

creative energies have no other channels to flow into, the machine leaves a sense of emptiness, and to compensate for this we have the luxury and dull frivolity that make so much of our life to-day—a weakness symbolized by the theatrical decorations that have begun to crop out in the entrances of our gigantic American office buildings.

In short, a fine machine ideology is an aid to handling machines; and in order for the machine to benefit the other arts, they must have an integrated life of their own. Lacking an adequate ideal of life, lacking relation to all the other arts of society and the personality, the present mechanistic system tends by itself toward destruction or routine—boredom, war, death. In our wretched factory towns, our depleted villages, our overgrown financial metropolises, the great arts of life have been either paralyzed or secluded; and the mechanical age has created an environment in which the spirit, curbed in its proper expression, revenges itself by primitive compensations, by drunkenness and aimless eroticism and other forms of anæsthesia. These defects are not inherent in the machine. They exist in ourselves; and at most, the machine has emphasized our weaknesses and called our attention to them.

To fly, to talk at a distance, to overcome natural forces—these things we have achieved, thanks to exact science and the associated arts. But the myth-making functions, which produced Prometheus, not fire, and Icarus, not flight, are still left untouched by the Machine: what we will to *be* is still left unanswered by our will to do, or by our success in controlling and manipulating external forces. To preserve the efficiency of the machine as an instrument and to use it further as a work of art, we must alter the centre of gravity from the external Newtonian world to that completer world which the human personality itself focusses and dominates. The narrow interests, the intense practical concerns, the crudely depersonalized standards of the older utilitarians must undergo a complete transformation if the fruits of this effort are to be enjoyed. If no other forces were at work within ourselves, causing us to redeem certain tracts of experiences and to revivify arts and ways of life whose understanding and command have been lost, the machine itself would furnish a sufficient impetus. It has conquered us. Now our turn has come, not to fight back, but to absorb our conqueror, as the Chinese, again and again, absorbed their foreign invaders.



## Tragedy

BY ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

HE wronged me; but quickly the pang of it perished,  
For how should a wrong be remembered and cherished  
When Love is a compact too dear for the pledgers  
To enter each debt in account-books and ledgers?

Though I would erase it, not asking a wherefore,  
Embittered, he feels that he wronged me; and therefore  
No matter what winters my friend may outlive me,  
I know, to my grief, he will never forgive me!

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A summer-day plan for a fishing excursion produces a story full of suspense, revealing remarkably a character, by a new contributor who has never before appeared in a general magazine.

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## The Long Day

BY CAROLINE GORDON

THEY were talking on the back porch when Henry went into the dining-room to get his breakfast.

"Let him go," Uncle Fergus said, "Joe'll take care of him."

"I know Joe'll take care of him to the best of his ability," Henry's mother said, "but suppose something else comes up. Suppose Sarah follows them down to the creek."

Uncle Fergus laughed. "Sarah won't be up to any more didoes to-day," he said. "Joe gave her a good larruping before he came up to the house."

"I hope he did," she said. "I hope he beat her within an inch of her life. It's outrageous, really it is."

Uncle Fergus laughed again. "Joe likes his mamas hot," he said. "Georgy was no sucking dove."

"Georgy behaved herself very well while she was on this place. At any rate she never attacked Joe with a razor. This razor business is really too much, Fergus. If I were you I'd tell her to leave."

Henry got up and went out on the porch.

"Mama," he said, "what's the matter with Joe?"

"He had an accident," she said. "Got a little cut on his cheek. Darling, wouldn't you just as soon go fishing next Saturday?"

"I'd rather go to-day. Joe said we'd go to-day."

"I know, darling, but that was before he got cut. He might not feel like going now."

"Can I go down to the cabin and see how he's feeling?"

"Oh, Joe's all right," Uncle Fergus said. "I tell you it wasn't anything. Just barely laid the skin open."

"You can go down to the cabin," she said, "but you mustn't go inside. And you mustn't stay."

"Can I take my lunch and go down to the creek if Joe feels like going fishing?"

His mother looked at Uncle Fergus.

"Let him go," Uncle Fergus said. "It'll be a good thing to get Joe off the place for the day."

"Can I, mama?" Henry said.

"I suppose so, darling. I suppose it'll be all right. But don't make Joe go unless he feels like it. And don't hang around the cabin."

"No'm," Henry said. "I won't."

He kissed his mother, then he got the package of lunch from the refrigerator and went out the back door and down the path to the cabin. It was a pretty day, the kind you get in August sometimes when the drought breaks, cool, but without any wind stirring, and the sun shining steadily in a bright sky.