

coming in, for she was only a small cabin plane with space enough for five passengers, I had pictured a shining, silver bird with, at least, three big motors, but no one else at home had been up, so I could describe the whole excursion exactly as I pleased.

After a roar and a couple of hard thumps on the earth, the plane taxied over the ground and stopped near the gate where we were waiting. Five passengers filed out of her, and after a shout of "all aboard for the city tour" three others and I climbed in. The pilot looked around and seemed rather disappointed that the cabin was not filled, but he started the motor and turned to signal his departure. Just then a voice outside called "wait a minute, Al, here's another gentleman who wants to go." The pilot slowed down the motor and reached back to open the door for a tall man who was hurrying across the field with his hat pulled over his eyes and his nose buried in

the collar of his overcoat. "Sorry to keep you waiting," said a vaguely familiar voice as he approached the ship. The pilot answered, with a merry, "Oh, that's O. K., Bud," and we all turned to watch the man climb in.

Oh gee! My land! Heavens! It can't be! My heart skipped a beat, and all the dreams of Amelia Earhart, Mrs. Wiley Post, and America's "sky queen" died within me.

"Why, Papa! Isn't this funny — er — nice? I mean — you here? Is it necessary? who squealed?"

"Of course, it is necessary! You can't go alone. And, next time pick up your taxi a few blocks from school. You know, Miss Smith has an eagle eye, and, it seems, you have forgotten that every taxi leaving school must have a chaperon!"

Well, I wasn't Amelia Earhart to Papa, after all; but say, that would-be "fireman" at home certainly took notice!

## GARDENIA MEMORIES

R. GORDON MOORES

A dazzling stream of golden morning sunlight slants between claret coloured drapes to touch three gardenias on a mahogany dressing table.

Last night's gardenias — their fragile beauty has faded, the exquisitely shaped petals have been transformed from a gleaming whiteness to a drab, curling brown at the edges. The sea-green ribbon shot with gold now trails like a weary serpent between the withering stems.

Their ethereal loveliness is gone, but a glance at their shabby splendour brings back magic memories of the evening. The moon weaving ebony and silver patterns on a rolling green lawn . . . the soft, almost

imperceptible tinkle of glass . . . the music of gay, far-away laughter wafted through the still night like tiny wavelets on a halycon sea . . . the rushing, rapturous ecstasy of a hurried kiss on the terrace with the trees making moving shadows on the shining flag-stones . . . the languid, incredibly sweet strains of a Strauss waltz drifting through open French windows . . . the melancholy chirping of a solitary cricket in some inconceivable abode . . .

Yes, the blossoms have lost their wax-like perfection, but they still give forth that exotic fragrance that awakens enchanting memories.