

## FROM THE ROOFS BY GEORGE T. MARSH

In serried ranks the black roofs loom  
Against the lurid sky.  
Below, the blaze of garish lights  
Grim hosts of night defy,  
Where endless, through the measured hours,  
A human swarm drifts by.

A human swarm shifts endlessly  
Through thoroughfares of fire,  
As each one to his goal impelled  
Pursues the fool's desire;  
While desolate, a House of God  
Uplifts a lonely spire.

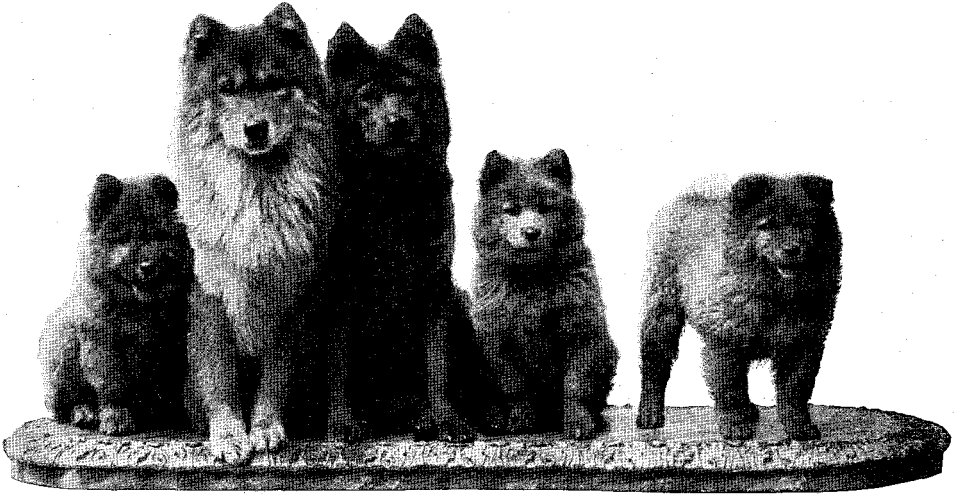
On far lit avenues they seem,  
To one upon the height,  
Like clouds of crazed, bewildered things,  
Lured by a dazzling light,  
That beat scorched wings a moment's space  
Then fall into the night.

Some speed them out on eager feet  
With Pleasure for their quest,  
And some flee bitter Memory  
Where Grief and Torture rest;  
But at the board where each drinks deep  
Death sits a silent guest.

In serried ranks the black roofs frown  
On thoroughfares of fire  
Where through the night a human swarm  
Pursues the fool's desire;  
While like swift ghosts the gray bats wheel  
Around a lonely spire.



*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*



Ying, Ching, and the family.

## YING

By Lillie Hamilton French



HE puppies began it.

Until they arrived in The Master's studio that domain had been his own, and the sofa his exclusive property.

It was a wonderful sofa, unlike any other in town, and, as if by intent, exactly adapted to maintaining dignities derived from a long line of Chinese progeniture. Silk cushions, soft as kittens, filled it, and in its carved and colored upright posts five great cathedral candles were set. When night fell, and these candles were lighted, the sofa became a kind of illumined altar where he reposed supreme, receiving the adulations of the young and fair.

Ladies invited to tea had knelt before it, struggling with each other for the favor of an extended paw, and uttering exclamations of delight when, for an instant, he turned his royal head in their direction, or deigned to answer with a look of condescending calm. To his accustomed nostrils incense was the breath of life.

As he grew older these ladies had invited him to luncheon with The Master, where, unperturbed, he sat at table like any lord, his leonine head upheld, his grave eyes and

quiet dignity a rebuke to liveried flunkies who, smiling, brought him damask napkins. He had frequented many of the best houses in fact, and, like his gay and jovial Master, had never proved himself unmindful of the part a guest should play.

With easy grace he had performed his tricks, jumping over canes and through hooped arms, or, when asked, he had sprung lightly to a chair, risen on his hind legs, curved his long white-lined tail like an ostrich plume over his back, and, placing his fore-paws around The Master's neck, had proved to envying spectators how dearly he loved him; his yellow paws pressed close and his furry head nestled against the other's young and beardless cheek.

At the word of command, too—for this was the one thing over which he hesitated most, having heard good music in the studio—he had jumped to the piano stool, assumed the correct attitude, and struck the keys, modulating his base and treble notes to the moving baton of The Master's finger. The applause that always followed Paderewski himself might have envied, though he, Ying, had received it and the kisses and caresses showered upon him afterward with