

doesn't prevent your being interested to discover what he really is.

As a matter of fact, the tramp turns out to be a novelist—but not until after he has been coerced into the job of family chauffeur, become the target of the younger daughter's romantic yearnings, the serious object of the elder girl's affections, and the centre of interest at an uproarious dinner-party at which he begins as a waiter and ends up as the most popular guest.

Billie Burke Bubbles

THERE is the same smoothness and competence of acting in "Merrily We Live" as there was in "Romance For Three," a film which it equals in quality. As Mrs. Kilbourne, Billie Burke is as absent-minded and talks as much as ever—but this time has something worth talking about. You want to hear her on the subjects of tramps, goldfish, roses, Shakespeare ("As Shakespeare said—Now what did he say?—Well, never mind, I'm sure he must have said it, anyway. . . ."), family trees and fathers ("Having a father is one of Nature's unwritten laws"!).

You'll rejoice also at the fitful leave-takings of Butler Alan Mowbray and his final resolve that he is in the wrong racket and would be better off as a tramp; the precocious mischief-making of Bonita ("These Three") Granville; the spluttering rages of Clarence Kolb as the head of the madhouse and its only sane member, and his erratic progress up and down stairs in one of the funniest portrayals of drunkenness I've ever seen.

Constance Bennett consolidates the good impression she made in "Topper"; and as for Brian Aherne—why has Hollywood taken so long to discover him as a romantic comedian?

Even pudding-faced Tom Brown is bearable for once, as the son of the madhouse.

If you want a laugh, see this picture. I guarantee you'll get it, nearly all the time.

Jack Holt's Sacrifice Act Again

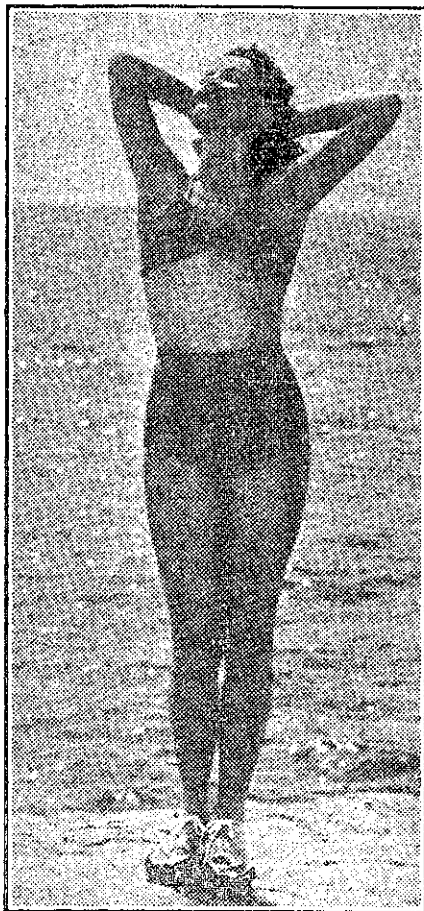
["Flight Into Nowhere." Columbia. Directed by Lewis D. Collins, starring Jack Holt. Just released.]



SHOWS FAIR FORM

AMONG my most vivid film memories of the old silent days is the picture of Jack Holt, released from prison after a term as long as you could expect Hollywood to give him, coming home to find his wife in love with his Best Friend. I shall never forget Jack setting his grim mouth and walking outside in his Best Friend's overcoat, so that a gang of racketeers who were waiting for the Best Friend bumped off Jack by mistake.

Just sob stuff, of course. It has been done better dozens of times in different situations. All the same, Jack Holt's sacrifice act caught up my heart in those boyhood days, and I



A Californian silhouette of Danielle Darrieux, French film star, who makes her Hollywood debut in Universal's "The Rage of Paris." In private life she is the wife of Henri Decoin, Parisian journalist and author.

have ever since had a sneaking regard for him. He's such a MAN is Jack. Bandy legs and underhung jaw and all, there's no one, in my opinion, to touch him as the type of tough, straight-shooting, big-hearted guy that the directors like to get into their less pretentious pictures.

Last Of The Incas

SO, because of Jack, I enjoyed "Flight Into Nowhere," his latest Columbia film, with good-humoured acceptance of its many faults. It is the story of a bumptious air pilot who is degraded for disobeying orders, but who steals a plane and flies off on a survey flight which he had been promised before his disgrace.

Naturally, you can't steal planes with impunity nowadays, and the rash young man soon runs out of fuel and makes a forced landing among the Last of the Incas.

These extraordinary people, who speak educated English and look like nothing so much as amateur theatrical society members dressed up for an Old English pageant, receive him courteously and give him the chief's daughter for a wife.

But the lost pilot has another young wife at home who, in the manner of her kind, has been stirring up Jack Holt to go find the errant boy. Jack gets together an expedition and plugs off bravely through the jungle and bloodthirsty savages—ending up at the Incas' kingdom to give the pilot a

straight left on the jaw for his infidelity and his now chronic drinking.

Still A Good Chap

THE fade-out of the film is rather surprisingly abrupt, and gives the impression it has been cut at the last moment. But it still contrives to show what a straight-shooting guy that Jack Holt is.

"Flight Into Nowhere" is just an average, inexpensive adventure film, no better than the usual run. But I liked it—it was so good to see Jack Holt's leathery face again.

Their Dead End Had An Exit!

["The Devil's Party." Universal. Directed by Ray McCarey. Starring Victor McLaglen. First release: Wellington, July 29.]



SHOWS FAIR FORM

IN the opening scenes of "The Devil's Party" there appear slum children who might be second cousins—several times removed in point of toughness—to those young hooligans whose horrible caperings highlighted "Dead End."

But the kids of this new picture make good! Somehow—we aren't told how—one of them grows up to be a prosperous night-club owner; an-

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Arrangements regarding box plans, sales and prices in daily papers.

Touring Manager: John Farrell.