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flicts occurred between Walinuu, his first wife, and Kalanainuu (Kihawahine), and with Haumea (Kamehaikaua), in which Kalanainuu was blinded and Walinuu's nose was broken, as shown by their images exhibited in the House of Papa, in the heiaus.

There was a new chief as his successor after Punaaikoae disappeared and had so long delayed his return. As Puna and his wife were residing at upper Kalihi, Walinuu, for the need of fish, occasionally went fishing for crabs at Heeia, Koolau, and other localities. On one such occasion as she went crabbing, Punaaikoae arose and went over to a banana patch of the chief and there rested, and on account of the refreshing atmosphere under the shade of the bananas he fell asleep and while so sleeping he was arrested by the watchman of the patch and charged with stealing bananas. His malo (loin cloth) was loosened, his hands were tied, and he was led thus to Honolulu and there strangled, and his dead body was hung on the branch of a breadfruit tree that stood on the northerly side of Waikahalulu Falls.

While Walinuu was gathering sea-moss and crabs at the places she usually frequented, report reached her of the misfortune which befell her husband. On account of this report she hastily girded her pohuehue skirt (fishing garment) about her, without taking thought of her real skirt, but came up as she was in her pohuehue skirt, and saw her husband's body hanging between the branches of the breadfruit tree. Many were the people gathered about. As she drew near she cried and wailed most piteously, whereby she was recognized as the wife of the deceased. Afterward as she was sitting with grief for the death of her innocent husband she was thinking of revenge for this wanton deed; therefore she cracked open the breadfruit tree. The people fell in awe for this wonderful thing. She dropped her pohuehue skirt where she sat, then stood naked and entered the breadfruit tree, which she joined again as it was before. This occasioned much talk at the time and it spread among all the chiefs.

At the time when the body of Makea (Punaaikoae) was hanging there, the ground under the tree was covered with dogs attracted thither; the chief's pet dog was also among them. When it went home it was wagging its tail at his master, and they gambolled about with joy. As they were thus rejoicing the dog leaped up and bit his master's throat so that he died immediately. Strange happening this—the fruit of death to follow one and also the other in consequence of the killing of one so unjustly.

THE AFFAIRS OF THE WAINIHA HUI.

By Rev. John M. Lydgate.

ONE of a group of deep-cut valleys on the north side of of Kauai, Wainiha is the deepest and grandest of them all. On the east side the low hills, near the coast, creep up gradually to the cloud-capped mountains of the interior, but on the west the lofty mountain wall guards the valley to the sea, falling off in a suden precipice, whose base is bathed in the surf while the summit swims in the clouds. With conscious grandeur the western wall 4000 feet high dominates the lower eastern one as well as the intervening valley. More simple as well as more profound than most Hawaiian valleys, it has few lateral feeders, and these of small size or depth. Yet a brawling stream of impressive volume springs from deep-seated fountains and makes its devious way to the sea. In the lonely grandeur of its isolation it overlooks vast stretches of northern sea from which comes back no responsive echo of other tropic islands like our own.

Of profound depth, it is yet a narrow valley, with very little "bottom" land and that little much cut to pieces by the waywardness of the violent stream, much given to plowing unnecessary channels in unexpected directions.

Accordingly, the area suitable for cultivation is very limited, and the agricultural value of the valley comparatively small—yet, by making the very utmost of what there was, the valley, in prehistoric times, supported a large population.

At a time as late as the reign of Kaumualii, the local konohiki making a careful census of the valley by villages from the sea mauka returned upwards of 2000 souls. Enumerating in detail all the communities, he gave the exact quota from each—Naue, Pa-ie-ie, Maunaloa, Pali-eleele, Maunahina, Pohakuloa, Opaikea, Homai-ka-lani and ending with Laau, the hamlet farthest

mauka, in the depths of the mountains, where the valley contracts to a narrow gorge, with a brawling stream running white in the bottom. But this Laau item rather casts discredit on all the rest, for it ran "Laau, the Menehunes, 65."

These Laau people were not really Menehunes, but an allied race of older extraction, little brown men of sturdy stature, 2½ or 3 feet high, the aborigines of the land driven back into the fastness of the mountains.

A primitive people, unique in their simplicity, knowing nothing of fire, or the domestic arts, or clothing, or agriculture, they subsisted on the wild bananas which abound in this vicinity and lived in small, squalid banana-leaf huts, on the inaccessible ledges of the valley, from which they kept watch for the advent of the hereditary enemy. Wild as March hares, they fled, on every alarm, to the overhanging heights, and from there stood guard, as monkeys chattering in the trees. But at night they crept down—so the tradition runs—to the camp of the enemy and stripped him of everything available, enjoying his poi and fish with the gusto of a connoisseur and snatching the tapas from off the sleeping forms of the venturesome visitors. "Sixty-five men at Laau." Evidently, somewhere, in the ascent of the valley, the clear, cold facts of the seashore, where men were men, changed to romance. And so when we look the figures of this old statistician in the face, we must needs discount them and wonder how many of the 2000 were real men.

There is, however, circumstantial evidence of a convincing nature still available by which we may, in a general way, confirm the report of this old chronicler. All along up the river, wherever the encroaching palis on either side leave the least available space, the land has been terraced and walled up to make "lois." And so the whole valley is a slowly ascending stairway of steps, broad in the tread and low in the rise, all the way to Laau, where the last available space was won, if not by the dwarfs, at least by someone who understood this kind of agricultural engineering. These artificial lands have long since reverted to the wilderness from which they came, and it is only by chance that the traveler stumbles upon them, beating his way through the jungle. But they bear witness to a large population; and so perhaps we do not need to discredit the old chronicler by more than the 65 men of Laau. That was only a narrow coping of romance for a solid edifice of reality.

But that was long ago—and the times of which I write had lost the purple halo of romance, and had lost also the teeming population. The haoles had come, bringing many wonderful things, but bringing also in the train of these wonderful things certain contagious diseases which ran like wildfire through the secluded valleys and left broad areas silent and desolate. The lonely and secluded outposts, far up the valley, were more and more deserted in favor of the more gregarious, more accessible, and more salubrious lands makai, which were left more or less untenanted by the process of decimation.

And as for the little people of Laau, they were forgotten in the lapse of years. No one went near them, no one saw them, but the tradition of them survived, and even yet the luxurious banana groves of Laau are known as theirs, and the infrequent visitor to these lone solitudes looks furtively behind him as he steals hurriedly through them.

In the days of the great Mahele, when the common people acquired title to their kuleanas and the chiefs to their lands, the land of Wainiha fell to the lot of Kekauonohi. He was a great landlord, owning also many other lands scattered here and there over the group. A man of large ideas and considerable enterprise, he was ill content to spend his days lolling about on widespread mats, watching interminable hulas. He would trade with his talents and make them more. In those days the only avenue of considerable income open to the chiefs was the sandalwood trade. And into this trade he embarked with a hundred-ton schooner, manned by a beachcomber captain and a Hawaiian crew. From his own lands, by means of enforced labor, after the feudal manner of the time, he gleaned the load of sandalwood, and in due time his schooner, the *Manu-o-ka-wai*, set sail for Shanghai, leaving behind a burden of debt, resting on the shoulders of Kekauonohi, of $10,000, which amount had been advanced by Aldrich & Co. for the purchase and outfitting of the schooner and which was secured by a blanket mortgage covering all the lands of the Kekauonohi Estate. The old chief knew nothing of the virtues of insurance, and would have scouted them

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.: he had known. His vessel and her cargo went uninsured—trusted to the fortunes of the deep.

The *Manu-o-ka-wai* never returned. What became of her none ever knew. The dangers of the China seas were surely quite sufficient to account for the loss of a schooner so poorly found and badly manned as the *Manu-o-ka-wai*. But there were not wanting those who looked wise and declared that they wouldn't "put it past Wry-neck Rawlinson," the captain, to take her over on a venture of his own. However that may be, she never came back, and there were no returns out of which to pay off the mortgage on the Kekauonohi lands. The note fell due, and Aldrich & Co. promptly notified him of the fact. The old chief lumbered heavily round to the business office on Queen street and begged for an extension of time, till he could realize on some of his land. Most suave and courteous to the old chief borrowing money on a broad margin of security Aldrich & Co. were short and chill to the old man in trouble, but grudgingly extended the time for one year at 15%, said 15% to be computed on the original face of the mortgage, together with the accrued interest. Now Kekauonohi was abundantly solvent, and he knew it. He could turn round and sell, to good advantage, land in Honolulu, or on Hawaii, or Maui, to the haoles, for already the march of progress was enhancing values. But because these lands were rapidly increasing in value, it was well to hold them. On the Island of Kauai, however, on the exposed windward side, the farthest outpost of the Island Kingdom, lay the land of Wainiha. Small returns came to him from this property. There was always some valid reason for default or delay. He would try and dispose of this land, and that not to the haoles, but to the Hawaiian tenants of the land themselves.

He made a personal visit to Wainiha, which he had never seen before, and, calling the people together, laid before them his proposition to sell to them, at a fair valuation, this land on which they had lived so long, and to which they were so deeply attached. He called attention to the fact that the common people had entered upon a new era of independence—that of landowning. Already they had acquired their kuleanas in fee simple. Their house lots and their taro lands had been granted to them, and he begged to remind them that it was largely due to his consideration that they now held these valuable kuleanas, taken bodily from his estate. Had he resisted, as some others had done, there would not now be a single kuleana in Wainiha. But the kuleanas, valuable as they were, were yet insufficient for the requirements of the larger life of these modern days. The wealth of the sea, of the streams, of the mountains, still remainded with the land. The fish, the wis, the opaes, the hogs, the birds, the awa, the olona, the wauke, the sandalwood, the pasturage on the hills—all this belonged to the chief and might be disposed by him to aliens, as was being done by other chiefs. He greatly desired to see them an independent and prosperous colony, owning all the resources of life, and so he wanted to sell to them this noble land stretching from the sea to the top of Waialeale, with all its varied possibilities. Yes, he knew that they were a poor people, not blessed with much ready money, but they were industrious, and he would make it easy for them. He would take $9000 for the land with all its ancient rights and privileges, and would give them a year in which to find the money. Furthermore, he would remit all dues and call off all tabus during that time. Of course, he knew that this was a weighty matter, and that they couldn't be expected to reply offhand. Take time to consider and talk it over and return him a definite answer in a month.

And then, with a great flourish of trumpets, that found expression in leis and hulas and bouts of awa, he was gone, by the return trip of the *Ehukai*.

It was a large enterprise for the simple people of Wainiha. It involved the problems of empire, problems of organization, of coöperation, of government, of finance, which have ever been the difficult problems of the world's history, and have not always, by any means, been successfully solved. But there were master minds in Wainiha, men like Ki-ki-ko, and La-haina, and Nuu-hiwa—men who were caught by the romance of great things, men who had everything to gain and nothing to lose. From the beginning they were confident. To the faint-hearted objection, "We can never raise the money—$9000—that's a shipload of money!" they replied, "Yes, we can! Divide it up among 90 of us—it's only $100 apiece."

"But even so; $100. Where is a man to get that much? $10 gold pieces don't grow on lehua trees!"

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"Well," came the confident response, "any man is a lolo that can't dig up $100 in a year. Why, it's only $8 a month and a little more!" Which, though not an exact statement, appeared to be unanswerable.

And then, coming down to nearer details, they sketched out two or three sample plans which each man could take home and study over. Plan A. Ship under the haole on the new sugar plantation at Hanalei for two years, get $100 advance and there you were. Plan B. Mortgage your kuleana to the same haole for $100 or even more and then enter into a contract with him to furnish "pai-ai" for his men at 1c a pound, and so work off the debt. Plan C. Give your note for $100 secured by your prospective share in the land, together with such other earthly possessions as you might have, subject, of course, to the approval of the haole, and trust to a rise of values to pull you out. This latter plan seemed to be dangerously near to what we know as "high finance"—the mysterious shuffling of the miraculous, the making of something out of nothing.

Well, if you didn't like that, go and ship on Princeville; that would be real enough.

And so, one by one, the leading men of the valley were won over, and the wheels were set in motion that would roll in the hundred-dollar payments on the land.

It was noted, not without some adverse coment, that Ki-ki-ko was the recipient of a fine new Spanish saddle, so elaborately wrought with strange figures and flowers that speculation ran high as to the price of it in Honolulu. And Lahaina, all of a sudden, rode a spirited new horse with shining flanks and flowing mane! And Nuu-hiwa sported a new broadcloth suit, which he imperfectly filled in places. And Keohi (w) wore a black silk dress trimmed with passementerie, the like of which had never been seen in Wainiha, which, more than ample in the rear, fell short in front because of extended area it had to cover. There was no assured relation between these new possessions and the enterprise so skilfully advocated by their owners, but most of the people in the valley coupled the two things together, and didn't understand why they had been overlooked in the disposition of favors.

The promoters of the movement had rather discouraged the

idea of a public meeting, where the matter might be discussed at large. They knew that this meant the opening of the flood-gates of talk with little of substance behind it, and perhaps ill-considered action for which no one would be responsible, so they dealt with each man personally, outfitting him with the proper plan and setting him successfully on his way toward the hundred dollars and the desired membership in the hui. One by one the membership mounted up—50, 60, 65, then slowly, with many hitches and much delay, for the field was pretty well worked out by this time. One by one to 70, 71, 72, 75 finally—but here the advance ceased. The most frantic efforts of the leaders, with the most gracious smiles of Keohi thrown in, were futile; it stuck at 75.

Most of the money was paid in and deposited at the plantation office in Hanalei, since most of it was raised by pay-in-advance schemes, financed by the plantation. Kekauonohi was, of course, kept informed of what was doing. $7500 out of the $9000 seemed to be in sight. Then there were defalcations. One old man, Manuia of Haena, died before he had completed the deal; his share dropped out, and there were two or three more who came and said, humbly and shamefacedly, that they had changed their minds and would not go into the enterprise, earning for themselves the well-merited scorn of their companions, many of whom had all but done the same thing. They were people with "bowels of darkness," not fit for this enlightened time!

Finally, after many struggles and many misgivings and much bolstering of faith on the part of the promoters, $7100 was paid in on account. The valley was "shipped" and mortgaged and hypothecated into bondage and poverty. There was scarcely a family that wasn't tied up—yea, shackled up—to the new enterprise. There wasn't a scrap of collateral left, nor a spare dollar of cash. There was no present prospect of squeezing another nickel out of the depleted community. This was reported to Kekauonohi in Honolulu.

$7100 would not meet his note and interest, to be sure, but it would allay the impatience of the haole who was constantly demanding payment. Why not take it as part payment for the land, pass it over to Aldrich & Co., get a release of the land from

the general mortgage, transfer it to the hui at Wainiha, and take a mortgage on the land itself for the balance at 15%? So much of this plan as concerned the hui was communicated to it through the agency of the promoters, who explained the proposition at great length and with much display of legal ability. There were some who were afraid of the $2000 debt which would thus be imposed on their shoulders, but to most of them this was a minor consideration—they were up to their eyes in debt, anyway; a little more wouldn't make any difference. So the proposition was finally accepted, and in the course of time the necessary documents arrived and were duly executed by all the parties concerned.

And thus the 71 members came to constitute the "Hui Kuai Aina o Wainiha," which was duly organized, and which now owned the vast land of Wainiha, together with a debt of $2000 and a rapidly accruing interest account.

The first sensation was one of conquest. They had won a kingdom, with vast unexplored areas of solitude, and vast untouched resources of wealth. But the other sensation, of debt, followed close upon it. They had strained every nerve to pay the $7000. What about the $2000 still to come? And the 15% would soon eat up the land if allowed to prey on it. It speaks well for the enterprise and the ability of the local promoters that they assumed the burden of this unpaid debt on their own shoulders. They would take care of the balance, and that, too, without disturbing the equality of the membership. They were 71 brothers—not discriminating against the sisters—and brothers they would remain, the younger participating evenly with the older, and each lord of an undivided 71st share in the great land of Wainiha. We need not recount the story of how they redeemed their promise, nor tell of the herculean struggles they made to work off the $2000 and the interest. Suffice to say that they did it.

The hui was made up mostly of men of small things. Wainiha went to their heads. With the sense of ownership came pride, intolerance and rapacity; evils that find a place in the most primitive as well as the most advanced civilization. Brothers though they were, it soon became evident to them that some kind of a subdivision of the kingdom which had fallen to them was

desirable. An undivided 71st part of a vast mountain area, most of which you couldn't get near in anything short of a flying machine, was not a useful asset. The undesirable region far mauka that nobody wanted, *you* didn't want, whereas the little bit adjoining your houselot, *that* you would like to have. But there were 70 others, who had claims on that little bit along with you, and so you couldn't touch it except in a doubtful tentative 71st sort of a way. This was recognized as a "pilikia." And so it was duly decreed by the hui in official session that each full share should be entitled to five acres of upland and five acres of wet land, to be selected with the approval of the manager of the hui.

Then came the scramble for favored locations, a scramble in which, reversing the assurance of Holy Writ, the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong. When poor old Apo came shuffling up timidly, with his hat in his hand, and requested the little piece between him and the river, great big Kanaka-nui, with the voice of a Boanerges, squelched him beyond recovery, "You long-tailed Kinique Pake, that b'long me!" And the manager, following the line of least resistance, meekly concurred, although Kanaka-nui already held more than his fair share. It was partly the case of the early bird, but more of the beak and talons, or rather, perhaps, of the squawk. Whatever the weapons displayed, it was intimidation that decided the issue—an intimidation that swept the horizon from the luna nui to the humblest member of the hui. It was the old unequal contest over again, where Justice and Righteousness, empty-handed, wage a losing fight against Injustice and Unrighteousness, equipped for the uttermost. The aggressor, on the one side, has so much to gain, and the individual victim, on the other, so little to lose, it doesn't pay to make a fuss. And so Mr. Kanaka-nui gets the lion's share, because every other man has only one seventy-first of the interest in the matter that he has, and there are few interests in Wainiha or elsewhere that amount to much after such a subdivision.

The new owners of the land soon found, as the old ones had done, that very little actual income was to be derived from it. The wis, and the wauke, and the olona, and the awa were all there, to be sure, and had their value when you wanted them, but they weren't easily convertible into money because nobody else

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seemed to want them. They were very dear when you wanted to buy, but very cheap when you wanted to sell.

There had been ambitious plans for public improvements—roads, trails, stone walls, ditches, waterheads, even harbor improvements—but all these things meant money, and money there was none. These things, however, could be put off, but the taxes were overdue and must be paid. Something must be done. So after much conference the luna nui was authorized to levy an assessment of $1 a share for this purpose. The amount of the tax, with the delinquent dues, was $45, so that the assessment was generous, but none too generous, as the event proved. The financiers of the hui, those who had fathered this assessment scheme and to a lesser degree those who had voted for it, naturally felt that they must stand by it, and did so. But there were a good many who hadn't put their hands to the plow and were content to look on with indifference, intimating that those who were in the breach could see the thing through. Others, taxed with their recreancy, retorted, "We never wanted to go into the hui business anyway; give us our money back and let us out!"

So again the burden fell upon the willing horse, and fell at times with grievous weight. When, with assiduous effort, and no small sacrifice, the amount had at length been raised, and everyone was resting easy in the satisfaction that this pilikia was over, a disquieting rumor ran through the valley—"Our taxes aren't paid and the money's gone!" The first of these twin propositions was easily run to ground at the office of the tax collector. "No, your taxes aren't paid, and I'm getting out an execution against the hui!" The second was more difficult of confirmation. With elusive uncertainty the money was here, and there and yonder; in the bottom of an old trunk, buried out in the back yard under a mango tree, deposited in the plantation vault for safe-keeping. And with each fresh failure to find the money in these or other places, there came an added shade of grieved astonishment on the face of the unfortunate luna nui, Wahamakani.

It was most wonderful! He had that money a few days ago, and now it was gone! And when they still continued to worry him about it, driven to bay, and with his back up against the wall of

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the inevitable, he flung back at them the unanswerable, "Well, it's gone anyhow, and that's pau!"

His own surprise at the disappearance of the money was apparently much greater than that of his friends and neighbors, for had they not done ample justice to the little "paina" which he had given a few weeks before in honor of his little "Moopuna" Iwilei? Licking the chops of their memory, they reverted to this occasion with quiet satisfaction and agreed that this was where the money went.

And so the hui must be content with this futile avowal and this sub-rosa explanation.

But in the meantime the execution was hanging over the valley like a threatening thunder cloud. Something must be done. And there was nothing that could be done except to collect again the $45 from the unfortunate members of the hui, and that as speedily as might be. And again the burden of assessment fell upon the willing horse—the men of faith and faithfulness, who had stood by from the beginning. But to them there was added by popular compulsion those friends and neighbors of the late unworthy luna nui who had participated in his "paina." They had eaten up the money—they must disgorge it! And feeling themselves, in a way, public characters, seen and known of all men—aye, envied of all men—they felt in a way in honor bound to do something—a frame of mind that was "worked" to the utmost by those who had the matter in hand. Nevertheless, this second assessment was a weary uphill struggle, very slow of accomplishment and very discouraging to those who had hoped great things from the hui. Nor was this first experience the only one of its kind. With the lapse of years it became distressingly familiar until the valley was filled with the floatsam of condemned official timber cast up on the shore.

And so the years ran on for the Wainiha Hui, as they do for us all, disappointing many a high ideal and many a fair dream. Confident expectations of profit or benefit sank into vague possibilities whose realization became more and more improbable. A share in the hui became rather a liability than an asset, of so little value that you could hardly give it away. Accordingly, the holdings remained comparatively fixed, yet gradually changes came. Two shares were sold to the resident members of the hui, 33 and

39 in number. Thus came in 33d and 39th interests. The original charter members began to drop off, leaving their estates to five, seven or eight children, and thus entered in 5ths, 7ths and 8ths of 33ds and 39ths. Dower rights came in to further subdivide these fractions by 3, and when it comes to the third generation, now flourishing, these fractions are still further subdivided by numbers ranging from 2 to 7, giving interests that are infinitesimal. Mostly, of course, they are dormant interests; sleeping dogs of such uncertain quantity, that every one is quite willing to let them lie. But in these later days there is at least one occasion when these claims must be ranged up and scrutinized, viz., the roll call of the annual meeting. In the early days of ignorance it was enough to know that there was a pretty good crowd as an assurance of a quorum. But in these latter days of legal technicalities, and more uncertain ownership, it became necessary to record the actual attendance. Then arose the perplexing problem of adding together halves and thirds and nineteenths and thirty-thirds and twenty-ninths and 702nds, a problem that far outran the combined mathematical wisdom of the hui. The more intelligent knew that it was a problem in least common multiple, and undertook, some of them, to explain how it should be done. But when the denominators ran up into the thousands, they lacked the courage of their convictions; and the common people rejoiced in the discomfiture of such phenomenal wisdom. So when the officers had spent hours of fruitless effort to secure exact results, they must needs be content with counting the big shares, which were certain, and guess at the small ones, which were uncertain. But at length someone suggested the bright idea of converting the fractions into decimals, which could then be summed up by anyone of the most ordinary intelligence. And having performed this feat in what seemed an incredibly short time, the hui gratefully made him official manipulator of the fractions, which honorable station he holds to this day.

These heroes of an older time are dead and gone; the men of faith and hope and courage who set out with such confident assurance—fallen by the way! without ever coming to the Land of Promise which they had foreseen so confidently; but their children have entered into that goodly land and are possessing it with all the assurance of conquest.

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With the coming of the Kauai Electric Co., a new era dawns for the Wainiha Hui. The one thing which had been overlooked in the inventory of values—the water, the falling water, up in the mountains—this has become the chief stone of the corner—worth more than all the rest together—and from this most unexpected source the hui now derives an income which puts it far and away in advance of all other Hawaiian huis. In the olden days the problem of the treasurer was, how to pay the annual taxes; now the problem is, how to pay out the dividends, how to administer justice and peace among the 33rds and 231sts and 695ths. Just how all this has come about and how the hui conducts itself under the new conditions, this is another story.

OUR APPROACHING ANNIVERSARY.

THE next issue of the *Hawaiian Annual*, for 1914, will commemorate its fortieth anniversary and will be an event worthy of extra effort for special features in recognition of the congratulatory fact. Already plans are being laid that, if spared, we may fittingly observe the occasion and show due appreciation of the estimate this reference hand-book has enjoyed these many years, both at home and abroad. It would be premature to announce the good things in store for the anniversary number, but, in keeping with its character, island research and reminiscence of the *Annual's* lifetime may be made its historic feature. Should we depart from the usual staid character of facts and figures, we will no doubt be pardoned, as forty years' service is not accorded many Hawaiian publishers.

Among the many noted visitors during the year, whom Hawaii delighted to honor, are to be mentioned the Hon. James Bryce, passing through from the Colonies to his post at Washington, D. C.; Dr. Elliott and party, returning from his peace tour; Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State, en route to and from Japan, and Hon. Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, on official service, as mentioned elsewhere.