

# DIPLMOMACY and CABLES

## In These Days International Relations May Hinge Upon the Intelligence Office and an Under Sea Wire That Works Smoothly.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A short time ago a prominent official of the Department of State was asked for a definition of the word "diplomacy." It was just after Secretary Bryan had sent the Lusitania note to the German Foreign Office. The official hesitated a moment.

"The Secretary," he remarked, "favors the idea that diplomacy is the art of keeping cool. The intelligence system, but it doesn't cover sufficient territory. Diplomacy, I should say, is the art of getting a good cable."

If you separate yourself from the atmosphere of the second floor of the department, where the Secretary of State has his office, and where the diplomats themselves come flocking every day, and descend to the first floor, where the big intelligence office of the department is located, you'll see why diplomacy, in this day and generation, depends on a cable that works well.

In other words, no office of foreign affairs of any government can be much better than its system of transmitting and receiving intelligence from the home office and its agents abroad, and vice versa. Before the day of the under-sea cables there was not a great deal of merit to the intelligence system of any foreign office; and, while the cable raised the efficiency of such systems to an enormous degree, it was the European war that actually put such establishments to their first real test and taught officials—particularly State Department officials—that a poorly-working cable or telegraph line can come very near to defeating the ends of real diplomacy.

There are four methods of diplomatic and consular communication employed in the big intelligence system which centers on the first floor of the State, War and Navy Department building here in Washington. Telegraph and cable nearly always are used jointly in the transmission of a message abroad, or, when cables will not work properly, due to too rigid censorship somewhere, the wireless is sometimes called into play. After all, it is the mail which carries the bulk of state intelligence, and, while this method is slow, there is less worry attached to its operation. The European war is causing the United States Government a tremendous outlay in the way of message transmission and it was notified by an official recently that the normal cable bill of the State Department, both for "sent" and "received" messages, was some \$15,000 a month. That sum, however, applied solely to rates during times of peace. It doesn't cover the bill since the European war started.

"What will the department's cable bills average per month since the war started?" this official was asked. "It would be hard to tell," he replied. "They have been enormous. I heard, however, that we spent very nearly as much during the first three months of the war as we spent in two years of ordinary conditions."

And it costs \$15,000 a month—or about \$175,000 a year—in peace times!

And that is only for cable tolls. What then, you ask, does the department, in the ordinary course of business, spend for postage stamps? That is a question which no one cares to answer. It would pay a lot of salaries—that much is certain.

Here is another instance of the way the department spends money to get messages to its Ministers and Ambassadors abroad:

At the outbreak of the war, last August, the Department of State was called upon to relieve a great number of "stranded" Americans abroad, who had lost their money and possessions in the rush for ocean ports when the war rolled upon them. Friends in the United States began pouring money in upon the department, to be transmitted to relatives abroad, and before this money could be paid by a State Department representative abroad a brief description of the payee had to be cable.

In one running message of this kind the State Department cable 20,000 words, which filled 55 typewritten

pages and paid for at the rate of 13 cents a word, thus costing very close to \$2500. It seems prodigal, but governments cannot hold back for expenses in time of stress.

All this, however, is nothing, but the cable feature of the big intelligence system. There are about 250 embassies, legations, consulates and consular agencies, which must report to the department at varying intervals, ranging from once a day to once every two weeks. These branch offices of the departments are scattered from China to Chile.

The center—the brain of the system—is at Washington. One man and his assistants preside over this nerve center. He is Dr. John R. Buck, chief of the index bureau of the State Department. The title, however, does not half way describe the job.

Buck is the boss of the department's intelligence system, but his work is so closely allied with the department officials that he, alone, would be powerless to run the system. His function is simply to supervise the department's vast network of mail



Communications From Consular Agents Are Sent to the Department Plainly Marked as Such.



Dr. John R. Buck, Chief of the Index Bureau



Wilbur J. Carr, Chief of the Intelligence System



Beh G. Davis

facilities for secrecy to degenerate. There must be a code which is a model of secrecy, and which would defy detection under any and all circumstances. A code is built on the theory that it must defy detection even should a copy fall into improper hands and a possible spy be given a chance to study it.

Code systems, despite the fact that every effort is made to bring them to the highest point of secrecy and intricacy, are like last year's hat. They go out of style. Since 1876 the State Department has had three separate codes, and the very latest—the mysterious "green code"—is guarded so closely that it is kept locked in a safe day and night and taken out only when actually needed for use.

This latest document is the invention of Dr. Buck, head of the index bureau, and represents the most intricate and abstruse combinations of figures it is possible to obtain for cable use.

Back in 1876 the State Department invented what was called the red code. It was the work of John H. Haswell, the then chief of the index bureau, and at the time it was invented, it was considered a marvel of mystery. This code was in use for the most confidential matters until 1899, when the department was led to believe that, through years of use, its secret had been deciphered by certain foreign governments, so Haswell set himself to the task of revising the red code into another and more intricate system, which he called the blue code.

From 1899 up to within a few years ago the blue code was the one used for matters of the utmost importance and secrecy, while the red code continued to be used for matters of secondary importance. But about two years ago it was decided that the blue code, like the red, was outliving its usefulness, and then Dr. Buck brought out the green code, into which not more than a dozen officials at the State Department, outside of the embassy staffs, have even peeped.

Any request to take a look at the code books of the department would be met with a polite but altogether firm refusal. The department sees to it that no possible spy, even though he be disguised as a harmless Sunday feature

writer, has a chance to peek between the covers of that little book. It is generally recognized, however, that practically all government codes are based upon some document and a group of figures is used to represent the page and line of the word indicated.

For instance, a code-book page has, say, 25 numbered words, in a column straight down the page. Suppose, for instance, that on page 45, in line 12, there appears the word "note." There is a code equivalent for that word "note" which may be "cat." If the matter is important, the cable will not use the word "cat" to indicate "note." It will make its code even more abstruse by sending the group of figures "4512," which means that on page 45, first line, second word, is the word "note."

It is perfectly easy, however, to make an arrangement, say with the American Ambassador at London, to reverse the figures in a certain code message. Instead of reading "4512," the group of figures in the cable would read "2154," although by means of the previous agreement the word indicated would be the same.

An official stated the other day that by previous arrangement with the recipient of the coded cablegram there was practically no limit to the crypto and abstruse code combinations it is possible to arrange by means of the systems already in use.

Quite naturally, green code is used as little as possible. It is the one best bet in codes and the department doesn't want it to get before the spy departments of other countries any oftener than possible. So it isn't used freely.

However, suppose the ruler of some foreign country has acted slightly toward an American Ambassador accredited to his country. This slight would in all probability be administered in private, and the Ambassador and the Department of State would want the news of the occurrence to be kept very private and confidential until they could at least act upon the matter. Out would come the new green code and a message would be put in cipher.

If, however, the State Department

## STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

### Mary Jane's Gingerbread Man

"I WANT to do something nice," said Mary Jane one evening shortly before her dinner time. "I want to do something that I have never done before—something that is real hard for a little girl to do," she added definitely.

Her mother was busy getting dinner, but being a real Mother, she always had time to stop when her little girl needed her. "Something nice and something you have never done before," she repeated, smilingly, "now I wonder just what that would be?"

Mary Jane looked up expectantly. "Can't you think of it, mother?" she asked. "Try again, please do! You're such a good thinker."

Mother thought a minute, then she said, half to herself, "No that would be too hard."

"No it wouldn't, mother!" exclaimed Mary Jane, dancing up and down in her eagerness. "That would be just what I want to do!"

"What would?" asked mother, laugh-

ingly. "What was I talking about?" "I don't know," answered Mary Jane, "but if you have thought of something that maybe is too hard for a little girl to do, I perfectly well know that that very thing is what I am wanting to do—right now!" she added, coaxingly.

"Alright, then, we'll do it!" announced mother. "You go and get your biggest apron, and you shall make a gingerbread man for your dinner."

Mary Jane danced away for the apron and danced back again, saying, "But I'll not make him for MY dinner!"

"No?" asked mother. "No," replied Mary Jane with great determination. "I'll make him for Daddy's."

Mother tied on the apron and Mary Jane climbed up to the baking table. Such fun as they had mixing eggs and sugar and molasses (nice, sticky, nutty molasses) and flour and spices! There is no use telling you all about it, for if you have made gingerbread men yourself, you know all about it; and if you haven't, reading about it is a story won't give you half the idea of all the fun!

Finally the dough was ready. Mother lifted it up with the big spoon and declared it "just right."

"Now the next thing is the pan," she said. "You can get it out, and grease it yourself if you are careful."

And, of course, Mary Jane was careful. She went to the pantry, got the biggest pan she could find and greased it carefully with a greased paper, just as she had seen her mother do.

Then the gingerbread man was laid in the pan. Mary Jane made a beautiful round head, a shapely body, two straight legs and a hat.

"Isn't he to have any arms?" asked mother, when she was asked to inspect it.



Mother Tied on the Apron.

### An Eye Opener

good looks that she gave him some buttons of currants and a belt of citron, so that he could be very stylish. Then mother whisked him into the oven and baked him brown.

Oh, dear! but he did smell good; and when father came home and saw him, and said he was the finest gingerbread man ever made, Mary Jane was so proud and happy she resolved then and there to be a cook.

Bearing that fact in mind, listen to the story of little Billy Tut and his dog Rags. Now Billy was really a very mischievous boy. Lots of people in town referred to him as "the bad boy," and many even thought him cruel.

Billy loved Rags, his scraggily fox-terrier. But Billy seemed to have only slight regard for any other dog. And Rags seemed to share his master's opinion in this respect.

Often, of an afternoon when school was out, Billy and Rags would roam around on the outskirts of the village, both on the lookout for mischief. Billy, for example, would pick up a small stick or stone and take great

delight in throwing it at any dog which happened to be passing. Rags, too, would enjoy it and would show his pleasure by barking and, if the other dog wasn't too big, by giving chase.

If there was one thing both of them did think was the very best of fun, it was to get hold of some poor unsuspecting dog, tie a tin can to his tail and then turn him loose. The poor dog would take a step or two, hear the can bumping along behind him, become frightened by the noise and—"take out" down the street at top speed.

But one day Rags was missing. It was a Saturday, too, and Billy had looked everywhere for him, but to no avail. He called and whistled and looked under the woodshed and out on the lot where the boys were playing baseball and even down by the creek. And still no Rags was to be seen. Billy was miserable. Yet he felt confident that, even if Rags were lost, he would eventually find his way home, since all dogs know how to do that.

But as the afternoon wore on and it grew dark and still no hide nor hair of Rags, Billy was about in tears. At supper he voiced his fears to his parents.

"Well," said papa, "if he doesn't show up by tomorrow morning, I'll advertise in the newspaper for him and offer a reward. Rags is a good dog and I'd hate to see anything happen to him. So don't worry, son, for I believe—"

"Bang—bang—de—bang—bang!" The interrupting noise came from just outside the dining-room window; and it sounded as though someone had picked up an armful of pots and pans and dropped them on the walk.

"Mercy sakes! What is that?" exclaimed mamma.

Just then, from outside the window, came a whine and a weak, pitiable little bark.

"It's Rags. It's Rags!" cried Billy, jumping up from the table and fairly running out to the kitchen door which he flung open, shouting:

"Here Rags! Here Rags! Come here, old fellow!" And Rags came. But, goodness me, what a sorry

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spectacle he was! He looked years older than he did when Billy had last seen him. He was covered with mud, his head was drooping and he was fairly panting for breath.

And—tied to his tail was a tin can! "Who did that?" shouted Billy, as though Rags could tell him. "You just let me catch whoever it was and I'll—I'll just punch his face good for him! Poor Rags, poor fellow—yes—yes—come here, old boy, and I'll take it off! I guess you've been running all afternoon trying to get away from it, haven't you. But you just wait—I'll find out who did it, and—I'll make him pay for it! Nobody can treat my dog that way, I tell you!"

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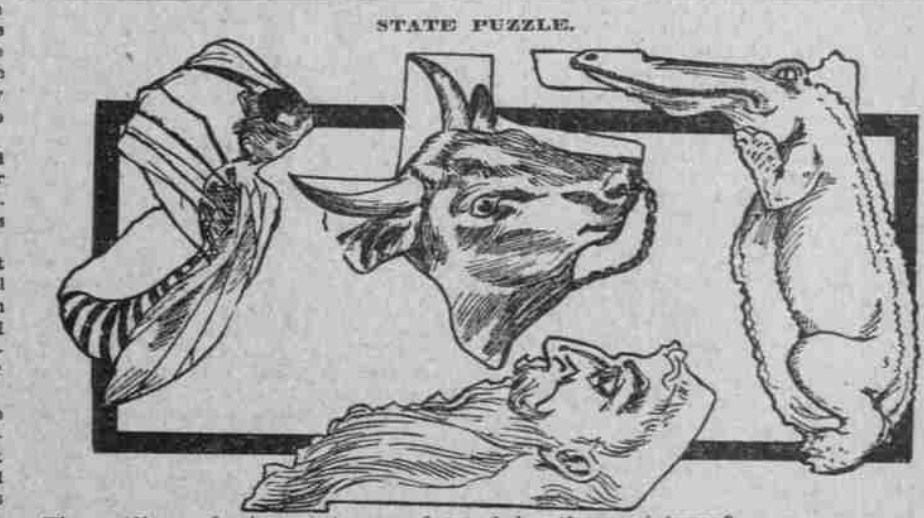
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And, would you believe it, never after that did Billy tie a can to a dog's tail. Also, strange to say, Rags seemed to lose all desire to run along after a dog that was fleeing down the street with a tin can chasing him.

Appropriate. Lady—"What games did you play at the lawn party, my dear?" Child—"It wasn't a lawn party. It was a bridge party. We played London bridge is falling down."

At Japanese auctions each bidder writes his name and bid on a slip of paper, which he puts in a box provided for the purpose. When the bidding is over, the box is opened and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER



The outlines of what states are formed by these pictures?

**ENIGMA.**  
My first is in three, but not in two;  
My second is in old, but not in new;  
My third is in low, but not in high;  
My fourth is in smile, but not in cry;  
My fifth is in hand, but not in sea;  
My sixth is in arm, but not in knee;  
My seventh is in yellow, but not in blue;  
My eighth is in false, but not in true;  
My whole is something which all school children like.

**JUMBLED QUOTATIONS.**  
Hawt goren si hte retah si into uifi fo ur mellicious... —Givvith.  
Rta aym rer ubt autren nocant sima. —Yerdnd.  
**Answers.**  
**ENIGMA—Holiday.**  
**JUMBLED QUOTATIONS—**What region of the earth is not full of our calamities? —Virgil.  
Art may err but nature cannot. —Dryden.  
Solution to State Puzzle—New Jersey, Texas, Kentucky, Florida.