

cost of one year's warfare—or in some countries of that armed peace which has been called 'Platonic war'—if judiciously expended . . . would secure, to almost every country that man has exhausted, an amelioration of climate, a renovated fertility of soil, and a general physical improvement which might almost be characterized as a new creation."

GARDENER

John Savio, Jr.

His slim brown hands
 Clipped the roses.
 A curve of thorns grabbed
 And held a red petal he fingered,
 While mind moulded it to memory:
 A sunset, grim as granite, hanging
 Ripe as apples from a Philippine skyline.

This earth: brown as autumn,
 The colour of Maria's eyes;
 Brown as fresh graves holding down
 Once restless loving hands.
 He flipped a leaf and listened
 As his god consoled him in tones of green.

The woman looked from the window.
 She wriggled a fur-draped shoulder.
 "I just hired him a week ago; look.
 He's just like a machine, with never
 A thought of love or beauty—
 I simply can't understand how
 He does such a marvellous job."