

Beginning Today—  
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 supposed "Phantom," who inhabits the opera house and forces the management to agree to his wishes, is played by Lon Chaney. Mary Philbin is Christine and Norman Kelly is Raoul.

(Continued.)

Thereupon, as M. Richard was on the point of bursting out, M. Moncharmin interfered and conducted the interrogatory, whence it appeared that Mame Giry thought it quite natural that a voice should be heard to say that a box was taken, when there was nobody in the box. She was unable to explain this phenomenon, which was not new to her, except by the intervention of the ghost. Nobody could see the ghost in his box, but everybody could hear him. She had often heard him; and they could believe

her, for she always spoke the truth. "But you have spoken to the ghost, my good lady?" "As I'm speaking to you now, my good sir!" Mame Giry replied. "And, when the ghost speaks to you, what does he say?" "Well, he tells me to bring him a footstool!" "Tut, tut! A ghost asking for a footstool! Then this ghost of yours is a woman?" "No, the ghost is a man." "How do you know?" "He has a man's voice, oh, such a

## CHANGES OF STYLE HAS KILLED MANY INDUSTRIES; CROMOS ORGANS, BUSTLES, ETC., ARE CITED

Indianapolis, Nov. 19—"I have been wondering," said the inquiring Reporter to the Irvington Philosopher, "if all lines of industry are successful."

"That depends," the philosopher, as quoted by J. S. E. in the News, replied "on which one of them there lines of industry you was referring to. The first rule of successful business, so a banker told me one time, was to make somethin' that folks had to have. Then when times get bad the luxuries might be passed up, but folks would still keep on buyin' the necessities as long as they had the money at all. After that they'd buy while their credit was good."

"They's styles in business, however, son, an' that's what a feller in the manufacturin' line has got to watch. If whatever he is makin' happens to go out of style then he's liable to be out of luck unless he can change his machines over an' make somethin' else in a hurry."

"Take the feller that was makin' cotton stockin's. I allow as how some of them kind of stockin's is still bein' wore, but you an' me don't see nothin' any more exceptin' silk, an' a heap o' that."

"What do you reckon ever become of the factories that use to make bootjacks? They was a time, son, when mighty high all the men wore boots. Gettin' them on was somethin' of a problem, but gettin' 'em off was a heap sight worse. If a feller didn't have a bootjack in the house he wasn't housekeepin' at all. In course they was lots of home made bootjacks, but the more high toned fellers had fancy ones that must o' been made in some factory. I'd like to know what became of them factories when boots went out of style."

### Foot Scrapers Coming Back.

"Then they were foot scrapers. I don't know whether you remember them or not, but there was one on every front steps that amounted to anything. Sidewalks wasn't very common then an' in wet weather a feller just naturally had mud on his shoes when he arrove at some house to make a little visit."

He scraped the mud on them foot scrapers an' then he could go on in the parlor. Foot scrapers is bein' advertised ag'in, because they appeal to folks that wants old fashioned lookin' houses, but they must o' been a good many years when the foot scraper manufacturers was plum' up against it."

"I don't know as how mebbe I'd ought to mention the subject of cosmetics an' bustles to a young feller like you, but the bustle makers must o' gone clean out of business unless they adjusted their machinery an' begin makin' wire fencin' or somethin' like the woodbine twineth an' the demand for whale bone must o' stopped about the time whales begun to get scarce."

"These here art stores don't sell many cromos no more. A good many years back a house wasn't hardly complete without a chromo on the walls of every room. It was a good deal the same way with mottoes. They's some of houses with old mottoes on the walls, but I bet they ain't hardly a motto factory in the country 'that's runnin' a night shift now to keep up with orders. What's become of the factory that made mustache cups? I bet you ain't saw one of them kind of cups in your life, but they use to be common enough."

"Then there's buggy whips. Why, it use to be that every little town had a harness shop where they was a rack full of buggy whips. There was cheap

whips that was liable to break whenever you used 'em on a horse an' then they was whips that cost a good deal of money—them kind that you could bend double like a fly fishin' rod, an' still they wouldn't break."

### "Ain't Saw a Buggy Whip."

"A feller that would drive to town with his best girl buggy an' a red ribbon around his whip never left the whip in the socket where somebody was liable to steal it. He carried it right around with him an' was powerful proud of it. I'll say But I ain't saw a buggy whip in I don't know when, an' the demure for 'em now must be powerful light."

"It's a good deal the same with side saddles. I just don't imagine that the side saddle factories is enjoyin' the prosperity that has come to a good many other lines of business in our fair country."

"How about the hat pin makers? Why, son, it ain't been but a few years ago that ever woman had from one to three pins in her hat. The stores was full of hat pins, big an' little. You could get 'em free with a hat or you could pay all kinds of fancy prices for them as was fitted with fancy fixins. A hat pin was a woman's best weapon of defense an' whenever somebody tried to flirt with her she out with her hat pin an' jabbed him until he run for his life. These here modern hats wouldn't blow off in a cyclone an' I ain't saw a hat pin in a woman's age."

### Peek-a-Boo Waist Have Gone.

"I reckon the peek-a-boo waist makers went into bankruptcy unless they was able to change their patterns right fast. The feller that made them of fashioned, thick brown vests surely ain't workin' overtime now. Gold headed cane factories ain't figurin' much on the stock market page, but I reckon they is a few of them kind of canes still made."

"They ain't no demand any more for congress shoes an' the parlor organ is a thing of the past. Mebbe the parlor organ makers is makin' phonographs now, but they sure ain't makin' no organs. Castors that use to set on the dinin' table an' have the vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper an' things like that within easy reach ain't hardly made no all any more."

"They was a while that slate roofs was all the go, but now you don't see nothin' new 'ceptin' shingles, tile or these here fire resistin' tiles that's made out of asphalt, an' I don't know what else. The old fashioned cabinet-maker is about gone, and if they is a quill toothpick factory left anywhere I'd like to know where it is at. I bet they ain't no concern in the country right this minute that's makin' watch keys, an' yet they was a time when a watch couldn't o' been wound if you'd lost the key. They allus wore them keys on their watch chains an' they was fine to twiddle between your fingers while you was talkin' to somebody. A jury lawyer nearly allus played with his watch key while he was tellin' the jury not to hang some feller that had stole a horse."

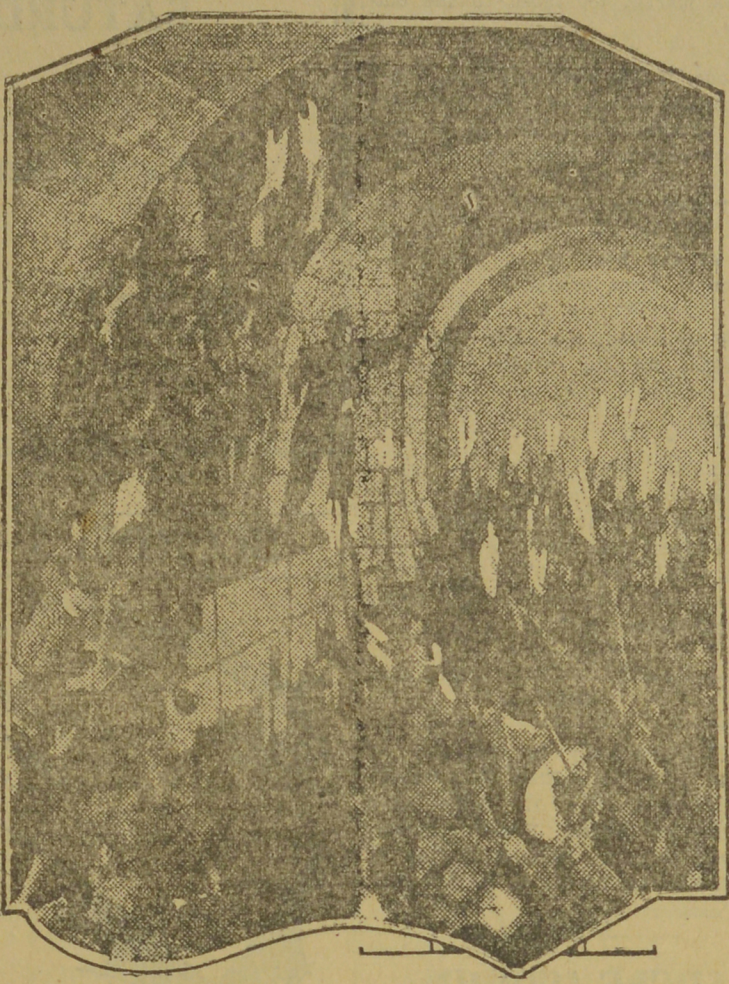
### Says "It's a Tragedy."

"They's a lot more thing that's passed out an' nobody knows what's become of the men that made 'em. The cigar store Indian industry is all shot to pieces. Nobody wants cuff holders any more an' they ain't much demand for sleeve garters or pulse warmers. Hammocks is about gone, havin' gave way to porch swings."

"The old fashioned plush photograph album is a thing of the past an' they don't make them iron things any more that they used to hold your head still

## The Phantom of the Opera

Fictionized by Patrick Kearney from the original screen version of the novel by Gaston Leroux



lovely man's voice! This what happens: When he comes to the opera, its usually in the middle of the first act. He gives three little taps on the floor of Box Five. The first time I heard those three taps, when I knew there was no one in the box, you can think how puzzled I was. I opened the door, listened, looked; nobody!

And then I heard a voice say, 'Mame Jules'—my poor husband's name was Jules—"a footstool, please." Saving your presence, gentlemen, it made me feel all-overish like. But the voice went on, "Don't be frightened, Mame Jules, I'm the Opera ghost!" And the voice was so soft and kind that I hardly felt frightened. The voice was sitting in the corner chair, on the right. "And what did you do?"

"Well, I brought the footstool. Of course, it wasn't for himself he wanted it, but for his lady! But I never heard her nor saw her."

"Eh? What? So now the ghost is married!" The eyes of the two managers traveled from Mame Giry to the inspector, who, standing behind the box-keeper, was waving his arms to attract their attention. He tapped his forehead with a distressful forefinger, to convey his opinion that the widow Jules Giry was most certainly mad, a piece of pantomime which confirmed M. Richard in his determination to get rid of an inspector who kept a lunatic in his service. Meanwhile, the worthy lady went on about her ghost, now painting his generosity:

"At the end of the performance, he always gives me two francs, sometimes five, sometimes even ten, when he has been many days without coming. Only, since people have begun to annoy him again, he gives me nothing at all."

"Excuse me, my good woman," said Moncharmin, while Mame Giry tossed the feathers in her dingy hat at this persistent familiarity. "excuse me, how does the ghost manage to give you your two francs?"

### C. N. R. Train Changes.

The train changes on the St. John & Quebec Railway to take place on the 23rd are not pleasing to some of the local merchants or to residents of the Fredericton-Centreville section as the service is to be curtailed on account of decreased traffic.

E. J. Bowman of Oshawa, Ont., is a guest at the Barker House.

Hon. D. A. Stewart of Campbellton is registered at the Queen.

while you was havin' your picture took. I allow ask how the music box industry ain't what it use to be, neither."

"What you have told me sounds like tragedy," suggested the reporter.

"Son, it is tragedy unless they can come back under some other name," agreed the philosopher.

sometimes; one day, they left a fan behind them."

"Well, then, they took it away with them, sir; it was not there at the end of the performance; and in its place they left me a box of English sweets, which I'm very fond of. That's one of the ghost's pretty thoughts."

"That will do, Mame Giry. You can go."

When Mame Giry had bowed herself out, with the dignity that never deserted her, the manager told the inspector that they had decided to dispense with that old madwoman's services; and, when he had gone in his turn, they instructed the acting-manager to make up the inspector's accounts. Left alone, the managers told each other of the idea which they both had in mind, which was that they should look into that little matter of Box Five themselves.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Enchanted Violin.

Christine Daae, owing to intrigues to which I will return later, did not immediately continue her triumph at the Opera. After the famous gala night she sang once at the Duchess de Zurich's; but this was the last occasion on which she was heard in private. She refused, without plausible excuse, to appear at a charity concert to which she had promised her assistance. She acted throughout as though she were no longer the mistress of her own destiny and as though she feared a fresh triumph.

She showed herself nowhere; and the Vicomte de Chagny tried in vain to meet her. He wrote to her, asking to call upon her, but despairing of receiving a reply when, one morning, she sent him the following note:

"Monsieur:

"I have not forgotten the little boy who went into the sea to rescue my scarf. I feel that I must write to you today, when I am going to Perros, in fulfilment of a sacred duty. Tomorrow is the anniversary of the death of

my poor father, whom you knew and who was very fond of you. He is buried there, with his violin, in the graveyard of the little church, at the bottom of the slope where we used to play as children, beside the road where when we were a little bigger, we said goodbye for the last time.

The Vicomte de Chagny hurriedly consulted a railroad guide, dressed as quickly as he could, wrote a few lines for his valet to take to his brother and jumped into a cab which brought him to the Gare Montparnasse just in time to miss the morning train. He spent a dismal day in town and did not recover his spirits until the evening, when he was seated in his compartment in the Brittany express. He read Christine's note over and over again, smelling its perfume, recalling the sweet pictures of his childhood, and spent the rest of that tedious night journey in feverish dreams that began and ended with Christine Daae. Day was breaking when he alighted at Lannion. He hurried to the diligence for Perros-Guirec. He was the only passenger. He questioned the driver and learned that, on the evening of the previous day, a young lady who looked like a Parisian had gone to Perros and put up at the inn known as the Setting Sun.

Perros was reached at last. Raoul walked into the smoky sitting-room of the Setting Sun and at once saw Christine standing before him, smiling and showing no astonishment.

"So you have come, she said. "I felt that I should find you here, when I came back from mass. Some one told me so, at the church."

"Who?" asked Raoul, taking her little hand in his.

"Why, my poor father, who is dead." There was silence; and then Raoul asked:

"Did your father tell you that I love you, Christine, and that I can not live without you?"

Christine blushed to the eyes and turned away her head.

(To be Continued.)

## About That Printing Job?

**WHEN** you want something done in the Printing line don't forget that **THE MAIL IS READY TO SERVE YOU.** We carry a large stock and **OUR PRICES WILL BE FOUND REASONABLE, consistent with First Class Work.**

We are in a position to promptly fill orders for **COUNTER CHECK BOOKS** in one or two colors. Don't wait for some travelling salesman to come along, **GIVE US YOUR ORDER NOW.**

We have, by far, the **LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED JOB PRINTING PLANT IN THE CITY,** and can turn out all kinds of work promptly and efficiently. When in need of anything in our line call No. 67 on the telephone —**WE WILL DO THE REST.**

Call at 329 Queen Street or Phone 67

## The Mail Printing Company

327-29 Queen Street.