wonderful happened. By the weekly mail a huge packet came, out of which emerged 'David Copperfield.' 'Dickens' new novel has come,' flew from lip to lip, and never book received a brighter or warmer welcome. It went the rounds, and by the time 'the ice went out,' the book was literally worn to rags." An indication of the literary turn of the early settlers was a lyceum maintained that winter, which did much to relieve the monotony. A course of home talen lectures was provided by the local lawyers and ministers. After each lecture, a paper, made up by the ladies, was read.

Scanty Supplies for Winter.

Mrs. Atwater's sketch continues: "If material humanity had been half as well provided for as the intellectual, there would have been small cause for complaint. But a glance at the stock laid in for the winter was rather appalling. The piece de resistance was a huge cask of Chicago salt pork. This was supplemented by stacks of dry codfish, kits of mackerel, white beans, with perhaps a small supply of dried beef, by way of luxury. Flour and corn meal, coffee and tea, completed the list, except in the case of a few lucky families who had come out early enough in the spring to make a garden and raise their own vegetables. No eggs were to be had and almost no milk.

"Before the river closed there had been an occasional supply of fresh beef, and thoughtful housewives took advantage of the opportunity to prepare a supply of mince meat for the winter, but nothing fresh appeared again till about the last of February, when a venturesome trader drove up from La Crosse with a sledge load of fresh pork, sausage and venison, which was, perhaps, as warmly welcomed as 'David Copperfield' had been. But there were weary weeks when one loathed the sight of boiled salt pork."

Mrs. Atwater described the feasts of the year with their menus and of the efforts to make satisfactory substitutes for pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving, without milk and eggs. Cranberries were fine and plentiful, but, as this was the only winter fruit, people tired of it. The first year the only canned goods were cove oysters, and the advent of canned peaches at a later date was warmly welcomed. The wild fruits were soon found, however, and used gratefully. One of the spots in which wild strawberries abounded was almost the whole strip north of Lake Calhoun. This annually reddened with these delicious and fragrant berries, and there was another similar spot on the south shore of Lake Harriet. To these places merry berrying excursions were made.

The domestic help problem was one that then could be solved in but one way, and every housewife was obliged to be her own maid. The young mothers, who were obliged to depend, when the babies came, on the kind care of hard-worked neighbors, underwent trials that wrung the bravest hearts.

Early Day of Horticulture.

Horticulture was a passion with Mrs. Atwater and she has recorded the way in which the early settlers brought their cuttings and roots of hardy shrubs and plants, oftentimes planting them in holes cut in the sod before their rude shacks were built to give them shelter. She was one of the first to turn herself to rose culture and before many years had a rose garden that was her pride and delight, containing a great variety, such as had been pronounced impossible when the country was first settled. She not only shared her blossoms, but also her valuable experience, not only with her friends, but with others interested in horticulture. She was a writer on the subject and also contributed often to the meetings of the Horticultural society.

All kinds of plants flourished under her care. After giving up her home garden she was a frequent visitor at the greenhouses of William Bickendorf, the veteran florist of the city, who died a few years ago.

One of the public enterprises which Mrs. Atwater strongly approved and supported heartily was Colonel King's fairs held for a good many years at the east end of Franklin avenue, near the river. She spent many days about the buildings there making wreaths and putting in place decorations, a part of the work which always fell to the lot of the women.

WINNING PUPILS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Work of Mrs. Gussie Elkin as a Sunday School Visitor—An Austrian Jewess, She Embraced Christianity.

Mrs. Gussie Elkin's home has for some years been in Chicago, but she came to Minneapolis a year or so ago to take up the work of visiting in behalf of the Sunday school of the First Baptist church of this city. Her office is to find children, —waifs or members of families, rich or poor, who do not yet belong to any Sunday school, and to invite and persuade them to attend the Sunday school she represents.

The duties of such an office would seem to be very simple and such as any devoted person might discharge; but it transpires that this position calls for good judgment, great tact, and a winning personality, as well as sincerity and singleness of purpose.

The visitor must be very sure the family to which the child belongs has not already an affiliation with some other denomination and that she shall not seem to be proselyting. Her mission on behalf of the children must not convey rebuke or reproof to the parents for neglect. She must be careful not to offend by a patronizing air, not to set up between herself and those she visits the hurdle of being "unco guid."

In truth, there are a discouraging number of things she must not do if she would succeed in the one thing she must do, and that is, get the little ones. Mrs. Elkin gets the little ones, as far as heard from, to such an extent as to justify her in her calling. Since June an even 100 new pupils have been enrolled in the First Baptist Sunday school, and if every last one of them is not present every Sunday, be sure Mrs. Elkin knows the reason why.

This visitor is an attractive little lady, cheerful and even buoyant in disposition, and so happy in her work it is a pleasure to meet her. She loves children, and of course the children love her. A case like that of Mary and her lamb:

What makes the lamb love Mary so.
* * * * *
Oh, Mary loves the lamb you know.

The story of Mrs. Elkin's life is as interesting as it is uncommon. She was born in Austria. Her family and friends were orthodox Jews and in the Jewish faith she was brought up. Her people immigrated to America when she was a little girl and settled in Philadelphia. She says, "My parents were orthodox—we observed the fast and the feast days. My father broke the bread and blessed it at meal times. Though I attended synagogue and was carefully taught, my thoughts were not turned to religion until I was 37 years old and the mother of three children. Then I moved next door to a religious family. I was so impressed by the obvious joy of their lives—a joy which their faith brought them—that I thought I would investigate the Christian religion. I attended a Christian church and Sunday school; then I purchased a Bible which so interested me I determined to know the truth. After reading the old and new testaments thoroughly I was convinced. I then declared my conversion and became that person so despised by my people—a baptized Jew.

"Of the troubles that followed, I will not speak in detail. It is enough to say that, though I was the daughter of well-to-do people and the wife of a man of large income, I have known cold and hunger, sorrow and loneliness; my little sons were taken from me and my kindred shunned me, but my faith remained firm."

Mrs. Elkin's daughter who was allowed to remain with her died in girlhood; the sons returned to her as soon as they could, but one, a promising youth, died at 17.

Mrs. Elkin cherishes no resentment. She says the Jews regarded her as an apostle and their treatment of her was in accordance with their ideas of justice.

—Charlotte Whitcomb.

A Woman's Club Federation Vice President

Mrs. C. B. Elliott
Minneapolis.
Fifth District.

A RHYMING ORDER

One Who Would Exchange Verses for China.

Mrs. Genevieve Greaves, a local artist, recently received an order done up in such novel fashion as to be worth preserving and here it is:

An Order for Some China.

How will you exchange for a poem of mine
Some hand-painted china you think very fine?
I want a nice tea-set, then what is the matter
With painting for fish, a large, handsome platter?
Also the plates which go with the set,
A dish for the sauce, please do not forget.
I want all of the pieces, which must be in blue,
To place on my bureau, to remind me of you.
I want a nut-bowl, if you please,
And a lovely plate to hold some cheese;
Also a stein to hold some beer;
And then a lovely jardiniere;
Some cups for bouillon, just a few;
Perhaps a dozen or so will do.
I want a handsome tapestry with roses,
And all the things where Love reposes.
And if you'll paint a Cupid on it
I will write you such a sonnet
That will make you win a name
As an artist of great fame.
A platter for some chops, and then
A punch-bowl for the naughty men.
I want some cups and saucers, too;
You know what would be very new.
A chocolate pot of late design,
To serve some forty guests of mine.
Now will you paint a lot of things?
And don't forget a harp that sings.
If you've any paint left you can't use yourself,
I would like a vase for my parlor shelf.
All of the pieces must have a gold border.
Send soon as you can my very small order.

Joliet, Ill. —F. L. McLaren.

Journal want ads are the best profitable result producers in the northwest. One cent a word nothing less than twenty cents cash with order. If you can't bring it in telephone No. 9 either line. The Journal will trust you.