

IN A STREET CAR.

THE KIND OF WOMEN A CORRESPONDENT MET THERE.

All sorts of styles—Beautiful Women and Beautiful Dresses—Photographing "the Star."

(Correspondence of the Record-Union.) SAN FRANCISCO, July 26, 1882.

Saturdays and Sundays being gala days in fine weather, one expects to meet dress and go to match it, though on Sundays the raffish is also abroad. But on commoner days the majority wear ordinary clothing, and the public is accustomed to business. You will understand, then, that it was something of an extraordinary circumstance when yesterday a one-horse street car was comfortably filled with style.

In the first place, there was a lady with a child which was very strikingly attired. Its hat was entirely of light blue and was very large, the strings in a large bow under the little chin causing it to stand high above the forehead and afford not a particle of protection to the eyes. It was a small and dainty face under the great hat, with feathery bangs upon its forehead, and eyes that just matched the blue above them.

A FUNNY, SHORT-WAISTED GOWN. Of Pompeian red cashmere, with a yoked neck and bands at the wrists braided in the same color, blue stockings and sandals, white silk mitts and a bag, completed the ensemble of the quaint little body, who looked about her quite gravely, the large hat turning slowly with the minute head to which it was attached. Calm and composed she sat with her feet hanging half way to the floor, as if her primly closed lips were saying silently, "This is the way grandmamma looked and did." Soon the car stopped again, and we two and the child looked with interest at the two ladies entering. One in navy blue silk and velvet and the other in black and white silk trimmed in puffs of the same color. I could see at once that if there had been a war these two silks would have taken opposite sides, on account of one's having velvet and the other only puffs. However, puffs of the same had the best of her opponent when it came to hats—a crinkly and spreading brimmed cardinal hat.

COVERED WITH FLOWERS. That drooped over beautifully at the sides, against a nobby little turban with a humming-bird poised on its rim. Happily a diversion was created by the entrance of an elderly woman who would have been lovely in black velvet and her own gray hair, but she wore a blonde wig with wavy waves, and her lips and cheeks were tinged with red. She wore a bronze silk suit with poke bonnet to match, and nodding berries of the same color over her face, and ribbons of bronze tied under her chin. She looked at the quaint and sweet little one and smiled as if to say, "I am grandmamma, and you are my little girl."

BRAVE THE GAUNTLET. However, for she was pretty and luscious as a peach, the dark, rich velvet of her basque bringing out the brown softness of her eyes and the bloom of her cheek. I presume grandmamma thought she looked just like her. We rode thus for a half dozen blocks, covertly taking notes for some days in the future, or possibly even dressing our hair and fixing our neck-chiefs as Miss Dregs-of-Wine or Miss Navy-Blue had hers arranged, when we were disturbed by the entrance of a passenger who at once suggested the equestrienne. Her gloves were finished with long gamutons and were embroidered on the backs, her tight-fitting basque was finished with coat tails, and in front rolled over in revers. It was cut double-breasted, and large buttons in double rows ran down the front. To complete the suggestion a brown veil wound round her hat and floated over her shoulders. She is a perfectly good woman, but the wife of a noted gambler, and is slowly, despite her husband's profession, finding her place among church people. She was probably unconscious that her costume had a horse-ear, though for all that it was a very respectable sort of a horse, perhaps, to which the mind at once adverted. With the addition of two more passengers our number was complete. One was a woman of middle age, grizzly-gray as to hair, shabby and slatternly as to dress, and miserably wild and sunken as to eye. Her finger-nails were black with then she sniggered to herself and dusted the tips of her fingers together as if carefully brushing something off. She returned to the dusting again and again, as if involuntarily, and then as the fullness of

HER LIQUOR-LADEN BREATH. Filled the car, she observed the fitness of the dress about her, and as if not yet un-mindful of the ruling passion, straightened her shoulders, smoothed her hair behind her ears, tightened her old shawl and dusted her fingers with a miserable attempt to be fine also. The child drank closer to its mother, and as with one accord, and filled with a sentiment of pity and horror, we looked at one another in our good clothes and respectability, and shuddered as we thought that we were just all women together. The last passenger was a singer, and an accomplished singer, too, at the Tivoli, where she is playing now every other night in "Der Freischutz." She wore an English walking hat close over a pair of small black eyes, and in her arms she carried a white poodle, attached to her hand by a ribbon. Her costume was of comparatively inexpensive material, but it was worn with great effect. You would look at the wearer twice among handsome and better dressed women. The little daughter, aged about six, of another actress often passes our door, with very neat and common gingham aprons on, but the child has the twang that is caught from association with the stage, and with all our skill with scissors, and all our genius with the needle, we at home can never make gingham aprons look like hers. We say it to ourselves with sorrow, for we would make our little girls

LOOK DISTINGUISHED. If we could. Love of dress, they say, has brought ruin to many a woman; but it must be something in the nature beside that, for the love of it seems ingrained in us all. Out of our car full they all seemed properly good women, save the poor creature murmuring and dusting her finger-tips in the corner, and she certainly did not look as though she were just all women together. Even the child looked pleased and satisfied with the daintiness and prettiness of her apparel. A woman tastefully and neatly arranged as to appearance is as pretty to look at as a tree in foliage or a bean in bloom. Here you may see fifty in a day you would like to look at again. California climate develops heart disease, brain trouble and pretty women, yet perhaps there are three or there are four in it as to a photograph gallery that you may see the vanity of men and women exhibited in its true light, and in such a

place they tell me it comes out about equally. A man parts his hair and smooths his beard, puts foremost his best foot and his ring finger, and endeavors, with a glibly feeling at his heart, to do the best he can. A woman, on the other hand, has her forehead, smooths her dress down at the waist, wets her eyebrows and lashes, brings all jewelry to the front, and also, with an iron ring compressing her heart into less propensities, endeavors to look pleasant. The wife of one of our rich men, a woman who thought much of the toilet, died some what recently. As long as she could sit up a hairdresser came daily and studiously arranged her tresses in the

THE MOST BECOMING STYLE. When she was no longer able to be pillowed in an easy-chair, but was confined to her bed, realizing the sad ravages of disease, and wishing to the last to appear as natural as possible and adorn what yet remained of beauty, her hair was cut off and a wig worn in its place, which was scrupulously dressed each day. The wig provided for her last toilet cost a hundred dollars, and was a marvel of mountings and curls. I have heard photographers say that the reason the members of the theatrical profession took more effective pictures than other people was because they understood the art of posing and of dress, and always sat to the public when they sat for a picture. A star knows her value and does not ask to have her picture taken. When she arrives in the city a note is sent her, asking, if she will permit Messrs. Camera and Headrest to photograph her, and when it will be convenient for her to sit. If she chooses, she names a day, and someone is dispatched to bring the costumes she wishes to wear, so that she may have no trouble whatever. A carriage is sometimes also sent. The late Rafelson paid Adelaide Nelson \$1,000 for being her San Francisco photographer and for the privilege of selling the pictures afterward. He made more of profit than he invested.

THE SALE OF SUCH PICTURES. Is not as good as formerly. It is noticeable that in the best parlors you find Edwin Booth's picture, his genius placing him apart from all others, and causing his likeness to be treasured as something that will become more valuable with time. When the star arrives at the gallery she is received with every attention. The proprietor looks low before her, she is regarded with curiosity and admiration; excuses are made to keep other customers waiting. A private dressing-room is assigned, and the retired artist with her dressing-woman, to reap a part at her own pleasure, as elaborately gotten up, even to detail, as if to come before the curtain. She is exceedingly fussy, if not imperious. Other people are excluded from the room, but not the dog. No one point with her is sacrificed. The face, the hand, the turn of the body, the poise of the head, the position of the eyes, the minor beauties of the dress, the sweep of the skirt, all must be perfect, and all faithfully brought out. If she is to be photographed in other characters, the work must be all done over just as carefully. In return, she is a good advertisement to the photographer's work—her pictures will be so fine. I saw a child the other day in a photograph gallery whose face had taken me since. It was a beautiful, saint-like face, and the child was a boy. The blue eyes had a ray and upward look, the lashes radiating about them.

LIKE GOLDEN HALOS. The white face was just pink upon the cheeks and lips, and long yellow curls fell over his shoulders. He was a boy far too large for dresses—perhaps six years old—and yet shirts encumbered him. I knew his mother could not bear to cut off his curls, but in pants, thrust her baby out of her arms and let him be a boy. "Pettie," she called him fondly. His picture was set to a solar, and there were the astute eyes, the curls floating back from his face and the pretty smile about his mouth faithfully photographed. I fancied the mother was about to yield to necessity, giving him jackets and short hair, and this picture was to be the last before the deed was done. I fancied him learning marbles and "swear words," perhaps smoking by and by, and getting whipped at school, and then I know his mother will let him be a pretty sailor dress and the cut curls, and wish she had her baby back again. KATE HEATH.

AMMUNITION FOR GUNS AND HOW IT IS PREPARED. In preparing cartridges and bullets for firearms, the work is mostly press-work, and permits the employment of unskilled or slightly skilled labor to a large extent. Women are largely employed upon it, sometimes contributing over one-half of the whole number of operatives. There are five establishments in the United States three in Connecticut and one each in Massachusetts and Delaware. The reference to the manufacture of ammunition for small firearms, not including the manufacture of cannon balls and shells, nor of powder and lead shot.

THE OPERARY COPPER CORUSION CAP was patented in 1822 by Joshua Shaw, who was in 1845 compensated by Congress in the sum of \$20,000 for this valuable invention. But brass and copper shell cartridges did not come into use until some thirty years ago, when their importance in making gas-tight joints in breech-loading systems began to be recognized. The prominence which their manufacture has now attained in this country in supplying foreign nations with ammunition is due not only to the ingenuity which has developed the mechanical methods employed, but also to the purity and ductility of the American copper used in the manufacture.

The shell or cartridge is made from copper and brass sheets by presses. After inspection and gauging the shells are loaded with powder and bullet. The loading machinery is especially ingenious, the powder being fed into the chamber through a hopper and dropped by charges into the shell, and being pressed down by a rod or piston, it is so contrived that if, for any cause, the charge is too great, one bell rings, and if the charge is too small another bell rings, thus warning the attendants and insuring the uniformity of the charge. One loading machine, with two attendants, has a capacity of 25,000 a day.

The slug or bullet then inserted is sometimes formed from cylindrical bars at the rate of fifty per minute, or else is cast, slug furnaces and apparatus being used, two attendants each, and the capacity per furnace being upwards of 50,000 a day. The slugs are cast in hand-molds of eight-cent to twenty-five at a time. They are then passed through swaging or bullet-forming presses, which are, or may be, automatic, in which case one man can attend as many as nine machines—the slugs being fed to them out of hoppers or receivers. They are then jigged—a term used to designate the placing of the bullets in feed plates—which is done partly by hand, but assisted by machinery, which imparts a vibratory motion to the plates. This is preparatory to what is called channel rolling, the jigg being for the purpose of placing the bullets in upright and in position, so that they may be placed upon a revolving plate, which carries them through a channel between cutters, which groove the bullet. One such machine has a daily capacity of up to 100,000 bullets, and one man attends three machines. Certain grades of bullets are now passed through an extra close-gauge trimming press, and the bullets are gauged and inspected.

The next operation is bullet-patching, or covering the rifle-bullets with paper to prevent the ejection of the grooves of the barrel with lead. This is sometimes done by hand, but is sometimes done by machinery. In the bullet-patching machine the bullets are fed to the machine by hand, and the patch is presented to the bullet and secured by a minute drop of mullage, fed automatically, and is rolled closely around the bullet, and is folded up by the friction of flexible rolls, forty-five or fifty bullets being patched in a minute, and in

such a manner that the patch is perfectly uniform and adheres to the bullet. The patch is then dried, and the bullet is ready for use. The patching machine is a very valuable piece of machinery, and is used in the manufacture of all rifle-bullets.

cluding stoppages, full 20,000 in ten hours. Two attendants are required. After the loading of the shell, it is crimped into the grooves of the bullet, and the cork is rolled in so that it is lubricated by sitting upon feed plates and dipping, or otherwise the lubrication is performed by machinery, which forces the lubricant into the bullet grooves through the perforations of cylinders, forcing the bullets as they are passed. In the early introduction of breech-loading guns shell-bullets were used, which clogged up the bore. In 1851, at the time of the visit of Kossuth to this country, R. S. Lawrence, who was making the Jennings rifles at Windsor, Vermont, was telegraphed by Mr. Cortlandt C. Palmer to come to New York and bring a breech-loading gun that would hit a man's time at twenty-five at 500 yards. On the trial which took place at Ravenswood, near Astoria, Long Island, after a few shots, the bullets struck ten or fifteen rods from the mark, the best building up, fouling the bore. But the next morning Lawrence tried lubricating the bullets with tallow, having previously grooved them, when at the second trial he was able to hit the mark two times out of three continuously. C. P. Dixon ordered a box of the lubricated bullets, and within fifteen days they had been sent to Paris, France, and immediately after came into general use.

In the manufacture of paper shells the paper is first cut into sheets the length of four shells. It is then pasted and rolled by hand. From the tubes thus formed the body of the shell is pressed in size and cut up into lengths, the re-enforcing being formed in a similar manner. The wide are rolled by special machines and formed in a press, and a succession of presses is used for inserting wad into re-enforcing, re-enforcing into body and body into brass case. The brass inserted and the shell is primed. The press for the last six operations mentioned have a capacity each of about 40,000 a day.

A DOG IN THE WELL. On the North road, about four miles from the city, lives a highly respected family named Stetson, consisting of a young man and his wife and the aged and infirm sire of the lady. The old gentleman is crippled with the rheumatism to such an extent that he cannot leave his chair, but is wheeled about the room by his wife. The Stetsons are owners of a large, powerful Newfoundland, noted for his intelligence and sagacity throughout the whole neighborhood, while a near neighbor possesses a little shaggy Scotch terrier. "Pettie" this Highland pair the strongest friendship has grown up, the dogs being almost inseparable. Mr. Stetson has been digging a well, and reached a depth of twenty feet, but had not walled it up, when one day a week ago he and his wife found it necessary to visit Elmira on business. The wife drew her father's chair up to the window in the sunshine, and other- wise rendered him comfortable, and left him watching out of the window, and strangely matched friends. Mr. Stetson had not more than driven out of sight when the little terrier fell into the well, which contained about two feet of water at the time. The old dog was almost frantic and lost his canine presence of mind in a wonderfully undignified manner. He would look down into the well at the yelping, paddling terrier, and then howl and run to the window, scratching on the glass, and otherwise exhibiting all the evidences of almost frantic grief to attract the old man's attention. Suddenly he paused a moment and looked grave, as if collecting his scattered senses. Mrs. Stetson, before leaving for town had taken in her washing hanging on the clothes line, coiling up the line and laying it on a bench. The mastiff had seen the workmen draw up pails of water by means of the rope, and an idea seemed to strike him. Seizing one end of the rope in his teeth he ran to the well with it and commenced slowly drawing it up to him and lowering it into the well. The helpless old man at the window saw the dog's head over the side of the crumbling walls came the muddying, dripping form of the almost exhausted terrier clinging to the rope with his teeth. When Mr. Stetson and his wife came home the old man, after the practice had met into the soft earth sides of the well were plainly discernible. [Elmira Advertiser.]

A bunion is spoken of as a nobby thing in low-cut shoes. [New Orleans Picayune.]

SAN FRANCISCO CARDS. SAN FRANCISCO Business Directory

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