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in' a man can find in these parts. He's got no dimonds nor bonds in his shanty, an' no wan would iver stale his woman for her looks or her timper." "I'll bet ye," sez I, "he'll be shootin' at ye when ye shoot his cat." "The dirty spalpeen," sez Casey; "I'll be ready for him."

So on the morrow when I was makin' tea in he comes wid two sivin-shooters. "I'm ready for a dozen Mahoneys," sez he. "Let them come on an' we'll see who owns that back fince. I hilped build it mesilf, an' me hin would niver git thru it if his ould tom hadn't broke the hole first."

Afther we had tea Casey sez to me, "Bridgit, me jewel, will ye lind me a dollar till pay day from the igg money? The boys is meetin' the night at Mike Flaherty's, and it took all me coin to git them sivin-shooters." So I wint down in me stockin' an' giv him the dollar, an' he wint off falin' as important as Alderman O'Toole.

The vary nixt wake, as I was a-takin' in me wash of a Monday, I see Mahoney over the fince a-takin' a brand-new sword into his back door. And wid that his boy Pat, a dirty spalpeen as iver was, yells out, "What ye got there, dad?" And Mahoney answers in his big rough voice, "Sure 'tis a sword, me boy, that General O'Dowd took from the British at the battle of Bunker Hill, an' I've a lot of ammunition a-comin' on the xpress. We'll be ready for thim divils whin they come over the fince."

Casey hadn't got home yit, but I knew 'twould niver do to wait, so I leaves me clothes on the grass, changed me dress, took all the money we'd saved for the rint and me igg money, and rins for the car. The whistle blowed as I reached the opery house, an' Casey was comin' down the ladder with his hod on his shoulder. Whin he see me he throwed it on a pile of brick, an' come on a run over to where I waz. "Holy Moses, Bridgit," sez he, "is the pig dead or the house burnt up?" "It may be worse nor that," sez I. An' I up an' tould him what I had heard and seen. "We'll show that hathin," sez he. So we wint to the Imporium an' spint all the money we had for powdher and lead. When we got home it was late; the pig had got out an' completely spoiled the praties an' beans, and the hins had mussed up me clothes so I had to wash thim all over agin on the morrow. O'Callaghan come that night for the rint, an' whin we tould him why we had no money he called us a pack of fules an' took the pig an' all me best hins. But the ammunition come in a dray, an' whin Casey saw it he felt as big as Timmy O'Brien, the brewer. "We'll see who gits over the fince now," sez he.

The nixt day Mahoney wint over in the field at the ind of the strate, an' spint the whole afthernoon shootin' at a mark. Whin I tould Casey, he sez, "Sure, I'll ask off tomorrow an' practice some mesilf." But whin he tould the boss he wanted the day off, he sez, "Git your money." But Casey didn't care. "Sure an' I've got something more important than carryin' bricks to do today," sez he.

So he takes his weepsons of war an' spinds tin hours down in the swamp shootin' at ould tin cans. One of the sivin-shooters iexploded an' cut his head open, an' burnt his hands, but it didn't bother Casey none. "All thim things are a part of war," sez he.

The nixt day a dray brought a load of ammunition to

Mahoney, an' whin Casey see it he wint down to the Sheeney loan shark an' giv him a mortgage on the furniture, an' borrowed \$10 from his uncle Tirince beside, an' spint it all for guns and powdher and lead.

There's no tellin' where he'd have stopped if that night whin he was a-puffin' away on his pipe a spark hadn't fell among some ould papers, an' before we knew it the whole place was ablaze. Casey yells "Powdher," an' we grabs the childher out of bed, an' runs for our lives, but we hadn't got out of the front gate when the whole thing blowed up. Casey is still in the hospital a-waitin' for his wooden leg, an' me an' the childher are on the parish. But we have wan thing, Casey sez, to comfort us—we knowed we was *prepared* if Mahoney had tried to come over the back fince.

HUDSON, MASS.

### Dying Peace.

By Gretchen Warren.

A faithful sentinel had we,  
My love and I, for at our door  
Peace stood and sang a magic song  
Of blessedness, of deathless lore.

And with her song for lullaby  
I rocked a weeping babe to rest,  
While past the open lattice flew  
Dark evening swallows home to nest.

But terribly that song has ceased  
And she lies martyred on the plain,  
Where brave men, shuddering, fight and fall  
That dying Peace may rise again.

And now to bind her bleeding wounds  
My love runs out at dawn of day,  
And many another goes with him  
To that grim field, where, torn away

From hearth and home and sleeping child,  
White Peace lies ghastly, stained with red;  
Through my lone window, with dimmed eyes  
I see them lift her stricken head.

But now with twilight breaks a cry  
Of wilder battle from the west,  
And in the dusk my love sinks dead,  
His face upon her ebbing breast.

HARVARD, MASS.

### The Final Efforts of the European Pacifists to Prevent the War.

By Theodore Ruysen.

On July 31, the very day when Germany declared herself in a state of war, the peace workers met at Brussels, in the Palace Hotel, to attempt to make a last appeal for peace.\* Called together hastily at a time when the summer holidays render both correspondence and traveling uncertain and difficult, this reunion could not be as large as the usual gatherings of the international peace

\*This meeting of the commission of the Berne Peace Bureau and the leading peace workers was summoned by Mr. La Fontaine, President of the Bureau.