

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

BY L. L. STEVENSON

The publicity seeker—and his name is the well-known legion—is one of the bane of the life of a New York newspaper man. Hardly a liner arrives but that an individual, or some one representing some one else, comes to the ship news reporters with the suggestion of a "good story." Experts in their line, the ship news men are quick to weed out the phonies. Occasionally one slips through and that encourages others. Ship news photographers are equally besieged. Reporters assigned to City Hall get their full share of the publicity hounds, phones visiting there daily in the hope of wangling a line or two of print. All big trials, of course, attract them in numbers. Last year, many made the journey to Flemington, N. J., and obtained tickets to the Hauptmann trial not only because of interest in the proceedings but in the hope of mention.

Many of those whose earnest desire is publicity are meal tickets for press agents. They don't care much what is said about them so long as they get into the papers. So the press agents dig up ancient gags and attach names of their clients. Or they manufacture bright stuff and accredit to some one who never had an idea—save seeing his name in type. Many actors, fortunate enough to have engagements, do not depend on the press agent of the show but employ press agents of their own. Radio performers do the same. With them, however, it is strictly business. But they have stern competition with a lot of amateurs.

That yearning for publicity has been capitalized by others than press agents. Night clubs frequented by columnists, other scribblers and photographers play to such a clientele. All sorts of courtesies are extended to the ladies and gentlemen of the press because their presence draws a class of trade willing to spend money, and that balances up whatever may be consumed "on the house."

Down in Miami recently, George Ade, Bruce Barton, John N. Wheeler and Grantland Rice called on Carl Fisher, who developed Miami Beach and who lost his fortune in the development of Montauk Point. In the course of reminiscences, Mr. Fisher told a story of Barney Oldfield with whom he was closely associated in the old days. Oldfield was racing on a small track on a bad day with not more than a thousand persons present. The greasy track and a blowout caused him to crash through the fence and kill or severely injure two spectators. Later Oldfield informed Fisher that if every man, woman and child, who had shaken hands with him since that accident and told him they were present when it happened, had been truthfully there there would have been such a large and lucrative crowd he never would have had to drive again.

Another press agent yarn just bobbed up. It seems that the publicity man of a well-known night club was eager to get in touch with one of the editors of a weekly magazine in the hope of landing a radio spot for one of his clients. For three weeks he haunted the editor's office with no success. Worn out and in despair, he went to the club that employed him one evening and began to soak up his boss' liquor. While so doing, he met a pleasant companion and they drank together until 3 a. m. As they were parting, they exchanged names. You've guessed it—the drinking pal was the editor and not once had the client's name been mentioned!

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Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

Ancient Treasures of China Beckon Research Experts

Buried Cities May Reveal Early History

WHAT part of the ancient world will next capture popular fancy?

Opening King Tut's wonderful tomb made the world "Egypt conscious" a few years back.

Then the archaeological spotlight flared on Babylonia. Royal graves at Ur of the Chaldees were unearthed, and the world was awed to learn how much beauty, and how much callous barbarism there was in a state funeral over 5,000 years ago.

"What next?" is the question that archeologists are being asked.

Those who are watching the Far East answer—"China." For China is at last venturing to look under the blanket that hides her buried history. And already surprising objects are being discovered.

Contents of buried cities and tombs are now clearing up points in Chinese history, replacing vague traditions with substantial facts, according to C. Martin Wilbur, young student of Chinese civilization.

Clews From Skeletons.

For instance, Mr. Wilbur explains, it is significant when Chinese archeologists dig at the old ruined capital An Yang, and find ten headless skeletons and, buried quite apart from them, ten heads. These ten hapless Chinese were beheaded some time between 1400 and 1100 B. C. in the Shang dynasty to make a royal funeral, very much as royalties of Ur of the Chaldees and early Egyptian kings had courtiers sacrificed and buried with them.

The ten skeletons have been found with hands in position, indicating that the hands were tied behind the backs. Things that held them have, of course, decayed. The tomb in which they were buried that of a king or ruler, judging by other evidences of a stately funeral.

How this discovery upsets Chinese tradition is explained by Mr. Wilbur:

Human Sacrifices.

"It was known previously that the Chinese practiced human sacrifice occasionally to provide attendants for rulers after death. An emperor, for example, might take his concubines with him to the grave. But tradition has always held that the Chinese merely copied the custom from barbarian neighbors. Now, tradition is discounted, for the evidence shows that China already had the custom in quite early times."

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SUREST CURE



"How's your wife's hysteria?"
"Much better."
"What did you do for it?"
"Got her a new hat."

Life Is a Business

Life is a business we are all apt to mismanage; either living recklessly from day to day, or suffering ourselves to be gulled out of our moment by the inanities of custom. Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday—and all is well.

But can you, offhand, name anybody benefited by 80-miles-an-hour except undertakers?

Man who doesn't vote thinks it excuses him if he says "I would vote if they'd make everybody vote."

Reap a Destiny

Sow an action and reap a habit sow a habit and reap a character, sow a character and reap a destiny.

All men consider their rights with a great deal of solicitude. How many consider their duty?

Try to be nice to other people not officiously, but easily and comfortably in the run of the day.

Sooner or later the clock stops for the man who goes on the theory that there is a sucker born every minute.

TALK ABOUT FLAVOR! TRY WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

STEADIES THE NERVES

PERHAPS RETIRED



"I'd like to see that office boy of ours thirty years from now."
"Why so?"
"He ought to make a wonder as a tired business man."

DIZZY DEAN helps a pal!

THANKS FOR THE BASEBALL, DIZZY WILL YOU SIGN IT WHILE I'M GETTING THAT MESSAGE OFF THE TELEGRAPH KEY FOR DAD? HE'S OUT IN THE YARDS

I SURE WILL SON. HAND IT OVER

THAT FREIGHT! I GOTTA SIDETRACK IT! OR A SPECIAL WILL RUN INTO IT! THEY'RE BOTH ON THE SAME TRACK!

KEEP YOUR HEAD, SON. MAYBE OLD DIZ CAN HELP YOU OUT

WOW! RIGHT THROUGH THE CABOOSE WINDOW!

IT SAYS ON THIS BALL—"SIDETRACK YOUR TRAIN!" SOUNDS PHONY TO ME. BUT WE BETTER PLAY SAFE AND PUT HER ON A SIDING

IN 17 YEARS OF RAILROADIN', I NEVER GOT TRAIN ORDERS WRITTEN ON A BASEBALL BEFORE!

GOSH, YOU SURE PUT EVERYTHING YOU HAD INTO THAT PITCH, DIZZY!

I RECKON I DID, SON. BUT IT'S NO TRICK TO KEEP POURING IN THAT FAST ONE IF YOU'VE PLENTY OF ENERGY

I'D CERTAINLY LIKE TO HAVE SOME OF YOUR ENERGY!

ONE WAY IS TO EAT GOOD, NOURISHING FOOD—LIKE GRAPE-NUTS. IT'S GREAT!

BOYS! GIRLS! Join Dizzy Dean Winners! Get Valuable Prizes FREE!

Send top from one full-size Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for new membership pin and certificate and illustrated catalog of 49 nifty free prizes. You'll like crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts—it has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoonfuls, with whole milk or cream and fruit, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good only in the U.S.A.)

Dizzy Dean Winners Membership Pin. New 1936 design, two-toned solid bronze with red lettering. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package top.

Autographed Portrait of Dizzy Dean. Taken by the celebrated portrait-photographer, Bachrach; with Dizzy's own facsimile signature. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package top.

DIZZY DEAN, c/o GRAPE-NUTS, Battle Creek, Mich.
I enclose..... Grape-Nuts package tops for which send me the item(s) checked below: W. N. U. 8-2-36

Membership Pin (send 1 package top).

Dizzy Dean Autographed Portrait (send 1 package top).

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

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