

UNCLE SAM'S "NOTES."

How State Messages Are Prepared and Transmitted.

Writing a note to Germany is one thing and sending it is another.

"Diplomatic notes" pass between one government and another through channels that are peculiar to statecraft only. They are safeguarded from prying eyes, handled only by the most trusted employees, and are sent between various points in such a complicated code disguise that even should they fall into improper hands it would be practically impossible to decipher a single word.

"The correspondence that has been passing between the United States and Germany is handled in a manner typical of all such communications, with perhaps even more than the usual rigid care to prevent any leakage.

"A note" in diplomacy is by no means a brief affair. It is always sent by telegraph and in code. When a note goes out from the State department at Washington it has already passed through the hands of several men. In the first place, it has been prepared in rough form by the president himself, at least under his administration. In this form it has been read to the cabinet and discussed. Then the president makes an exact draft.

"This is examined by the counselor of the State department, who may suggest some verbal changes in order to bring it into strict conformity with diplomatic usage. If there are any changes, they are made with the approval of the president, and the last revision is examined by him.

"It is turned over to the chief clerk of the State department with instructions to transmit it. The code system most commonly employed by the government involves the use of numerals, so that when a note is finally in cipher form the message consists of a series of figure groups.

"The note now being arranged is in a series of numerical groups, it goes through another change. The figures in each group are transposed in accordance with a certain key. This is an additional check against unauthorized translation. Should a State department note fall into the hands of a person who had in some manner possessed himself of a copy of the code, he would still be unable to decode it for want of the key to the riddle.

"The use of various keys is understood by prearrangement between the department and the ambassadors and ministers to whom such communications are sent. The code copies themselves are kept under lock and key at the department in the chief clerk's safe.

"The code message goes first to New York, where it is received in the office of a cable company. From this time until it reaches its destination it is in private hands. Under ordinary circumstances there are well-defined routes by which messages are cabled from the United States to various parts of Europe. Since the war, however, some of these routes have been interrupted and others changed. The government leaves it to the company to get the message to its destination in the most direct and speedy manner.

"In the case of the note of May 13, the message went first to Rome. There the apparently meaningless groups of figures were relayed to Vienna. From Vienna the message travelled to Berlin. Italy was at that time still a neutral.

"Arriving in Berlin, German telegraphers receive the arithmetical puzzle and turn it over to Ambassador Gerard. Now the task of decoding the document begins. The ambassador has expert assistants for this purpose, just as in the case of the State department. He also has an identical set of code books and, furthermore, knows the key. The experts get to work on the task of making sense out of a tumble of numerals. Almost invariably his is a longer task than putting a message into code, and it is often subject to delays caused by an error in the transmission of a single figure.

"At last, however, the ambassador has the note before him in plain English. He may discover, as in the case of the original note on the Lusitania case, that he is instructed to carry it to the German foreign office and read it to the minister for foreign affairs. Thereupon he puts it in his pocket and goes straightway to the foreign office, where he secures an interview with Von Jagow.

"To minister Von Jagow he reads the note. It is still in English. Whether Von Jagow has a perfect understanding of that language is not a matter of record here. At any rate, having read the note aloud, Ambassador Gerard takes his departure, leaving the copy in English at the foreign office. Von Jagow turns this over to his translators, who put the document into German. Then, at last, it is ready for official consideration by the ministry, the kaiser, or whatever part of the German government is handling such affairs at the

GULLS SAIL WHALE CARCASS.

Their Fluttering Wings Cause it to Speed Past Steamer.

Skippers from many ports and many seas brought their vessels safely into New York harbor, and brought, too, yarns of adventures, grave and gay.

There was, for instance, the carcass of a whale, which probably is scudding toward the South Pole by now, propelled by the wings of thousands of birds, which are feasting thereon. The whale carcass, fully 250 feet long, according to the mariners, was seen by passengers and crew of the Olinda, of the Munson Line, which arrived from Cuban ports with forty-five passengers and a general cargo.

It was fifty miles off Cape Henry that the lookout first heard a roar like that of a gale beating against the reefed sails of a suffering schooner. To port he saw an amazing sight. With a yell he called the attention of officers, crew and passengers, and they ran to the rail just as a weird vision passed by.

It was the carcass of a whale propelled by the fluttering and whirring of wings of thousands of gulls, beating frantically. Within a few minutes—so the passengers who talked said, and so the crew echoed—the carcass of the whale was a faint silvery speck on a deep blue tropic sea.—New York Herald.

Place Had Changed.

"Where's the old blacksmith shop where I picked the hot penny off the anvil?"

"The blacksmith organized the Gluetown Garage and Gasoline corporation and sold the stock and went to Europe."

"Where's the old oaken bucket from which I sipped many a cool draught?"

"The health department has it in a glass case as a horrible exhibit."

"What's become of the little red schoolhouse?"

"Mrs. Van Coin bought it to use as a hospital for her Pomeranians."

"How about the Common where we used to play one old cat?"

"The Confederate league has bought it and we're going to have a game there as soon as we get Hal Chase to jump to us."

"The old tavern is the same, I suppose?"

"No; Billy went out of business rather than cater to the motorists' taste for drinks with seven kinds of liquor and vegetables in them."

"The postoffice?"

"Not much changed; but Joe Gimp isn't postmaster any more. This postcard craze drove him blind trying to keep up with his reading."

"Isn't anything the same as it used to be?"

"Yes, just one. When you go to get shaved you'll find that the barber's conversation and his razor are exactly the same as they were when you went away."

Rebuked.

He was deeply in love with his wife, but awfully careless about money matters. He started away on a long business trip leaving her short of money, and promised to send her a check—which he forgot telegraphed:

to do. The rent came due and she "Dead broke. Landlord insistent. Wire me money."

Her husband answered:

"Am short myself. Will send check in few days. A thousand kisses."

Exasperated, his wife replied:

"Never mind money. I gave landlord one of the kisses. He was more than satisfied."

present time.

"The recent answer of Germany in the Lusitania case came to the United States by way of Copenhagen and London. It was delivered to Ambassador Gerard by the foreign office, written in German. The ambassador first had to turn it over to a translator, who put it in English. Then it went to the code experts at the embassy, who translated it into a series of arithmetical groups. It was then put in the hands of a cable company.

"The cable company elected to transmit the message to Copenhagen, Denmark. From Copenhagen it was relayed to London. Now, all ordinary cable communications between Germany and the outside world is cut off. England is a belligerent and there is a strict censorship over telegrams. But England recognizes, of course, that the ambassador of a neutral power has a perfect right to communicate with his government.

"An examination of the code message by censors shows plainly the character of it from the address and the signature. It is a message from Gerard in Berlin to Bryan in Washington. So England promptly permits the message to go through. It reaches New York by cable. From New York it is telegraphed to the State department in Washington, where experts reduce it from the code to plain English."

DOLL BRINGS TRAGEDY.

Child Reaches in Flames for Toy and Sets Mother Afire.

A playmate, teasing Louis Polairtz, three years old, while the children were playing in front of the Polairtz home, at 758 Hegeman avenue, Brooklyn, the other day, tossed the child's rag doll into a scrap paper bonfire. The child, in reaching into the fire to save the toy, lost his balance and fell into the flames. Instantly his flimsy clothes were ablaze. The child screamed with pain while his playmate fled in terror.

The mother, hearing her child's cries, ran out of the house and attempted to beat out the flames with her hands. Her garments, too, caught fire, and the mother, aflame, ran about the street hugging her suffering child to her breast. Mr. Polairtz, working in the yard, was attracted by the cries of passers-by and, with the help of Patrolman Mandt, wrapped the mother and the baby in heavy coats and extinguished the flames.

Mrs. Polairtz and her little son were rushed to the Kings county hospital where it is believed the boy will die.—New York Sun.

The Purchase of Alaska.

Russia owned Alaska by right of discovery in 1741 and by continued possession. It was of little value to her and not coveted by any other nation. It is not definitely known when the cession of Alaska to the United States was first proposed, but in 1859 the United States offered \$5,000,000 for it and the offer was declined. In 1866 it began to be feared that England might get possession of it and the negotiation for its purchase was renewed, resulting in Russia's acceptance of an offer of \$7,000,000. This was the real purchase price, but our government agreed to pay \$200,000 additional for certain land grants and concessions held by Russian trading companies. The treaty of sale was signed March 30, 1867; ratified by the senate April 9 and proclaimed by the president June 20. But it was yet to be paid for and the house of representatives balked a little at the price. The country was popularly supposed to be a land of polar bears and icebergs and its value in gold and coal was unknown. The house finally passed the necessary appropriation bill July 27, 1868, and the deal was closed. Kindly feeling towards Russia for friendship for us during the civil war had much to do in securing the passage of the appropriation bill.—Indianapolis News.

Blather and Bother.

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners at which assemble most of the best known wits and literateurs of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that Mr. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner a guest was heard to begin a sentence, but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual, that, as Mr. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted.

"I am certain it was something of consequence," she said.

"Alas, madam," he answered, "it was, indeed; but now it is too late. I should have liked a little more of that iced pudding."

Companions in Misfortune.

Two men sat at the same table in a restaurant of the cheaper sort in Berlin. They were strangers to each other, but not too proud to talk.

"Hard times," said one, putting down regretfully his empty beer glass.

"Very hard times," said the other as he speared with his fork a last morsel of sausage.

"I have seen better days."

"And I."

"Only a year ago, too."

"Just about that."

"I mean in my business."

"Precisely. My business is gone clean to the devil."

"The same with mine."

"And what is your business, may I ask?"

"I am a dancing master—a professor of the fox trot and allied arts—and you?"

"I am a professor of international law."

Not Informed of Demise.

Teacher—Where is the Dead Sea? Tommie—Don't know, ma'am.

"Don't know where the Dead Sea is?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't even know any of them was sick, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

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