



## Try Seven Bran Days

Bran is not a cathartic. Its benefit comes from habitual use. A week of bran will win you to having every week like that.

Pettijohn's is a morning dainty made by flaking a special soft white wheat. Into the flakes we roll 25% of tender, unground bran. Thus we make an efficient, delicious bran food.

Next week serve it every morning. Then let its results decide the weeks to come. Just prove its goodness and its good effects.

# Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY  
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.  
West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.



Chapped skins prevail now. Ruined complexions will result with slightest neglect. Your skin must have the absolute protection afforded by

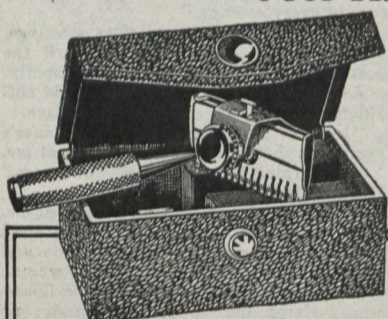
## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

It not only stands between your beauty and the weather but, renders to the skin a soft, refined, pearly-white appearance.

Send 10c. for trial size

F. T. HOPKINS & SON, MONTREAL

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Only \$1.50 Delivered Anywhere in Canada.

Gives a perfect Barber's Shave because it is adjustable to any angle. No other safety razor has this feature. Shaves with absolute safety.

### THE OUTFIT COMPRISES

Highly Nickel-plated Eny-Angle Safety Razor.  
12 First-class Blades in 2 small boxes.  
Gold-lettered compartment box for the Outfit.  
The whole enclosed in another card-board box for safety.

Extra blades obtainable at every store where Safety Razor blades are sold.  
Order one of these handsome useful outfits to-day and give it to "Him" for Christmas, or for his birthday. He will then be able to shave in comfort. Be sure to state whether for Christmas, or birthday gift, so that we can enclose suitable greeting card.

Send \$1.50. Postal note, money order or by registered letter, (if not obtainable at local dealer's,) and we will forward promptly, safely packed, this "Eny-Angle" Safety Razor which any man will recognize to be worth \$5.00, and once used would not do without it for \$10.00. "Will make a most acceptable gift for him on any occasion!"

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Every quilter should have our book of 450 designs, containing the prettiest, queerest, scarcest, most grotesque patterns, from old log cabin to stars and puzzle designs, also crazy stitches, also our book of cross-stitch designs, contains hundreds of designs and four complete alphabets for cross-stitch embroidery. Very beautiful and easy to do. Both books sent for 25 cents. No stamps accepted.

LADIES' ART CO., Black 190 St. Louis, Mo.

## The Higher Things of Life

# YOU AND I CALLED THE COMMON PEOPLE

By JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

**A** TIME there was when the lot of the common people was even worse than that of the beasts of burden, because their greater mentality enabled them to comprehend the extent of their misery. There was but one right, the right of might, and that was possessed by him alone who ruled them with iron hand. To oppose that right, or even but to question it, brought the scourge, the branding iron, the torturing instrument, the penalty of death upon the offender. The people were as much his property as were his cattle. To him belonged their bodies and souls, all their labor and all its product. With them he could do as he pleased. By his command they lived, and by his order were they put to death. By his command they had to marry or remain unmarried, had to surrender or to submit to him their wives and children. His name they had to include among the gods they worshipped, and that victory be vouchsafed to him in battle or entrance be granted him after death into the celestial abodes they had to sacrifice the choicest of their sons and daughters at his altar or tomb. To him they had to offer their throats if he wished to test the edge of a new sword, or the strength of a new rope or the deadliness of a new poison. To them were applied the lowest terms in their vocabularies—they were the helots or pariahs, the plebians or slaves, the villains or serfs. Their homes were worse than barns and stables. Their clothes and food were the coarsest. And as for education, it was regarded as wise to cast pearls before the swine as to open the doors of schools to people as low as they.

But, while their bodies could be enslaved, their minds continued free. Notwithstanding denial of education, their mind brooded over their wrongs, and in hours of supreme sufferings it impelled them to rise in their might and demand their right. And though a thousand times crushed, they arose anew after every defeat, until by sheer force and persistence they compelled their oppressor to restore to them some of the rights of which they had been cruelly deprived. From time to time, men, like Moses, stepped out of the high places, descended to the degraded stations of the oppressed, and in their name and in the name of humanity demanded that justice be done to them. And around these leaders the down-trodden gathered, and, uniting their might with their right, conquered for themselves, even if at fearful cost of blood and suffering, the position of the comparative equality they hold to-day.

The day of slave owners, of task masters, of feudal lords is past. In civilized countries the laboring man is master of himself, at least in the eyes of the law. No man can compel his labor or garner its product for himself alone. In legal rights and privileges he is the peer of the highest in the land. In our own country his vote counts as much as that of the Premier. Not only are his rights guarded by law, he has also the right to assist in the making of it.

**A**S if in reparation for the wrong done him in the past by applying to him the word *common*, and making it to stand for all that was low and base, it has been raised to a place equal to that occupied by the proudest and most sacred words in our vocabulary. One of the greatest parliaments on earth, that of England, bears the name The House of Commons, and a member of that distinguished body is designated by the name of Commoner. We speak of The Book of Common Prayer, The Common School, The Common Law, The Common Good. We speak of common sense, of common interest. We use the word *common* in a dozen other forms and combinations when we wish to convey the thought of something that serves the best interest of all the people, of the poor as well as the rich, of the high as well as the low.

True, an echo of the contemptuous meaning which the word *common* at one time had still resounds in our speech. Driven out of politics it has found a hiding place in what is called *society*. It is there where we hear it not infrequently used as a synonym of base, vulgar, coarse, unrefined. And, for the most part, we hear it used in this sense by people of mere wealth against people who, no matter how great their other wealth, are financially poor. We see people constituting themselves into a separate class, and, for no other reason than that of possessing more wealth, regarding themselves as superior, spurning every contact with the masses, as if association with them meant degradation.

From what I have seen and heard, I am inclined to believe that, if danger of contamination there be through contact of the degenerate rich with the beneficially employed poor, fear is to be entertained for the latter rather than for the former. If the word *common*, in its obsolete meaning, is deserved by any, it is by the former and not by the latter. I know of no more corrupting influence than that which issues with noisome stench from certain classes of the newly rich. By what right dare such as these brand a class of industrious and beneficial people as base and vulgar when the most disgusting kind of baseness and vulgarity festers on the very surface of their cliques and sets? Hear the stories of their immoralities,—

you must hear them, for no paper will dare publish them. Read the accounts of their shocking wastes of monies—monies often pressed from the heart's blood of those they brand as common. Read of their ribald jests at religion and morality, or at the men and women consecrating their lives and labors to the uplift of man. Note the contempt in which the sacredness of the marriage bond is held among them, and the levity with which the responsibility of parenthood and filial duty are treated. Note the costly idleness of large numbers of their women, enjoying the richest and best of other people's hard toil, without contributing the slightest thing toward the well-being and well doing of their fellow men from whom parasite like, they draw all their substance. Hear and see, note and observe, all these things, and then tell us who the low and base and vulgar are, and who the aristocrats.

In the light of the goings on in certain circles of the newly rich, were I asked what constitutes the first requisite for genuine aristocracy, I would unhesitatingly answer: To be of, and to continue among the common people. It is among these people that virtue has its chief source and abiding place. There lies our past and future, our strength, our safety, our hope. God must love the common people else He would not have made so many of them. And God's love for them must be of unusual intensity, else He would not have showered upon them as many real blessings as He has, such as lack of corrupting gold, necessity for labor and love of it, sound physical and moral health, good appetite, refreshing sleep, recuperative and educative use of leisure hours, interest in religion, in philanthropy, in education, in patriotism and the like.

**A**SK whom you please and where you please for the names of those who have contributed most toward the world's civilization, and, if you are intelligently answered, you will almost in every instance hear names of commoners. Go to your encyclopedias and select the names of one hundred men who are universally recognized among the greatest of the world's luminaries and benefactors. With but few exceptions, you will find their names to be those of men born in poverty, reared in penury, compelled to struggle with adversity, often to the very end of their days. Moses was the son of an enslaved people. Jesus and Mohamed and Luther were respectively the sons of a carpenter, a camel driver and a collier. Homer sang his immortal epics for his daily bread. Socrates was the son of a hewer of stones; Virgil, the son of a farmer; Shakespeare, the son of a shopkeeper. Milton and Leonardo da Vinci were sons of notaries. Raphael was a struggling painter's son. Correggio and Mozart were born in poverty, struggled with it all their lives, and died in it. Rembrandt, it is said, was born in a mill. Spinoza was obliged to grind lenses for a living, and Mendelssohn to tutor a rich man's sons. Kant owed to a relative his opportunity for an education. Lessing was a poor preacher's son, as were also Linnaeus and Jean Paul Richter, and Emerson, and Horatio Nelson, and Cyrus W. Field, and Holmes and a score of others equally as distinguished. Columbus, Copernicus, Kepler, Palissy, Franklin were respectively the sons of a weaver, a serf, a tavern keeper, a tilemaker, a soap chandler. Elias Howe started his career in an attic. Arkwright in a barber shop, Faraday in a bookbindery, Stephenson in a coal mine, Watt in a carpenter shop, Edison as a newsboy, Dickens and Carlyle rose from humblest positions. Goldsmith was one of seven children of a father who never earned more than two hundred dollars a year. Some of the poems and dramas of Schiller, which to-day delight the world, were born amid chilling cold and pinching hunger. Half of the life time of Wagner was spent in a desperate struggle with want.

**C**OMPARE these men with those whose prominence rests solely on the possession of mere gold, and decide for yourselves as to whose wealth is the greater of the two, who has contributed more toward the advance and betterment of mankind, to whom applies more fittingly the term of *aristocrat* and to whom the term of *common people* in the obsolete meaning of the term.

While fully appreciative of the value of gold as a potent factor in the progress of civilization, while fully cognizant that without gold much of men's creative genius or talent would either not come to light at all or make but little headway, while at all times ready to bestow a just meed of praise to our men of finance, to the captains of our trades and industries, to the men who, while enriching themselves, provide employment, under decent conditions and at equitable wages, to the hands and brains of thousands of others, while ready to do this and more, I nevertheless protest against mere monied classes considering themselves the *aristocrats*, the *select*, and against their designating all others as *common people*, as unfit for association, or to be seen in circles, clubs or places where they move and disport themselves.

And especially do I protest against such invidious social distinctions, when I see them made by a lot of brainless fops and coxcombs, parasites,

spendthrifts, *roues*, degenerates, who have never made an honest dollar in their lives, and could not if they had to, who have never done an honest day's work, who would be utterly helpless and miserable, untaught and unamused, unfed and ungroomed, if it were not for the brain and work of the people whom they contemptuously set apart from themselves as too low for association, at times even for ordinary civilities. Go to some of these snobs who refuse to take an introduction to you if you reside outside a certain district, or if you are not reported by one or the other Mercantile Agency as being of a financial rating sufficiently large to merit consideration, and, if they will permit you, ask them for the names of those who have designed and built and decorated and furnished their mansions, for the names of those who painted the pictures on their walls and sculptured the marbles in their halls, of those who wrote the books and composed the music that help to while away their time, of those who invented and constructed their automobiles and yachts, and, if they chance to know the names at all, and they give them to you, see whether even in a single instance you will find among them the name of a so called aristocrat, of one of the select and exclusive set.

Social distinctions there must be. Like will flock with like, and it is well that it is so. As little as all people wish to associate with me so little do I wish to associate with all people. But, if these segregating groups of society must be graded, then I insist that that group or circle or club be regarded as the most aristocratic, the most select, that is composed not of the richest but of the best, that is frequented by men and women of light and leading, by distinguished scholars and educators, artists and artisans, merchants and mechanics, men and women of the professions, and men and women of the trades and industries, men and women whose presence and conversation are intellectually kindling, socially refreshing, morally uplifting. If such a group or circle or club you find, you may be sure you have found the best. You may spare yourselves however, the trouble of looking for that kind of society among those who, at the present time, constitute the Worshippers of the Golden Calf, among those who consider themselves the choicest and the best, the select and the elect, by reason of having more money than others.

Yes, it is to the common people we must go if we would select the best. From them have come all that is best in our civilization, and it is to them that we must look for all the advance that yet shall be. There is found that sound, common sense that makes for the best, and an absence of that superabundance of gold that makes for the worst. Plentifully employed in useful occupation, they have little time and less inclination, and still less means for those dissipations that are possible only where there is an excess of leisure and an excess of gold.

**I**T is among the common people where we find the sincerest love of knowledge, of art, of research, the ablest champions of truth and right and justice. It is there where we find the happiest home life, the truest conjugal fidelity, the sweetest parental devotion and filial piety.

But for the common people, the common school, the fountain head of our civic fraternization and national patriotism would long since have closed its doors. But for the common people our churches would be deserted, concerts and lectures would be but meagerly attended, books would be but little read, and the stars of the drama and of the opera would look in vain to the balconies and galleries for that intelligent attention and applause that is their truest inspiration and their most cherished reward.

From the common people come our preachers and teachers, the physicians who heal our sick, the lawyers who plead our causes, the judges who administer our laws, the legislators who enact our property. From the common people come the authors who write our books, the newspaper men who set up and print and edit and distribute our papers, the men who fight our wars, the tillers and the toilers who supply us with our food and clothes, with our fuel and our light, the men of science and research who spend their nights in observatories, and their days in laboratories and libraries, in torrid and frigid zones, on mountain tops and in the earth beneath, to enlarge our mental horizon, to make our souls freer, our hearts happier, our lives easier.

God does love the common people else He would not have made so many of them, nor would He have showered upon them so many of the only blessings worth possessing. And God grant that their number increase, and embrace more and more of those deluded creatures who mistake mere gold for real wealth, who construe abundant possession of it into license to squander it riotously, who, being spared the necessity of working for their daily needs, consider themselves exempt from all useful occupation, who look upon their degeneracy as a distinction, and upon their excesses and immoralities as qualities entitling them to admission to "the best society," to membership in "the most exclusive and smartest set."