

# DRAWN HOME

(In Memoriam)

H. P. FITZGERALD MARRIOTT

*Where Amalfi ever bathes her white feet in the tideless blue of the Mediterranean, the little cargo ships are drawn high up on the beach. When they take the water, as they gracefully slide down dipping their prow, they unfold their sails as if endowed with the life of some great bird swimming slowly out to sea. But when at evening one of them returns, and very gently glides to the beach in the little bay with her sails lowered and the rigging bare, the darkness gathering under the mighty rocks above, and the brightness in the western sky still fading, there is borne irresistibly upon one's mind the impression that it is the voyage of a troubled and glorious life that is at length now ended in peace.*

**D**RAWN home into the haven of her rest,  
Sails furled, stately, bare-masted, strangely lone!  
Naught hinders now, the troubled sea is past;  
The sun down-sinking low, her voyage finished,  
Calm waters take her dark yet lit-up form.

Strange that a life should seem to him as such;  
Strange that the clouds should sadly glower o'er  
This thing of man that almost has a soul;  
Man's most beautiful creation, most like unto his own  
strange careworn life.

Now may the surf break on the confines of that calm, she is  
at rest;  
Now may the deep-toned waves roar on the cold bare rocks  
around her bed;  
The evening clouds grow darker as the sun sinks lower on  
the world;  
And night comes; darkness for those still left  
To battle with the fickle ocean's musical and strange deep  
waves.

# THE ARMY OF FRANCE

BARTON BLAKE

*One cause in particular has raised France to this pitch: the Revolution has awakened all powers and given each power a suitable field of activity. What infinite possibilities sleep in the womb of the nation!—Field-Marshal Count von Gnesenau of Prussia.*

“OF all great modern nations, France has been most deeply imbued with love of military glory.”

The man who wrote that sentence 15 years ago as part of a message to America, went farther in his teachings at home; he contended that all forms of patriotism were a delusion for the worker, who would be as well off under one “capitalistic” government as another. These teachings, violently phrased, cost the teacher over ten years’ freedom, and purchased for him an equal period of residence in the prisons of France.

That teacher’s name is Gustave Hervé, and sometime after we find him setting up a weekly newspaper and naming it *La Guerre Sociale*. He was editing this fiery organ of international socialism when the war came to France in 1914. And what was the war’s reaction upon this untamable revolutionary? Why, he changed the name of his paper *The Social War* to *The Victory!* and made it a daily—so that his subscribers might read his flamingly patriotic editorials seven times a week, yet Citizen Hervé remained an anti-militarist in spite of this apparent about-face. As he protested to me one day last fall, sitting in his modest apartment in the rue de Vaugirard: “I am as much a foe of militarism as ever—even more so, since we Frenchmen now have better reasons to hate organized brute force. Don’t mistake me, however. Anti-militarism doesn’t mean mental and moral mushiness; ‘non-resistance’ and ‘peace-at-any-price’ aren’t synonyms for anti-militarism. No ideal is very real or very dear that you are not willing to fight for, if need be. We French anti-militarists have not in the past chosen our part because it is a soft way of shirking disagreeable duties, but because we have certain unshakable convictions; we are willing to suffer, and even to fight, for our ideal. Today the only sen-