

Rainbow's End

A NOVEL

BY REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," etc.

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(Continued from page 1)

CHAPTER VIII.

The Spanish Doubloon.

On the whole, Pancho Cueto's plans had worked smoothly. After denouncing the Varona twins as traitors he had managed to have himself appointed trustee for the crown, for all their properties, consumption for which he had worked from the moment he read that letter of Esteban's on the morning after Donna Isabel's death. That there was a treasure Cueto had never doubted, and, once the place was his to do with as he chose, he began his search.

Commencing at the lower edge of the grounds, he ripped them up with a series of deep trenches and cross-cuts. It was a task that required the labor of many men for several weeks, and when it was finished there was scarcely a growing thing left upon the place. Only a few of the larger trees remained. Cueto was disappointed at finding nothing, but he was not discouraged. Next he tore down the old slave barracks and the outbuildings, after which he completely wrecked the residence itself. He pulled it apart bit by bit, brick by brick. He even dug up its foundations, but without the reward of so much as a single peseta. Finally, when the villa was but a heap of rubbish and the grounds a scar upon the slope of La Cumbre, he desisted, baffled, incredulous, while all Matanzas laughed at him. Having sacrificed his choicest residence, he retired in chagrin to the plantation of La Joya.

But Cueto was now a man with a grievance. He burned with rage, and his contempt for the boy and girl he had wronged soured into hatred. In time he began to realize also that so long as they lived they would jeopardize his tenure of their property. Public feeling, at present, was high; there was intense bitterness against all rebels; but the war would end some day. What then? Cueto asked himself. Sympathy was ever on the side of the weak and oppressed. There would come a day of reckoning.

As if to swell his discomfiture and strengthen his fears, out from the hills at the head of the Yumuri issued rumors of a little band of guerrilleros, under the leadership of a beardless boy—a band of blacks who were making the upper valley unsafe for Spanish scouting parties.

Cursing the name of Varona, Pancho Cueto armed himself. He did not venture far alone, and, like Donna Isabel before him, he began to have bad dreams at night.

One day a field of Cueto's cane was burned, and his laborers reported seeing Esteban and some negroes riding into the wood. The overseer took horse within the hour and rode pell-mell to Matanzas. In the city at this time was a certain Colonel Cobo, in command of Spanish volunteers, those execrable convict troops from the Isle of Pines whose atrocities had already marked them as wolves rather than men, and to him Pancho went with his story.

"Ah, yes! That Varona boy, I've heard of him," Cobo remarked, when his caller had finished his account. "He has reason to hate you, I dare say, for you robbed him." The colonel smiled disagreeably.

Cueto murmured something to the effect that the law had placed him in his position as trustee for the crown, and should therefore protect him; but Colonel Cobo's respect for the law, it seemed, was slight. In his view there was but one law in the land, the law of force.

"Why do you come to me?" he asked. "That fellow is a desperado," Pancho declared. "He should be destroyed."

"Bah! The country is overrun with desperados of his kind, and worse. Burning crops is nothing new. I'd make an end of him soon enough, but nearly all of my men are in Cardenas. We have work enough to do."

"I'd make it worth while, if you could put an end to him," Pancho said, hesitatingly. Then, recalling some of those stories about Colonel Cobo, he added, "There are two of them, you know, a boy and a girl."

"Ah, yes! I remember." "I can direct you to the house of Asensio, where they live."

"Un-uh!" Cobo was thoughtful. "A girl. How old is she?"

"Eighteen."

"Ugly as an alligator, I'll warrant."

"Ha! The most ravishing creature in all Matanzas. All the men were mad over her."

Colonel Cobo, the guerrilla, licked his full, red lips and ran a strong, square hand over his curly, short-cropped hair. "You say you know where she—where they are living?"

"Ah, perfectly! It's less than a night's ride. There's no one except the boy to reckon with."

"How much is he worth to you?" bluntness inquired the soldier, and Cueto sat down to make the best terms possible.

"Do you think he received my letter?" Rosa asked of her brother one evening as they sat on the board bench by Asensio's door. It was a familiar question to Esteban; he had answered it many times.

"Think of his difficulties." This subject always distressed young Varona; therefore he changed it. "Come! You haven't heard of my good fortune. I captured another fine snake today, a big, sleepy fellow. Believe me, he'll wake up when I set fire to his tail. He'll go like the wind, and with every foot he goes away will go more of Pancho Cueto's profits."

"You intend to burn more of his fields?" absentmindedly inquired the girl. "It seems terrible to destroy our own property."

Esteban broke out excitedly; he could not discuss Pancho Cueto without losing control of himself. "Would you permit that traitor to fatten upon the profits of our plantations? I shall ruin him, as he ruined us."

Rosa shook her dark head sadly. "And we are indeed ruined. Think of our beautiful house; all our beautiful things, too! We used to consider ourselves poor, but—how little we knew of real poverty. There are so many things I want. Have we nothing left?"

"I thought it best to buy those rifles," the brother murmured, dropping his eyes. "It was one chance in a million."

"No doubt it was. It seems those Spaniards will sell their souls."

"Exactly. We can dig food from the earth and pluck it from the trees, but good Mausers don't grow on every bush. Besides, of what use would money be to us when we have no place to spend it?"

"True!" After a moment Rosa mused aloud: "I wonder if Cueto found the treasure? If only we had that—"

"He didn't find it," Esteban declared, positively. "I—he hesitated—"I think I know why he didn't. I think I know where it is."

"Where is it?" breathlessly inquired the girl.

After a furtive look over his shoulder Esteban whispered, "In the well."

"You're joking!"

"No, no! Think for yourself. It was old Sebastian who dug that well—"

"Yes."

"And he alone shared father's confidence. That sunken garden was all Sebastian's work. No one else was allowed to tend it. Why? I'll tell you. They feared to let anyone else draw



Esteban Whispered, "In the Well."

the water. Isabel searched for years; if that treasure had been above ground her sharp nose would have smelled it out, and now Cueto has moved the very earth."

Rosa sat back disappointed. "So that's your theory?"

"It's more than a theory," the boy insisted. "Look at this!" From the pocket of his cotton trousers he produced an odd-looking coin, which he placed in Rosa's hand.

"Why, it's gold! It's a Spanish doubloon," she said. "It's the first one I ever saw. Where did you find it?"

"You'll think I'm crazy when I tell you—sometimes I think so myself. I found it in Isabel's hand when I took her from the well!"

Rosa was stricken speechless.

"She clutched it tightly," Esteban hurried on, "but as I made the rope fast her hand relaxed and I saw it in the lantern light. It was as if—well, as if she gave it to me. I was too badly frightened to think much about it, as you may imagine. It was a horrible place, all slime and foul water; the rocks were slippery. But that coin was in her fingers!"

Rosa managed to say: "Impossible! Then she must have had it when she fell."

"No, no! I saw her hands upstretched, her fingers open, in the moonlight."

"It's uncanny. Perhaps—"

"Yes. Perhaps some unseen hand led her to the place so that we should

at last come into our own. Who knows? There's no doubt that father hid his money. He turned his slaves into gold, he bought jewels, precious metal, anything he could hide. Well, perhaps there were old coins in the lot. The water in the well is shallow; Isabel must have dropped this piece from the bottom. Some day I shall explore the hole and—well, shall see."

Rosa flung her arms rapturously about her brother's neck and kissed him. "Wouldn't it be glorious?" she cried. "Wouldn't it be wonderful, to be rich, and to want for nothing; to have fine clothes and good things to eat once more? Good things to eat!" Her lip quivered. "Oh—I'm so hungry."

"Poor little girl!"

"Wait till O'Reilly hears about this." Rosa was all excitement once more. "He'll be glad he came and got me, if he does come."

Esteban caressed her. "He'll come, never fear. I know it. Every time I leave you my heart is in my throat for fear of what may happen in my absence, and yet I can't always be at your side."

"There! You acknowledge that I handicap you. Except for me you would be making a glorious name for yourself."

"Nothing of the sort. More probably

I'd be getting myself killed. No! It's better this way. We must be brave and patient and—think of what is waiting for us at the bottom of that well!"

It was indeed a great piece of luck which had enabled Esteban Varona to buy a half-dozen Mausers from a Spanish soldier. Through Asensio's acquaintance he had profited by the dishonesty of an enemy, and, although it had taken all his money to effect the purchase, Esteban considered the sacrifice well worth while. The fire of patriotism burned fiercely in him, as did his hatred of Pancho Cueto, and the four trusty negro slaves to whom he had given rifles made, with Asensio and himself, an armed party large enough to be reckoned with. These blacks were excitable fellows, and wretched marksmen, but, on the other hand, each and every one had been raised with a machete at his hip and knew how to use it. After a few preliminary forays under Esteban's leadership they had absorbed a bit of discipline and were beginning to feel a military air.

In the Cuban field forces there were many negroes, and few of their fellow patriots fought better, or endured the hardships of guerrilla warfare more cheerfully than they. General Antonio Maceo was of mixed blood, and yet his leadership was characterized not only by rare judgment and ability, but also by an exalted abandon of personal bravery. His several brothers rendered Cuba services scarcely less distinguished, and they were but of a few of many dark-skinned heroes. This struggle for independence was no patrician's war; the best stock of the island fought side by side with field hands.

At dawn of the morning following his talk with Rosa, when the members of his command assembled, Esteban was up and ready. He had made his preparations to destroy Pancho Cueto's fields, and since the road over the hills to La Joya was long he had summoned them early.

"Be careful!" Rosa implored him. "I shall die of suspense."

"It is for you to be careful," he laughed. "Keep a good watch, and conceal yourself at the first alarm. However, I think we have taught these bandits a lesson. As for Cueto, he would run to the jungle if he saw us. He has the heart of a mouse."

He kissed his sister affectionately, and then rode off at the head of his tattered band.

Rosa waved him a last farewell as he disappeared into the woods, then, to occupy herself, she helped Evangelina with what little housework there was to do, later going with her to the garden patch where the viandas grew.

Evangelina's early devotion to her mistress had not diminished with time; if anything, it had deepened. When emancipation came she would have returned to the service of her beloved twins had it not been for Donna Isabel's refusal to accept her. As it was, she and Asensio had married, and by means of Rosa's surreptitious help they had managed to buy this little piece of land. Rosa had practiced self-denial to make the purchase possible, and her self-sacrifice had borne fruit; that act of childish beneficence had created a refuge for Esteban and herself and had ripened the negro woman's affection into idolatry.

Evangelina's joy at having the girl to herself, where she could daily see her, touch her, serve her, was tempered only by the knowledge of Rosa's unhappiness. She scolded and tyrannized, she mothered and adored the girl to her heart's content; she watched over her like a hawk; she deemed no labor in her service too exacting. It would have gone ill with anyone who offered harm to Rosa, for Evangelina was strong and capable; she had the arms and the hands of a man, and she possessed the smoldering black temper of Sebastian, her father.

Even in peaceful times few people came to this clearing in the woods, far off from the main-traveled roads of the Yumuri, and the day, as usual, passed uneventfully. Evangelina worked, with one eye upon her Rosa, the other watchfully alert for danger. When evening came she prepared their scanty meal, upbraiding Rosa, meanwhile, for her attempts to assist her. Then they sat for an hour or two on the bench outside the door, talking about Juan O'Reilly and the probable hour of his coming.

When Rosa fretted about her brother, the negro reassured her. "Don't be frightened, little dove; he has the makings of a great soldier. Now, then, it is growing cool and the night carries fevers. Creep into your bed and dream about that handsome lover of yours."

Rosa obeyed, although reluctantly. "I'll sleep for a while," she compromised, "then I'll come out and take my turn."

Dawn was still a long way off when, true to her promise, Rosa emerged from the hut with an apology for having slept so long. Evangelina protested, though her eyes were heavy and she had been yawning prodigiously for hours. But for once the girl was firm. Having finally prevailed in her determination, she seated herself in the warm place Evangelina had vacated, and, curling her small feet under her, she settled herself, chin in hand, to think of O'Reilly. It was a good time to think, for the jungle was very still and the night like a velvet curtain.

"We had better leave the horses here," Pancho Cueto hesitatingly addressed the dim blur which he knew to be Colonel Cobo. The colonel of volunteers was in a vile temper, what with the long night ride and an error of Cueto's which had considerably lengthened the journey.

"Where is the house?" growled the officer.

"Not far. But the path is rocky and the horses' feet—"

"Yes, yes!" There was a creak of saddle leathers and a groan as the colonel dismounted. "Now, my good Cueto," he threatened, "another of your mistakes and I'll give you something to remember me by."

A curt order brought his men out of their saddles. One of their number was detailed to guard the animals, while the rest fell in behind Cueto and followed him up the trail by the starglow.

Good Propaganda

One of the first acts of the new Congress should be the printing of a twenty-million edition of a little pamphlet containing the Declaration of Independence, the U. S. Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech. Such an edition would provide a copy for each family in the United States. Then, if the administration hasn't any conscientious objections, the pamphlet should be frankable, so that this compendium of information concerning government of the people, by the people, for the people, could be readily distributed.

A Husky Statesman

The only man who doesn't become ill at the peace conference, is the oldest man present—Clemenceau. And they can't down him by shooting. Surely such a statesman should win his contentions which are primarily those for which the whole civilized world fought—to lick the Hun, to punish the Hun, and to shackle the Hun.

BOYS OVER HERE—OVER THERE



Albert Schiewe, of Mullno, is another Clackamas county boy having received his honorable discharge from the service. He has been in the navy stationed at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Colonel Frank Mount, who has been overseas, and has been in this city visiting his uncles, Drs. H. S. and Guy Mount, and other relatives, left Tuesday evening for New York, where he will take a post-graduate course for several months. Lieutenant Colonel Mount will return to this city with his wife and little daughter in about two months to resume his practice as a physician.

Irving G. Hanson of Company, 76th Infantry, who resides at Salem, has received his honorable discharge from the service. He has come to Oregon City to make his home, having accepted a position in this city.

Victor S. Sedorr, of Goldendale, Wash., who has been in the service, has received his honorable discharge. Sedorr has come to this city to make his home for the present, having accepted a position here. He was a member of Battery F, 54th Coast Artillery Corps.

Another Clackamas county boy has made good in the service, and received promotion from captain to major is Frank Newton, a former Oregon City young man and youngest son of Mrs. K. L. Newton. He is in France.

Major Newton has had much military experience. He was in the regular army for nine years, and by virtue of his service was given a cap-

tain's commission in the quartermaster's department when entering the service of the recent war.

During his military career Major Newton has been honored by the war department for his distinguished service, and in 1909 congress voted him a medal for bravery in connection with the rescue of a party which was ambushed in the Philippine Islands. He has also been presented with other medals by the war department for distinguished service in Cuba, Porto Rico and during the boxer uprising in China.

When Uncle Sam called for men to enter the service during the recent European war, Major Newton responded immediately, and was given the commission of Captain.

All sections of Clackamas county were well represented at the big Victory ball at the Busch hall Saturday evening, which was given by some of the young women of this city in honor of their return and those on a furlough. There were many among those who have been active in France and Belgium, and thoroughly enjoying the entertainment. There were about 400 people in attendance, and other boys to return are to be entertained likewise at some future date by those having charge of Saturday night's affair.

Corporal Fred Gio, who has been in France since 1917, with Company E, 41st Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, has arrived in Camp Lewis, Wash., where he will receive his honorable discharge. Corporal Gio passed through Portland Sunday, and is looking forward to the time of his return to his home here. He will probably resume his position as fireman with the Pacific States Telephone company, having been employed by that company for eleven years before entering the service. He is the only son

of Mrs. M. Gio, of Fourteenth and Washington streets.

George Jewell, one of Clackamas county's heroes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jewell, of 16th and Division streets, returned to Oregon City recently, having received his honorable discharge. He has been in some of the heaviest engagements in France. He was a member of Company F, 37th Engineers, and among the places where he saw action were Baccaret, Toul sector, on the Meuse river, Argonne forest. He was also with the Army of Occupation, stationed in Germany for some time. Jewell has many friends in this city, who are glad to welcome him home, and he is as glad to be back into his old home town.

The following letter, a continuation of one recently published in the Enterprise and written by Private Samuel H. Rankin to his mother, Mrs. G. C. Dallas, of Damascus, telling of some of his experiences he has had since entering the service:

March 22, 1919.

"Dear Mother and All: Another hospital unit from here received orders today to start for the States and I wouldn't mind at all if my company would get the same orders. Gee! but it's hard to keep from getting homesick when we know the other fellows are getting started back. I guess next month will see us on our way."

"They have put me on a new job now working with the plumbers. It isn't bad work either, and I don't have to drill."

"It is getting so warm here now that the shady side of the street is decidedly the most comfortable in the middle of the day."

"Well, I must write a little more about Paris, or rather Versailles, one of its suburbs."

"The R. C. party of soldiers, sailors and nurses left right after dinner and we took the subway car again, costing each two cents. Reaching the town, we proceeded at once to the Palace of Louis XV, for which the place is famous. Before reaching the iron gates leading to the famous marble court in the rear of the palace, we passed two magnificent buildings, one on each side of the street. They were semi-circular, two stories high and a block long, all of which were constructed of fine stone, and you would never guess what they were. Well, one was where he kept his saddle horses, and the other his driving horses. Now they are barracks for French soldiers."

"The court covers almost an acre, and is covered with marble cobblestones. All around the edge and in the center are large statues. Then we went inside and through a few of the most important rooms. The first were good-sized halls, bare of furniture, with high dome-shaped ceilings all cut up into panels. Each room was a representation of some of the old legendary gods, and in these panels were wonderful paintings, showing the principal events in his life. All the trimmings were of bronze and the floors were of hardwood laid in various fancy designs."

"The gallery of mirrors is considered the most beautiful in the world each window having a mirror the same size directly opposite."

"Then we entered the room where the table sits on which the peace terms will be signed. Of course everyone laid their hand on the table. It was on this same table that the peace treaty of the American revolution was signed and several more French treaties. The table is all marble, and is of a dark bluish color and quite large."

"The queen's bedroom was about like the others, with paintings, etc., with an old bed having a canopy top and curtains. Next was the king's bedroom. In here was a bust of Louis XIV with one of his 300 wigs on it. There was the large gallery holding some 300 paintings, about 12x18 feet, showing different battles. All the figures were life size. Two of them were pictures showing scenes in the American Revolution."

"The great marble stairway was the one over which Marie Antoinette fled when trying to escape the mob during the Revolution here."

"The estate covers several square miles, and is covered with little secluded gardens, fountains, statues and groves of trees."

"In the center is a large artificial lake in the shape of a cross, the construction of which cost many lives

There were 30,000 men kept busy until it was completed.

"This is about all for Versailles I guess."

"Write often."

"Love to all."

"FERRY."

JUDGMENT IS ASKED ON SEVERAL BILLS FOR MERCHANDISE

L. M. Travis entered suit Friday against Larkin K. Elliott and Nettie E. Elliott to collect several bills alleged due to merchants and assigned to plaintiff for collection.

A bill of \$10 is alleged due the Price Shoe company of Eugene, this having been made March 15, 1917, for goods sold and delivered to the defendants, and another bill of \$41.95 for merchandise, is alleged due Shiller & Son of Harrisburg, this being made in 1915. On January 25, 1914, plaintiff claims defendants gave a note to Dr. W. H. Dale for \$100.75 and have failed to make any payments on it.

It is further alleged defendants purchased goods on March 16, 1918, of the Eastern Outfitting company of Portland, amounting to \$55.25 and have paid only \$6.50 on this.

Travis asks for a judgment for the full amounts and 6 per cent interest and costs of the case and \$25 attorney's fees.

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GERMANS MUST SIGN PACT OR BE ISOLATED

PARIS, May 6.—The Germans must sign the peace treaty or face economic isolation.

This was made plain today when the blockade section of the supreme economic council was instructed to draw up plans for economic isolation of Germany—to be put into effect if the enemy attempts to carry out its threat to refuse the peace terms.

Supporting the American report that Italy was not invited to return to the peace conference, it was learned today that the final draft of the treaty did not contain Italy's name and it was necessary to write it in.

President Wilson won a sweeping victory today when Premier Lloyd George and Premier Clemenceau were forced to agree to a proposal that 45 newspaper correspondents be present in the Trianon palace at Versailles to witness the presentation of the peace treaty terms to the Germans.

PARIS, May 6.—It was decided late today that the following delegations which were to be excluded will be admitted to the congress at Versailles tomorrow when the peace terms are to be handed to the Germans: China, Siam, Cuba, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Haiti, Panama, Liberia and Honduras.

Countries on the original official list of those to be represented are: The United States, Great Britain and her dominions, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Brazil, Serbia, Greece, Poland, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia.

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