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"OVERTHROW WORLD ORDER!" CRY COMMUNISTS

Manifesto of Communist International, Seized in U. S. Department of Justice Raids, Tells "Reds" Own Story of Their Plans for World Wide Plunder.

Extracts from "Manifesto of the Communist International—Adopted by the Congress of the Communist International at Moscow, March 2-6, 1919, and signed by Comerades C. Rakovsky, N. Lenine, M. Zinovjev, L. Trotzky and Fritz Platten."

Alongside the dethroned dynasties of the Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs, and the capitalistic cliques of these lands, the rulers of France, England, Italy and the United States stand revealed in the light of unfolding events and diplomatic disclosures in their immeasurable vileness.

Spurning the half-heartedness, hypocricy and corruption of the decadent official socialist parties we, the Communists assembled in the Third International, feel ourselves to be the direct successors of the heroic efforts and martyrdom of a long series of revolutionary generations from Baboeuf to Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg. As the First International foresaw the future development and pointed the way; as the Second International gathered together and organized millions of the proletariats, so the Third International is the international of open mass-action of the revolutionary realization, the international of deeds. Socialist criticism has sufficiently stigmatized the bourgeois world order. The task of the International Communist Party is now to overthrow this order and to erect in its place the structure of the socialist world order. We urge the working men and women of all countries to unite under the Communist banner, the emblem under which the first great victories have already been won.

Proletarians of all lands! In the war against imperialistic barbarity, against monarchy, against the privileged classes, against the bourgeois state and bourgeois property, against all forms and varieties of social and national oppression—UNITE!

Under the standard of the Workingmen's Councils, under the banner of the Third International, in the revolutionary struggle for power and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, proletarians of all countries UNITE!

The revolutionary era compels the proletariat to make use of the means of battle which will concentrate its entire energies, namely, mass action, with its logical resultant, direct conflict with the governmental machinery in open combat. All other methods, such as revolutionary use of bourgeois parliamentarism, will be of only secondary significance.

The indispensable condition for successful struggle is separation not only from the direct servitors of Capitalism and enemies of the communist revolution, in which role the Social Democrats of the Right appear, but also from the Party of the Center (Kautskians), who desert the proletariat at the critical moment in order to come to terms with its open antagonists.

The growth of the revolutionary movement in all lands, the dangers of suppression of this revolution through the coalition of capitalistic States, the attempts of the Socialist betrayers to unite with one another (the formation of the Yellow "International" at Berne), and to give their services to the Wilsonian League; finally, the absolute necessity for co-ordination of proletarian actions—all these demand the formation of a real revolutionary and real proletarian Communist International. This International, which subordinates the so-called national interests to the interests of the international revolution, will personify the mutual help of the proletariat of the different countries, for without economic and other mutual helpfulness the proletariat will not be able to organize the new society.

Incalculable are the sacrifices of the working class. Their best—Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg—they have lost. Against this the proletariat must defend itself, defend at any price. The Communist International calls the entire world proletariat to this final struggle.

DOWN WITH THE IMPERIAL CONSPIRACY OF CAPITAL!
LONG LIVE THE INTERNATIONAL REPUBLIC OF THE PROLETARIAN COUNCILS!

Moscow, March 2-6, 1919.

WHAT REDS WOULD HAVE US SING

—From I. W. W Songs—Seized in Red Raids of U. S. Deparmtent of Justice.

One day as I sat pining
A message of cheer came to me,
A light of revolt was shining
On a country far over the sea.
The forces of rulers to sever
And the flag of the earth to unfold
To secure our freedom forever
And a world of beauty untold

We have lived in meek submission
Thru ages of toil and despair.
To comply with the plutes' ambition
With never a thought nor a care.
An echo from Russia is sounding
'Tis the chimes of a True Liberty,
It's a message for millions resounding
To throw off your chains and be free.

CHORUS.

All hail to the Bolsheviki!
We will fight for our Class and be free,
A Kaiser, King or Czar no matter
which you are
You're nothing of interest to me;
If you don't like the red flag of Russia,
If you don't like the spirit so true.
Then just be like the cur in the story
And lick the hand that's robbing you

MEN LIKE THESE WOULD RULE YOU

TYPES OF COMMUNIST AGITATORS DEPORTED BY U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

ADOLPH SCHNABEL, Leader of Union of Russian Workers, a powerful, anarchistic organization in America.

ALEXANDER SCHATZ, Leader of Communist group in this Country.

JOHN DUBOFF, Active organizer of Communist group in Elizabeth, N. J.

NICHOLOS MICHAILOV, Violent agitator among anarchists in America.

[illegible] BY CAMERA

How Aerial Spy Prevented Sacrifice of Life.

Revealed to General Foch That Position He Had Decided to Capture Would Be Too Costly an Undertaking.

By the eternal fitness of things Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should write this story, for in the spellbound hours in which laconic brown men in khaki and "horizon blue" gave it to me I visualized no one so much as Sherlock Holmes—grim, brooding and penetrating—riding in their places miles over the smoke of Flanders; sitting in their places in the map-littered dugouts behind the lines of battle, untangling the mysteries of uncanny secrets. Douglas Reid writes in Popular Mechanics magazine. It is the story of the greatest detective system ever devised by man, the inner story of how the allies by aerial photography and weird deduction from meaningless prints of the German lines solved the riddles of the foe—the story of the camera, the "best spy of the time." Into this story will come the strange case of the human footprint and the countless things of stealth it revealed, also the curious "rogues' gallery" of German generals which the allied detectives collected, kept and used with such sure sight—also the odd . . . but a beginning must be made.

There is no more astonishing thing in the whole marvel of aerial photography than the camera's ability to catch the trail of a walking man. At two and a half miles in the air the ordinary aerial camera will show the footprints of a man going across slightly shelled ground. At a mile it will show them on new-mown grass. At five miles it will reveal them trailing across "No Man's land."

Consider this: Once the French were planning to take a certain hill, holding that Bavarian "landsturm"—poor machine-gun fighters—held it weakly. At dawn a photographer went up, came dashing back with a picture and 15 minutes later the French general called off the attack and saved the lives of thousands of his men. And yet the camera had caught no remarkable thing. It merely showed that one group of men had gone out and another come into the trenches during the night. The footprints of the Germans told that much. The incoming hill, followed back, was found to emerge from a woods, lying beside a white road. The allied detectives walking over their prints, followed the road to the nearest German cantonment and proved by still other photographs that the cantonment was held by Prussians. Presto! The French staff knew that crack Prussians were opposing them and that it would be bordering short of suicide to attack.

Deduction of this sort was more than part of the work of the aerial photography sections of the allied armies. The work of snapping pictures from the air was picturesque, dangerous, heroic—but for thrill and romance give me those sweating, silent men in the darkroots, studying photographs by the light, catching a clew here, a telltale there that made Hindenburg's plans an open book.

Modern photographic science laid before each allied general a complete map of everything the enemy was doing and almost everything it was going to do. It showed him unmistakably what his own men were doing and what they could do. It relieved him of piecing stories from spies, from guesses—mistake—for the camera does not lie.

He could not guess what Wellington was planning: Foch could send his spies and within an hour Ludendorff was thinking

When the Day Begin?

When does the day begin? Different peoples have their own methods of reckoning. Our calendar follows the Romans in beginning the day at midnight; for all practical purposes it reckons it from sunrise to sunrise. The Athenians and the Hebrews, however, reckoned their day at sunset. According to Genesis we are told that "the evening and the morning were the first day." The Hebrews observed even to our own time the day of rest, the whole day at sunset. The romance of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" is lost if we forget that the Scotch Presbyterian Saturday night was a part of the Sabbath. The Sabbath cares were thrown aside when the "weans" saw, in the evening shadows, the beginning of the Lord's day.—Lippincott's Monthly.

Freeze False Fur.

A process patented in France consists in an improvement in the manufacture of stuffs or objects which imitate fur, plush or velvet, or for use as carpets and the like. The process consists with an animal's fur, or an assemblage of animal or vegetable fibers, and these are immobilized by freezing them in a block of ice.

The ice is then sawed into slabs, and a slab is made to undergo a surface melting so as partially to free the hairs or fibers on one side; then a suitable glue or cement is applied upon the surface.

A sheet of flexible material acting as a basis of a new makeup is then applied so that the hairs adhere to it, and the whole is freed from the block, leaving the hairs projecting. Rubber serves as a good basis for the glue or cement.

HARD LUCK OF BANNISTER

By WALTER A. FROST

(Copyright.)

My acquaintance with Mr. Bannister was short. It lasted only from Chicago to Port Huron, and yet in that time he told me not only his real name, his "alias," and his occupation, but also the very hard luck experience which I shall set before you.

The cause of our becoming acquainted was accidental—the dining-car was crowded and the steward put us at the same table. As I seated myself I noticed a little man at the other side of the table, but I paid no attention to him until he looked hard at me, and in a low voice asked:

"What line do you carry?"

"I beg your pardon?" I asked.

"What line do you carry?"

There was no escape. "Law books," I answered. "I am a lawyer."

He smiled and held out a fat hand. "We are in about the same profession. I am a detective."

"Yes," I replied, for I felt a desire to know more of a man who could see any resemblance between a lawyer and a detective. "We are, it might be said, slightly related."

"Well, when you have practiced longer you will understand what I mean when I say that we are in about the same line."

He smiled, and between orders to the waiter told me his story.

"Yes, when you have practiced longer you will understand what I mean. You lawyers have to use us at every step you take; you can't get on without us. A witness goes back on you and gets lost, and the first thing you do is to call one of us in to look up your man for you. Lawyers, doctors, business men and bankers, you all give us a lot of work.

"Speaking of bankers, I'm down on all of 'em, for it was while doing some work for a banker that I had the hardest piece of luck I ever struck, and just when everything was going lovely, too.

"It was this way! The chief called me in one afternoon, and said he: 'Jim, I want you to go down to Ellerton and see Stevens, the banker. There's been some work done down there, and he's afraid some of it may come his way.

"'He'll give you the facts, and then go to work. The gang that's suspected is something like the Fiske outfit you gathered in at Oshkosh last fall.'

"The next morning I was in Stevens' private office, and it was a dandy. But never mind that.

"The next morning, after seeing old Stevens, I dropped into a saloon where I'd seen some young fellows go, and found six or eight boys having a quiet game. I had a beer, bought a cigar, and went out.

"Next morning I dropped in again. The bar-keep recognized me and said, 'Good morning.' 'Good morning,' says I, and got my drink and cigar and went out without saying anything more. I kept on dropping in and some of the chaps began to notice me, but they held off, which made me think I might be somewhere on the right track, so I went in steady.

"After I'd been in town for about a week one of the young fellows asked me at the saloon one evening what I was selling.

"'I'm buying,' said I.

"'Buying what?'

"'Land.' And then he introduced me to the rest of the bunch who were at the table playing. They asked me to come in, and I did. They couldn't play much, I saw, but I let them win a couple of dollars, and then I cleared out.

"A few days after that when I went in—it was one afternoon, about half-past four—I found some of the gang there. Then I knew they wasn't working, for if they had been they couldn't have been there then.

"Well, I was pretty sure they was the boys I was looking for, and so, wanting to see what they'd rise to, I managed to drop a set of 'skeleton' keys on the floor when I was just going to pay for the drinks. I bent down quick and picked 'em up and shoved 'em into my pocket, but I saw they was 'on,' for in a few minutes one of the bunch came over to me and says:

"'See here, Mr. Jenks' (I'd told 'em my name was Jenks), 'you might as well tell us a little more about yourself. We know you're not down here to look up land, and it's our opinion you may be after something that begins with D.'

"Dough was what he meant. But I was not going to be drawn out, at least, not yet, and so I said:

"'It strikes me I don't know much about you boys yet. Don't you think you'd better show up first?'

"They held off a bit even then, but finally one of them, a tall, sharp chap he was, came close to me and says:

"'Were you ever in Janesville?'

"I laughed and said: "Why, yes, I guess so.'

"'Were you there two weeks ago?'

"I looked around for a moment, as if to see there weren't any one could hear, and then I said:

"'Yes but I didn't do that job.'

"He wasn't quite sure yet, for he tried me again:

"'Who bought it of the man who "found" it?'

"He was thinking of the big diamond robbery that had just come off in Janesville. It was a neat piece of work, and the chief had two of his best men on it.

"'How can I tell?' I asked. 'They say the Jew got it, but he cleared before the "Blues" got there.'

"I thought they was going to talk up, but the tall man was suspicious, I saw, and so I went out, after setting them up again.

"That evening the tall man asked me to take a little ride with him. I wanted 'em to feel sure of me, and so I put a 'jimmy' under my coat, and when we got into the cutter I wrapped it up in the blanket and put it under the seat.

"We had a nice drive, for it was a dandy night, but the chap didn't say a thing about himself or the gang or me. He only talked about the fishing up North, and we didn't get anywhere. Along about eleven we came to Rice's place, and he said we'd go in and have a drink. I jumped out and went to tie the horse, asking him to throw the blanket over her. He proceeded to do so, and of course the jimmy fell out.

"He laughed and clapped me on the back.

"'I guess we've got you located now, old man,' says he. 'And now we'll go back.'

"We went to the rooms where the rest of the gang were waiting for us.

"'I guess he'll do, boys,' said he, and then he says to me: 'I have an idea that we can put a man like you in the way of making something pretty.'

"They grinned, and then we talked things over.

"I had been traveling with them pretty steady for a month, when one night they told me they were going to do a little piece of work on a bank in town (Stevens' bank, of course), and they wanted me to 'fix' the safe.

"'All right, boys,' says I. 'I'll have to send down to Chi for my "kit," though.'

"Next morning I went over to Stevens' and put him 'on,' telling him to put some marked bills in the safe for that night. I got the combination from him, too, thinking I might have some trouble with the safe, and I had to get it open one way or another.

"Then I went over to the chief of police and fixed it up with him so that he'd surround the bank after we had gone in and nab us as we came out.

"The bank proposition was a little heavy for the boys, some of 'em being a little new at such work, and when Tuesday night came they began to get a little nervous. But I filled 'em up with drinks, and told 'em how easy it was, gave out a long talk on my own experiences, and by Wednesday afternoon they were ready for anything.

"We had a good supper, with lots of drinks of all sorts, and some of the boys were pretty well jagged by the time we were through.

"We had set the job for midnight, met then at a barber shop, where the big chap had a job (he was slick), and then separated, meeting again at the bank as the clock struck twelve.

"The big fellow broke in the door with his shoulder—he was as strong as a bull-moose—and we all piled in after him. I remember I was the last man in, and I was thinking how fine they were going to look in the papers next morning, the five of them standing in a row, with me at their right as the man who had 'gathered them in.' I laughed to myself as I opened the safe, and then I heard the snap of a man's fingers, a voice cried 'now, men!' the lights were turned on, and each of us was looking into the barrel of a gun.

"I looked at the man who was covering me, and you can just about figure out how I felt when I saw that it was that young kid with the yellow hair. He smiled a bit, and then told us to throw up our hands.

"All of us did except the big chap, and he got a bullet through his hip. I tried to remonstrate with the kid, who seemed to be running the thing, but he told me to 'cut it out,' and I saw that it was no use.

"They took us down to the jail and got our faces by flashlight. I was standing with the rest of the bunch, and my name (my real one, too, for I'd given it to old Stevens in the first place) was stuck underneath.

"I tried to drive it into the chief of police that I was out after the men, but he said I'd given wrong information, and the light-haired kid was boss there, anyhow.

"Then they threw us into cells that a dog couldn't have slept in, and sent us down to Chicago next morning handcuffed together like Siamese twins. They tried us, and I got off with a reprimand from the court for 'encouraging crime and, though a detective by profession, leading young and weak boys astray.'

"Then the chief jawed me for an hour, and gave me a 'vacation' for 'incompetency and general stupidity.' And the papers made it hot for the chief for 'hiring such men,' and then, of course, he chucked me permanent.

"All because that kid with the yellow hair had started in, on his own hook, to run the same gang that the chief had set me on! If he'd waited three minutes I'd have landed the bunch, I'd have 'gathered in the outlaws,' as the papers said. But you see how it was. And what made it all the worse, the tall chap turned out to be Jem Cummings, wanted in St. Louis and Boston for forgery and robbing the mails.

"As it was—well, it was hard luck, wasn't it?" Mr. Bannister stared gloomily out into the night.

"Come," said he, after a moment, "let's get something to smoke. Every time I think of that kid with the yellow hair it makes my head ache. Let's smoke up." And I followed his short, squat figure into the smoking compartment.

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