



"That will do fine. Give me my book an' the ink. I canna afford to lose time." With many a muttered, inarticulate self-addressed compliment, and a more distinct complaint in his dim eyes, his unsteady hand, his general debility and rapid decline, he managed to fill two sides of note-paper, which he put in an envelope and carefully fastened up, re-questing Mona to address it to her cou-sin. Then he sat silently watching her. "Ye'll send it safe and sure to the post?" "Certainly. I will go myself. The ser-vant is out, and so is Madame Debrisay. The post-pillar is within a hundred

vant is out, and so is Madame Debrisay. The post-pillar is within a hundred

"Ay, do-that's a kind lassie; and you'll come back to ma?" you'll come back to me? I am varra weary the nicht! Eh, but I am worn wi' poor health mair than wi' years." Mona returned immediately, but was

I like him very much, and I am sorry he is obliged to be in an office. I am sure he is not happy." "Hoots! What does he want, then?

Hoots! What does he want, then? To be an idle, fine gentleman, and make the grand tower, maybe? He must just earn his bread by the sweat of his brow like us a'.

"But he might do so more happily behind the plough. He is not suited to a city office. Could you not find work for him on your land, or even in the colonies? I didn't think I'd ever hear you hav-

ering that fashion. I thought you had mair sense.' "I am afraid I am weak enough to

shrink so from doing what I do not like myself-that I sympathize too much with Kenneth.

"Sympathize, eh? Well, sympathy is a fine feelin'." After this he lapsed into silence, from which he only aroused himself to go to

The next evening, and the next, Kenneth was closeted with his uncle. After these interviews, he stayed but a very short time with Mme. Debrisay and Mona-nor did they seem to exercise an enlivening effect on the young Scot; in-deed, Mme. Debrisay remarked upon his depression, and surmised that he was in

debt, and afraid to ask his uncle for help. "And no wonder," added the kindly Irishwoman. "I'm sure I'd rather go into den of raging lions, than face your am sorry to say it, but it's wicked to grab money as tight as he does; and I like the young man, though I don't like to

nim come between his uncle and yourself. fancy Kenneth has a debt or

Mary." "Do not mention her at present." "Well, then; will you marry me Mona?" "No, Kenneth. I feel honored by your offer, but I decidedly dealing offer, but I decidedly decline. There now, the blame of disobedience rests with me. You can tell Uncle Sandy that

Mona returned immediately, but was received with silence. The old man seem ed wrapped in thought. Mona took with me. You can tell Uncle Sandy that I refused you." "You are a clever deil, Mona, and kind; but his is not verra honest." "You are a clever deil, Mona, and kind; this is not verra honest." "Not, it is not: but my uncle ought not to be so foolish as to turn match-maker. Now he will attack me, and I can take care of myself. You can keep quiet, and by and by--when I have ut-try 'your ain true love,' and my uncle will yield." "I am not sure! Ye see, his idea is

ry 'your ain true love,' and my unce will yield." "I am not sure! Ye see, his idea is that I should marry, and live with him at Craigdarroch-that I should mind the farm, and you the house, and then come in for everything after. He'll be dread-fully disappointed, for he is awful fond of you, Mona, and I am not surprised; you are a real braw lassie. You've a lad o' your own somewhere awa', I'll be bound, a lassie like you could not want a lover." "The place is vacant at present, Ken-neth, and you see you are unfortunately bespoken," she said, laughing. "Eh, but you have made my heart light!" he exclaimed. "I did not think you would have me; but Uncle Sandy was that positive, I gave in to him. May be if I had not left my heart behind me and taken to you, our uncle's wish might have been fulfilled."

have been fulfilled." "Just so, Kenneth. As it is, we will manage our affairs as best we can." "What can we say when we go in ?" "The position is rather strained, as pol-iticians say. You must go and confess first. Then I suppose I shall be sent for and I shall trust to the inspiration of the moment." the moment.

"It's awful trying," said Kenneth, who "It's awful trying," said Kenneth, who was greatly disturbed. "It will be years and years before Uncle Sandy comes round—he is so obstinate and self-opin-ionated. And hard as it is to wait, I could stand that; but Mr. Black is in a very weak state, and should he die, Mary and her mother will be homeless. For Jamie the eldest brother's a ne'er-do-wool and Robhie's on the sen."

weel, and Robbie's on the sea." "We must try and coax Uncle Sandy to do the right thing. He would be very happy at Craigdarroch, with you and Mary to take care of him." "You are too kind," said Kenneth, his dark eyes growing moist. "The good to take care of him." "You are too kind," said Kenneth, his dark eyes growing moist. "The good to take care of him." "You are too kind," said Kenneth, his dark eyes growing moist. "The good to take care of him." "You are too kind," said Kenneth, his dark eyes growing moist. "The good finit at sight of needle and thread on the Sabbath, and I haven't a minute to firiend and sister." "Ah! there spoke your gratitude to me for rejecting you!" cried Mona, hold. a. Interests of true relegion to do only make you worse, therefore you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink iPlas plenty of faults and crochets, but you shall not paint him blacker than he is. Why have you turned against him?" 'He hasn't a spark of true generosity. You gave up time and teaching for him, and what did he do for you?" 'He hasn't a source the generosity. 'He hasn't a spark of true generosity.'' 'He offered to pay my losses.'' 'Ah! what was a contained to be the spark of true generosity.'' 'He offered to pay my losses.'' ''Ah! what was a contained to be provided to be the spark of the friend and sister." "Ah! there spoke your gratitude to me for rejecting you!" cried Mona, hold-ing out her hand to him. "There, let us swear friendship and fidelity, and deter-mination to guide Uncle Sandy in the way he should go." "You are a ferry clever young woman. I do not know if there is a cleverer whatever. And you really will bear me no ennity because I cannot marry you?" rowned.

THE PART AND A REAL THE ALHENS REPORTER, JUNE 20, 1906.

free unselfish love. How much more true manhood there was in this unstinted, eagerness to share all good with the best beloved, than in the cold, hard, worldly wisdom that prompted Lisle to hand over the woman he had tried to win to another at the first chill breath of coming trouble. Kenneth felt a new creature he was thus enabled to unbosom him.

Kenneth feit a new creature when he was thus enabled to unbosom him-self. Thoughts uttered seem so much stronger than they do while lurking in the shadowy recesses of the heart. By the time they reached Westbourne Villas, he had talked himself into a conviction that his wedding was not so far off after all. But at the garden gate terrible reality grasped him and looked him in the face. Within those walls

im in the face. Vitan ... Jacle Sandy awaited him. "He will be awful angry, Mona," "He will be awful angry, Mona,"

"I dare say he will"—(it was not ne cessary to name the object of their dread)—"but you must throw all the blame on me—remember, Kenneth, it is quite true. If there was no Mary in the mass I would not marry out" "There will be somebody else then," he said, with innocent conceit. "Never mind about that, Kenneth.

"Never mind about that, a kenneth. Think so, if you like; but do not be too positive with Uucle Sandy. If he chooses to hope a little, let him." When they went in Mona retired to take off her cloak and hat, and Kenneth

take off her cloak and hat, and Kenneth with, slow, reluctant steps, went up to face Uucle Sandy. "Oh, Deb," cried Mona, throwing her-self into a chair beside that good lady, who, on the door being opened, hastily hid the stocking she had been darning under the table. "Oh, Deb, support me. I have been cruelly and heartlessly re-jected by Kenneth Macalister." "Why! Grand Dieu. What do you mean?" asked Mme. Debrisay, impatient-ly, while she hunted vigorously for her needle. "Ah here it is. Now don't talk riddles and conundrums."

riddles and conundrums." Whereupon Mona repeated the sub-stance of her conversation with Kenneth. "Why, what has come to that cantank-

"Why, what has come to that cantank erous cripple, your uncle, that he should think of such a marriage for you? That long-legged Highlander is't fit to wipe your shoes—a creature that has only ex-changed his native wilds for a den of thieves in the city. Why he isn't fit to

sit in the same room with you. You know I have always stood up for your uncle, even when there was no denying he is a naygur"—(Irish for mean miser) —"but I wash my hands of him now."

ying power of perception if he ever be-ield such a sight as that," said Mona,

held such a sight as that," said Mona, laughing. "Nor will I allow you to speak contemptuously of Kenneth. He is a fina fellow and a true gentleman-far truer than the distinguished individuals you fancy you saw at my feet. He is deeply attached to a Highland Mary of his own, and we have agreed to bring Uncle Sandy to agree to the poor Uncle Sandy had evidently intend-ed to make Kenneth his heir. Now he has met me he wants to make all aches afflicted me nearly all the time.

has met me he wants to make all aches afflicted me nearly all the time. straight by uniting our rival claims and Then I took a severe cold which settled "Claims indeed. Why you are his for treatment. I had the best of care, last except performs a look a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and I went to an hospital for treatment. I had the best of care, but the doctors gave me little because the but the doctors gave me little because the little

"Claims indeed. Why you are his "nearest kin, and ought to have all he has except, perhaps a legacy to buy a plow or a fishing-rod for his cateran of a nephew. Not that I dislike the boy. He is a good looking, well disposed fel-low. But this notion of your uncle's dreadful dilemma. It is quite possible the will take offence at you both, and may be leave everything he possesses to the kirk-kirk or church, they are all alike for grabbing gold. I hate priests of every denomination," concluded the good natured heathen, recommencing her darning with such fierce energy that she pricked her finger, wherat she in-dulged in some very strong French ex-pressions. "There is Uncle Sandy's bell. Do come

pressions. "There is Uncle Sandy's bell. Do come with me, Deb. You will be a shield both to Kenneth and myself." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do, but they do it well. They don't act on the symptoms. They go straight to the

whown to all brother cierce of Balmuit, who, by the way, never made his appear-ance at Westbourne Villas. A letter in-troducing Uncle Sandy was forwarded to the former, so the two Scotsmen enjoyed an occasional "crack" together, which sometimes ended in a somewhat acri-monious dispute.

Monious dispute. Mr. Craig, as the busy season advanc-ed, complained a good deal of his lonely days; but Mme. Debrisay, who rose in his estimation as she grew more self-asserting and less complaisant, explained to him that, with the strong necessity of earning her bread and forming a client of various kinds.

to nim that, with the strong necessity of earning her bread and forming a clien-tele, Mona was bound to take as many pupils as she could get. On this Mr. Craig fiell into a brown study, and in the evening, when Mona went to read to him ,expressed regret that he had left Craigdarroch for so long a time adding.

went to read to him ,expressed regret that he had left Craigdarroch for so long a time, adding:
"I might as well be there as here, for all the company I get."
"At least I can read to you in the evening, Uncle Sandy."
"Ay, I know it's not your fault! Do you think you would like to live at Craigdarroch?"
"Craigdarroch?"
"Cratainly, in the summer. I am not unate in the value is of marsh. while veronica, silene, the hybrid poppy and other similar plants are sure signals of chalk and flint below the surface.
"Gertainly, in the summer. I am not unate it was the would like to live at would not need them."
"If you had a good husband, you would not need them."
"You might have a braw one for the taking," said Uncle Sandy, looking keen in their.
This was the first approach he had ever made to the dreaded subject, and Mona, though by no means deficient in courage, shrank from it.
(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

# WHAT WOMEN SUFFER. It is to unducated eyes there even and the or no difference in the outward aspect of the two places. But your old prospec-

At All Ages They Need the Rich, Red Blood That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

well. The fever tree is an old and sin-ister-looking pieve of vegetation with twisted greenish trunk, and branches, and grows only in those spots where fever mist hangs at nightfall. So, too, in Florida, when a hunter is traversing the immense swamps—"ham-mocks," as they are called—which cover A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health he is a naygur"—(Irish for mean miser) —"but I wash my hands of him now." "You are too indignant," began Mona; but madame did not heed her. "I would like him to see you as I have in the most distinguished society of Lon-don, with the most distinguished men in it at your feet." "He would need an enormously magni-fying power of perception if he ever be-held such a sight as that," said Mona. is disturbed regularly in the course of huge tracts in the southern part of that state, he scarches for a spot where pine trees rear their tall heads among the cypresses and gums. There he can camp and sleep in safety, though to spend a night but a few hundred yards away

light.

from the pines might mean a bonerack-ing dose of ague. Many an Australian explorer has been women of all ages from early girthood up-they actually make the rich, red blood all women need. Mrs. Edwin Ward, Brooksdale, Ont., saved from a horrible death by thirst because he has known the water mallee. This tree, though it may stand in the midst of a burning desert, invariably tells of water below the surface. If the traveller be not too far gone to dig, he will find the precious fluid below the mallee roots

mallee roots. The old shepheld crossing Dartmoor or one of the Scottish moors travels with dry feet, while the stranger is perfectly certain to tumble knee, perhaps waist, deep in a horrible black compound of mud and water. The shepherd avoids the bogs, because he has learned to read na-ture's danger signal. He does not walk on places where the spharupur covers the nallee roots.

on places where the sphagnum covers the surface, and so avoids the pitfalls hid-den beneath its pale green ironds.

Most of us know something of weather signs, those warnings which are hung out for all to read in the sky, and yet how many never notice them at all, so that when there comes a really great convus-sion of nature they are caught unpre-

That awful cycline which overwhelmed the great seaport of Galveston three years ago, drowning thousands of people, was heralded by an immense ground swell, which was seen forty-eight hours before the tempest broke. The Mississippi storm of 1784, which

den disastrous floods.

nearly twenty settlements, flood 10,000 SHOULD BE SU square miles of land and permanently change the course of the great river, was fuse into the street.



An experienced farmer on the lookout for a farm shies at the sight of a fallow covered with the reddish spikes of the sorrel. He knows at once that the soil is poor and thin, and will cost more than the crops will ever be worth in fertilizers of various kinds. for a farm shies at the sight of a fallow sorrel. He knows at once that the soil

is poor and thin, and will cost more than the crops will ever be worth in fertilizers

Weeds tell him a whole story at a On the western coasts of South America, where earth tremors are constant, severe shocks are usually heralded by disturbances of the sea. Such heavy single glance. If the leaves of the coltsquakes also almost invariably happen at high tide. In Hawaii, another vol-

In Guiana Infants Are Buried in Sand Up

When a baby is born in Guinea all sorts of funny things happen to it. Its mother buries it in the sand up to its waist so that it can not get into mis-chief and this is the only cradle it knows

anything about. The little Lapp infant is cradlel in a shoe—his moter'sh. This is a big affair covered with skin and stuffed with soft moss. This can be hung on a tree and covered up with snow while mamma goes to church or any place where babies are

not invited. The baby of India rides in a basket which hangs from its mother's head, or from her hips, or in a hammock. In some parts the baby's nose is adorned with a nosering and in others its face is wraped in a veil like its mother's. The Chinese baby is tied to the back of an older obid

of an older child. The Mongolian infants travel about in

In some countries the mothers lay their babies where a stream of water falls on their heads. This is to make them tough, which it does, unless the babies die as a result of this treatment.

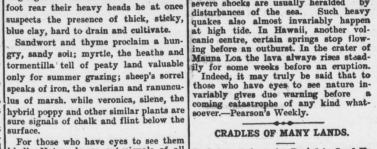
bables die as a result of this treatment. Another mother covers her baby's head with paste, while the Tartar baby is covered with butter. The Turkish baby is salted—perhaps to keep it sweet—while the worst fate of all falls to the lot of the newly-born bildren in Bulgraig. Their mothers put children in Bulgaria. Their mothers put a hot omelette on the little ones' heads to make them solid and protect them from sunstroke. The Bulgarian baby does not like it any better than you would. He makes a great howl about it. but it is not a bit of use. His mother thinks she knows better about some things than he does, so he has to submit, which he does with a very bad grace in-

## BABY ALWAYS WELL.

"I have nothing but good words to say for Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. A. Dupuis, of Comber, Ont., and she adds: "Since I began using the Tablets my little boy has not had an hour of sickness, and now at the age of eight months he weighs twenty-three pounds. I feel safe now with Baby's Own Tablets in the house for L know that I have a in the house, for I know that I have a medicine that will promptly cure all the minor ills from which babies suffer. I would advise all mothers and murses to use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones." These are strong words, but thousands of other mothers speak just as strongly in favor of this medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Co.

### SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED.

The porter or janitor who



to the Waist.

Yet to uneducated eves there seems litnot invited.

tor is never caught camping on fever ground. He knows the fever tree too well. The fever tree is an old and sin-

deed.

a money difficulty in the world; but he does seem to have something on his mind."

. . . . . .

The following Sunday was fine and crisp, though still and grey. Christmas was close at hand once more, and Mona was thankful to find that the year had been peaceful, and free from any fresh misfortunes.

Kenneth came immediately after the early dinner, and asked Mona to take a walk with him. She readily complied, and they were soon on their way to their no enmity because I cannot marry you? "I think, Kenneth, by much persever-ance and 'wrastling in prayer,' as Uncle Sandy says, I may overcome the bitterfavorite recreation grounds. Kensington Gardens

Kenneth was unusually stlent. He answered Mona's remarks as briefly as pos ness of the moment. albie, seeming embarrassed and preoccu pied. At length, having skirted the round pond, they slackened their pace as they got under the shelter of the trees, and walked down the wide glade toward the Serpentine. "What is the matter, Kenneth?" asked

Mona. "I fancy you have something on your mind. I think you might tell me. You know I take an interest in you, and

sympathize with you." "Ah! that's just what my uncle says." This with a profound sigh. "Yes, I hav something very particular to say, only cannot say it.

"That is very unfortunate, as I want to hear it. Do you want me to break anything to Uncle Sandy?"

"No; he knows-that is, he is at the bottom of it all."

"Are you in any trouble, Kenneth?" "Well, indeed and I am."

"Maybe you might; but its' hard to tell."

"Try, Kenneth-this is getting seriou

-try to tell me." "Weel!" said Kenneth, thus urged, growing very red, and speaking with a stronger accent than usual, "Uncle San-dy wants me to marry you, and I cannot, Mona! I cannot, indeed! I have pledged my troth to another young lady, and could not break my word."

"Ah! what was a paltry three pounds? Is he the man to say: 'Here's a tifty-pound note my darlin, to buy a frock-though nothing could ever pay for the light of your sweet face beside me'; that would be like a Christian." "The wildest dreams of fancy could not deniet Uncle Sandy making such a

ness of the moment." "Ah, Mona, you are making a mock at me. You would not, if you just knew how my heart sinks when I think what a long weary waiting lies between me and not depict Uncle Sandy making such a speech; and, Deb, though he may be able to live with a certain degree of comfort, Mary." There was profound sadness in his

it does not follow he is rich. "But I do not mock you, Kenneth,"

"Oh! he could not live without heap-ing up riches." "Come along and be reasonable."

"But 1 do not mock you, Achieved y his tone. "I feel with and for you, and I will do my best to help you. We will manage Uncle Sandy. Now, for the rest of our walk, you shall tell me all about Mary from the very first." It was an agreeable surprise to find Uncle Sandy not cross, only a little mel-ancholy. He was low about himself, and commissioned Kenneth to interview the

secretary of the funeral company and ascertain what would be the cost of re-moving a "corp" to the "auld kirkyard at Strathairlie." Finally he made Mme. "Then I must begin at the beginning of my life, for Mary is just bound up "Go on," said Mona, looking up in his

"Go on," said Mona, looking up in his face, with a sunny smile, and Kenneth "went on" considerably. Mona was sincerely interested. It was but a homely tale, yet it was glorified by gleams of true feeling, of tenderness almost womanly in its delicacy, of warm-est desire to shield the dear one from at Stratharne." Finally is made since, Debrisay feel unhappily prophetic, by telling him to seek out the minister of Balmuir, whom Kenneth had met in Cheapside a few days before, and re-quest him to call on a former parishioner.

CHAPTER XIII.

est desire to shield the dear one from trouble or roughness. And then the set-ting of the picture among gray rocks and purple heather, gleaming lochs, and clear brown rushing streams, soft mist, and driving storm, was suggested by his incidental descriptions. There was a day when a "spat" was on the river, and be below More over the storping stores: Kenneth Macalister lost no time in giving Mona the result of his dreaded interview with Uncle Sandy. He was not, Kenneth said, so vexed as

driving storm, was suggested by his dry wants me to marry you, and I cannot. Mona! I cannot, indeed! I have pledged my troth to another young lady, and could not break my word." Mona stopped short in utter amaze-ment, and looked straight at her com-panion. "How very unkind of you!" she ex-claimed. "I did not think you would re-ject me." "Eh? That's what my uncle says. He believes you are very fond o' me, but I see of sympathy and envy. Would any he will leave all his money away from both of us if we don't marry; and I will

In the winter British Columbia and all the western slopes of the Rockies are at times visited by **a strong** easterly wind, which, blowing off the warm sur-face of the Japan current, will rapidly melt the mountain snows, causing sud-

TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSINGS.

But no inhabitant of the slopes is ever The sails of economy should be trimbut no innabitant of the slopes is ever caught unawares, because for many hours before the warm gale there ap-pear over the heads of the mountains long lines and bands of the so-called "Chinook" clouds. These are a certain ned to suit every wind that blows; then whether the fair breezes of prosperity or the gales of adversity surround thee,

thy bark will ride with ease. Each day gather up the loose threads of thy life, that if thou die without

warning the ends may not ravel. When the clerical shepherd slips on the path of rectitude the sheep bleat and the wolves howl. Although the world is full of love it a "khamisn," or dust storm, unless it comes too quickly to be avoided. Before such a visitation the horizon changes col-or and according to the color, which varies from dull yellow to deep red, so will be the strength and fury of the

Although the world is full of love it is so precious that money cannot pur-chase it nor begging obtain it. Refrain from parading thy virtues lest thy neighbor parade thy faults. storm. As strange a danger signal as may be

found on the surface of this planet is the so-called "Quesbrada Encantada," the en-chanted ravine of the Uloa valley, in Grossness, however bedecked, is gross

When a man goes to sleep under an apple tree trusting that apples may fall into his mouth it is an evidence of faith Honduras, of which an account written by George Byron Gordon, who visited the place is to be found in the memoirs of the Peabody museum.

that makes industry marvel. Earn thy loaf honestly by day, that thy conscience may sleep at night. The field of knowledge covers the uni-

The field of knowledge covers the uni-verse, and the grass is always long for thouse who would browse therein. If thou wilt record the acts of each day there will be at least one from which thou wilt desire to clip the rough cording as to whether the coming storm will be heavy or light. Before one of the terrific tropical thunderstorms which at times devastate that part of the world the sound is a deep organ note, which is heard many miles away in every direc-

edge. heard The life song of many is riches, of tion.

The teamster who drives through the streets with dirt sifting through cracks in his wagon or falling from the running gear, where it was left after dumping. The smoker who throws cigar or cigar-ette stubs, cigarete boxes, tobacco sack for the high ground; the whites heard it, stayed where they were and were or burned matches to the pavement.

The man who mows his lawn and throws the grass into the street or alley. The woman who is neat and tidy at home, but who drops theatre programmes, his lawn and candy boxes and equally offensive things on the street. The man who reads a letter, tears if

up and throws the pieces on the pavement.

The fruit vendor who throws tissue paper wrappers, banana stems and refuse into the gutter in front of his stand. The ice cream merchant who places freezers on the curb and lets briny water sign of the hot winds and are never known to fail. Desert dwellers are never surprised by run into the gutter, leaving a sediment of salt.

The conduit digger who never pretends to clean the street after tearing up the pavement.

The store clerk who does his sweeping out after the streets have been cleaned. The man who repairs buildings and

throws the refuse in the sereet. Drivers of meat wagons who litter the streets with brown paper.

The man who gathers garbage from residences and restaurants and scatter

it about. The billboards, which are constantly discarding slabs of old posters.

he Peabody museum. When rain is approaching there comes rom this ravine a melodious whistling ound, which varies in intensity ac-The foregoing are some of the enemies of a clean Kansas City. If the ordinances were enforced the people who do the things mentioned would be subject to arrest and fine. Until these practices are stopped clean streets will be impossible.-Kansas City Times.

#### New Blood in Oklahoma.

Be direct. If asked the way to Rome do not point to the moon. If thou prepare for a storm in dry weather it will save thee much discom-fort and thou mayest also enjoy the storm. Solitary indeed is he who has no one to think about but himself. To predict the future consult the pres-ent.—Clay Burbridge. An Oklahoma historian raises the question whether men of the European races saw that country before John Smith landed at Jamestown. Doubtless of India, at the dates of the sun spot in 1867 Mauna Loa, Vesuvius, South America and Formosa were involved. At Vincent. In 1883 came the frightful ex-plosion of Krakatoa and, to give a recent An Oklahoma historian raises the question whether men of the European