

respect; relegated to unused attics of our minds, they appear in unrecognized forms through other channels. Many of the unexplained antipathies that certain people possess — as, for instance, the very general dislike of cats and the ability of knowing, by a kind of vague feeling, when one of the detested creatures is in a room — can be explained in a somewhat similar way. It is quite likely that under these circumstances one is warned of the cat's presence by an unnoticed sensation of smell.

Not only is the olfactory sense itself a very subsidiary one for the purposes of everyday life, but the memory of odors is in most people exceedingly defective. Out of every hundred people, only about ten or fifteen can recollect in a realistic way a particular odor; if you ask the average person to call up in his mind the smell of roses, he will probably fail completely. Sometimes by concentrating his mind on a scene which, in his past experience, was associated with roses, he may succeed, but even then the realism of the memory in no way compares with the actual sensation of the fragrance

of the flowers. This is, of course, the inevitable result of our paying so little attention to our olfactory sensations. But suppose that we now reverse the process, and give the person roses to smell, preferably when his mind is unoccupied by any particular train of thought; at once, in nine cases out of ten, some past scene rises into his mind, emotions are let loose, and he recalls things long past that he could not have remembered by the greatest effort. Odors are an unfailing key to the subconscious, and arouse more emotions than do any other sensation.

The sense of smell is thus one of those little islands untouched by the advance of science, unclaimed for its proper use; we do not know how the olfactory organ functions, we know little about olfactory memory, we do not know enough about the potentialities of the sense to employ it usefully. There are many such little islands, but there are few on which the amateur investigator, armed with nothing but his interest and a power of observation, can advance so safely and with such prospects of finding what others have missed in their search.

THE NEWSPAPER SOLILOQUIZES

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*Observer*]

YES; yes; I am old. In me appears
The history of a hundred years;
Empires', kings', captives' births and deaths;
Strange faiths, and fleeting shibboleths:
Tragedy, comedy, throngs my page
Beyond all mumm'd on any stage:—
Cold hearts beat hot, hot hearts beat cold,
And I beat on. Yes; yes; I am old.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

REINHARDT AND ČAPEK ON ENGLAND

DRAMATIC critics have not been wanting in Germany to protest against the number of English plays imported to their stage — perhaps a typical example of Reviewers' Grouch, since there is no reason to suppose that these plays have not answered a genuine demand on the part of theatregoers. Max Reinhardt, the producer chiefly culpable, said as much not long ago to a correspondent of the *Observer*. 'The modern British playwright is giving the world what it wants to-day. I am astounded at the immense amount of dramatic talent now being manifested in England, and I have bought a number of new plays for production in Berlin.' This remark was made during a rehearsal of Somerset Maugham's *Victoria*, and the correspondent notes that Frederick Lonsdale's comedy, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, was simultaneously in preparation by Barnowsky, another famous Berlin manager.

Herr Reinhardt pursued his observations by suggesting that this taste for English drama is due to the atmosphere of lightness and humor with which it handles modern conditions. 'This the public wants, and this we cannot get just now from any other country. But I personally cannot see that we are doing any more for the reputation of the British playwright than we have always done. What about Shaw's reputation having been made here, and the fact that Wilde has never been forgotten? It seems to me to lie in the fact of Germany's geographical

position that foreign plays will always be welcomed here whatever the Germans are writing. Did we not play Ibsen when nobody else did? And Tolstoi? And Italian plays of all descriptions? The German theatre has welcomed every sort of French play. To-day these have not the success of the English drama here. It is only because England is giving us what nobody else can give just now that we are putting on English plays in preference to others.'

Further to the east English literature is coming into its own in a no less telling way. A firm of publishers in Prague is designing a series of translations from English and American classic writers to be known as the 'Standard Library.' Karel Čapek, the best known of contemporary Czech writers, — by virtue chiefly of *R. U. R.*, — has written to the editor of this library expressing great enthusiasm for the project, and making some interesting generalizations about the English temperament in literature. He observes that a sojourn in England impressed upon him that the most remarkable thing about the country is that it is all so like English literature. 'I am still uncertain,' he says, — with perhaps an ironical allusion to Taine's famous theories about the effect of climate on literature, — 'whether it is the English climate that has such an influence on English literature, or whether, on the contrary, English literature is the cause of the English climate and other customs.'