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NOVELIST DIES

lived in Los Angeles, was here for a vacation. She was born in San PALM SPRINGS, Calif., April 4, 1900. She began her writing career on a newspaper there. She wrote four novels, including 'The heart ailment in a theatre here: Valley of Content.' five plays and Saturday night. Mrs. Upright, who many motion picture scenarios.

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Three For Egypt

By Violet M. Methley

She was sobbing wildly, between quick panting breaths and Jacobson made an awkward attempt to soothe her.

"Come, come, Mavis, it's no good talking on like that. What's the use of us trying to do what isn't possible? You sit down and keep quiet, Sydney's all right. I don't suppose he's going to be anything like a close-up in the lighting: sounds like as if those two electricians was doing most of it, if you ask me."

"This was corroborated a moment later by one of the camera-men who came stumbling back along the passage. 'Talk about close quarters!' he gasped. 'You can't get anyway near the fighting, goodness knows what's going on up at the front, but they passed word down that those fellows were trying to block us in, just like stopping a fox-earth, pushing down rocks and sand to close up the entrance.' 'If we'd only got a gun or two, a few shots'd soon clear the way,' Arkington started.

"Well, we haven't and I don't know if it isn't just as good. We don't want bloodshed. Jacobson declared decidedly.

"We'll get that all right if something isn't done quick," the operator said. 'Hawkins and the Scotsman are holding 'em up at the rest of us'll go on doing it, one at a time when they're knocked out, but that's not fair fighting. And we can't seem to shove them out into the open. There's too many of the devils if you ask me; they're keeping us bottled up, just by force of numbers. Well, I'm going back again to see if I can push through. We'll be in a nice fix if those blackguards manage to bring down those big roof-slaps, properly trapped.'

He disappeared followed after a rather shame-faced pause by Arkington and Jacobson, the latter grumbling that it only meant making the traffic congestion in the passage worse.

Dawn Dawney had collapsed completely, Mavis Grange paced up and down wrenching at her thin hands, Zenda and Miss Hibernian sat together, pale and silent.

But in Kay there had risen a sudden determination to act. She would not sit still like a trapped rabbit, waiting for the worst to happen. Only—what could she do?

Kay's Inspiration

It was the sight of the Royal Bomb, still glowing with light, which provided Kay with something like an inspiration.

"Oh, I do believe it would act—if he only could!" She spoke aloud drawing in her breath sharply. "I must go at once!"

"What do you mean, Kay? What are you going to do," Zenda asked impatiently. "Do come back and stay here. You'll only make it all the more difficult for the men if you get in their way."

But Kay did not seem even to hear her. Already she was in the narrow passage, stumbling along through the darkness, conscious that the hot air was chokingly full of the dust and sand raised by the scuffle that was going on by the entrance.

Almost before she knew it, she found herself directly behind Mr. Jacobson, his stout body blocking the way as he puffed and struggled to urge on Arkington immediately in front of him.

"Hullo, who's there?" Kay could feel the producer's head turned as he tried, startled, to see her over his shoulder.

"It's only me, Mr. Jacobson—Mrs. Hellyar," she said hurriedly. "Then you just get back, my good girl! Things are looking pretty nasty, and we don't want any women underfoot."

"I'm not going back until I've spoken to Mr. Lovelace. I've just had an idea. Please, Mr. Jacobson, let me squeeze past you."

"Hanged if I do!" Jacobson exploded. "Give me your message and I'll pass it along to Lovelace, if it's worth while."

"No—that won't do!" Thoughts of a whispered message, repeated and distorted through Kay's mind. And spoken aloud it would probably be understood by one or other of the enemy. Some of the natives almost certainly knew a little English. Besides—put into words, her plan might very well sound too silly for words. "No," she repeated firmly. "I must explain to him myself. But, if you'll only let me do it, let me pass, it may make a big difference to all of us. I could get by, if you'll flatten yourself as much as possible against the side-wall, Mr. Jacobson. There, you see, I've done it!"

Wriggling, cajoled, Kay made her way past Arkington and two other men in much the same fashion, while always the confused voices the sounds of a desperate struggle ahead grew louder, the air more heavily dust-laden.

Through it, the moonlight from outside now came mistily. She was just nearing the end of the passage. With a final desperate effort, Kay squeezed past one of the camera operators and found herself close behind a tall, easily-recognized figure, while beyond again almost filling up the low opening to the passage, men swayed to and fro, now pushing back, again surging forward, cursing, panting.

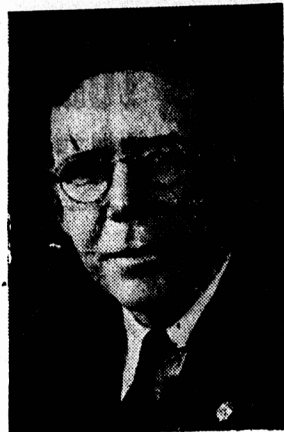
"Rafe!" Kay spoke in a gasping whisper, clutching at a sleeve. "Stop!—don't you go on!—listen to me!"

"You here! What on earth—keep back, Kay!" Lovelace twisted sideways to speak to her. "You're mad getting in the way like this. Leave go, can't you?—don't hold me and block the way when these fellows have got to be knocked out, before they get us completely trapped."

"You!—you—if you'll only listen I can tell you something much better to do than just knocking

Frank L. West Dean Of Mt. A. Summer Session

Professor F. L. West, M.A., B.Sc., M.E.I.C., Director of the McClellan School of Engineering at Mount Allison



PROF. F. L. WEST

Allison has been appointed Dean in charge of the Summer Term at Mount Allison which opens on Thursday, May 20th, and closes the middle of August.

them down. That's what I came for—

"Tell me then—quick!" he snapped at her.

"Fright—not fight. It's better and easier."

"Don't be an idiot! You're talking utter drivel!"

"I'm not—truly I'm not!" Kay almost sobbed. Val Sherwin—Mr. Sordello—they're just in front there aren't they? Tell them to get out as quickly as they can and pretend to be terrified. And then—

In broken, breathless fragments Kay poured out her plan. Listening Lovelace gave a sudden admiring exclamation.

"By jove—that is an idea! We'll try it."

Acting Joins Reality

"Talk about the cinema! I've never seen a picture to equal that one as you starred in to-night, Mr. Lovelace. You all frightened me, leave alone the natives!"

Hawkins spoke with an enthusiasm hardly lessened by a swollen and bleeding mouth and one badly blackened eye. Lovelace laughed and spoke carelessly.

"You mustn't thank me. It was Mrs. Hellyar's idea entirely, her pluck that got it through to me just in time."

Lovelace spoke gravely enough now. His handsome face, flushed with excitement had a look of earnest admiration as he bent over Kay sitting near the tomb entrance on one of the fallen masses of masonry, where she had gibed when she found her legs giving way beneath her.

"You were splendid—dear," he whispered under his breath so that none of the chattering company around them heard, and the girl flushed at his tone, felt the old tingling warmth she had thought long-forgotten running through her body. Reaction after the strain of the last half-hour had left her weak, rather dizzy and light-headed. She laughed nervously pushing back her hair.

"I wish I could have been outside and seen it all," she said.

"You missed something," Hawkins said, with conviction.

For at least the twentieth time he described graphically how the block in the entrance seemed to give way suddenly with Sherwin and Sordello pushing through, apparently completely panic-stricken, glancing back over their shoulders, inflicting the natives with the terror of something unseen—something slowly approaching.

"Good acting, that was!" Hawkins approved. "But when he came out—"

(To Be Continued)

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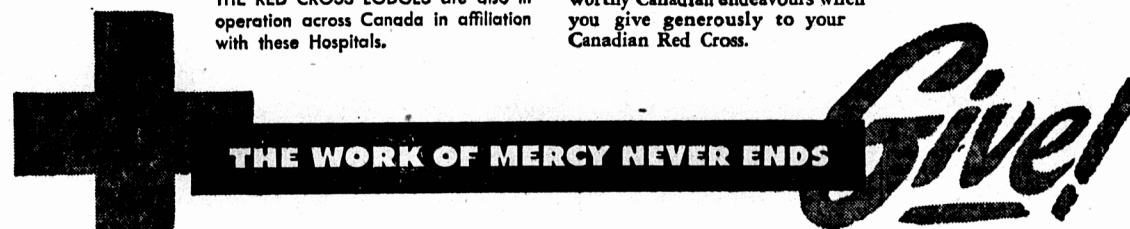
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