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J. E. TUEY

MEXICAN SWEETMEATS.

Vegetables of All Kinds Are Candied or Preserved.

I was surprised at the Mexican sweetmeats, said a New Yorker just back from Mexico. I do not think there can be any fruit or vegetable which they do not candy, preserve in sirup or convert into jam.

In a queer little pueblo in the state of Zacatecas I heard a woman calling monotonously, "Cimarrones, calabasas!" Now, these words in English mean sweet potatoes and pumpkins. She had a small tray, held in place by a leather thong that went around her neck.

I crossed the plaza and asked her for five cents' worth of calabasas. She placed several pieces of a sugary yellow substance in a paper bag, and I realized that I was going to have the experience of tasting candied pumpkin.

If you can imagine pumpkin pie frozen hard and saturated with sugar you can get an idea of the flavor of that queer confection. One grows to like it after one has lived in Mexico for awhile.

The cimarrones were also rather nice. The sweet potatoes are boiled in water until they are soft. They are then soaked in hot sirup and candied. A final coating of powdered white sugar is added and gives them the appearance of large Easter eggs.

Beets, carrots, turnips and artichokes are some of the vegetables made into sweetmeats in Mexico. Tropical fruits of every description are also used for this purpose, and candied watermelon peel is a great favorite.

The regular stand of the sweetmeat vendors is on the plaza, but at night they turn out in force around the doors of the theaters. A Mexican senorita would not enjoy the show unless she had a good supply of native confections to munch. It is her substitute for the chocolate creams that we buy for our matinee girls.

Last New Year's eve I was in Nogales, a pueblo on the international line between Arizona and the Mexican state of Sonora. A vaudeville entertainment was being given at the little theater, and about 8 o'clock I strolled over to take in an act or two. It was almost impossible to make my way to the box office through the crowd of peddlers that blocked the street and sidewalks.

"Pumpkins, carrots, sweet potatoes, senior!" they shouted in Spanish while the light from many oil lamps flickered over their wares. "Very cheap! Only 10 cents for as much as you can eat!"

It was a strange scene, full of color and racy of the soil. Indeed, it is the sweetmeat vendors that will always recur to my mind when I think of my visit to Mexico.—Exchange.

A Disgusted Thief.

Under the headline "Not Worth While" a Paris paper prints this story from Piccolo of Trieste: "At police headquarters a portmanteau was received with this note: 'Please accept this from a disgusted man. Days ago I gained possession of it—how and where I need not tell—and felt confident because of its English make and the many evidences of travel which it bears that it was a rich find. See what it contains—books, old books at that; old shoes, soiled linen of the cheap kind, and the stockings have holes in them. The foreigner who carried it was well dressed, and I would go to prison for theft for the satisfaction of having him identify his beggarly belongings.'"

Queer Chinese Headdress.

The female headdress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese beauty carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This is composed of copper or of gold, according to the rank of the person. The wings spread out and fall over the front of the headdress and conceal the temples; the tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers; the beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion.

An Intelligent Horse.

A baker living in the west end of Dundee, Scotland, possesses a most intelligent horse. While waiting in front of his master's shop the animal is often called upon to clear the way to allow the tramway cars to pass, and this it does regularly and without the slightest assistance. On hearing the clanging of the car bell the horse immediately crosses over to the other side of the street and allows the car to pass; then, looking around, as much as to say, "All clear!" it again takes up its original position.—Wide World Magazine.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND.

Bill Dahlen of Brooklyn Tells of Managers' Hard Lot.

APPLAUDED WHILE WINNING.

When Club Strikes Losing Streak Fans Tender No Sympathy to the Pilot. Leader of Big League Team Has Thankless Task at All Times.

No. VI.
By BILL DAHLEN.
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Very few people, except those who possess inside knowledge, are familiar with the trials of a manager of a major league ball team and with what he has to contend. Let me tell you, a manager's path is not strewn with roses; but, on the contrary, it is a position beset with tribulations, of sleepless nights and of hopes often unfulfilled, particularly when conducting the affairs of a losing club. The fans will not stand for a persistent loser, and the team which is unable to make a fairly good showing in the pennant race soon loses support and is termed "lemons," "clucks," "dubs" and "has-beens," and the leader of such a club is set down in the same class.

In the present day baseball game the manager is the man who has to stand or fall. It's up to him as far as the public goes. And yet how many of the fans who go to ball games know or even care who the manager of a team is as long as it continues to win? But if it loses—wow! Then the manager gets it, and gets it good and plenty. The fans only blame the manager. They forget there is an owner behind the manager, who may be more to blame than he.

In order to be a successful manager in the major leagues today one must possess a large amount of gray matter, up to date ideas and knowledge of the intricate points of play. Not only must he have a full understanding of the game, but he must be able to instill the knowledge into the heads of the players comprising his team. The majority of the leaders in the big leagues today have knowledge of the game through practical experience and active participation as players. In following the game day in and day out all of its scientific features are presented to them. Almost every day the plays that are pulled off are the result of deep study and mature meditation.

One of the big woes of a manager is the daily advice of patrons who by word of mouth and numerous letters insist upon telling him how the team should be run. Of course this advice is thankfully received and immediately followed—nit. If these fans had their way changes in the team would be made every day and new players would be coming in by the train load.

The hardest part of a manager's work lies in the selection of his team, weeks and months being spent in scouring the country for promising material. If out of a half dozen selections one real diamond star is discovered the manager considers himself very lucky, for the ratio of young players making good in fast company is only one in six.

In the spring, when reporting time arrives, the manager awakens to the fact that his troubles are to commence. With twenty or thirty players from which to select a regular team his work is cut out for him, and he passes days of anxiety and suspense. After many trials his choice is made. Those who have not displayed the requisite speed are returned to the minors. The manager is filled with hope and fear. If his team starts in a rut and everything breaks badly he knows that he will pass a season of discontent and become the target of abuse. His hours will be full of unrest and devoid of pleasure.

Then the fans will submit hundreds of letters telling him of the players that he should get, many of whom could not be secured for love or money. When he is recognized on the streets he is met with sour looks and coldly greeted. Then perhaps some one will hurl the questions at him: "Why don't you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" "What do you mean by letting the team go to the dogs?" "Are you trying to kill the game?"

While the manager feels like soaking the interrogator he is forced to smile a sickly smile and work his thought tank in an endeavor to pacify the irate fan. While sitting on the players' bench he may have to listen to such expressions as these: "Bum team." "They're rotten." "Punk." "Rank aggregation" and "Get a new manager." After listening to these comforting words for a couple of hours each day the pilot of the team is thankful when darkness envelops the land and he can retire in restful slumber.

A manager's berth in the major leagues is no sinecure. It may continue for one or a dozen years, according to the measure of success attained, and the incumbent is always on easy street. In that capacity one may be worthy of a medal today, the tin can tomorrow. The fans are prone to applaud the successful and heap coals of fire on the heads of the unfortunate. A baseball manager is up today and down tomorrow.

MYSTERY OF SLUMBER.

Our Sense of Time Keener When Asleep Than When Awake.

While it is true no one knows exactly what sleep is, some curious facts have been discovered about it lately. For example, when we sleep the lower half of us weighs more than the upper half—the brain is lighter and the legs heavier. Experiments have shown that if a man goes to sleep on a bed suspended exactly at the middle point of his weight his head begins to tip slowly up and his feet to go down. When he awakens it is to find that his head is getting nearer and nearer the floor and his feet nearer the ceiling. This is due to the fact that when we are asleep the blood in the brain goes off to other parts of the body. The moment the brain awakes to life again it draws the blood back. In fact, the physician can give sleep to the most restless individual in a few seconds by tightly compressing the great arteries in the neck that carry blood to the brain.

Our sense of time is stronger when we are asleep than when we are awake. Experiments conducted some years ago on a number of men and women between the ages of twenty and thirty showed that 50 per cent of them were able to wake up in the morning at any time they had decided upon the night before. The resolve seems to wind up a little clock in the subconscious brain. When the hour arrives the clock gives the alarm in some mysterious way to the day shift of the brain, and the eyelids open. Then the night shift goes to sleep in turn, or at least the clock does not seem to work in the daytime. You can test this by resolving some morning to look at your watch at 10:20. It is a hundred to one that you will not do it unless by chance.

It is quite likely that when all the mysteries of sleep are probed the various phenomena will be found closely correlated with electricity as identified with life. It is not improbable that the molecular components of the physical organism are both negative and positive, and the human activity is simply the expenditure of a given amount of this electrical force. When the cells have been emptied the desire for sleep comes. Nature demands that the batteries be recharged, and she can only fill them properly when the objective functions of the body are at rest, thus permitting the energy of the human machine to be devoted entirely to the subjective recharging process. While the process is going on we have "sleep."—Indianapolis Star.

Popular Fiction.

"I'm so glad to see you!"

"Oh, what a beautiful new gown you have!"

"My friends, it gives me great pleasure to address this magnificent audience."

"I assure you it will not be the slightest inconvenience."

"Although you have defeated me, I sincerely congratulate you on your election."

"Why, you don't look a day older than you did twenty years ago!"

"I shall be delighted to have you call."

"I do so enjoy hearing you sing."

—Chicago Tribune.

His Own Writing.

Dean Stanley's handwriting was atrocious. The late Lord Lyttleton handed in an amendment to the Tory reform bill of Lord Derby. The clerk at the table could not read it, nor could any one else. At last Lord Lyttleton—a rare scholar and an accomplished man of letters—was asked to read it himself. He explained that, though he could not pretend to read the text, its purpose was to enact that no man should be admitted to the poll unless he could sign his own name in legible handwriting.

An Ancient French Custom.

Anciently in many parts of France when a sale of land took place it was the custom to have twelve adult witnesses accompanied by twelve little boys, and when the price of the land was paid and its surrender took place the ears of the boys were pulled and they were beaten severely so that the pain thus inflicted should make an impression upon their memory and, if required afterward, they might bear witness to the sale.

A Wise Answer.

The shah once asked a group of courtiers whom they thought the greater man—himself or his father. At first he could get no reply to so dangerous a question, the answer to which might cost the courtiers their heads. At last a wily old courtier said, "Your father, sire, for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have."

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