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HOW GLOBES ARE MADE.

Boston's Factory for Turning Out Sphere Maps of the Earth.

The factory that turns out these wonderful geographical spheres which are sent hence to all parts of the civilized world is a shabby little building up an obscure alley-way called Mount Vernon avenue, writes a Boston correspondent. The first process in making a globe is to cover the model all over with a thick layer of pasteboard in a moist state. When it has dried a sharp knife is passed around it so as to separate the pasteboard coat into two hemispherical shells, which are then taken off the model and united at the cut edges with glue. The hollow sphere thus formed is the skeleton of the globe that is to be. The next thing is to cover it with a coating of white enamel about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, composed of whiting, oil turpentine, glue and other things. When this is done the ball is turned to a perfect roundness with a machine, the operation of which is too sacred to be exhibited to the casual visitor. At the conclusion of the process it looks like nothing so much as a highly magnified white marble, such as a giant might play knuckle-down with.

The iron rod running through the center of the original model and projecting at both ends through the surface has left holes in the new globe which serve very well for the North and South poles, and through these a metal axis is run to represent the axis of the earth. To be perfect the globe must revolve evenly upon its axis when the latter is held horizontally, without exhibiting any disposition to stop with one side up rather than another. If it does not do so it must be balanced by boring a hole in the lighter side and fastening within a little bag containing as many shot as may be requisite. Then the hole is plugged up and the surface is made even again. The next thing is to mark the surface off with pencil lines into mathematical segments corresponding precisely in shape with the sections of map that are to be pasted on.

These map sections are made from copper plates in just the sizes and shapes required to fit the globes they are made for, one set, of course, covering the entire surface of a sphere. They are printed, many of them together, like dress patterns, on sheets of the finest linen paper, and are cut out carefully with a sharp-pointed knife. To paste them on properly, so that they will meet perfectly at the edges and not show the lines of joining, requires great pains and skill. When this is accomplished the different countries and so forth are tinted by hand with water colors. There is no especial rule for this, save that contrasts are sought to help the eye. Finally, the whole is overlaid with an astonishingly brilliant white varnish, which is of such almost metallic hardness that it will wear indefinitely without scratching, preserving always its brightness.

Now the globe is done and ready for mounting. A beautiful thing it is too—its printing as clear as copper-plate can make it, the colors vivid and, above all, correct in every detail according to the very latest geographical information. And yet the man who executed the plates employed today has been dead many years. His name was W. B. Annin, and it is said that his equal in map engraving doest not exist in the world at present. That is the reason why the plates he made are still in use, because they are better than any new ones that can be obtained. When any alteration is necessary, owing to geographical changes or discoveries, they are taken to a certain remarkable expert here in Boston, who beats the part that is to be corrected flat and engraves what is required on the new surface.

SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

A Brief Sermon Which Can Be Pondered Over in High Places.

When John G. Saxe, in his one-time famous satirical poem, "The Proud Miss McBride," made his deserved reflection on the youth of American aristocracy, the country was many years younger than it is at present. Nevertheless, says the Boston Gazette, his strictures are as applicable now as they were then. Our aristocracy is still a thing for "laughter, fleers and jeers," and it will continue to be so until those who have wealth and influence, however acquired, learn to regard their humbler neighbors as beings walking upon the same planet as themselves and not as inferior creatures from some other world. And it is to be remembered, just here, that people who have suddenly acquired social position are often more supercilious in their bearing to persons who have been less fortunate than are those who can boast as long a descent as this country can record.

So we find folk whose grandmothers, perhaps, sold spruce beer in a cellar, or whose grandfathers dealt out liquor at three cents a glass at some corner groggery at the North End, assuming arrogant airs when they happen to be thrown into the company of those who are intellectually and morally their superiors. "What," said one of these upstarts, "do you speak to your milkman when you meet him on the street? I never notice any of the lower orders except in the way of business." The father of the person she looked down upon may have been a General in the war of the rebellion, and his grandfather may have fallen with Warren at Bunker Hill, but the memory of the insolent social mushroom did not go back as far as that. She could recall with greater readiness a multiplicity of relatives of her own who came over in the steerage from Europe, not to be too precise in the designation of localities across the sea.

We find no fault with those who endeavor to better their condition. It is the glory of this country that all may rise to place and honor, without regard to their antecedents. What we object to is the assumption of superiority by many who have been brought by the whirligig of time, or, in other words, good luck, to a position that they never dreamed of occupying in the day of small things. These should remember that a decent affability, without pretentious condescension, is the distinguishing mark of all who really adorn rank and station, and that another revolution of the wheel of fortune may bring many again to the humble places from which their families started.

One may pour tea at an afternoon reception in the most exquisite of imported gowns and yet remember that there is some unassuming sister, perhaps at the South End, who has quite as sensitive feelings as the elegant society lady, and who may be her equal in intelligence and education:

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth is a bubble that comes—and goes,
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

How the Merry Tars Celebrate the Event —Neptune and His Train.

As good an account as any of the modern ceremonies practiced in crossing the equator is given by Marryat. Indeed, the Jacks of his day were so obstinate in the conservation of this practice that if the ship's course did not carry her across the line the crew performed the ceremony in the tropics. So says Marryat in "Frank Mildmay," and he shows us the picture by introducing Neptune riding on a car made of a gun carriage, drawn by six semi-nude seamen painted black and spotted with yellow paint. Neptune has a long beard and ringlets of oakum. On his head is an iron crown and in his hand a trident with a small dolphin between its prongs. His attendants are a secretary, armed with a bundle of sea-fowl quills, a surgeon with a lancet, pill-box and so forth, and a barber with a large wooden razor, the blade of which is formed of an iron hoop. This barber has a mate who makes his appearance with a small tub for a shaving box. With Neptune comes Amphitrite, habited in a woman's night-cap, with sea-weed for ribbons. She carries a boy on her lap as a baby, whose teeth she helps to cut with a marlin spike. Three rough sailors dressed as nymphs form her retinue. These ladies are furnished with combs, mirrors and pots of red paint. Here we have the principal actors of the play. The people who have not crossed the equator provide the fun.

A sheep-pen is made water-tight and filled. The victim is blindfolded and seated upon a platform placed upon the tank. He is then shaved. If he is wise he does not remonstrate, for a man stands by with a tar brush which he will pop into his mouth if he parts his lips. Half the skin of the face having been removed amidst roars of laughter from the assembled salts, the sufferer is plunged backward into the water. Hone, in his "Table Book," describes the ceremony as performed on board whaling vessels early in the present century, either on the 1st day of May or on crossing the arctic circle. The fellows who were to be dealt with were kept below. A barber's shop was fitted up with a sign, "Neptune's Easy Shaving Shop, kept by John Johnson." Ten fiddlers dressed in rags and mats formed a procession. They were followed by Neptune riding on a gun-carriage. They made a straight course for the quarter-deck, where Neptune questioned the captain as to the ship, her destination, himself and the like. Then three quarts of rum were produced, and the shavers drank the captain's health. These ceremonies over, the novices were brought up and the skylarking began.

MADE A MISTAKE.

A Man May Be a Countryman and Yet Know How to Spar.

He had a mouth like a carpet-bag, says the Boston Journal. His hair looked as if it had been cut by a cross-eyed barber afflicted with the shaking palsy; and, moreover, he appeared to be a redolent hayseed. All day long he had hung about the place, occasionally "asking the boys," and between times 'doing the lone act."

Along in the middle of the afternoon two young men meandered in, like Judge Finn and Colonel Blood, looking for whisky and trouble. While they were being served the gentleman with the rural air stepped up and asked for "the same."

"You're not drinking with us," remarked the young man who had "called on."

"Oh, yes, I will," replied the other, meaning, as he afterwards explained, that he would drink at the same time.

FEMININE ARITHMETIC.

Arlo Bates Tells a Good Story About a Girl and a Publisher.

A publisher, writes Arlo Bates in the Book Buyer, told me the other day a bit of business experience which is mildly diverting. A young woman brought him a manuscript which, after due consideration, he expressed himself willing to publish in a paper, fifty cents series, paying the usual ten per cent. royalty. The young woman expressed herself willing to accept this offer, although she frankly said that she had hoped for better terms.

"But," she added, thoughtfully, "if it costs much to make the book, I should not think twenty-five cents would leave you a great deal of profit." "Twenty-five cents!" repeated the publisher, not at all understanding.

"Why," explained she, "there are five of us girls who wrote this together. Ten per cent. of fifty cents is five, and five times five is twenty-five. If it takes a quarter of a dollar to pay us five girls our royalty, that leaves you just the same amount."

The naivete of the proposition so amused the publisher that he declares he was tempted to leave the error unexplained. He said, however: "But of course you can see that we shall not lose so much as we should if there had been ten of you, for then we should have to make the book for nothing and lose the booksellers' discount besides. Really, though, I fear you will be obliged to do with a cent apiece." And his proposition was rejected with indignation, the amusing part of the story being that the lady who conducted the negotiations declared if there were only one author ten per cent. would do, but that any body could see that it would not amount to any thing divided among five people.

A Premeditated Insult.

"Gus De Smith is very angry at you; he says you insulted him at the railroad depot the other day," remarked Hostetter McGinnis to Gilbooly. "Yes, and I'll insult him worse still if I can lay my hands on him. The miserable scoundrel saw me going off with my mother-in-law on one arm and my wife on the other, and he asked me if I wasn't going on a pleasure trip."

The young man gave him a light open-back-hand tap on the cheek, called him "Old Hayseed" and warned him to keep away.

"Don't do that again, young man," said the other, "I don't like to be cuffed."

"You don't, eh?" and then followed a harder one on the other cheek, and the young man, who up to that time had quite a fancy for himself as an amateur sparrer, "put up his hands" in the most approved style.

The next instant that misguided youth resembled nothing so much as a Manx penny with the St. Vitus dance. In sixty seconds he was hunched up in one corner.

"Want any more?" queried "Old Hayseed."

The victim spit out a mouthful of blood, teeth and bad language, and was understood to reply that he had enough, but that he would like to know who it was that "did him up."

"Never you mind who I am. I've fought in public five times with small gloves and once with kids, and I won five times and got a draw the other. Good morning!"

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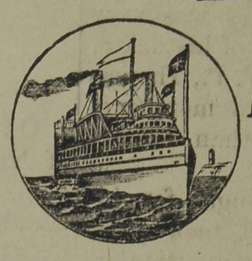

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