



ALL MEN ARE "LIARS"

WHEREIN DAVID'S DICTUM STANDS THE TEST OF MODERN CONDITIONS AND THE SONS OF ANANIAS COMPOSE THE GREATEST GENERAL LOGICAL SOCIETY IN THE WORLD

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DAVID, while in a philosophical and possibly a pessimistic mood, said "All men are liars." If it was true then, and no one denied it at the time, although David made an apology for saying it, it is doubly true now, for of all the accomplishments that have come from the early days in no other one has man advanced as he has in lying.

Ananias, after whom a famous club was named, was perhaps the best known liar of his time, but he would have little chance to be regarded more than a crude and clumsy dissembler among the masters of the line today. If he came to town today some one would sell him Union square for a building site before he reached the St. Francis and would make him believe he was getting a rare bargain. Lying, at one time regarded as a vice, has become a fine art, and not a few would include it among the virtues. There are those who would cast opprobrium on it and make sarcastic mention of "a shorter and uglier word," but there are others who have dared to say that men holding high and honored places have at times been careless with the truth.

In calling all men liars David spoke in a generic sense, for it is admitted that women are prone to dissemble and deceive. They have shown an improvement as great as the men. Cleopatra, who in her time fooled some wise old Roman statesmen and soldiers has been considered by historians as one of the great deceivers of all time. There were 500 women sitting around the tearooms of the hotels in this city yesterday who can without a real effort, and likewise do, make Cleopatra look like the president of the Anti-Falsehood society.

There are many kinds of liars as well as many brands of lies. Some persons have a reputation so firmly established that the only way they can deceive is by telling the truth, and that is a luxury in which they seldom indulge. Others have told certain stories or experiences so many times that they feel hurt if any one gives the slightest intimation that there is a doubt about any of the tales. And then there are press agents.

There may have been a time when consciences were so highly attuned that it hurt to lie, but that must have been many years and probably many centuries ago. What many persons think is a hurt to the conscience now is in reality a hurt to the pride when they are found out.

One of the first lessons taught to a child is that falsehood is one of the unpardonable sins, and added emphasis is given to the lesson by washing out his or her mouth with soap when he or she is caught telling one. But children will lie as a matter of instinct. Then the fond mother will tell about "a big blackman who will get you if you cry after the light is turned out," or if the child does any one of half a dozen forbidden things.

Children do have curiosity, and some of them are without fear, so they decide to take a chance on "the big blackman." It doesn't take them long to find out he is a myth, and they begin to think lies are not such terrible things if mother tells them. Any quick witted child will find either his father or mother exaggerating or telling a deliberate untruth when one of the neighbors drops in, and from that time the child is convinced that the only crime about lying is being found out, or at any event that is the only one that carries with it a penalty.

Really good liars are never found out. They go on year after year, inventing new ones and telling old ones, either using them to obtain more liberty from fond and trusting wives or in a commercial way to add to their income. A man may be a pillar of the church and hypnotize himself into believing that he almost always tells the truth, and in any event has an excuse when he does overreact.

LIES THAT SPELL SUCCESS

This man rarely makes a failure in life, while the man who makes a coarse job of his lying always has a bad ending. One philosopher believes that in the ability to lie well and not be found out lies the difference between success and failure. Even the man who goes in for wireless wiretapping, if he is smooth enough to convince his victims that he is honest, can always keep in front of the bars, while the bungler has to enlist the services of Judge Gaylor to keep his picture out of the rogues gallery.

When you want to see something neat and tasty in the way of lying you want to have two women who hate each other meet. The conversation with what they really mean goes about like this:

"My dear, how glad I am to see you," meaning, "Just my luck to run into you after trying to dodge you for a month."

"I am glad to see you, too, and how well you look," meaning, "You are certainly getting to be the tacky looking thing."

"Where are you going on your vacation this year?" meaning, "I suppose I have got to make conversation some way."

"We have not decided yet," meaning, "We are going to Idora park now and then, and spend the rest of the time in our flat."

"Tom and I have decided we will take that trip to Europe we have planned for a long time," meaning, "We have a nice farmhouse in the country, where we can get board for \$6 a week."

"Well, I do hope you have a nice trip," meaning, "If any transatlantic liner has to sink this year I hope it is the one you are on."

"Thank you, and I hope you have a good time this summer," meaning, "I hope you choke."

Two clever women can carry on a conversation like that for 15 or 20 minutes, and each will actually convince the other of her friendship, when, as a matter of fact, if either fell and broke both legs the other would not send a call for the ambulance.

A woman is not at her best, however, when she is talking with another of her sex. She really shines when she is handing a fond and loving husband something. For instance, she is a big loser at bridge, and really needs \$50 or \$75 more than her monthly allowance. The husband will come home some night and find his wife in tears.

"What is the matter, dearie?" he will anxiously inquire.

"I have just received the saddest letter from my mother. Sister Nellie, the one who teaches school in Lisbon Center, will have to be operated on for appendicitis, and she will have to stay in the hospital for a long time. She has some money saved, but they simply have to get \$100 more. You have always been so good about giving me money I hate to ask you to let me have it, but I am so sorry for Nellie, and I never could forgive myself if the worst came."

"I am very hard up just now," the husband will say, although he was a big winner in a poker game



Something Neat and Tasty in the Way of Lying When Two Women Who Hate Each Other Meet

the night before, and is doing better in business than ever before. That will bring more tears from the wife.

"You're right about it, and there is no reason why you should let me have the money for Nellie. She was awfully good to me, though, one time when I was ill, and if she had not nursed me night and day I would have died."

As a matter of fact, she was never ill enough in her life to be kept in bed for three successive days, but the husband does not know that. She continues to weep until he can't stand it, and then he will reach for his checkbook. She will get the money, which will pay her bridge debts, and when she gets a new gown or something else she likes with the remainder she will convince him she has saved it out of her allowance, although it had taken her two years to do it.

It is a case like that which points the way to the danger of being caught in a lie. If the husband had not been convinced by the skillful prevarication, if his suspicions had been aroused, it might have been the end of a happy home. The tears are no small part of a lie of this kind, and one of the first rules for wives who find it necessary to deceive their husbands is to have a few tears on tap at all times.

Many men who can lie and do it well during business hours, who can sell stock in gold mines that are in the middle of a deep lake, are often miserable failures at lying in their own homes. They seem to expend their energy and originality during business hours, and depend on a lot of timeworn bromides to fool their loving wives.

Any man who puts on his coat and hat after dinner and remarks in a casual way that he is going down to the St. Francis to see a customer, when he is really going to the club to play poker, deserves to have his wife suspect him. There are women so trusting that they believe any story a husband tells them, but they usually die young, and the man has an extra allowance of trouble with his second wife, particularly if she is a widow and just a little wise to the ways of men.

If a man has any intention of fooling his wife he should come home, sigh, be just a trifle cross, and then kiss his wife and beg her pardon.

"I am so tired tonight I do not know what I am saying," he will tell her, and he has her sympathy at once. "I would not go out of the house again tonight for a thousand dollars. Me for a book and then I will hit the hay early."

After dinner he will light his cigar, take the paper and stretch himself in the easy chair. The telephone will ring.

"Darn that old telephone!" he will say, and as he starts to get up his wife will tell him she will answer it.

"They want you, Jack," she will say, and as he rises slowly he will repeat, "Darn that telephone!"

"Hello!—yes, it's me. Not much. I wouldn't go down town tonight if I knew I could make five thousand. I tell you I won't go. I have been working hard all day and I am tired. I know he is a good customer, but I have to rest sometimes."

"What is it, Jack?" inquires the wife.

"A big customer from Sacramento is here and has to take the early morning train," the husband will say as he puts his hand over the telephone. "He wants a big bill of goods, but I am too tired to go after the order tonight."

"You'd better go, dear."

The husband will argue with his wife, taking his hand off the telephone occasionally to say, "Hold the wire." Finally he will say that he will be down, but he has explained that if the man wants a big bill of goods it may be late before he gets home, and not to wait on him.

He has actually made his wife believe she has



SOME ONE WOULD SELL HIM UNION SQUARE FOR A BUILDING SITE

championship. His object in doing that is to act a lie and impress his manly strength on the fair sex. David did not have him in mind when he spoke of all men as liars, for in his day the tailors had not devised this garment to tickle the vanity of man. But these broad shouldered youths are not liars. Their makeup lacks the element of deception, for they do not have to don bathing suits to show how narrow chested they really are.

Now and then you will hear of some politician. "He has to tell the truth, for that is his stock in trade." A truthful politician has no more chance than a conscientious burglar. One of the most successful local politicians the country ever produced,



She Continues to Weep Until He Can't Stand It

driven him from his happy home. He can stay out until 2 or 3 o'clock, or return home earlier if he is a big winner and should get pneumonia in his heels, and the wife never has the slightest suspicion. It is work of that kind that makes happy homes and keeps loving couples away from the divorce courts.

If some one would start a correspondence school in lying for prospective brides and bridegrooms it would save a lot of work for the divorce courts. A young man who has read how easy it is to fool a woman who is engaged, spend every evening with her and be as devoted as he can. The young woman has been warned—that is, if her mother is wise—so after the marriage when he tries to stay out with the boys and offers some excuse that was old when Rome burned he thinks his wife is unduly worldly if she doubts him. A man has to be married the second time before he learns how to really fool a woman, and it is usually his luck to marry a widow who can not be fooled.

LIES THAT FOOL NOBODY

A lie does not have to consist of spoken words, but the essence of every lie is the deception of others. Therefore a man who dyes his mustache is not a liar; he fools no one but himself. By the same token, a woman who wears some of the strange and wonderful contrivances on sale at beauty parlors and hair dressers' does not fool any one, and therefore she is not lying.

It has always been one of the things a man can not understand why a woman will wear several pounds of dead hair taken from the head of some devoted pupil of Confucius, fashioned in puffs that could not be natural on the head of any human being, attach a few little curls and then sally forth with the idea she has improved her personal appearance. Of course she has proposed it to fool some one, but it would have to be a blind man.

More men can not throw too many stones at these foibles of women, for a weak, attenuated specimen will have a coat built with shoulders padded so that he looks large enough to win the middle weight

If you go through the list of professions and occupations it will be found that David knew what he was talking about when he said all men are liars. If any person has an idea that he or she is the exception that proves the rule let an experiment be made and nothing but the truth be told for a single 24 hours. The least it would do would be to break all the friendships of a lifetime, and it might mean sending in the riot call for the police.

Imagine what would happen if a woman imbued with the idea that she would tell nothing but the truth should meet a lifelong friend.

"How do you like my dress and how does it fit?" "It looks as if it was bought at a bargain sale," replies the truthful one, "and it fits all right except where your pads throw it out too much."

Then imagine her telling the next woman that her hat, which is supposed to be a copy of a Parisian model, looks as if it had come from Pacific street and that it was too flashy for a woman of her age. It is very evident that at the end of the second day this truth teller would have none of her old friends left.

Would this be a pleasant world if every one told the truth at all times? Think it out for a time and you will see that it would be as terrible a calamity as could befall. If the diplomats stopped lying the world would be plunged into a dozen wars, the divorce courts would be so crowded that there would be no other litigation and Wall street would look in vain for lambs.

NECESSARY LIES

The truth of the matter is that we all want to keep on lying just as we have done all our lives. We want to flatter the women and the women want us to flatter them. We want to lie to our wives when we want to play poker or renew the friendship of our youth, particularly if the said friend retains her pristine loveliness. And our wives want to lie to us when they go in for the friendship renewal, or spend the allowance for the house at bridge or for a new frock or hat.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," says the bible. As a matter of fact, if we knew the truth the truth would make us fight. If we knew the truth of all the things that go on in our daily life, if no one lied to us, we should all be so miserable that death would be welcome.

It is the optimistic lie that cheers us up when we are feeling discouraged, and it is the humorous lie of the good story teller that drives away the blues when we are ready to give up the fight. The truth would many times interfere with the convalescence of an ill person, and a lie hastens his recovery to health. If a mother knew the truth about her boy or girl who is in the city making a fight for wealth and fame it would give her many miserable moments, and she would cry herself to sleep many nights. It is the lie in the letter home that cheers her up, just as it is the lie that brings half the sunshine into the lives of the unfortunate.

There are many lies that the world would be better off without, and the same can be said of many truths. A lie that has for its purpose the deception of a trusting wife may not be defensible, but it will cause less sorrow than the truth. The great thing the world needs, inasmuch as we are to have liars, is good liars.

Some day a man with a conscience that hurts because he has been able to make so much money and keep out of prison will endow a chair in one of our universities which will have for its purpose the instruction of young men and women in the art of lying. It will mean the passing away of the old lies that have done service so many years that they fool no one and the bringing into existence of new ones devised and invented by trained minds.

This will mean that by the next generation the office boy will not spring the old one about his grandmother being dead when there is a double header at Recreation park, but he will have an excuse so original and so convincing that the hardest hearted boss will fall for it. No man in the glorious period of the college trained liar will telephone home the old one about having to work late; he will have a new one each time, and each one will be more convincing than the truth.

a man who died as a representative and who held his seat four years after he was a victim of mental breakdown, used to say, "It's a mighty mean man who won't make a promise." He would promise, and then because he was a splendid liar, and likewise a good politician, he would get out of it, and the man to whom the promise had been made would be his friend just because he had promised.

You don't expect ministers to lie, but every now and then one will make a positive statement to the effect that unless something is done, a new church erected or an old one repaired, he will resign, give up a salary of \$10,000. In other than religious circles this would be called a bluff, but it ordinarily works, and if the minister does not get all he asked for he gets enough. Anyway, has any one heard of a minister giving up a good job until he got another? If his congregation calls the bluff he makes, and neither builds the new church nor accedes to his other demands, he will give a splendid reason why he does not resign, and it is usually that duty calls.

Naturally the higher education along the line of prevarication is going to have its disadvantages. If the men are taught to lie more skillfully it stands to reason that their minds will be developed so they can detect a lie more easily. Care will have to be taken also to prevent one of those higher educated men and women from getting into public office, for a person with a degree in falsehood would probably be able to get away with a lot of money before the ordinary taxpayer would discover it.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages it looks as if the college bred liar would come. It is only a question of development. All men were liars in David's time, and they have been liars ever since. They have been progressing steadily during the centuries and there never was as good a liar as a twentieth century liar. The university educated liar would be another step, and by the next generation the demand will be there, and when the demand comes some enterprising college will have a chair in falsehood.

Whether it comes in our day or not we all have to take off our hats to David, for he knew what he was talking about when he said: "All men are liars."