

SCHOOL OPERETTA WINS APPROVAL IN OPENING MATINEE

By John Selzer
With attendance of one thousand eager youngsters, the "Chimes of Normandy," student production of the Medford high school, was given initial performance Friday morning. This performance, a special matinee, was presented in the auditorium of the local high school with a cast of 81 persons. Months of preparation on the part of the music, vocal, and setting departments were necessary to turn out this finished musical gem. With a change of scenes necessary four times throughout the play, it was extremely difficult to stage the "Chimes of Normandy," but under supervision of Mrs. Alice Enslin, the four sets were successfully completed. Harvey Field, cast as Henri the Marquis of Cornetille, gave a stellar performance with his rich baritone and outstanding acting. Mary Kern, Germaine the last Marchioness, and Constance Moore, Serpolette, the village good-for-nothing both gave a commendable performance. Gaspard, a miser, was depicted by Robert Murphy who displayed remarkable talent in this pantomimic favorite. Olaf Severson played Jean Grenicheux, a fisherman, winning the approval of the younger audience. The notary, the registrar, and the assessor, were played by Raymond Erickson, Bob Cherry, and Laurel Morris, respectively. The village maidens were taken by Elaine Brophy, Betty Paske, Elton Louise Belsa, and Eleanora Poffenbarger. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be the major performances with a sell-out expected. Mary Anne Gates, understudy for Miss Moore, will play Serpolette on Wednesday evening and Marvin Burke will play the Balli both on Tuesday and Wednesday. As no tickets are reserved, the purchase of tickets early is urged.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Purely personal piffle: I resent anything at the movies that is not a movie. Capt. Alastair Mackintosh, dear, dear, has the piffers when his name is misspelled. Herb Roth, working out in a gym daily since 19, cannot keep off the fat. Gar Woods' voice has the exhaust bark of a speedboat. This pleases me: William Weaver Woods edited an important weekly 25 years with scarcely a reader knowing him. His idea was to be felt, not known. Fifi, widener, that was, is devoted to a blind and paralyzed spaniel. In the first football game I ever saw, a player's neck was broken. Never saw another. The radio has tired everybody with that "Anything Goes" tune. I know a comedian, who sent his doctor a \$600 check and this note: "For drooping who must never know." He'll murder me for telling but he plays an accordion. D. W. Griffith knows more about movie audience reaction than most newcomers. The art of Billie Burke: Making twittering a delight. Never heard a child called an urchin save in print. Eighty per cent of Mrs. Pat Campbell's humor strikes me as rudeness. They say "Mickey" Vanderbilt is as handy at bridge as Ely Culbertson. Herman Melville bores me most of all novelists. Grantland Rice has more loyal friends than anyone in the newspaper game. And deservedly. I've never been able to find stuffed pickled mangoes save on Southern trains. All handwriting experts say I'm too introspective. The most convincing letter ever received on religious faith came from an Oscar holder. Nobody screams louder at W. C. Fields than I. Unless it's Mike Hogg. No actress ever touched Lenore Ulric playing a wanton busy. I feel safer in Chinatown than on Fifth avenue after midnight. My earliest newspaper (dolls were George Ade and a middle-west columnist). Charles R. Barnes. Minor enthusiasm: Leslie Howard. Conor Naat has the gleamiest of the sartorial shines. Garbo grabbing all that publicity by winking seduction destroys me! I always think they are honest-to-goodness alstars in those dancing acts. Not a soul begrudges Kathleen Norris' \$300,000 a year magazine earnings. I know no more congenially married stage couple than Bert Lytell and Grace Menken. They have to watch me or I'll put meat in front of you. Height of luxury: A steaming bath, a wrap-up in a towel robe and the latest Oppenheim mystery. In gallery god days I used to imagine I was Charles King carolling those sun-bonnet songs to Elizabeth Brice. Best sausage ever tasted came from Philadelphia. At separated intervals I've spent more than two years in Paris and never heard anyone exclaim "Od is it!" Don't Byrne was the only writer I ever knew who actually wanted to ride to bounds. Interesting street name: Threadneedle.



NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—(P)—Fran K. Grege, the 57-year old sandwich-sign man who gained fame and a better job by finding bonds worth \$24,000 and returning them to the owner, went on a rampage early today in the hotel where he lives. "I am God," he shouted. "I can kill anyone who looks at me." While police and a doctor were attempting to restrain the sign carrier, Michael J. Gryzwacz, 40, of New York, walked into the room and complained of feeling ill. "I am God," Grege shouted again, glaring at the newcomer "I can kill anybody." Gryzwacz dropped dead. Grege already had sent one man to a hospital with a push down a flight of stairs. The man who had given Bowery bums their greatest inspiration of the winter was taken to a police station and there, with the body of Gryzwacz lying only a few feet away, was held down by policemen until he could be removed to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue hospital. "I am God," he shouted as a crowd gathered. "Nothing is too good for me. The hat I wear is worth \$15. I have on \$10 shoes. Nothing is too good for me. I am God. I can kill anybody who looks at me." "People stare at me," he explained. "Ever since I found the money in Wall Street they stare at me all the time." "That's why I killed him. I killed three today, but I had a bad day. I usually kill from ten to fifteen." The dead man's brother, a Bronx physician, made the identification. The doctor said he had been in the last stages of tuberculosis. Grege was earning a dollar a day advertising a passport photo studio when he stooped from his sandwich boards and picked a wallet from the muddy gutter. In it were the bonds. He immediately notified police. That was on February 5. Police expressed fear he would go unrewarded. Grege was unperturbed, but not so the public. Belden and Company, the brokerage firm which had lost the bonds, outfitted him in new clothes, gave him \$100 and a better job. The surety company gave him a reward and a weekly bonus. Every mail increased his wealth with checks from admirers all over the nation. A discouraged, shabby derelict became the Croesus of the Bowery. He got a dollar a minute—in contrast to a dollar a day—for telling of his good fortune over the radio. But the transition was too great for Grege. He was ascending the stairs in the hotel while James Kelly, also 67, was descending. Grege sent Kelly plung-

Sandwich Man Crazed By Good Luck, Claims His Glance Can Slay

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Frank Grege

British Agent



"British Agent," the story of great love lying with almost fanatical patriotism, set in the mad, chaotic background of the Russian Revolution, opens at the Studio theatre today, with Leslie Howard and Kay Francis heading the cast. Inspired by the best selling novel of the internationally famous author, H. H. Bruce Lockhart, the drama is the stark, realistic story of the writer's own experiences in Petrograd in the days when the streets ran red with blood.

Miss Marker



"Little Miss Marker," the pictureization of Damon Runyon's widely-read magazine story of the same name, opens today at the Roxy theatre, with Adolphe Menjou, Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford and five-year-old Shirley Temple in the principal roles. The story is a sentimental yarn of a little girl left as security for a racing bet.

Rialto Film Has Modern Theme



With a cast that fairly sparkles with stage and screen personalities, "Mills of the Gods," will head the new program at the Rialto theatre for today and Monday. The picture should be of great interest to all theatre-goers as it deals with a modern, topical theme. May Robson, veteran screen trouper, has the starring role—that of the owner of a large plow company. When she is confronted with bankruptcy and the possibility of closing the mill, thus throwing hundreds of employees out of work, then does Mary Hastings solve a problem employers face in the country today—keeping the mill open and out of the red. Pay Wray and James Blakely are seen as the two extravagant grand-

SCREEN REVIEW

By Dick Applegate
When a panther and a deer live in perfect harmony from babyhood to maturity without the panther devouring the deer, that's news. But when photographers film an entire picture where just that does occur, that's news that should be shouted abroad throughout the country. Yet that is just what happens in "Sequela," the picture which closed at the Craterian last night. It is really quite the most unusual and beautiful thing of its kind that I have ever seen. The photography is startling and splendidly done. Every shot in the picture, if made into a "still" would be suitable for framing. And the plot moves swiftly and smoothly through to its unusual climax. It is absolutely unbelievable that the scenes appearing in the picture could ever be obtained, yet there they are. Most shows in which animals play the lead are so blatantly faked as to appear ridiculous, but not so in this. If some of the pictures are faked, it is impossible to detect

is unforgettable and will probably be followed by a horde of others along the same line, but my prediction is that none will be so well done as this. It is a type of picture that must be really difficult to bring to perfection, and dreadfully easy to bungle.

Ask Jute Tax Refund
WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—(P)—Senator Pope (D, Idaho) introduced a bill today to refund all of the jute taxes collected under the agricultural adjustment act.
Dust Sweeps Kansas
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"—as advertised" HOW many times you see those two words in the course of a day's shopping: "This article for sale—"as advertised." And those two words are as welcome as they are familiar, for they form a bond of confidence between the merchant and yourself. They are his guarantee to you of worth and value. Here is an article that has been described in your newspaper. Its merits have been told; possibly, too, its price. You know exactly what you will get when you buy it. You know its quality, its utility; you know how it fits into your needs. And when you buy it, you know you are getting not some unproved substitute but the specified article—as represented. It is easy to understand why that phrase, "as advertised," creates a feeling of confidence. You have learned to depend upon consistently advertised products. You know that the maker has confidence in them, else he would not spend money calling your attention to them day after day, and month after month. You know that they have been approved by the most critical of investigators—the buying public. And above all you know from experience that buying goods "as advertised" is the best investment you can make. It pays to read the advertisements.

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