

an even greater portion of the civilized world.

So far from destroying it, the war seems everywhere to have revived the spirit of nationalism.

And the slogan of "Arabia for the Arabians" is one that will bear scrutiny.

Here is a country as large as one-third of the United States, and among the oldest in the world. Most of Arabia is wholly unexplored and it is stocked with a race which has retained its strength and purity as no European race has. Disease is rare among them and illiteracy is practically unknown. When the Grand Shereef proclaims himself king of the Arabian race, it will be as if the Hebrew people had once more established themselves in Palestine and proclaimed a new David or another Solomon.

All of which raises fascinating questions. What will be the attitude of this new kingdom toward the Jews of Palestine and the Zionist movement? More interesting still—what tales could a modern Scheherezade possibly tell the Vizier to save her life, after he has seen the aeroplanes of the British at Kut-el-Amara, or the P. & O. liners coal-ing under the arc-lights at Aden?

The latest monopolistic octopus is the Dress Suit Trust, with its headquarters in New York. It has been able to force the cost of "open-faced" clothes up to the war level of \$2.00 an evening, because they are now classed among the necessities of life. The days when a striped sweater, checked trousers, and checked cap pulled low down over the eyes were considered the proper garb for an evening party have gone never to return.

**MAX LINDER—
THE CHARLIE
CHAPLIN DE
LUXE**



Rire! durn ye,
Rire!

MR. LINDER is the most popular movie comedian of Europe and Asia and Africa and Australia. That is, he is the acknowledged funny man of four continents. He has just come here for the first time. For the first time, the great American public—that is, the fifty million Americans who go to the movies, the others may be ignored—is going to be formally presented to him.

And still no one has yet been flabbergasted by the jaw-dropping importance of this apparently simple fact. Our Chautauqua lecturers will not call our attention to it next summer. The Chicago movie company that brought him over naturally thought and spoke only of the "figure" it cost them to do it—not of its subtle significance. The great American public—that is, those who read the photoplay magazines—the rest may be ignored—was spifflicated by the forty-six trunks into which Mr. Linder was compelled by the exigencies of war travel to cram his modest wardrobe, and these forty-six trunks concealed the fact of Mr. Linder himself from the awestruck eye of the A. P. entirely.

Mr. Linder himself at the moment of landing was not conscious of his intrinsic importance for American *kultur*. He happened to be most acutely conscious of the loss of a certain pair of red silk pajamas which disappeared during a panic at sea. The panic was due to a collision and not to the pajamas. Yet neither the public nor Mr. Linder appreciated the true portentousness for us of those forty-six trunks and those red pajamas. Both, being the key to Mr. Linder, are the key to the situation which makes this funny man of Europe a most solemn and serious matter for us.

Foreign professors of anthropology have been quarreling for years over our position in the racial scale. They have tried to fix our cephalic index number in respect to flat or long-headedness by studying Emerson, Bill Tweed, Bill Bryan, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, or Ford, thereby only causing the chests of such slighted races as the Australian bushmen to expand. They have neglected to regard men like Charlie Chaplin with equal seriousness, and Charlie is of course, in several senses, the dearest symbol of American *kultur*.

Hence the cruel misunderstanding of American character by the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger* and the London *Times* and hundreds of other foreign papers, which print advertisements of the Linder hat, the Linder tie and the Linder pajamas, and find Mr. Linder the height of hilariousness.

It was one of Linder's own compatriots—a great French philosopher—who asserted that you can tell a nation's cranial capacity by how and what it laughs at. The monkey measurers of Europe must therefore fix their eyes on the faces of the movie millions

