

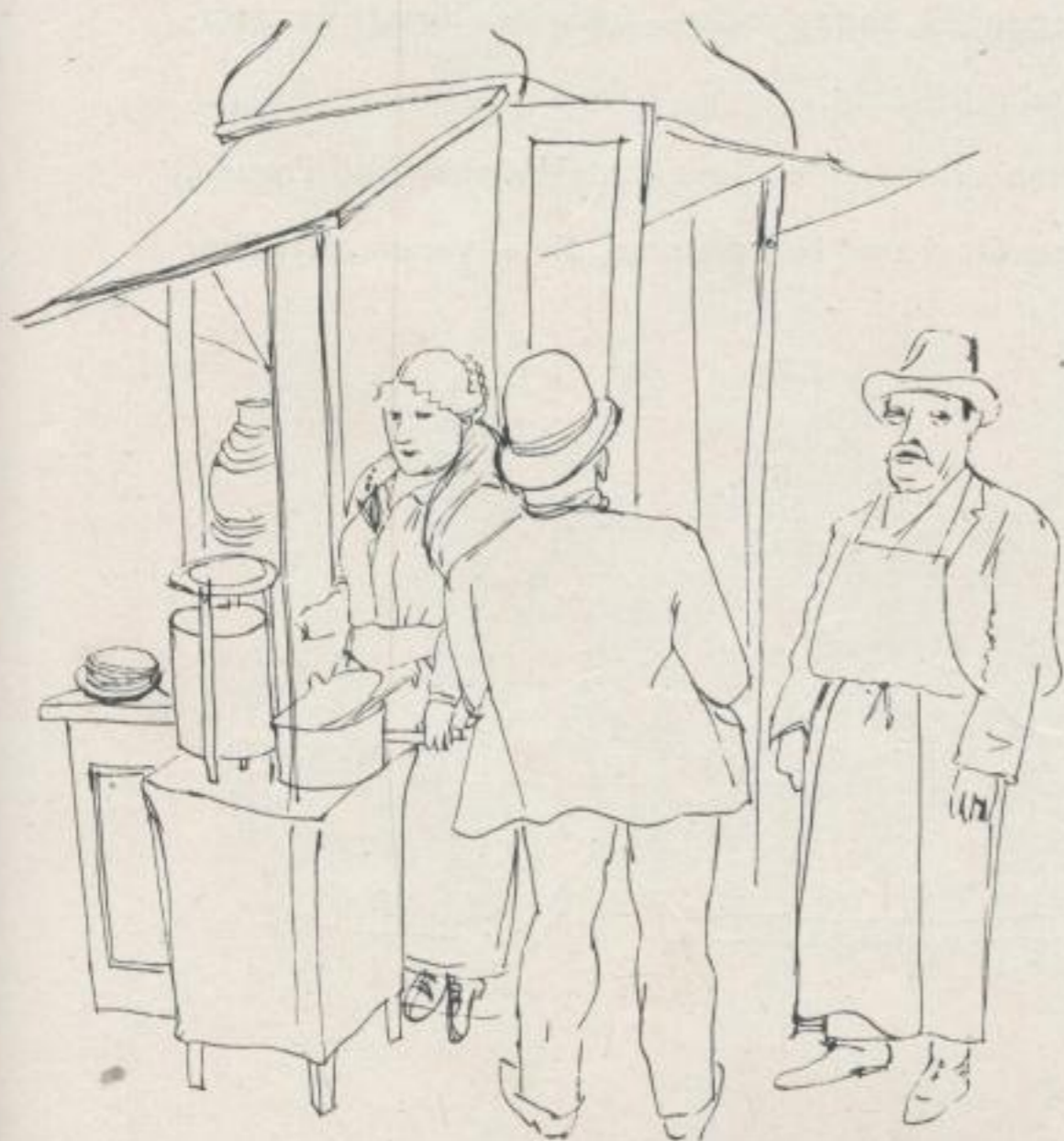


VERA JOHO:

I'M
SKETCHING
IN PARIS

I.

Paris—where is one to begin and how shall one ever stop?
Never stop at all, always stay there! I am going to try and
bind up a few modest bunches, like the young girl in the flower
market, all sorts of different flowers, sweet-scented, bright-



colored, small and fragile and soon faded.
Sleepy sunlight broods over the quay, when
women of the folk sit knitting and sewing in
the heart of Paris and offer the shrubs and
plants from their little market-gardens for
sale in the fresh quiet of a morning that
sinks and is lost in its own stillness.