

Jews—Jews, whom you cannot persecute out of existence; "Dog of a Jew," whom you can kick and spit upon and revile and strip from him men, but who goes on and on and on. Take ten of these twelve tribes and scatter them like the sands upon the seashore; they will gather together; you will see their noses and their money everywhere. Those wonderful noses that smell out opportunity where we, the Christians, mount after; those wonderful noses which, as old Tristram Shandy tells us, mean hooks that hook right into life and will not let go. This marvelous race which today is doing a large part, and that the better part of the thinking for the emancipation of the other races, and which bears the brunt of opposition and persecution uncompromisingly and unrepiningly.

The general subject of my course is The Social Unrest. I was talking two or three days ago in a group of men, largely interested in real estate, and men of wealth, and by some miraculous chance personal friends of mine, who have not yet grown cold to me and who unbosom themselves to me. One of them remarked that he had noticed my cards in the windows and asked me what I was going to do. I said: "I am going to give a course of lectures on The Social Unrest."

"Why, good God, there is no need for social unrest if you and a few others would only keep still."

"There is no social unrest, and why should you and Titus and a lot of others stir up a social unrest?"

It is all in your mind's eye, Horatio. There is no social unrest. Isn't it amazing how these men talk. Last night I picked up a little clipping from one of Jack London's articles:

"You do not hear the tread of our millions; you do not hear the advancing armies; you do not realize that our leaders are in council and our heroes are buckling on their armor, and that our martyrs have already died, and that the great army of the Proletariat, not only in unrest, but in revolution, is marching on."

down and that Lazarus, the socialist in the corner, went up. And he took harlots and bums and sports and dead beats and even rich young men—he did not draw the line at any kind of degenerate. He took these people right close to him and made them his friends. So he was promptly ostracized, and almost as promptly crucified.

And the third Jew, Karl Marx, in the little room in the slums of a great city, writes his book on "Capital"—that book which at this moment is like some great Gibraltar of perfect philosophy upon which leans day by day the glorious ranks of an emancipated humanity.

Alone, unnoticed in the Houndsditch, London, he sits and ponders over the social conditions of the times and gives us his wonderful work. And yet his very name is a reproach wherever professors in their \$25,000 per annum chairs recline and prepare their lectures to deliver to the people, in which they declare that which is proper to declare.

Why, I suppose, that if I stood on the corner of Second and Pike Street, and said, "I don't believe in the Ten Commandments, I don't believe in the Ten Commandments, I don't believe in the Ten Commandments," the combined force of churches, the newspapers, the universities and the schools, together with public opinion, would denounce me even more bitterly than it is now denouncing me.

If I should get up on that same corner and say, "I don't keep the Ten Commandments, I don't keep the Ten Commandments, I don't keep the Ten Commandments," everybody passing would say, "Neither do we, you fool, what are you talking about?"

Jesus would see some tyrant—aristocrat—stretched out before his table, with all the viands brought to tempt his palate; with all his concubines and dancers, with everything that wealth and influence could procure, seeing him lie there Jesus would say to him: "You are a robber, and let

a human being feel like a human being is to give all of the human beings on earth an equal opportunity to live.

After 2,000 years, the Christian religion, with the exception of a small part of existence; but the quick imagination, the spiritual evolution, and simplicity of Christ's teachings have, however, colored all of our literature and art.

In the brief space since 1867, since Marx wrote his book, "Capital"—something like forty years ago—there are some 7,000,000 men who voted this year for the complete and total annihilation of the existing system, in order that the Co-operative Commonwealth might be brought into effect.

Aside from these 7,000,000 we know that there are many in Russia and other countries, where the franchise is limited. I have no hesitation in saying that 25,000,000 men are today imbued with the doctrines and teachings of Marx. This Jew steps to the front, and what does he propose? He simply proposes the placing of mankind upon an economic foundation, first, last and all the time. A foundation that shall be secure, that shall be staunch, that shall be firm. History of men all points out, and all the schools of writers that have sprung up have proved and proved that the overthrow of all economic and political structures of the past has come right from the economic foundations.

We have tacked above our doors "God Bless Our Homes," and then we have tried to keep these home-together upon an utterly impossible foundation. Altruism will never again reach anything on earth so beautiful, so holy, as that which Jesus of Nazareth exemplified, and yet today the religion which bears his name has left our great city of Seattle a veritable hog trough in which it is the strongest snout gets the most swill; and as these snouts swish in the swill, they fight at the other snouts that try to get a little smell of it.

Yet the church comes along with