Hasn't found out where he's at,
So keeps on talking through his hat.

KIPLING'S WAR "TRACT."

A STUDY IN THE SCIENCE OF REBELLION.

THE WRITER OF MANY TALES OF FIGHTING ANALYZES THE TACTICS OF THE BOND AND RELATES AN ALLEGORY.

There will issue from a printing press in London in a few days a small pamphlet bearing on its cover these words: "The Science of Rebellion: A Tract for the Times. Specially Written for the Imperial South African Association, by Rudyard Kipling." From proof sheets secured by its London correspondent The Tribune is able to print herewith the full text of this interesting "tract."

I.

Cape Town, February, 1901.

It occurred to an ex-minister of Queen Victoria on the day after the death was announced to go into Cape Town with a red flower in his buttonhole. All color was wiped out of the streets; the Malay women had stitched black armlets on their sleeves, and the pillars of Parliament House, that was so slow last year, to rejoice at the relief of Ladysmith, were heavily draped with mourning. In the generations to be, those now children will tell their children what trivial thing they were doing when the news came that cut across their play and they listened, awed and curious, to the booming of timed guns from the warships. The ex-minister, sworn servant of the dead woman, had chosen this day of all others to parade his oafdom before the sun. His position, his education, he owed to the Queen's peace; under the forms of freedom devised by her stewards, he had been enabled to work peacefully and honorably toward the disintegration of her empire; and his sole notion of gratitude (who is debtor for the very breath in his nostrils to the long habit of order and restraint established through three generations under her rule) was to run about the city with a red flower in his coat.

But we owe him some thanks, since, the other day, in gay talk to an acquaintance, he said: "We mean to keep the war going till the income tax is doubled. Then there will be plenty of pro-Boers in England."

Taking this for our text, let us now consider the progress of the war at the front—which front is precisely where it has been for the last year—neither in the Transvaal nor the Orange River Colony, but in Cape Town and Cape Colony.

If you re-read the letters of advice and reproof sent to Pretoria and Bloemfontein shortly before the outbreak of the war by "responsible ministers" and highly placed officials at Cape Town, you will see that they are not so much single minded exhortations addressed to a possible enemy as respectful counsels of prudence from officers in command of an unprepared right wing to impetuous generals who propose to fling their centre into action at once.

One ex-minister put the case exactly when he wrote in effect: "Give way now. Later we can tighten the string at our pleasure." The right wing of the "republican" armies, as represented by the Bond and its allies—the men who have preached hate for a generation—was in truth not pleased with the brutal headbreakings of actual war. The more careful among them sincerely objected, because they saw their way to win their ends constitutionally—that is, by embezzlement, rather than by highway robbery. They looked for no sudden, jarring upheaval, but a gradual and, in spots, state aided deliquescence of the race that had abdicated its sovereign position at Majuba. Yet, once called into the strife, we must own that they did their duty nobly. For the last twenty years, the Bond has been practically the sole instructor of the upcountry farmer in the colony—an organization able and willing to trust and to reward, politically and personally—a power to be feared in all relations, working without scruple or change on the emotions of perhaps the most ignorant breed of whites and semi-whites in the world. Therefore, the upcountry farmer, and the downcountry one as well, have contributed from ten to twelve thousand armed men to the ranks of the enemy, and held passive from thirty to forty thousand British troops on the line of communications. We shall never wholly know how much information the leaders of the Bond sent to the Transvaal and the Free State in the early days of the war (it takes them over a week now to send news to the Northern Transvaal), and till the documents are printed we can only guess at the thousand quiet and unostentatious ways in which it hampered and delayed the efforts of an army none too wise. As a body, as individuals, in press, in pulpit, in caucus and in congress, the Bond never forgot that they were the right wing of the "republican" armies. And our own folly helped them. A year ago some thirty-eight rebels, their rifles hot in their hands, were caught at Sunnyside, within the colony, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. A fortnight since, a Dutchman said to an Englishman at Piquetberg Road where a column is now looking for a commando: "If you'd shot those Sunnyside chaps when you'd caught 'em we shouldn't have this bother now." There are at present some thousands of rebels scheduled for trial, and under the new treason bill—the utmost that could be squeezed out of a loyal colony—the bulk of them may be deprived of their vote for five years if it can be proved that they did not rebel under compulsion.

We are waiting now to see how far the Dutch in the colony will accept this invitation to loot and free shooting. Meantime the farmer, to whom the Bond with the Dutch Reformed Church have taught the obligations of hatred, gives food, forage, horses and information to the commandoes that have come in from the north. Very often he acts as unarmed scout in advance of them, and when he meets a policeman or a wandering patrol, says that he is looking for strayed cattle. So he rides back at leisure to give his friends the lie of the land. The farmer believes himself to be on velvet. If at long last the "republics" lose, he will present enormous bills for compensation to the British government, and his neighbors, partners in that spoil, will swear that he was of all most loyal. If the "republics" win, he is promised the pick of the loyalists' farms, and since the loyalist is seven times out of ten a progressive, with grade stock, clean sheep, and well arranged water supply, the inducement is simple and direct. The looting of small shops, where the women take the calico and the tinned foods, and the men the tobacco and whiskey, is a foretaste of the good time coming. In any other part of the world these things would be called common theft, but here they seem to be political offences.

II.

And so the game goes on: the Bond lifting not a finger to check it. The Bond says, in the first place, that their people are misguided. They should have resisted at this eleventh hour the teaching of the Bond—should have flown in the face of every influence brought to bear on them from their youth. Secondly (this point is generally developed by persons of Continental extraction who have grown to importance under British rule), how can the Bond hold these misguided folk from sympathizing with downtrodden patriots of their own breed—lawful overlords of the soil? Thirdly, a Dutch rising is always probable—most regretable, but still quite on the cards. No one, says the Bond, can forsee where such a rising might end. Would it not be better then to "consult South African sentiment in the settlement"—and, under threat of a Dutch rising, condone all the acts of their allies in Cape Colony? In plain English, asknowledge the Dutch as the dominant power in South Africa. Sometimes the Bond adds touching appeals against the danger of waking further race hatred, ignorant of the fact that had the empire for three months been actuated with one-tenth of the race hatred these men have taught their "misguided" constituents for the last twenty years, everything with a Dutch name to it would by now dismount and walk (as it was after the mutiny) at the far vision of an Englishman. One hears from the more malignant an occasional hint that the Boer may at last be forced into joining with the native to secure his rights.

But by present indications it does not look as if the Bond were openly for extreme measures. As the ex-minister hinted, it is wisest to attack England through her pocket. The game will be to keep the Colony on the seesaw, to fill it with rumor and unrest; sympathizing here and suggesting there, just enough to keep the heavy footed and expensive columns dancing after the cheap and evasive commandoes till England, in despair, grants that amnesty to colonial rebels which will bring the Bond up to full voting strength for further "constitutional" warfare. Yet the position is not without delicacy for the Bond, which are fighting for their political life. If their constituents are ultimately disenfranchised even for five years, the Bond will be unable to help them constitutionally toward any recompense from the treasury for losses incurred at the hands of the enemy; and it is of the first importance for the Bond's future that no true son of the soil who has taken part in this war against the English goes unrewarded. There must, therefore, be a sufficient threat, if not of a full Dutch rising, of interminable police work to coerce the British taxpayer into patching up the war in a hurry. Per contra, if too many hungry commandoes come down they may be chased about the colony by angry and hungry troops—even by colonials who have a horrible gift, denied to purely British forces, of distinguishing a loyalist from a rebel. That would not be good for crops, or cattle, or human life; and the farmer might hold the Bond responsible. If too few invaders came down the taxpayer in England may not be cowed; the raiders will not be able to live forever on the loot of loyalists' farms, and will take to looting their own people. For this, again, the farmer may hold the Bond responsible and their political prestige may be impaired at the next elections. Lastly, when De Wet comes down in force he will want to sweep up all the men and all the provisions he can lay hands on, and he may be quite unsympathetic enough to sjambok, if not to shoot, good Bond voters, who, like their betters, are sitting on the fence. Now, to preserve a decent face in England, where their envoys go to plead the case of South Africa, the Bond cannot unreservedly approve of De Wet's actions, though a Bond paper may extol his flogging and shooting of peace envoys. Yet the Bond want their voters sound and unperforated for future constitutional contingencies, and De Wet is fairly sure to lead red war all in and out and among the farms. If he wins he will not give many political billets to statesmen, be they never so statesmanlike, who have merely prepared the way for his warriors. If he loses, there will be no compensation for rebels. The new Treason bill runs out in a few months, and if the English are not soothed down there may be confiscation and heavy fines, perhaps hanging for as innocent and simple a rebellion as ever the Chosen People embarked upon. This is very sad and complicated and may lead to recriminations. Some of the extremists of the Bond are for committing themselves now fully to the Dutch cause, De Wet and all; but some of the others are hunting for some sort of side path that will give them a chance to keep on the ground level of the gallows, within hail of a seat in the next Parliament. If De Wet wins—he is assumed to be in command of several thousands, all lusting for real battle and sure of a welcome among many more thousands alight with the same desire—the Bond may, of course, come out flat-footedly on his side. Just at present the apricots are not yet quite ripe enough. But the Bond has unshaken faith in the Opposition, whose every word and action are quoted here, and lead to more deaths on the veldt. It is assumed that His Majesty's Opposition will save the Bond, and South Africa for the Bond, if only the commandoes make the war expensive.

That latter note has been set during the last few weeks at Jagersfontein (the story of which evacuation is interesting) and on the outskirts of Johannesburg, where mines and electric light have been damaged. We shall probably learn later of an attack on the far-away Namaqua copper mines. It is easy enough to say that this is the work of mere marauders, but north and south they are working for a common object—the manufacture of pro-Boers in England by doubling the income tax. It is no small part of the Bond's policy—they are thorough, as we are not—to throw a delicate gloom over every aspect of the situation. Their friends and their agents return from London, where they do occasionally dine with the Liberal leaders, and propound terms asserting that the English are already sick of the job, and that no power on earth can save the empire if another forty thousand Dutchmen rise. That the empire has more than once dedicated itself to seeing the work through is a detail. The Bond, remembering Majuba, thinks that when a man or a people has lied for twenty years, it will be some time before friends, and still longer before enemies, believe in any abiding reformation on the part of that man or that nation. But the Bond has forgotten that it deals to-day with the empire, which is not altogether England.

The game of constitutional government strengthens their hands very firmly. The present Ministry has, of course, followed the highest traditions of English politics. It has been brought up with, dines and teas with the Opposition, and naturally does not look much beyond the next election. Now Smijtt, ex-minister, may be less than one-eighth of one degree removed from a malignant and peculiarly unscrupulous rebel. Van Djones has a knack, we will say, of raising red war every time he visits his disenfranchised but well armed constituency; while Robinschoen, in his hours of ease, speaks of the enemy, to whom he is related by ties of marriage, as "we," and forwards letters to a host of paroled friends scattered about the border towns. It is annoying; it is very annoying; it militates against a speedy settlement and a return to family politics; but . . . Mrs. Smijtt is rather nice, and one's wife discusses cooking with Mrs. Van Djones, whose cousin, now in Ceylon, is godfather to one's niece's second child, and no dinner party is complete without Robinschoen's delightful Dutch anecdotes. . . . How, then, can a respectable, tea drinking Ministry draw down upon these nice folk the indecent rigors of martial law. This sounds trivial and vulgar enough. Perhaps it reads better to write that the Ministry "are not justified in employing martial law to oppress their political opponents," and so through every relation of the easy intimate delightful Cape Town life—at coffee on the stoep, at the morning ride, or in casual neighborly talk across the garden fence the cohorts of Smijtt, Van Djones and Robinschoen skirmish in support of the commandos. They cannot fight, but they can put useful pressure on loyal Brown, who, let us say, is a minister. Their common ground (even Brown may be forgiven for joining them here) is the eccentricities of the imperial arms. Smijtt describes with curious detail the sorrows of a militia regiment toiling afoot up Africa in the wake of a handful of deeply amused light horse. He knows that stretch of country—they all know it—had shot buck there together years ago. He puts it to Brown as a fellow sportsman: "Politics apart, old man, do you honestly think that ten or thirty thousand acres of that ghastly high veldt is worth one of the poor boys coming into hospital now?" "And such nice boys, too," says Mrs. Smijtt tenderly. Brown cannot deny that that country is pretty much of a waste; that the Wynberg hospitals are full and that the game does not seem to get any forrader. Smijtt says: "Ah!" and conveys the impression that he and Brown are only separated from each other's political arms by the immense stupidity of "Downing Street," which, through laxity, has plunged the land in blood. Brown is no match dialectically for the suave Smijtt, full of facts, delivering prophecies that have an odd knack of fulfilling themselves forty-eight hours later. It is easy enough for those free from responsibility, who, from a distance, see the full sweep and swing of the huge game, to say that Brown is an ass for taking any notice of these things. But, remember, Brown has known Smijtt for a generation; has cut in and out of cosey little ministries with or against him, since railways were new in the land. Brown is dragged at the heels of a situation that he is doing his best to overtake in all honor and honesty; but he is only human. He goes forth from these councils with a face as long as a cavalry stirrup leather—depressed and foreboding. That is all Smijtt needs for the present—that Brown shall think and doubt, and, doubting, temporize even more than his natural disposition will lead him to. Smijtt will repeat the treatment next time they meet.

Van Djones's work is easier, but, perhaps, more artistic. The Bond knows that a developed Africa—say a land only fifty years behind Canada or Australia—would slay its whole precious organization as surely as the self-binder slew the sickle. It is Van Djones's business, then, to catch the new man from England and to demonstrate to him the supreme worthlessness of Africa as a field for all white effort. Only a very low type of Dutch (Van Djones is magnificently scornful of them; he even hints that they are mixed with native blood) can hope, he says, to snatch a living out of the larger part of the unthrifty earth. All manner of experiments (here he gives chapter and verse) have been tried and have failed. "The honest fact is, and a man of your penetration will see it the minute he goes up country, that Africa is the most overrated land in the world, and the little we can ever accomplish can only be done on strictly South African lines."

Then he begins the list of calamities that, quite rightly and inevitably, have scourged this unfenced, unplanted, unirrigated, unhandled country, where sloth has been made a political programme and religion the handmaid of dirt. Presently—for Van Djones's man of penetration is more handy with a pen than a plough, and does not read Wallace—the echoes of this talk drift back to London and in due time, you read that some well informed member of the Opposition has been speaking of the barren rocks and worthless wilderness which we are drenching with the blood of our best, etc., etc. Then do Smijtt, Djones and Robinschoen and the rest take fresh heart (rather like spiritualists half deceived by their own rappings) and plunge anew into their penny farthing councils and three penny Ju-Ju work. In about three days the papers, quoting the news of the open minded, sympathetic, frock coated member of the Opposition, have found their way, with or without inspired comments on the charge that God is working in the hearts of the English to beyond Aliwal North—to Prieska and Calvinia. Smijtt and Van Djones go home to tea after worrying the luckless Brown with dark hints of what happens to people who trust the word of the English, and somewhere three hundred miles up country a wandering patrol is arrested by an appalling stench behind a bush and the well known buzz and dispersal of clotted flies. And that is how it is done.

III.

But we have our lighter moments. Though Van Djones's South African talk rather impresses the English of the island who have a thousand years of tradition behind them and rent their houses on a three years' lease, the sons of men who made countries with their hands the day before yesterday decline to be bluffed. Said a wrathful Canadian to me not long since: "Did you ever try to talk about opening up the country to Van Djones? He acts precisely like a neutral Boer when you're looking for ammunition in his house. He just sweats with loyalty, and rubs his hands and swears you'll find good grass and water ten mile down the valley, but there's nothing here s'welp 'im. All the sheep have got the scab, and the cattle are dead, and his horses were stolen last week. Yes, that's just like Van Djones, on South African development—with his red water, and his lung sickness, and his black labor difficulty, and his locusts. Why! (Do you know that high neighing half shriek of indignation?) Why, where under the canopy would folk have been in Kansas to-day if they'd laid down and died just because locusts ate up a crop or two? Van Djones says there's a curse on the land. He's dead right. He's it! There's nothing the matter with South Africa but laziness—common Creator condemned idleness. They've a better climate than we have and more water than Australia has. They talk as if their old ragbag of a country wasn't made out o' common dirt. See here! That unique air o' theirs is the same as Colorado; the karroo they fuss over is our plains, only the sagobrush grows high instead o' low, an' their kopjes are mezas with points to 'em. And the people—the holy, sacred people—they're simply Pennsylvania Dutch. They've killed the country."

"Then you think the constitution ought to be suspended?"

"Yes," said the child of free institutions. "It's crazy nonsense. We needn't suspend it for keeps, but we ought to have a family council—Canada, Australia and England, I mean—and hang the whole show up for two years till our erring sister has got over her hysterics. A constitution—for a country that don't know enough to cut its own hay—where I've had to lie out for a year in the open for fear the pious voter would blow up the railway bridges behind me? No, sir."

Thus far Canada, eleven months on the warpath. Australia is even more outspoken and inclined to take every delay as a personal insult to the commonwealth. But the Bond prefers to keep its eye on the continent, and London, valuing more the modified friendship (when it shall be quite convenient) of the old peoples, and the favor and countenance of his majesty's opposition, than the disapproval of two healthy young nationalities.

Perhaps the Bond is right. Cape Town, the headquarters of the enemy's right wing, is the only spot where martial law is not proclaimed. If you can imagine a Mahsud Waziri rising in full swing with the heads of jirgas members of the Peshawur Club, the Mullah Powindah himself playing whist with the Commissioner of Peshawur, and all the priests who have preached the Jehad for the last sixty Sundays calling on the wives of the Civil Service men, you will have some faint idea of the present situation.

The loyalist thinks that a war conducted on these lines will never end. The Bond assures him that he is right, that the British taxpayer will blench at the expense and will betray him once again to the Dutch. So they wait, rebel and loyalist, for a sign.

February 24.

It looks as though that sign had come. We have here a disease called the plague—a new visitor—the outcome of filth and hidden dirt. It is caused by rats that creep into men's houses and run about under the floors and presently die, one rat infecting the other. When you take up the floor you find the dead rats, and in due time are yourself shot full of the poison and end miserably at Uitvlugt, our plague camp. Experts say that if you make the rat unhappy by means of poison, broken glass, creosote and carbolic acid the plague may be stayed. Logically, of course, the rat should only be disfranchised, for plague does not more than kill the body, and, after all, the present municipality's notions of cleanliness are precisely on a par with the late Ministry's notions of loyalty. It is an interesting allegory.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

MISS LEISHMAN'S BIRTHDAY.

Therapia, Turkey, Aug. 3.—John G. A. Leishman, the United States Minister to Turkey, and Mrs. Leishman, celebrated their daughter's birthday yesterday evening with a most successful dance at the Summer Palace Hotel here. There was a large attendance of diplomats and members of society.

Therapia is a village of European Turkey, on the west shore of the Bosporus, seven and a half miles from Constantinople. There are numerous country houses at Therapia, which also contains the houses of the French and British Ambassadors.

THE FLEUR DE LYS AT FUNCHAL.

Funchal, Island of Madeira, Aug. 3.—The American schooner yacht Fleur de Lys, belonging to Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, of New-York, sailed from here July 24, bound for New-York.

SOCIETY'S SUNDAY REVIEW

The summer season so far has been more sensibly than wildly gay. The tendency to live in the open and to take an active interest in out-of-door sports is growing year by year. The automobile is a new pleasure, and these fascinating but costly and therefore not yet vulgarized toys have made it possible to travel long distances, bringing country places within easy visiting access of one another. Even at Newport the interest is more or less divided between yachting and "bubbling," as it is commonly called. Other resorts have taken to golf, to bathing, to driving, and to tennis and polo. But at none of them has it been a rush of great things, and yet every one agrees that it has been a most delightful and enjoyable summer.

Newport, in the usual order of things, comes first. Life there is more complex than anywhere else. The social calendar has to-morrow the first of a series of dinners by Mrs. William Astor, and the rest of the week shows other dinners and a few dances. Last evening Mrs. Joseph Stevens gave a large dance, and in the afternoon Mrs. Fitzhugh Whitehouse gave a garden party for her English daughter-in-law, a daughter of Sir George Duntze. Musicals are given nearly every afternoon, but the majority of the fashionable set have been yachting. Colonel and Mrs. Astor have had several delightful parties on the Nourmahal, and Commodore and Mrs. Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones and Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel have entertained on their yachts. Berger's has become a popular place for dinners and dances, and the Clambake Club has also had quite a run. This week Mrs. Frederick Neilson gives a dinner and dance for young people there, and on Wednesday Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs has a large dinner there for Miss Lillie Oelrichs and Peter Martin.

The automobile race is another one of the events of the near future, and, as nearly all the prominent cottagers have motors—there are some three hundred of these machines at Newport—there will be much interest in the race. Already one hears talk of the tennis tournament and the horse show—in a way a minor note, as these two events mean the close of the season. Newport has entered into its second month, and perhaps the season may be prolonged until the middle of September.

The Duchess of Marlborough is not coming to America, and Marble House, at Newport, will not be tenanted this year. It is shut as tight as possible, and all the handsome marble work is boarded over. There will be a patent medicine quadrille at the fancy rustic dance which Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will have in the middle of the month. Another fancy dress dance will be the one which Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will give at Beaulieu for Miss Johnson, her cousin. Mrs. William P. Thompson will give a dance for the younger Miss Blight at the Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney have settled at their cottage at Newport for the summer. Mrs. Whitney did not exactly relish the idea of leaving America and being far from her mother, even with the attractions of a Scottish deer forest. The young couple will do some entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. E. Rollins Morse will get into their new house at Newport by to-day. It is still in rather a chaotic condition. Mrs. Harry Lehr will remain in town until to-morrow or Tuesday, when her Newport house will be ready for her.

There will be a delegation of fashionable people at Saratoga this week for the races. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay passed through the city the day before yesterday en route for the place, and are now established there. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, jr., will go later. Richard T. Wilson, jr., has opened his cottage, and will entertain a number of guests during race month, and Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene are due there to-day. They will remain for the season.

From the fact that General Lloyd Bryce has just purchased a plot on the northeast corner of Fifth-ave. and Ninety-seventh-st. for $345,000, and has announced his intention of building there, it may be assumed that he has decided upon following the trend uptown and upon joining the colony of millionaires in upper Fifth-ave., abandoning the old mansion in Washington Square, which has been so long identified with the name of Mrs. Bryce's family, the Coopers.

Three debuts will take place on three successive evenings at Newport a fortnight hence. On August 19 Miss Gwendoleyn Burden will be presented to society at a dance given by her mother, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, at Fairlawn. On the following night Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks has a dance at Rockhurst for her daughter Gladys, while on the night after that Mrs. William Payne Thompson will present her sister, Miss Evelyn Blight, to her friends and acquaintances at a dance given in her honor at the golf club.

Mrs. William Astor gives to-morrow night at Beechwood the first of her series of large dinner parties this season at Newport.

Egerton L. Winthrop and Rawlins L. Cottenet left town yesterday for Newport.

Miss Ellen Drexel Paul, who has been staying with her aunt, Mrs. John R. Drexel, at Newport, is at present the guest there of Mrs. John Clinton Gray.

There are a number of well known people at Narragansett just now, among them being Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Waterbury, who are at the Mathewson, and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dahlgren, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brevoort Kane and the Misses Bouvier, who are occupying cottages. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven are staying at the Hotel Gladstone.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hadden, jr., who are now at Richfield Springs, go to Bar Harbor next week to stay with Mrs. Hadden's mother, Mrs. Daniel Torrance.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ellery Anderson are spending the summer at Richfield Springs, quartered at the Earlington.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Chesley Richardson are at Cedarhurst, Long Island. Mrs. Richardson and her son will go to the mountains later in the season.

Edward De Rose and Mrs. De Rose, who was Miss Varnum; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Juilliard and Mr. and Mrs. George Rutledge Gibson are still at Tuxedo.

Southampton is to have a gymkhana next Saturday afternoon in front of H. G. Trevor's place, under the auspices of the Southampton Horse Association. The governors of the association consist of Charles T. Barney, George R. Schieffelin, Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, Stephen Peabody, James L. Breese, Henry E. Howland, H. W. McVickar and George C. Clark. The annual horse show, as already announced in this column, takes place there on August 23 and 24.

Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, is at his country place at Southampton for a brief stay.

Preparations are already being made at Newport for the horse show, which opens there in the first week in September, and the number of entries and the demand for boxes surpass those of all previous years.

NEWPORT ENTERTAINING.

DINNER AT BERGER'S BY MRS. JOSEPH STEVENS—GARDEN PARTIES AND DINNER DANCES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Newport, R. I., Aug. 3.—The principal social occurrence was the dinner given by Mrs. Joseph Stevens at Berger's this evening, followed by a little informal dancing in the pavilion. Mrs. Stevens took absolute possession of the place after 5 o'clock this evening, and from that hour until midnight it was used exclusively by her guests. When Mrs. Stevens's guests began to arrive the place had been transformed into a tropical garden, with palms and exotic plants. The lawn was dotted with small marquise tents and cosey corners were improvised by the use of tall flowering plants, and a Turkish room was one of the pretty scenes of the affair. The grounds about the place were brilliantly illuminated and lamps outlined the paths.

The guests were seated at round tables, and the decorations were profuse and elaborate. The guests were Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Austin Gray, Mr. and Mrs. F. Frelinghuysen, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, jr., Henry F. Eldridge, William Cutting, jr., Miss Pomeroy, Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Denniston Hatch, Mr. Potter, William H. Sands, John Boit, F. P. Mitchell, Miss Anna Sands, Barton Willing, Miss Maud Wetmore, Gerald Lowther, W. A. M. Burden, Miss Potter R. Cottonet, Mrs. F. K. Pendleton, Ralph N. Ellis, Gould Redmond, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Edward H. Bulkley, Miss Wetmore, Center Hitchcock, Mrs. Whitney Warren, Gould Hoyt, Miss Burden, Richard Peters, George B. De Forest, Richard Mortimer, Colonel John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Astor, F. F. D. Lanier, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., Woodbury Kane, Creighton Webb, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Henry Redmond, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Victor Sorchan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, 2d, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan, Delancey Kane, Stuyvesant Leroy, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sands, Miss Langhorne, Miss Martha Johnson, Miss Gwendolin Burden, I. T. Burden, jr., and W. Hude Neilson.

Mrs. W. Fitzhugh Whitehouse gave a garden party this afternoon on the lawn of Eastbourne Lodge, in honor of and to introduce her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry Whitehouse, the daughter of Sir George Duntze, Bart. Over four hundred invitations were sent, and were generally accepted, nearly everybody in the summer colony being present, no other function of note taking place this afternoon. Earlier in the day Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish gave a luncheon for twenty-four at her villa.

Mrs. William Post is the guest of Mrs. James Lawrence Van Alen.

Dinners were given this evening by Mrs. George Scott, Colonel Edward V. Morrell, Mrs. William Payne Thompson and Mrs. Pembroke Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Macy, of New-York, are guests of Mrs. William K. Kingsland, at Pinard Cottage No. 3.

On Monday evening Mrs. A. Cass Canfield will entertain at dinner in honor of Mrs. William D. Sloane, who is the guest of Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.

August will have more dinner dances than have ever been the case in a single month before. Those already announced are: August 14, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, jr.; August 19, Mrs. I. T. Burden; August 20, Mrs. George Crocker; August 21, Mrs. William Payne Thompson, at the Golf Club; August 22, Mrs. Pembroke Jones; August 23, Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan, and August 24, H. M. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Payne Thompson will go in a few days for a brief visit to the Adirondacks, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Frederick Frelinghuysen is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. George B. DeForest, and A. de Navarro, of Cornelius Vanderbilt, at Beaulieu.

Mrs. Clarence W. Dolan is entertaining Miss M. Carson, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Alexander S. Clarke entertained a large dinner party this evening at her home on Halidon Hill, the new Liberty rose being the table decorations.

Mrs. George T. Bliss, of New-York, was here to-day in search of a cottage for the remainder of the summer.

J. M. Waterbury and Robert J. Collier were among the arrivals here to-day.

The return of Center Hitchcock to Newport will be recognized by the Clam Bake Club, of which he is president, by a clam bake on Monday.

The annual meeting of the National Automobile Association was held here to-day and the following officers were elected: President, William K. Vanderbilt, jr.; first vice-president, Spencer C. Crane; second vice-president, James McHillan Hamilton; secretary and treasurer, Edward G. Haywood.

For the proposed races here on Friday, August 30, cups have already been offered by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, jr., William K. Vanderbilt, jr., Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and John C. Livermore. Among the names of prominent cottagers on the petition to the City Council requesting the use of Ocean Drive for the races on that day are Colonel John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, jr., O. H. P. Belmont, Reginald Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney, Reginald Brooks, M. Orme Wilson, Mrs. E. Rollins Morse, Mrs. John Clinton Gray, Thomas F. Cushing, Royal Phelps Carroll, W. A. M. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Delancey Kane, Center Hitchcock, Mrs. John R. Drexel, Lispenard Stewart, Henry F. Eldridge, W. Denniston Hatch, Winthrop Rutherford, John A. Pinard and Arthur T. Kemp.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish entertained at luncheon to-day, and Heathe Gregory sang, accompanied by Louis Coleman Hall. Among the guests were Mrs. Jack Gardiner, of Boston, who is stopping here with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Cushing; Francis J. Otis, Henry Clarke, W. Hude Neilson, Mrs. Charles Marshall, Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, Miss Terry, Mrs. William E. Carter, Mrs. John R. Drexel and Mrs. R. M. Cushing.

Mrs. Joseph Widener entertained at luncheon this afternoon at Berger's.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt has as guest Dennie Hare, of New-York, and L. H. F. Bett, of the same city, is a guest at Cornelius Vanderbilt's.

Mrs. William T. Bull will entertain at dinner on the lawn of Dudley Place, her summer residence, on August 15, in honor of Miss Bessie Hunter and W. Rogers Morgan, jr., whose engagement was announced recently.

DIED.

Alden, Alice J.	Littlejohn, Rt. Rev. Abram N.
Backus, Rev. Brady E.	Masters, Clara E.
Brevoort, Henry S.	McFadden, Peter.
Decker, Myron A.	Milliken, David.
Jewett, Matilda W.	Palmer, Walter C.
Kendall, Josiah F.	Tears, Edward B.

ALDEN.—At her residence, 587 Decatur-st., Brooklyn, on August 3, Alice J., wife of the late James Monroe Alden, and daughter of the late Senator John Beardsley, of Auburn, N. Y. Funeral private. Interment on 6th inst., at Auburn, N. Y.

BACKUS.—At Ridgefield, Conn., on Friday, August 2, 1901, Rev. Brady Electus Backus, D. D., rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles, this city. Funeral services on Tuesday, August 6, 1901, at 11 a. m., at the church, 28th-st. and 9th-ave. The clergy kindly bring vestments with them.

BREVOORT.—Suddenly, August 2, Henry S. Brevoort, son of the late Henry Brevoort and Bridget Seely Brevoort, aged 59. Funeral private.

DECKER.—On August 2, 1901, at his late residence, No. 49 East 132d-st., New-York City, Myron A. Decker, in his 79th year. Funeral services in Pilgrim Congregational Church, Madison-ave. and East 121st-st., on Monday, August 5, at 2 p. m. Relatives and friends are invited.

Members of St. Cecile Lodge No. 568, F. and A. M., are earnestly invited to attend the Masonic funeral service over our late beloved brother, Worshipful Brother Myron A. Decker. THEODORE A. THIELER, Master.

Members of the Masonic Veterans' Association of New-York and Mecca Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, also members of Polaris Council No. 617, R. A., are invited to attend.

JEWETT.—In West Orange, N. J., on Friday, August 2, at the residence of her son, Mount Pleasant-ave., corner Gaston-st., Matilda Williams, widow of Nathan Jewett, late of Chicago, Ill. Funeral services from her late residence, on Sunday, August 4, at 3 p. m. Interment private, at Newtown, Conn.

KENDALL.—At Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Saturday, August 3, 1901, Josiah Franklin Kendall, aged 81. Funeral services at St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, Monday, August 5, on arrival of 12:15 train from Grand Central Station.

LITTLEJOHN.—Suddenly, at Williamstown, Mass., Saturday, August 3, at 11:15 a. m., the Rt. Rev. Abram Newkerk Littlejohn, D. D., D. C. L., Bishop of Long Island. Funeral services at the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, N. Y., Wednesday, August 7, at 10:30 a. m. The clergy and laity are invited to be present. The clergy will bring vestments.

MASTERS.—On Friday, August 2, 1901, Clara Everett, beloved wife of Colonel Hibbert B. Masters. Funeral services will be held at her late residence, No. 1,097 Dean-st., Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, August 4, at 8 o'clock.

M'FADDEN.—On August 3, 1901, Peter McFadden, in the 91st year of his age. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral at his late residence, No. 128 East 78th-st., New-York City, on August 5, 1901, at 3 p. m.

MILLIKEN.—At Nyack, N. Y., Friday, August 2, 1901, David Milliken, of New-York City, in his 79th year. Funeral private on Monday, the 5th inst. Interment in Greenwood Cemetery.

PALMER.—On August 1, 1901, Walter C., son of Mary G. and the late Walter C. Palmer, in his 33d year. Friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral services, at Calvary Episcopal Church, 4th-ave. and 21st-st., Sunday, August 4, at 2:30 p. m. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery. Brothers of Gramercy Lodge No. 537 are invited to attend services.

TEARS.—At Honesdale, Penn., August 1, 1901, Edward B. Tears, in the 65th year of his age. Funeral services at Montgomery, N. Y., at 2 p. m., August 5.

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BREMEN—American Express Company, No. 6 Bahnhof Strasse.

Postoffice Notice.

(Should be read DAILY by all interested, as changes may occur at any time.)

Foreign mails for the week ending August 10, 1901, will close (promptly in all cases) at the General Postoffice as follows: Parcels Post Mails close one hour earlier than closing time shown below. Parcels Post Mails for Germany close at 5 p. m. Wednesday.

Regular and Supplementary Mails close at Foreign Branch half hour later than closing time shown below.

TRANSATLANTIC MAILS.

WEDNESDAY—At 6:30 a. m. for Europe, per s. s. St. Paul, via Southampton; at 8:30 a. m. (supplementary 10 a. m.) for Ireland, per s. s. Germanic (mail for other parts of Europe must be directed "per s. s. Germanic"); at 10 a. m. for Belgium, per s. s. Vaderland (mail must be directed "per s. s. Vaderland").

THURSDAY—At 7 a. m. for France, per s. s. La Normandie, via Havre (mail for other parts of Europe must be directed "per s. s. La Normandie"); at 7:30 a. m. (supplementary 9 a. m.) for Europe, per s. s. Deutschland, via Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg; at 12:30 p. m. for Italy, per s. s. Liguria, via Naples (mail must be directed "per s. s. Liguria").

SATURDAY—At 7:30 a. m. for Netherlands, per s. s. Staatendam (mail must be directed "per s. s. Staatendam"); at 9:30 a. m. for Scotland direct, per s. s. Astoria (mail must be directed "per s. s. Astoria"); at 9:30 a. m. (supplementary 11 a. m.) for Europe, per s. s. Campania, via Queenstown; at 10 a. m. for Italy, per s. s. Werra, via Naples (mail must be directed "per s. s. Werra").

*PRINTED MATTER, ETC.—This steamer takes Printed Matter, Commercial Papers, and Samples for Germany only. The same class of mail matter for other parts of Europe will not be sent by this ship unless specially directed by her.

After the closing of the Supplementary Transatlantic Mails named above, additional supplementary mails are opened on the piers of the American, English, French and German steamers, and remain open until within Ten Minutes of the hour of sailing of steamer.

MAILS FOR SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA, WEST INDIES, ETC.

SUNDAY—At 6:30 p. m. for St. Pierre-Miquelon, per steamer from North Sydney.

MONDAY—At 12 m. for Mexico, per s. s. Seguranca, via Tampico (mail must be directed "per s. s. Seguranca").

TUESDAY—At 9:30 a. m. (supplementary 10:30 a. m.) for Central America (except Costa Rica) and South Pacific Ports, per s. s. Advance, via Colon (mail for Guatemala must be directed "per s. s. Advance"); at 12:30 p. m. (supplementary 1 p. m.) for Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Croix, Leeward and Windward Islands, per s. s. Madiana (mail for Barbados, St. Kitts, British, Dutch and French Guiana must be directed "per s. s. Madiana"); at 6:30 p. m. for Jamaica, per s. s. Admiral Farragut, from Boston; at 11 p. m. for Jamaica, per s. s. Barnstable, from Philadelphia.

WEDNESDAY—At 9 a. m. for St. Kitts, British, Dutch and French Guiana, per s. s. Uller; at 9:30 a. m. for Inagua and Haiti, per s. s. Belvernon; at 10 a. m. (supplementary 10:30 a. m.) for Curacao and Maracaibo, per s. s. Hildur (mail for other parts of Venezuela, Carthagena and Savanilla must be directed "per s. s. Hildur"); at 12 m. for Cuba, Yucatan, Campeche, Tabasco and Chiapas, per s. s. Esperanza (mail for other parts of Mexico must be directed "per s. s. Esperanza"); at 2 p. m. for Barbados and Northern Brazil, per s. s. Sobralense.

THURSDAY—At 12 m. for Brazil, Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay, per s. s. Hevelius (mail for Northern Brazil must be directed "per s. s. Hevelius"); at 6:30 p. m. for Jamaica, per s. s. Admiral Schley, from Boston.

FRIDAY—At 12 m. for Mexico, per s. s. Matanzas, via Tampico (mail must be directed "per s. s. Matanzas"); at 11 p. m. for Newfoundland, per s. s. Carthagena, from Philadelphia.

SATURDAY—At 9 a. m. (supplementary 9:30 a. m.) for Porto Rico, Curacao and Venezuela, per s. s. Philadelphia (mail for Savanilla and Carthagena must be directed "per s. s. Philadelphia"); at 9:30 a. m. (supplementary 10:30 a. m.) for Fortune Island, Jamaica, Savanilla and Carthagena, per s. s. Altai (mail for Costa Rica must be directed "per s. s. Altai"); at 9:30 a. m. (supplementary 10:30 a. m.) for Haiti and Santa Marta, per s. s. Andes; at 10 a. m. for Cuba, per s. s. Mexico, via Havana; at 12:30 p. m. for Matanzas, Caibarien, Nuevitas, Gibara and Baracao, per s. s. Olinda (ordinary mail only, which must be directed "per s. s. Olinda"); at 1 p. m. (supplementary 1:30 p. m.) for Bermuda, per s. s. Trinidad.

Mails for Newfoundland, by rail to North Sydney, and thence by steamer, close at this office daily at 6:30 p. m. (connecting close here every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday). Mails for Miquelon, by rail to Boston, and thence by steamer, close at this office daily at 6:30 p. m. Mails for Cuba, by rail to Port Tampa, Fla., and thence by steamer, close at this office daily at †6 a. m. (the connecting closes are on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday). Mails for Mexico City, overland, unless specially addressed for dispatch by steamer, close at this office daily at 1:30 p. m. and 11 p. m. Mails for Costa Rica, Belize, Puerto Cortez and Guatemala, by rail to New-Orleans, and thence by steamer, close at this office daily at †1:30 p. m. (connecting closes here Mondays for Belize, Puerto Cortez and Guatemala and Tuesdays for Costa Rica). †Registered mail closes at 6 p. m. previous day.

TRANSPACIFIC MAILS.

Mails for Hawaii, China, Japan and Philippines, via San Francisco, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †5, inclusive, for dispatch per s. s. America Maru.

Mails for Hawaii, via San Francisco, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †5, for dispatch per s. s. Mariposa.

Mails for Hawaii, Japan, China and Philippine Islands, via San Francisco, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †12, inclusive, for dispatch per s. s. City of Peking.

Mails for China and Japan, via Vancouver, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †13, inclusive, for dispatch per s. s. Empress of Japan (registered mail must be directed "via Vancouver"). Mail, except merchandise which cannot be forwarded via Canada, for the U. S. Postal Agent at Shanghai, closes at 6:30 p. m. previous day.

Mails for China and Japan, via Seattle, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †14, inclusive, for dispatch per s. s. Idzuma Maru (registered mail must be directed "via Seattle").

Mails for Australia (except West Australia, which is forwarded via Europe), New-Zealand, Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii, via San Francisco, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. after July †27 and up to August †17, inclusive, or on arrival of s. s. Lucania, due at New-York August †17, for dispatch per s. s. Sonoma.

Mails for Australia (except West Australia, which goes via Europe, and New-Zealand, which goes via San Francisco), and Fiji Islands, via Vancouver, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †17, inclusive, for dispatch per s. s. Warrimoo (supplementary mails, via Seattle and Victoria), close at 6:30 p. m. August †18 (mail must be directed "via Vancouver").

Mails for China and Japan, via Tacoma, close here daily at 6:30 p. m. up to August †18, inclusive, for dispatch per s. s. Olympia.

Transpacific mails are forwarded to port of sailing daily and the schedule of closing is arranged on the presumption of their uninterrupted overland transit. †Registered mail closes at 6 p. m. previous day.

CORNELIUS VAN COTT, Postmaster.
Postoffice, New-York, N. Y., August 2, 1901.

Religious Notices.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION,
6th-ave. and 20th-st.
7:30 a. m., Holy Communion.
9:30 a. m., Children's service.
11:00 a. m., Service and sermon.
12 m., Holy Communion.
8 p. m., Service and sermon.
The Rector will preach morning and evening.
Morning theme: "The Transmission of Power."
Evening theme: "The Crowded Life."