Life and Works of Dr. Jose P. Rizal
“Fled are the days of ease,
The days of love’s delight;
When flowers still would please
And give to suffering souls surcease
From pain and sorrow’s blight”

- Jose Rizal
FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT THERE IS A MISSING CHAPTER IN THE PRINTED NOLI ME TANGERE, THIS CHAPTER WAS INCLUDED IN THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, WRITTEN IN RIZAL’S OWN HANDWRITING HOWEVER, IT WAS CROSSED OUT IN BLUE PENCIL SO THAT IT WAS DELETED FROM THE PRINTED NOVEL.
WHY RIZAL DELETES THE CHAPTER?
It should be recalled that Rizal was in dire financial situation in Berlin during the days when he was putting the finishing touches to the Noli.

He knew that the cost of printing is in proportion with the number of pages of the manuscript.

Accordingly, he rewrote several chapters making them more compact so that he could economize on the number of pages.

He deleted one whole chapter without destroying the story of the novel and this chapter was “Elias and Salome”
ECONOMIC was the only reason why this particular chapter was deleted.

Elias was adversely affected. It seems that Rizal considered Ibarra a more important character although Elias was nobler.

He even killed Elias in the novel and let Ibarra live. Later, he repented having killed Elias.

He wrote “I'm sorry I have killed Elias instead of Crisostomo Ibarra.”

But when Rizal wrote the Noli his health was very bad and he never believe that he could wrote the continuation and talk about revolution.
He have preserve the life of Elias a nobler character, a patriot, unselfish and self-sacrificing, the necessary qualities for a man to lead a revolution.

Crisostomo Ibarra was an egoist who decided to provoke a rebellion only when he was injured through his property, his person, his love and all that he held sacred. Success cannot be expected for the enterprise of a man like that.
SYNOPSIS
OF THE MISSING CHAPTER
In a nipa hut by the placid lake, Salome, a winsome girl in her early teens sat on the bamboo batalan sewing a camesa of bright colors. She was waiting for Elias to arrive. She was beautiful “like the flowerets that grow wild not attracting attention at first glance but whose beauty is revealed when we examined them carefully”. When she heard footsteps, she laid aside her sewing, went to the bamboo stairway.
Salome noticed her lover was sad and Pensive. She tried to console him; asking about the girls @ the picnic which the Guardia Civil soldiers disturbed looking for him. Elias told her that there were many beautiful girls among whom was Maria Clara, the sweetheart of a rich young man who just came from Europe.

Afterwards, the young man rose preparing to leave, speaking in a soft voice, he said “Good-bye, Salome, The sun is setting and it won’t appear good for the people to know that night over took me here”.
Salome was crying, for soon she would leave this house where she grew up. She explained:’’ It is not right for me to live alone. I’ll go to live with my relatives in Mindoro. Soon I’ll be able to pay the debt my mother left me when she died...to give up this house in which one was born and has grown up is something more than giving up one’s being. A typhoon will come, a freshet and everything will go to the lake’’.

Elias remained silent for a moment, then he held her hands, and asked her: “Have you heard anyone speak ill of you? Have I sometimes worried you? Not that either?”
Then you are tired with my friendship & want to drive me away.”

Salome answered: “No, don’t talk like that. I am not tired of your friendship. God knows that I am satisfied with my lot. I only desire health that I may work. I don’t envy the rich, the wealthy, but...

“But what?”

“Nothing. I don’t envy them as long as I have your friendship”

.....Then they have conversation. Then Elias said to Salome “Forget me, Forget a love so mad & futile. Perhaps you’ll meet there one who is not like me”
“Elias, exclaimed the girl reproachfully.”

“You have misunderstood me; I speak to you as I would speak to my sister if she were alive; in my words there is not a single complaint against you. Take my advice, go home to your relatives. Here you have no one but me, & the day when I fall into the hands with my pursuers, you will be left alone for the rest of you life. improve your youth & beauty to get a good husband, such as you deserve for you don’t know what it is to live among men”
Salome was thinking that Elias go with her.

Elias then narrated what happened earlier at the picnic that morning; how he was saved by Ibarra from the jaws of a crocodile. To show his gratitude, he vowed to repay the good deed done by Ibarra to the extend with sacrificing his life. He explained that anywhere he would go, even to Mindoro, the past would still be discovered, sooner or later.

“Well then”, Salome said, looking @ him tenderly: at least when I’m gone, live here, stay in the house. It will make you remember me; and I will not think in that
distant land that the hurricane had carried my hunt to the lake. When my thoughts turns to these shores. The memory of you and of my house will appear to me together. Sleep where I have slept & dream it will be as though I were beside you.

“Oh” exclaimed Elias, waving his hand in desperation, “Woman, you’ll make me forget.”

After disengaging himself from her tender embrace, he left with a heavy heart, following the shadows of somber tree in the twilight. She followed her with her gazed, listening sadly to the fading footsteps in the gathering darkness.