

tered into her soul that had purged her of self and made a woman of her. And she knew that she would never regret that experience. For life and its experiences are sweet, whatever guise they take, and sorrow is the other side of the shield of joy.

The next morning, when she went to work, she said to Mr. Koch:

"My year is ended and I am willing to marry you, if you still want me."

Koch was not the sort of lover she had expected to find, but Esther knew that at least she had found peace as his arms enfolded her.

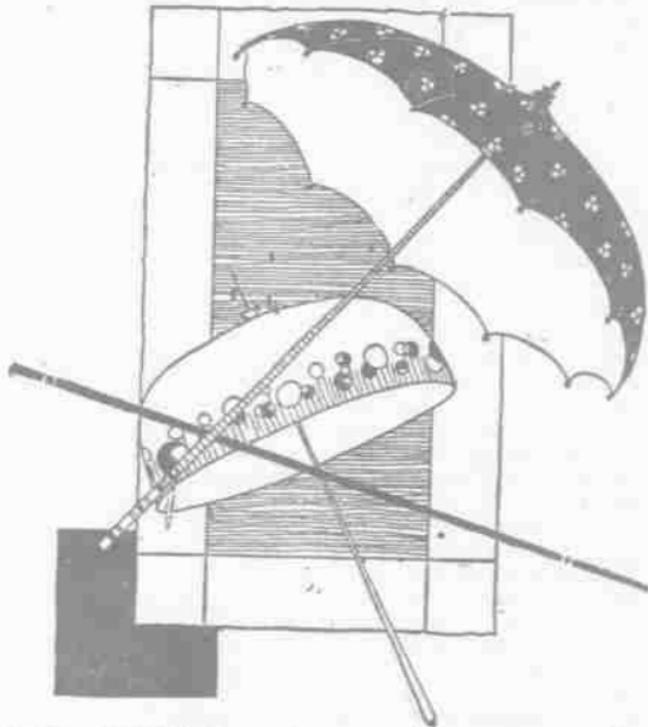
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ENGLISH HUMOR

Mrs. Parker — Young man, why aren't you at the front?

Young Man (milking cow)—'Cos there ain't any milk at that end, missus!

CANE GONE! IN COMES CANE-PARASOL!



BY BETTY BROWN

If you have a cane—don't carry it. Hang it in the closet beside last year's frock—it's just as much out of date. No proper lady in London or New York carries a cane any more. She twirls a stick, however, but it is a parasol stick, a saucy thing of jet, long and slender. The canopy may

be scarlet or green or blue, though many of the new sun shades are in the delicate pastel shades with applied trimming of silk in colors. Notice the length of the sticks, and the form of the "shades" in the cane-parasols I've pictured here—so high a fashion authority as Fashion-Art says these are correct,