

The World's Strangest
Mystery Story!

The PHANTOM of the OPERA

(Published by Arrangement with Universal Pictures)

by
GASTON LEROUX

This story is published by arrangement with Universal Pictures who have produced it as a tremendous spectacle. The Phantom (played by Lon Chaney) terrorizes the new managers of the Paris Opera with his demands. The opera singer, Christine, is played by Mary Philbin, and Norman Kerry is Raoul, her lover.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

Faust and What Followed.

On the Saturday morning, on reaching their office, the joint managers found a letter from O. G. worded in these terms:

"My Dear Managers:

"So it is to be war between us?"

"If you still care for peace, here is my ultimatum. It consists of the four following conditions:

"1. You must give me back my private box; and I wish it to be at my free disposal from henceforward.

"2. The part of Margarita shall be sung this evening by Christine Daae. Never mind about Carlotta; she will be ill.

"3. I absolutely insist upon the good and loyal services of Mme. Giry, my box-keeper, whom you will reinstate in her functions herewith.

"4. Let me know by a letter handed to Mme. Giry, who will see that it reaches me, that you accept, as your predecessors did, the conditions in my memorandum-book relating to my monthly allowance. I will inform you

BELIEF THAT THE HUMAN MIND
CAN PIERCE FUTURE AND SEE
EVENTS A DIE HARD ILLUSION

(New York Sun.)

Probably all of us, no matter how much we may have at heart the progress of science, were less saddened than we might have been when we learned, on the authority of the Weather Bureau that rain making is still more to be essayed by medicine men than by scientists. Its economic value would have been almost incalculable, of course, but it would have dealt prophecy an awful blow.

Then when the weather forecaster said there was to be rain there would have been, even if he had to go out and make it himself.

As it is, his prophecy still is prophecy, even if it has the basis of an exact science. There is a thrill in waiting to see whether it will come true, even though we are almost certain it will.

The belief that the human mind can pierce the mystery of the future and forecast the course of events is one of the illusions of grandeur which dis hardest from the human mind. Something always is telling us—no doubt that ubiquitous subconsciousness—that there is something in it after all. We know that isn't, of course—still, didn't Mme. Zero, seventh daughter if ever there was one, tell us we were going on a journey? And didn't we commute into town the very next morning? Well?

Most of us, no doubt, desire to be convinced that the universe is not so inexplicable after all and that men and women, if they are the mysteriously right kind of men and women, can so grapple with the mystery of the future as to forecast its solution. Almost all of us, indeed, feel a vague personal triumph in each apparently accurate prophecy. We say, "Well, it did get cold, didn't it?" with a certain satisfaction at having been on the inside. Or, not realizing to what treacherous sands our search for proof is leading us, we remark, "Well, there was Mother Shipton, anyway. Her prophecies came true."

It must be admitted that we are at least partly right. The prophecies did come true; unfortunately, they were neither Mother Shipton's nor prophecies.

Prophecies After Events.

If Mother Shipton were what Mother Shipton seems—to paraphrase Kipling brutally—she would be a proof that prophets really are. If, in the fifteenth century, when Mother Shipton lived if she lived at all, a peasant woman in Yorkshire, England, could remark, "Iron in the water shall float as easily as wooden boat" and "Around the world thought shall fly in the twinkling of an eye" we would have to—well "hand her something," even if the world didn't come to an end in 1881, as she threatened. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as we look at it, we are put to no such necessity.

For Ursula Shipton said nothing of the kind. Those remarks and the others included in the "wonderful prophecy" which begins, "Carriages without horses shall go, and accidents fill the world with woe," were made in the middle of the nineteenth century and come rather under the head of recapitulation than prophecy, since most of the events already had transpired.

It was in fact, the final forgery in a list which may have begun with the forgery of Mother Shipton herself by the unknown writer who, in 1641, was responsible for "The Prophecies of Mother Shipton in the Reign of King Henry the 8th, foretelling the death of Cardinal Wolsey, the Lord Percy and others, as also what should happen in ensuing Times."

It is certain, at any rate, that "The Life and Death of Mother Shipton, with the whole of her prophecies newly collected and historically explained," published forty-six years later, is rather a romance than a biography. Richard Heald, who wrote it, was then famed as a romancer as a result of other writings, and the life certainly does not detract from his fame. It seems to have been accepted for years, however, and was frequently reprinted, even up to the last century, without material change, even her Satanic father being unquestioned.

It was not until fifty years ago, indeed, that modern research first turned its attention to the Mother Shipton legend, which by then was being widely circulated in chap-books and otherwise. It was then that the falsity of the prophecy dealing with horseless carriages and iron ships was disclosed and Charles Hindley, the fabricator, confessed. Hindley, by the way, was a well known publisher and author of several books dealing with old English customs.

The discovery that the prophecy was fraudulent came about through the first word in it, which Hindley had used, apparently, without knowledge of its now obsolete meaning.

The rhymed prophecy had been printed in Notes and Queries, an English publication, and further information asked in regard to its origin. The further information came from Walter W. Skeat, noted Chaucer editor, on December 14, 1872. He pointed out that "carriages" in the fifteenth century meant, not the carrier, but the things carried—the baggage and belongings of the traveler. He speculated how Mother Shipton might have known a meaning for the word which had not yet come into use and wondered whether "the prophecy is older than the present century."

The challenge bore no fruit for several months, during which time Hindley's conscience probably was telling him "You ought to confess, you ought to confess." At any rate, on April 26 of the following year the following item appeared in Notes and Queries: "Mr. Charles Hindley of Brighton, in a letter to us, has made a clean breast of having fabricated the prophecy quoted with some ten others included in his reprint of a chap-book version published in 1862." And since the item was not repudiated it may be accepted as final.

But still, every so often the prophecy pops up. It is printed somewhere perhaps in a newspaper answer column, and people mention it to each other as a proof that "there is something in it, after all."

WORSE AND WORSE.

Miss Smart has had a dreadful time. She's taught in school, you see. Since mother was a little girl And now she's teaching me.

And every class since mother's has I guess been rather bad. But ours, Miss Smart seems very sure, Is quite the worst she's had.

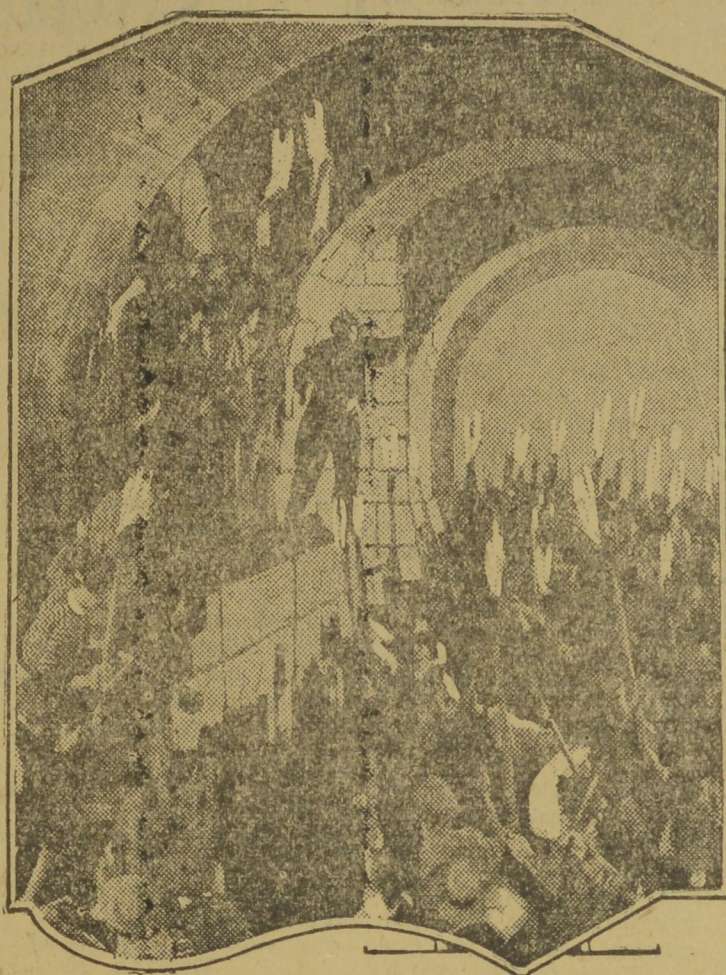
Now this is what I'm wondering, When baby sister Sue Grows old enough to go to school What will poor teacher do?

MAXINE CHAPMAN.

Boys like to have men chase them. And there ends their resemblance to girls.

The Phantom of the Opera

Fictionized by Patrick Kearney from Universal's screen version of the novel by Gaston Leroux



later how you are to pay it to me.

"If you refuse, you will give Faust tonight in a house with a curse upon it.

"Take my advice and be warned in time.

"O. G."

"Look here, I'm getting sick of him, sick of him!" shouted Richard, bringing his fists down on his office-table. Just then, Mercier, the acting manager, entered.

"Lachenel would like to see one of you gentlemen," he said. "He says that his business is urgent and he seems quite upset."

"And what does he do?"

"He has the chief management of the stable."

"Is there a stable at the Opera? Upon my word, I didn't know. Where is it?"

"In the cellars, on the Rotunda side. It's a very important department; we have twelve horses."

"Twelve horses! And what for, in Heaven's name?"

"Why, we want trained horses for the processions in the Juive, the Profeta and so on; horses 'used to the boards.' It is the grooms' business to teach them."

"He can come in."

M. Lachenel came in, carrying a riding-whip, with which he struck his right boot in an irritable manner.

"Good morning, M. Lachenel," said Richard, somewhat impressed. "To what do we owe the honor of your visit?"

"Mr. Manager, I have come to ask you to get rid of the whole stable."

"What, you want to get rid of our horses?"

"I'm not talking of the horses, but of the stablemen."

"How many stablemen have you, M. Lachenel?"

"Six."

"Six stablemen! That's at least two too many."

posed, "created and forced upon us by the under-secretary for fine arts. They are filled by proteges of the government and, if I may venture to . . .

"I don't care a hang for the government!" roared Richard. "We don't need more than four stablemen for

twelve horses."

"Eleven," said the head riding-master, correcting him.

"Twelve," repeated Richard.

"I did have twelve, but I have only eleven since Cesar was stolen."

And M. Lachenel gave himself a great smack on the boot with his whip.

"Has Cesar been stolen?" cried the acting-manager. "Cesar, the white horse in the Profeta? How?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. That's why I have come to ask you to sack the whole stable."

"What do your stablemen say?"

"All sorts of nonsense. Some of them accuse the supers. Others pretend that it's the acting-manager's doorkeeper . . ."

"My doorkeeper? I'll answer for him as I would for myself!" protested Mercier.

"But, after all, M. Lachenel," cried Richard, "you must have some idea."

"Yes, I have," Mr. Lachenel declared. "I have an idea and I'll tell you what it is. There's no doubt about it in my mind." He walked up to the two managers and whispered, "It's the ghost who did the trick!"

Richard gave a jump.

"What, you too! You too!"

"How do you mean, I too? Isn't it natural, after what I saw?"

"What did you see?"

"I saw, as clearly as I now see you, a black shadow riding a white horse that was as like Cesar two peas!"

"And did you run after them?"

"I did and I shouted, but they were too fast for me and disappeared in the darkness of the underground gallery."

M. Richard rose. "That will do, M. Lachenel. You can go . . . We will lodge a complaint against the ghost."

"And sack my stable?"

"Oh, of course! Good morning."

M. Lachenel bowed and withdrew. Richard foamed at the mouth.

"Settle that idiot's account at once, please."

"He is a friend of the government representative!" Mercier ventured to say.

"And he takes his vermouth at Toni's with Lagrene, Scholl and Per tuiset, the lion-hunter," added Mon charmin. "We shall have the whole press against us! He'll tell the story of the ghost; and everybody will be laughing at our expense! We may as well be dead as ridiculous!"

"All right, say no more about it."

At that moment the door opened. It must have been deserted by its usual Cererus, for Mme Giry entered without ceremony, holding a letter in her hand, and said hurriedly:

"I beg your pardon, excuse me, gentlemen, but I had a letter this morning from the Opera ghost. He told me to come to you that you had something to . . ."

She did not complete the sentence. She saw Firmin Richard's face; and it was a terrible sight. He said nothing, he could not speak. But suddenly he acted. First, his left arm seized upon the quaint person of Mme Giry and made her describe to unexpected a semicircle that she uttered a despairing cry. Next, his right foot imprinted its sole on the black taffeta of of a skirt which certainly had never before undergone a similar outrage in a similar place. The thing happened so quickly that Mme Giry, when in the passage, was still quite bewildered and seemed not to understand. But, suddenly, she understood; and the Opera rang with her indignant yells, her violent protests and threats.

About the same time, Carlotta, who had a small house of her own in the Rue du Faubourg St-Horore, rang for her maid, who brought her letters to her bed. Among them was an anonymous missive, written in red ink, in a hesitating, clumsy hand, which read:

"If you appear tonight, you must be prepared for a great misfortune at the moment when you open your mouth to sing . . . a misfortune worse than death."

(To be Continued.)

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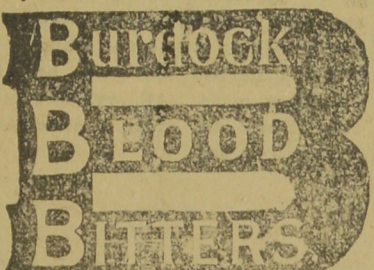
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