

THE PHANTOM LADY

"You know," said the child, "you've bought a haunted house."
 "Haunted! Why, do you believe in haunts, child?"
 "I have to believe what I've seen," replied the boy. "Do you want to know of it? I guess it's your due, since you are going to live here."
 The stranger gave the child a scrutinizing look, as if to discover whether he truly acknowledged to himself what he had said. This stranger was a young man not yet through his twenties, and it was hard for him to even imagine that there were such things as ghosts.
 "Go ahead," he nodded.
 "Well, this part of the story my granny told me: This house used to belong to young Mr. and Mrs. May, who had a baby daughter, Jennie, about a year old at the time and the very image of her mother, for whom she was named. Mrs. May was the prettiest woman around here, and her husband was nice-lookin', too. They hadn't any living relatives except an aunt of Mrs. May's whom they despised, and who returned their hate. Happiness for them meant just this little cottage and their baby.
 "One day Mr. May got a telegram. Soon after, he left for a trip to Europe on business. All the time he was gone Mrs. May and little Jenny seemed to be counting the days till his return. In order to cheer them up, the old housekeeper had to be comforter, helper, and playmate to the two, whom she loved very much.
 "It was about 8 o'clock one night when word came that the ship the father was on had run into a terrible storm and had sunk. Mrs. May was almost crazed; and Jane, the housekeeper, had hard work soothing her. She could only partially quiet her, for she kept murmuring, 'His was a watery grave—so shall mine be.'
 "Poor Jenny was at her wits' end. She begged Jane to go and lie down, but to no avail. Finally, when Mrs. May declared that she wished to go and sit in the garden in the moonlight, she made no objection, taking the precaution, however, to sit at the kitchen window where she could see the garden plainly.
 "Soon things began to happen. Jane, sitting silently in the dark with the sleeping little Jenny in her arms, saw Mrs. May bow her head, while sitting before a fountain. The moonlight plainly outlined the fair hair, the slenderness, and above all, the sad attitude of the mother. By some intuition which she could not explain, Jane rose and, laying the baby down, hastened to the garden, feeling that Jenny would do something rash before long. In getting to the garden she was out of sight of the window several seconds before reaching the back door. But finally there, she stopped in dismay. Jenny, the mother, was nowhere to be seen.
 "She frantically searched every nook and every cranny of the garden and the woods on either side of it; but there was no trace of her who had been sitting there so quietly before. In desperate haste she returned to the kitchen, caught up the baby, and rushed up that hill yonder to my grandmother's house with her story. The neighbors were called in, and they searched all night with no results. The next morning, however, it was discovered that she had drowned herself in the river that flows a mile away from here.
 "That wasn't the last of it, either. The baby Jenny disappeared, also, and soon after that the housekeeper left. The house went to the only relative, Mrs. May's Aunt Isabella, whose heirs sold it to you, I suppose.
 "Ever since that time I have heard it said that the wife returns annually on the date of her husband's death and visits the garden, sitting here with bowed head for a few seconds each time and then quickly disappearing. The only time I have ever seen it was soon after my 13th birthday. I plainly saw her sitting here, the moonlight glinting her hair like gold."
 "When did this happen?" queried the new owner, David Lys.
 "This is the anniversary night. I've got to get home now, sir. I don't relish seeing it again. Good night."
 Left alone, David was surer than ever that he was going to like the place. A lust for adventure was forever coursing

through his veins, and this was to his liking. Turning, he entered the house for supper.
 At the stroke of eight David dismissed the housekeeper and took a seat beside the open kitchen window overlooking the garden. The room was darkened. He was going to have some fun.
 Suddenly he realized that he wasn't having much fun after all. A creepy feeling began to run up his spine, as he saw advancing into the garden the figure of a beautiful girl, golden-haired. Then as he looked he felt the creepiness recede, and he realized the presence of another sensation. Love! It had come to him like a flash, and contrary to the custom of men, he realized it at once. Love at first sight! And with a phantom lady, at that!
 At this juncture, however, the girl sat down, boking her head. It seemed to David that she kept that position an especially long time, for he had understood from the boy's story that she vanished at once. Finally he decided to start something himself. Leaving no chance of losing sight of her, he climbed out the window and made for her, trying to tell himself all the while that he just wanted to prove there was no one there and that it was all imagination; but having a feeling 'way back in his heart that it was something else taking him there.
 Suddenly he stopped with an exclamation. He heard sobs—real sobs, not those of fictionary ghosts. There was nothing ghostlike about the girl, either; she was real flesh and blood.
 Hearing his cry, the girl straightened up and looked at him with the eyes of a trapped rat.
 "Don't run," he said quietly. "Tell me about it, can't you?"
 "Oh!" The girl's exclamation was one of immense relief. "I know you are terribly angry with me for trespassing."
 "No, not a bit. Is there some way I can help you? Are you in trouble?" asked David.
 Words of explanation poured forth like a torrent from the girl's lips.
 "You don't know who I am, do you? My name is Jenny May. I know who you are. You're David Lys, the new owner of this place. My father and mother used to live here."
 "I know," said David, sympathetically.
 "Ah! Then you practically know my story," said Jenny.
 "But I don't know it all," cried David, entreatingly.
 "Well, you know of my mother and my father's death," she said.
 "And that you disappeared afterward," he added.
 "When I was bereft of my parents by death, Jane, the housekeeper, realized that mother's Aunt Isabella would be the only relative left for me to go to; so, knowing Aunt Isabella's hatred of me, she took me away with her.
 "I lived with her until I was 12 years old; but she died soon after that, and I was forced to beg Aunt Isabella's daughter (Aunt was dead) to take me in, as I was too young to be able to make a living. This was just what Mary, the daughter, wanted; for Aunt Isabella had instilled into her the hatred she herself felt toward me, and had told her how she thought any of the May family should be treated. I got the brunt of the house work, besides all the sneers and ugly jokes thrown against me on account of my mother's disgraceful death, as they called it.
 "But the only respite I got later was when the family went off each year for a vacation, leaving me alone. I always managed to scrape up enough money to come down here, especially as it usually happened about the time of the year that my parents died. I visited this old garden each year on the night my mother died. When I came here, however, no one knew of it but an old woman who lives near the river and with whom I lodged. I found out once that people saw me sometimes and imagined I was mother's ghost, but I didn't care; I wanted solitude here, so I didn't correct the report.
 "Tonight I learned of the new owner and realized that my visits would have to be ended, and so I came to take a farewell of the garden. I stayed longer than usual, but now I must go."
 "Wait," said David. "Why could you not, as the rightful heir, claim this house as your property?"

The girl sighed.
 "When I was taken away secretly by old Jane, there was no one but Aunt Isabella to claim it. She was dead when I a child of 12, went to live with Mary, and Mary was careful not to mention the property in my presence. She recently sold it to you, and I didn't learn of it until today. I could claim the money, but I'd have to fight for it in court, since Mary would never give it up otherwise. Besides, I have no money to engage a lawyer."
 "I thought I had seen you before!" cried David. "Don't you remember when I went to see your cousin about buying the house? You opened the door for me after I rang the bell at your home."
 "I know," Jenny was sad. "I didn't know you'd remember."
 "Ah, but I did," said David, "and you mustn't feel shut out of here now. Just come any time you wish."
 "Oh, you're so kind!" cried Jenny.
 * * * * *
 On the next anniversary there were two heads bent over in front of the fountain instead of one; but their attitude wasn't sad. The nice, friendly old moon grinned gleefully, then obligingly went behind a cloud. Jenny was no longer a May; her name was Jenny Lys.
 HELEN FELDER.

THE CITY STREET FROM A CYNIC'S VIEWPOINT

Now the little mouse, which the fear of her numerous enemies, and especially that frightful all-devouring creature, man, had kept confined all the day to her lurking place, sports wantonly over the tables and entertains her companions in the kitchen pantry; now the country doctor, coming home from a late call, whips his horse to a gallop as he nears the churchyard; now witches and hobgoblins hold undisputed reign, and restless spirits leave their graves to frighten erring mortals; now the aged clock, up the old back stairs, sends forth twelve ghostly peals to the listening air; in plain English, 'tis now midnight.
 The golden moon in full-orbed glory rolls through the spacious skies. Her spreading rays, like silver rain, fall softly on the earth beneath, and tinge each object touched with her own precious coloring. No cloud nor speck obscures her light, or hides from the heavenly queen her starry band of courtiers. Amidst the heavenly bodies all is peace. Their ever-watchful eyes look down with loving care upon a slumbering world.
 Why all this heavenly splendor? By this serene beauty Nature but emphasizes the utter loathsomeness of man. The city street, in all its filth and immorality, now lies bare to the all-seeing moon. No longer decked in holiday attire, nor warmed with the throb of pulsating crowds, like the venerable belle, stripped of all paint and adornment, her shrivelled skin lies exposed.
 Unconscious of the lavish splendor showered about them, the wretched thief with his ill-gotten gain, the miserable street waif, old in crime and experience, the would-be suicide, welcoming the icy river, and the drunken, gambling wine-bibber creep slowly by. These are the only inhabitants of the nightly streets. Rise, friendly clouds, and clothe the midnight in mourning; hide this wretched city from the light of the moon!
 ELIZABETH SMITH.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

(A parody on the second stanza of "The Raven")
 How well do I remember,
 'Twas in that last December
 That I took my Sally for a farewell ride.
 We rode fast and then still faster,
 Yet we met with no disaster
 Till I turned to my companion at my side:
 "What a glorious night for riding!
 All the trees seem slipping, sliding,
 Down to meet us as we hasten on our way.
 Speak to me, my pretty maiden,
 Is thy heart so heavy laden
 That thy tongue finds not a single word to say?"
 Then my blood ran cold with terror.
 Say, oh say it was an error,
 That she lay there—softly sleeping in the sleigh.
 ELIZABETH SMITH.

TEACHERS, READ AND TAKE HEART

The day of the proverbial school-ma'am has gone. Dame Fashion has decreed that even the stern pedagogue (or should I say pedagogess?) whether she be old or young, tall or short, stout or thin, may bob her hair and shorten her skirts. While this decree may have disastrous effects upon her application of the rod, how glorious it is for age and dignity to vanish with just a few clips of the scissors, and for her thus to be transported to the thrills of sweet sixteen!
 But even bobbed hair is not a requisite to thrills, for it was only last Monday that one of our austere faculty—of the non-bobbed hair type—had a sensation that would verily have made a flapper's heart go pit-a-pat.
 Last Monday morning Miss (Guess Who?) while tripping gaily down Washington street, her weekly papers neatly tucked under her arm so as to make them invisible to the casual observer, was attracted by the horn of a passing truck. Thinking that her knowledge of first aid was being demanded, she glanced up, but no wounded one was in sight—alas, the wounds of Cupid are invisible! Her glance met the sensation of all sensations—the bland and alluring smile of the youthful truck-driver.
 Did he realize that he had flirted with a dignified school-ma'am? Did he look humiliated or disgusted? And—did she return the smile? Ask Miss (Guess Who?).

THE SEA

*Sailors love thee, all men fear thee,
 Each bows down at thy commands,
 Wondrous, dashing, roaring ocean,
 Beating on the boundless sands.*
*Far, far down thy hidden caverns,
 Mermaids laugh and dance and play,
 While upon thy mighty bosom
 Ruthless storms their victims slay.*
*Rocking, raging, pounding ocean!
 I alone doth ever pray
 That the God above who made me
 Keep me from thy mighty sway.*
 LOIS SCHOONOVER.

INDIAN SUMMER

*"The hills are a furnace of color and light,
 The valleys are masses of flames;
 Tell me, what wizard has caused this rare sight?
 Tell me, please, what is his name?"*
*'Tis Indian Summer come again;
 'Tis he whose mighty hand
 Has spilled his paint-box o'er the plain,
 And colored all the land."*
 ELIZABETH STONE.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

*Pretty little nightingale,
 A-singing in the tree,
 Won't you come and teach me now
 How to sing like thee?*
*From thy tiny throat there comes
 Music, oh, so sweet.
 With those glorious, clear, sweet notes
 None other can compete.*
*There is only one small throat
 That makes those trills depart
 O'er the hills and woodlands, too,
 Straight into my heart.*
 RUTH CAUSEY.

CO-OPERATION

*Co-operation does not hurt you,
 Very strange as this may be;
 Help the others with their burdens,
 Joy 'twill bring, as you will see.*
*Why be miserly with cheering
 Little smiles that help along?
 See the sunlight through the cloudlets.
 Make your life one grand, sweet song.*
 MARY McLEOD.
*The sun doth slowly sink from sight,
 Then fades the evening's glow;
 So shall this body lose its light
 When forth my soul doth go.*
 ELIZABETH SMITH.
*In general those who nothing have to say
 Continue to spend the longest time in doing it.*
 —Lowell.

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