

spectacle before him, the captain after whisperingly preparing his men for the charge, deafeningly roared out his command, "Fire!". A tremendous noise followed the command, as ten rifles spat lead, and filled the air in the chamber with heavy smoke. For a second were heard a few clicks as the empty cartridges jumped out of their cells. "Fire!" was once more repeated, and after the guns had cracked a second time, the sailors rushed into the chamber, severed the cords that bound the negroes, and rushed upon the "smugglers" who were still too dazed to know what was going on about them. The hubbub was deafening.

But when the robbers realized what was going on about them, they rallied with a furious fusillade of shots. For a moment, the sailors seemed to give way; but at this point, reinforcements arrived, and the smugglers, seeing the futility of further resistance, soon surrendered themselves to the attackers.

The reinforcements were no other than the sailors under the reliable Tom Dorf, who on hearing the first shots, rushed to help his comrades. During Dorf's detour, he had met five men running as fast as their feet could carry them. They put up a defense, but were caught, and made to confess their business on the island. Expecting to be treated with decency if they

confessed, they admitted that a certain William McBillot promised them much gold if they followed him. So making their exit from Hawaii as fast as their boats could carry them, they arrived at Windland Island, where they attacked the negro settlement which was making great strides towards progress. They had ordered the negroes to give up all valuables, otherwise they would kill them. Knowing how superstitious negroes are, they planted every night three enormous lights so arranged as to resemble ghosts. This, they thought would keep the superstitious immigrants from the island. Besides this, they had moved their headquarters to the ruined temples, so as not to be seen by any trading launches which might pass by.

Anyway, it was apparent that the five who were running towards the temple went to warn their comrades. Exulting over their success in freeing the negroes and catching the smugglers, and with only one slightly injured man among their number, the sailors retraced their steps to the ship. After the smugglers had been manacled, the captain climbed the bridge. Upon meeting Thomas Dorf, he said to him: "I marvel at the good we have done to these poor negroes, and all on account of a coincidence, and as for these devilish smugglers, we'll take them home—to JAIL!"

The Bamboo

By Raoul Kahn, H.S. '31.

NATURE, with her fore-sighted wisdom as well as with her love of all that is beautiful, has showered many precious and useful gifts on the Far East. Amongst the first in the rank of natural beauty, and of utility, stands—proudly and justly so—the bamboo.

Though the bamboo is found all over this Gem of the Oriental Seas, it cannot be said to be a peculiarly native tree, as it flourishes just as luxuriantly in Japan, the East Indies, southern Asia, and in parts of Africa and South America. The bamboo combines beauty with

usefulness: its beauty being praised and favorably commented upon by tourists who have seen the loveliest the world has to offer; its numberless uses being vocally vouched for by the natives, and mutely, though none the less forcefully, by the objects of which it is made.

The bamboo . . . The name has a rhythm all its own, a rhythm duplicated by the soft sibilant sighing of the wind among its leaves. The most uneducated person cannot but notice the beauty in the frail slenderness of the bamboo, in its harmonious, yet stately and dignified bow and sway, in its coloring of green,

a green fresh and healthful, yet not over-bright nor glaring. When the fickle wind decides to remain idle, the rich and sumptuous growth of the bamboo can be especially noticed. And when the sun, in all its tropical brightness, plays over the leaves, we can almost see the bamboo growing right under our very eyes,—by inches, as we say.

In a few hours, the sun is overcast, its beams reluctantly disappear, as a threatening mass of clouds billows ominously. All the world seems dreary, dead, as if contaminated by the surliness of the day, all, except—the bamboo. It continues to be lovely, refreshing, gay, and it seems that these notes are augmented, rather than decreased, by the approaching tempest.

Then comes the Storm in all its tropical ferocity, accompanied by its relentless cohorts: Wind and Rain. A simple yet graceful symphony is made by the bamboo in reply to the storm's onslaught. With all its brute strength and savage power, with all of its repeated blasts against the yielding, submissive bamboo, the storm emerges—vanquished. For the bamboo, with all its seeming frailty and weakness, bows, yes, but struggles up again before the storm's fury.

Passes the tempest. The morning dawns bright, sunny. The sun, in its resplendent glory, lets sunbeams play merrily on the bamboo. And lo! What a transformation! It is bathed in colors of crimson and gold, its leaves and branches are gilded with a magnificent splendor worthy of kings.

And then the evening! The moon is gamboling gleefully among the clouds. One moment the night is blackness itself: we see the barest outline of the bamboo, like a dark and

faithful sentinel, beautiful in its immobility and uprightness; the next instant, the world is covered with a silvery radiance: the bamboo is bathed in a sheen of brightness—a brightness that is nevertheless soft and caressing. It is silhouetted for an instant—a precious, unforgettable instant—in all its sheer grace and loveliness, then—it is gone.

Rare, indeed, is the tree that possesses both beauty and utility developed to such a remarkable degree; yet, the bamboo can, in all justice and sincerity, be said to possess both. "The grateful shade," to quote from Gray, aptly describes the welcome shelter found beneath the bamboo's cool and protecting branches, a shelter for man, bird, and beast. But the bamboo is not only used as a means of refuge from the intense tropical sun. The succulent young shoots are pickled and mixed with native dishes, adding a delicious taste to their already exquisite flavor. In the provinces, and to a lesser degree, in the cities, the great majority of the houses are built almost entirely of bamboo: the posts are bamboo stems; the floors are of split bamboo; the ceilings and walls are made of "sawali", a native term for split bamboo woven into mats. The beds, chairs, tables, in fact, all articles of furniture, are made of the same material—bamboo; the fences and ladders, bridges and water pipes, boxes and baskets, owe their origin to the same source.

That the bamboo is of primary importance in the Islands is readily seen. And this importance comes, not only because it enhances and gives a finishing touch to the beauty of these already lovely and fair Isles, but also because it is absolutely necessary and indispensable to the great majority of the people in these Islands.

My Tale

GREEN AND WHITE SUBSCRIBERS.

Here, There, Everywhere.

Dear Subscribers:

Though Christmas is still below the horizon, I yet shout to all of ye, "Hola! Greetings!"

Perhaps you wonder why I, the Joke Editor, have been asked to contribute a literary gem to this October issue. Suffice it to say, that Merit will always be rewarded, and that a fat man can never be put down, (he'll bounce up again).