

influenza,^h has few admirers, or none; though the spirit of justice should compel an impartial observer to admit that under the influence of influenza, most of one's features suffer a change more or less unbecoming.

"Noses," said a shrewd old lady, "rule the world"; and she was probably right. The world's history describes more aquiline-featured warriors than those of this century and last. Cæsar and his legion, before success had turned the scale of fortune, and ruined more than it raised, carried victory with them. Before Cæsar, when the stern needs of conquest kept luxury aloof, when "Roman fathers" were fact, not legend, one thinks of the eagle-eyed, eagle-nosed victors, the makers of a nation, with a respect which is outworn a couple of centuries later. Yet how misplaced would the keen eyes and aquiline features be among the poetic imaginative Greeks! Alas, for the Dryads and the Fauns, the Pantheism which was the breath of life, the perfection of art and form, that found among the mild-eyed delicately-featured race of sculptors and of poets its first and last resting-place. Beneath the stern regard of the Latin physiognomy, their fairy fancies would have withered like flowers before the blast of winter, and perished out of sight.

In our lives, perhaps, we hardly realize *how* much we owe to the nose and its functions. What subtle, sympathetic nerve, between the olfactory organ and the brain, at the return of some long-unknown perfume, startles us with a photograph, vivid and distinct, of some occasion in the past, when that scent was rife? One needs to have passed beyond the golden season of youth to understand with what pleasure, and what pain, we see again the pathway that lies behind us. The faint, sweet smell of a beanfield takes one back to a northern garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, and riotous happy children! There were tall hollyhocks and fox-gloves, nearly as high as the trees, we thought; roses leant in, and nodded at, every window; and a western breeze blew softly through the house, laden with meadowsweet and beans, loosestrife and heather. Sunshine without the house, and sunshine within, when, like young bears, we had all our troubles before us, and the future shone with hope; bright visions rose with the day, but never set with the sun; and a life's experience of a decade or two, or three, is needed to show us that those golden aspirations are realized in our lives as objects are reflected on the retina—upside down. The memory of an "upland lawn" comes back when the box, "breathing odours of eternity," is in flower; and there are not many of us who have not some treasured recollection of bygone days, which the keen and wonderful sense of smell will awaken.

So much for the simple pleasure that the nose will afford us; we owe too much to its services to dismiss its plea for respect lightly, when we remember how invaluable is its aid in our daily lives and homes. It is not only in the well-kept Wards of a Hospital, where almost all illnesses have a distinctive smell—where a well-trained attendant on the sick can tell you the difference between typhoid and the acid perspiration of rheumatic fever, the never-to-be-forgotten smell in pyæmia, and many more which, in Hospital life, we know as the attending symptoms of certain diseases. It is not so much in Hospitals, where personal responsibility is lessened by every appliance to relieve and alleviate sickness, and the routine of cleanliness and order tends to decrease a malady, from the moment that routine has fair play, that the smell does so much to make us watchful for ourselves; but, outside the Hotel Dieu, when unprofessional people act independently, the nose is often the only safeguard of hundreds, the only protection of health against disease, of life against death—in no way more than in the selection of dwelling-houses. There is often *nothing* against a house. Garden, bathroom, attics, linen cupboards, and larder, are all that a tenant desires or deserves. The wily house-agent suggests the exquisite suitability of the oriel window for flowers, the western window for the sea-view, and the square one (with a balcony), for a dressing-table. "Femme qui écoute, château qui parle," have the reputation of assenting to terms; and the only opposing force is the merciful sense of smell that tracks out an almost imperceptible odour from below, that flashes "danger signals" to the citadel, till the brain recalls the other tenants of this house—the white-faced mother and languid children, the dim legend of a little one laid to sleep in the kirkyard; and oriel windows and linen rooms lose their glamour, and the possible tenants think no more of the sea-view or the garden, charm they never so wisely.

If only people would think a little more of the warning! If they would heed the keen instinct that urges its deterrent truths, uninfluenced by external surroundings, the instinct that warns them—would they but listen, that untrapped sewers and unsuspected drains are part of the "cheap houses" bargain (though often the costliest have no cleaner bill of health); that a few pounds spent in setting drains to rights, are better so expended, than to the doctor, called in too late to check the subtle poison creeping through their veins to the centres of life; that meat that will be "all right when it is cooked," and fish that will "*do* to-day, but not to-morrow," are better buried, and a dinner of bread and jam substituted forthwith; that ash-heaps and dust-bins spell

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