The Phantom of the Opera

BY GASTON LEROUX

CHAPTER IX.

FORGET THE NAME OF THE MAN'S VOICE.

The day before Christine had vanished before his eyes in a sort of dazzlement that still made him doubt the evidence of his senses, M. le Vicomte de Chagny called to inquire at Mamma Valerius'. He came upon a charming picture. Christine herself was seated by the bedside of the old lady, who was sitting up against the pillows, knitting. The pink and white had returned to the young girl's cheeks. The dark rings round her eyes had disappeared. Raoul no longer recognized the tragic face of the day before.

"Well, M. de Chagny," exclaimed Mamma Valerius, "don't you know our Christine? Her good genius has sent her back to us!"

"Mamma!" the girl broke in promptly, while a deep blush mantled to her eyes. "I thought, mamma, that there was to be no more question of that! . . . You know there is no such thing as the Angel of Music!"

"But, child, he gave you lessons for three months!"

"Mamma, I have promised to explain everything to you one of these days; and I hope to do so . . but you have promised me, until that day, to be silent and to ask me no more questions whatever!"

"Provided that you promised never to leave me again! But have you promised that, Christine?"

Christine was silent and Raoul resumed.

"That is what you must promise, Christine. It is the only thing that can reassure your mother and me. We will undertake not to ask you a single question about the past, if you promise us to remain under our protection in future."

"That is an undertaking which I have not asked of you and a promise which I refuse to make you!" said the young girl haughtily. "I am mistress of my own actions, M. de Chagny: you have no right to control them, and I beg you to desist henceforth. As to what I have done during the last fortnight, there is only one man in the world who has the right to demand an account of me: my husband! Well, I have no husband and I never mean to marry!"

She threw out her hands to emphasize her words and Raoul turned pale, not only because of the words which he had heard, but because he had caught sight of a plain gold ring on Christine's finger.

"You have no husband and yet you wear a wedding-ring."

He tried to seize her hand, but she swiftly drew it back.

"That's a present!" she said, blushing once more and vainly striving to hide her embarrassment.

"Christine! As you have no husband, that ring can only have been given by one who hopes to make you his wife! Why deceive us further? Why torture me still more? That ring is a promise; and that promise has been accepted!"

"That's what I said!" exclaimed the old lady.

"And what did she answer, madame?"

"What I chose," said Christine, driven to exasperation. "Don't you think, monsieur, that this cross-examination has lasted long enough? As far as I am concerned . . ."

Raoul was afraid to let her finish her speech. He interrupted her:

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I did, mademoiselle. You know the good intentions that make me meddle, just now, in matters wihch, you no doubt think, have nothing to do with me. But allow me to tell you what I have seen—and I have seen more than you suspect, Christine—or what I thought I saw, for, to tell you the truth, I have sometimes been inclined to doubt the evidence of my eyes."

"Well, what did you see, sir, or think you saw?"

"I saw your ecstacy at the sound of the voice, Christine: the voice that came from the wall or the next room to yours . . . yes, your ecstasy! And that is what makes me alarmed on your behalf. You are under a very dangerous spell. And yet it seems that you are aware of the imposture, because you say to-day that there is no Angel of Music! In that case, Christine, why did you follow him that time? Why did you stand up, with radiant features, as though you were really hearing angels? . . . Ah, it is a very dangerous voice, Christine, for I myself, when I heard it, was so much fascinated by it that you vanished before my eyes without my seeing which way you passed! Christine, Christine, in the name of Heaven, in the name of your father who is in Heaven now and who loved you so dearly and who loved me too, Christine, tell us, tell your benefactress and me, to whom does that voice belong? If you do, we will save you in spite of yourself. Come, Christine, the name of the man! The name of the man who had the audacity to put a ring on your finger!"

"M. de Chagny," the girl declared coldly, "you shall never know."

"When a man," continued Raoul, "adopts such romantic methods to entice a young girl's affections . . ."

"The man must be either a villain, or the girl a fool: is that it?"

"Christine!"

"Raoul, why do you condemn a man whom you have never seen, whom no one knows and about whom you yourself know nothing?"

"Yes, Christine . . . Yes. I at least know the name that you thought to keep from me for ever . . . The name of your Angel of Music, mademoiselle, is Erik!"

Christine at once betrayed herself. She turned as white as a sheet and stammered:

"Who told you?"

"You yourself!"

"How do you mean?"

"By pitying him the other night, the night of the masked ball. When you went to your dressing-room, did you not say, 'Poor Erik?' Well, Christine, there was a poor Raoul who overheard you."

"This is the second time that you have listened behind the door, M. de Chagny!"

"I was not behind the door . . . I was in the dressing-room, in the inner room, mademoiselle."

"Oh, unhappy man!" moaned the girl, showing every sign of unspeakable terror. "Unhappy man! Do you want to be killed?"

"Perhaps."

Raoul uttered this "perhaps" with so much love and despair in his voice that Christine could not keep back a sob. She took his hands and looked at him with all the pure affection of which she was capable:

"Raoul," she said, "forget the man's voice and do not even remember its name . . . You must never try to fathom the mystery of the man's voice."

"Is the mystery so very terrible?"

"There is no more awful mystery on this earth. Swear to me that you will make no attempt to find out," she insisted. "Swear to me that you will never come to my dressing-room, unless I send for you."

"Then you promise to send for me sometimes, Christine?"

"I promise."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Then I swear to do as you ask."

He kissed her hands and went away, cursing Erik and resolving to be patient.

CHAPTER X.

ABOVE THE TRAP DOORS.

The next day, he saw her at the Opera. She was still wearing the plain gold ring. She was gentle and kind to him. She talked to him of the plans which he was forming, of his future, of his career.

He told her that the date of the Polar expedition had been put forward and that he would leave France in three weeks, or a month at latest.

"How can you speak so lightly of such serious things?" he asked. "Perhaps we shall never see each other again! I may die during that expedition."

"Or I," she said simply.

She no longer smiled or jested. She seemed to be thinking of some new thing that had entered her mind for the first time. Her eyes were all aglow with it.

"What are you thinking of, Christine?"

"I am thinking that we shall not see each other again . . ."

"And does that make you so radiant?"

"And that, in a month, we shall have to say good-bye for ever!"

"Unless, Christine, we pledge our faith and wait for each other for ever."

She put her hand on his mouth.

"Hush, Raoul! . . . You know there is no question of that . . . And we shall never be married: that is understood!"

She seemed suddenly almost unable to contain an overpowering gaiety. She clapped her hands with childish glee. Raoul stared at her in amazement.

"But . . . but," she continued, holding out her two hands to Raoul, or rather giving them to him, as though she had suddenly resolved to make him a present of them, "but if we can not get married, we can . . . we can be engaged! Nobody will know but ourselves, Raoul. There have been plenty of secret marriages: why not a secret engagement? . . . We are engaged, dear, for a month! In a month, you will go away, and I can be happy at the thought of that month all my life long!"

She was enchanted with her inspiration. Then she became serious again.

"This," she said, "is a happiness that will harm no one."

Raoul jumped at the idea. He bowed to Christine and said:

"Mademoiselle, I have the honor to ask for your hand."

"Why, you have both of them already, my dear betrothed! . . . Oh, Raoul, how happy we shall be! . . . We must play at being engaged all day long."

It was the prettiest game in the world, and they enjoyed it like the children that they were. Oh, the wonderful speeches they made to each other and the eternal vows they exchanged! They played at hearts as other children might play at ball; only, as it was really their two hearts that they flung to and fro, they had to be very, very handy to catch them, each time, without hurting them.

One day, about a week after the game began, Raoul's heart was badly hurt and he stopped playing and uttered these wild words:

"I shan't go to the North Pole!"

Christine, who, in her innocence, had not dreamed of such a possibility, suddenly discovered the danger of the game and reproached herself bitterly. She did not say a word in reply to Raoul's remark and went straight home.

This happened in the afternoon, in the singer's dressing-room, where they met every day and where they amused themselves by dining on three biscuits, two glasses of port and a bunch of violets. In the evening, she did not sing; and he did not receive his usual letter, though they had arranged to write to each other daily during that month. The next morning, he ran off to Mamma Valerius, who told him that Christine had gone away for two days. She had left at five o'clock the day before.

Raoul was distracted. He hated Mamma Valerius for giving him such news as that with such stupefying calmness. He tried to sound her, but the old lady obviously knew nothing.

Christine returned on the following day. She returned in triumph. She renewed her extraordinary success of the gala performance. Since the adventure of the "toad," Carlotta had not been able to appear on the stage. The terror of a fresh "co-ack" filled her heart and deprived her of all her power of singing; and the theatre that had witnessed her incomprehensible disgrace had become odious to her. She contrived to cancel her contract. Daae was offered the vacant place for the time. She received thunders of applause in the Juive.

The viscount, who, of course, was present, was the only one to suffer on hearing the thousand echoes of this fresh triumph; for Christine still wore her plain gold hing. A distant voice whispered in the young man's ear:

"She is wearing the ring again to-night; and you did not give it to her. She gave her soul to-night and did not give it to you. . . . If she will not tell you what she has been doing the past two days . . . you must go and ask Erik!"

He ran behind the scenes and placed himself in her way. She saw him, for her eyes were looking for him. She said:

"Quick! Quick! . . . Come!"

And she dragged him to her dressing-room.

Raoul at once threw himself on his knees before her. He swore to her that he would go and he entreated her never again to withhold a single hour of ideal happiness which she had promised him. She let her tears flow. They kissed like a despairing brother and sister who have been smitten with a common loss and who meet to mourn a dead parent.

Suddenly, she snatched herself from the young man's soft and timid embrace, seemed to listen to something, and, with a quick gesture, pointed to the door. When he was on the threshold, she said, in so low a voice that the viscount guessed rather than heard her words:

"To-morrow, my dear betrothed! And be happy, Raoul: I sang for you to-night!"

(To be continued.)

Next King of Norway.

The twenty-two-year-old Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, whom rumor has it will soon wed Princess Astrid, a niece of King Gustav of Sweden. He is a broad shouldered, clear-eyed young man, who has been too busy getting an education to figure yet in the world's politics. He has had both navy and army training and studied in Balliol College, Oxford, England. It will be recalled that his mother is Princess Maud of England.

The Seasons.

Moonlight and mimosa,
A berceuse and a dream,
Springtime in a bird's nest,
And sunlight in a stream.

Garlands of red ramblers,
A high wall and a well,
Summer in the silence
Of things too deep to tell!

Apples in an orchard
Between the brown leaves lost.
Autumn reaping rubies
With fingers of white frost.

Moonlight in December,
A berceuse and a dream,
Moonlight, garlands, rubies,
"A dream within a dream."

—Katherine M. Hatch.

Spray Bullets Like Water.

A machine gun mounting for airplanes, which sprays bullets as a sprinkling nozzle of a hose sprays water, is the newest war invention in England.

Scientist Honored.

Einstein, the famous scientist, who has been awarded the Copley Medal by the Royal Society for his theory of relativity and his contribution to the quantum theory.

Fun in the Home.

A perfectly normal child cannot help expressing in its face joy and gladness because it plays such a tremendous part in the life. It is cruel and wicked to suppress this fun-loving instinct in children and not to encourage its development.

I once heard a little boy ask another if he could go over to his house and play. He said, "I daresn't play at home. Mother won't allow it."

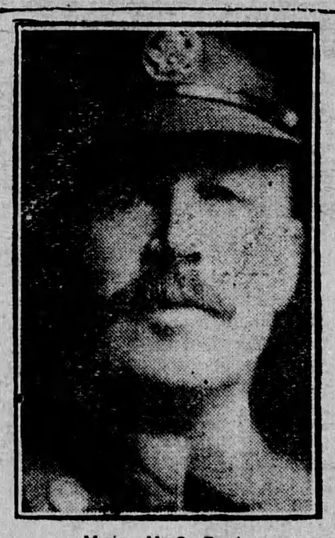
Think, what a deplorable thing it is for a child to be reared with the idea that he cannot play or frolic in his own home! Can anything be more destructive to that love of home which every child should have? I used to know a mother who was so painfully neat and orderly that she would never allow her children to play in the house for fear they would disarrange things or make a disturbance. They had to go out to the woodshed or out of doors to play; and they looked as though they were afraid to breathe in the house. They were sad, serious little creatures, who never had much of any childhood. They were always little grown-ups,—prim, precise, constrained of manner.

The very presence of this dominant, fun-loving passion in children shows what a tremendous part the Creator intended it to play in the whole life. Yet how often is it discouraged in the home!

If this irrepressible longing for amusement, for rollicking fun in young people were more fully met in the home it would not be so difficult to keep the boy and girl under the parental roof. There is nothing like a happy, cheerful home. It keeps children off the streets, it discourages vice and all that is morbid. Happiness should begin in the home.

Most homes are far too serious. Why not let the boys and girls dance, frolic and play to their heart's content? Why not resolve now that they shall at least be just as happy as you can make them while at home, so that in later years they can look back upon their childhood home as the dearest sweetest spot on earth; to always think of home with pleasant memories, cherished to the end of life! The home joy is the greatest power for good in the world.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if people would make a business of having plenty of fun in the home, instead of running everywhere else in search of it.



Major M. S. Bochm

who has been re-elected president of the United Empire Loyalists' Association of Canada.

The Importance of Educating the Child in Music.

Few are the parents who realize that piano playing is only one phase of a child's musical education. Song singing, ear training and rhythmic expression form the groundwork for success in future music lessons. All this is suitable work that can be taken in our elementary schools, and, if the public demands it, it can be given.

The present time is very opportune for all who are interested in the growth of good music in Canada, and for all parents who wish their children to have music placed in an important position in the school curriulum, for it must be remembered that, apart from its value as an educational factor, it can give the children something that no other subject can give.

The best thought, all the finest effort that men are making in education —and in other spheres, too—lead in the direction of the child, the young child. It is for him that reforms are planned and carried into execution; it is for him that philanthropists, and even party politicians, show a solicitation unparalleled in the history of the world. And it is to the child that our teachers have begun to see that they must direct their most careful and earnest thoughts.

It is characteristic of the notable awakening that has taken place within the last few years in connection with musical education that our teachers are making very real sacrifices to equip themselves more thoroughly for the benefit of the young people.

If the child's latent aural and rhythmic faculties are not wisely cultivated at an early age, the difficulties in the way of real musical perception increase in geometrical progression as he passes through adolescence to adult life.

Verification.

The half-dream crumbles and falls through:
The dream full-dreamed comes true, comes true!

—Christopher Morley.

THE VERY IMPORTANT HOME DRESS.

Adhering to the straight-line silhouette, and closing at the centre front under a narrow box-plait, this model would be very trim for wearing around the house. The charming simplicity of its cut is emphasized by such slight adornment as a row of buttons down the box-plait, three tiny tucks at each shoulder, and patch pockets. Lingerie collar and cuffs add a dainty touch. The diagram shows the simple design of the partly finished dress, and No. 1056 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 4⅛ yards 36 or 40-inch, or 3 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Biggest Job of Life.

Effie was a girl in our office, very efficient, always making herself acquainted with new work. As changes occurred Effie went from one place to another and always made good, because she was prepared. Finally she left us with a happy smile on her face and a gold band on her finger, for a job with which we had nothing to compete. In less than a year I heard Effie had a baby And here comes the point of my story; the efficient Effie was absolutely unprepared for this newest and most important job of all. She was scared pallid with the responsibility and didn't know a thing to do.

There are few more pathetic objects in life than young folks who have suddenly ceased from being boy and girl to become father and mother. They don't know what to do. How should they? Our systems of education have no course of study for such responsibilities. A little bit of physiology, a trifle about hygiene, and that is all. The public schools teach nothing, not even the high schools. Where is a girl to get this needed training?

Teach it in the home! That is the mandate. But who will teach it in the home? The mothers and grandmothers whose ideas have been painfully acquired from a mass of misinformation and superstition? Very well. They have discarded the worst of the stuff and have clung to the best, we will suppose. But that would not be considered very sane instruction in any other important subject. And how about the girls whose mothers and grandmothers have no gift for teaching, and have suffered many things themselves have reached the conclusion that their girls must do likewise. And the young fathers: who instructs them?

I'm not solving this problem; merely presenting it for you to think about. With our present social ideas I see reasons why the public schools can only give the first steps; our high schools might go further; our colleges might well teach all they know. The churches and Christian associations could profitably instruct young men and young women in preparation for their responsibilities. — Dr. C. H. Lerrigo.

Virgil.

Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies,
Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes.

—Tennyson.

The kind of mother who used to say her twelve-year-old daughter was six, so she could travel on half fare, now says she's sixteen, so she can drive the car.

Motto for auto drivers—"Live and let live."

A terrible automobile accident reported recently was the breaking of a strand of beads in a man's car just the day before his wife returned from a visit.

The fool driver was sure he could make it ahead of the train. He came within a yard of getting over in safety —a grave yard.

The more traffic, the more rules; the more rules, the more violators thereof.

Oh, salesman, I hate to disturb
Your calm that is greatly admired,
But my flivver's out there on the curb
And the parking time's nearly expired.

Two things at least thieves will not steal—your character and the car you cannot get insurance on.

A man got a tire that smiles at miles and now is complaining because it burst out laughing.

A 1926 Model, Too.

Mary—"Why do you call your car 'Flapper,'"

Elmer — "Streamline body, swell paint job, quick pick-up, all kinds of speed, keeps me broke, warms up quick, and is always ready to go."

Motor Sense is the Sixth Sense. But, alas, thousands of people hold a drivers' license and a marriage licenee who haven't a grain of it.

Epitaph.

The roads were rough,
The curves were sharp,
And that is why
He plays a harp.

"Do you know why they have quit puttin horns on Fords?"

"No, why?"

"Because they look too much like the devil anyway."

What is a poor fellow to do when the banks give good advice in one column of ads and the auto dealers give it in another?

"But we were only fifteen minutes getting here!" expostulated the passenger.

"I don't give a hang about that," snarled the taxi driver. "The meter says we've come twenty miles. Now, you fork over!"

"All right," assented the passenger, paying. "Now you get ready to come with me for driving 80 miles an hour. I'm a speed cop."

A Toast—Here's to your car and my car—may they never meet.

Ford could name his cars Pyorrhea now. Four out of every five has one.

Auto-suggestion is no wbeing used to prolong life. And the best auto suggestion is not to drive more than twenty miles an hour.

Civilization — A church, a schoolhouse, a parking problem.

A Home-Made Marker.

For anyone who reads repeatedly the same passages in a book, or who wishes to read different passages consecutively without having the reading interrupted by stopping to look up the succeeding passages, some type of marker will be found helpful, both in saving time and in preserving continuity in reading.

There are various kinds of markers to be had, but a very simple, practical one can be made without expense by cutting pieces of paper into the shape of Ts. Any fairly stiff paper which is not too thick will be suitable. The short part of the T fits into the crevice of the open book, in between the pages. The long part, or arm," should be cut a little longer than the width of the book, so as to project slightly—about a quarter of an inch. It should not be over a quarter of an inch wide. The projecting end can be numbered on both sides to correspond to the number of the reference. Then by inserting marker No. 1 near the top of the book, the next one slightly lower, and so on, a whole set of 20 to 30 may be placed in the book at one time and be easily visible.

Markers of this type have been used every week for several months and found satisfactory. Besides being inexpensive, they are much easier to insert than the types which one can buy.

Canadian asbestos which is the chrysatile or serpentine variety, is of the finest quality, and, on account of its softness, silkiness and tensile strength, is in great demand for all kinds of asbestos products, but particularly for asbestos textiles.