

Another blood curdling groan broke forth and the two officers turned and rolled over a dummy. While from all parts of the room, eleven pairs of lungs broke forth in a deafening howl from long pent-up suffering in silence.

Jack looked around, scratched his head, reddened, and looked at the bluecoats beside him. Then he gave each a big silver coin as a "peace offering" and headed the "Knocker" Club down around the corner, where he broke several "greens" as a bribe and mused, "too much Grand Opera."

"VOICES"

There are voices calling,
 Calling ye to right,
 They bid ye labor,
 Labor in thy might,
 For time is flying,
 Flying quick away
 Soon the hour darkens
 And night replaces day.
 Oh, falter not in striving
 The fight will not be long;
 Linger not in waiting
 The victory's for the strong.

Be earnest in your actions,
 Be noble while ye may,
 For opportunity hastens,
 Hastens soon away.
 Then be ye up and doing
 Doing for the right,
 Struggle to be earnest
 To be foremost in the fight.