

# Man May Tell A Lie But His Face Cant Hide It

### So Says Noted Algerian Who Reveals Secrets of Oriental Face Reading

"A MAN may lie with his tongue, but his face will reveal it." So says Dinah Gilly, the noted Algerian baritone, now in New York, and through an interpreter, he told of Oriental methods of reading the thoughts in the face.

"I cannot understand why Americans do not seek to cultivate their intuitions concerning character," said Gilly, "and allow themselves to be convinced that certain trends of thought are invariably portrayed in bold letters in the human countenance. It would save so much time and money. New York women who spend hours in the companionship of poodles and Pomeranians would find studying faces much more interesting."

"It is not easy to read character, although nearly every individual understands a few reliable signs. The novice knows that a certain kind of pinched expression denotes meanness or avarice, that vacant eyes mean absent-mindedness, that bulgy sacs beneath the eyes usually signify talkativeness and mental energy and that a prominent nose with a pronounced bridge shows independence, self-esteem and, in some cases, race combativeness."

"Everyone knows a square chin means determination, but few distinguish between it and a kind of prominent chin which invariably spells insincerity. There is vastly more to learn of the subject, however. The eyes and mouth tell more to the physiognomist than other features, and mental energy and that a prominent nose with a pronounced bridge shows independence, self-esteem and, in some cases, race combativeness."

"The trained Oriental sees at a glance that which requires close scrutiny by the majority of physiognomists, and it becomes second nature for him to analyze the faces of those whom he meets, though the latter are never made conscious of his examination."

"There is nothing egotistical or cold blooded in habitual face reading," added Gilly, in response to an inquiry. "It is simply self-protection. The tongue may lie, but the face never lies. A signed expression is apparent to the person who makes a study of them and comes to know what is natural and what may be expected."

"The singer was asked if he believed individuals of a type always evince the same characteristics. "Types afford a certain basis for study," he replied, "but they are chiefly valuable as indices of temperament, assuming that you mean types of complexion. I have seen twins who were most unlike in their tendencies, from all outward appearances of manner, and as they grew older they reflected the influences of different associations to such a marked degree that the resemblance finally became quite remote."

"Do you not find much that is contradictory in the characters of those as you come to know them better?" was asked. "Naturally. Every one is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. All that contributes to enlightening, honest work and good will is symbolized in the former personality; all that is out of focus, in the latter. It must be that which predominates in the individual which gives a clue to his soul's identity through the face."

"Have you never seen a man whose face was masklike and conveyed no expression of any kind?" "To be sure. Such men are the easiest to understand. They are usually either stoic or simple minded persons. Many of the latter are given credit for being the former, but one can know them by the influence which may be easily exerted by others. Good persons may be great powers for good or for ill—more often the latter, many think."

"Can you always become aware of all in conversation with you has ulterior motives of any kind?" "Gilly laughed heartily. "In nine cases out of ten, perhaps," he said presently. "But you are introducing conversation. An understanding of the face would doubtless tell no more than the spoken words. How specious or false another's expressions may be should be determined principally by the speech itself, for the most dissembling looking man is at times most honorable in his dealings. Simply because I may read habitual deceit in another I cannot justify a deaf ear to all he may say. I pity many liars, because most of them are born rather than developed by circumstance."

"The study of children is especially interesting. I have found that the majority of children between the ages of six and 12 are deceitful. Wickedness and fear and parental incompetency are responsible. But this brand of deceit shown in excessive imagination, accompanying large, full round eyes, or in the dissimulation to avoid punishment, is of a transitory nature and is really not a part of the true character. Most children recover from it largely. If parents would study physiognomy they would come to learn almost as much about their children as other persons know. But love is blind."

The baritone pronounced New York a veritable paradise for physiognomists. "Here," he cried, "every kind of face is seen in one crowded street. It is tempting to stand at a corner and watch the people pass by. There is no predominating type as in the cosmopolitan cities of the East, yet in certain sections strong individualities are noted. The people of the Bronx look different from the people of Flatbush, and the new settlers in the suburbs of New Jersey take on another aspect. There is as much dissimilarity between certain widely separated inhabitants of New York as there is between the people of New Jersey and the people of New England. Climate and community of thought slowly make their unmistakable imprint in the face."

"Do you consider, then, that there is no pronounced distinguishing trait depicted in New Yorkers?" inquired the interviewer. "While there appears no predominating type, many traits appear in common among the American residents—I might say among all who have lived long in this city. New Yorkers are quite familiar with them and I shall not make bold to describe them."

"If you were to advise me what quality seems to be universally lacking in the faces I see here I would reply that of spirituality. In this American everywhere seem lacking. They are proud and noble and intelligent and quick, but they are skeptical and do not appear to venerate traditions to the same extent as the people of Europe and the East. It is only natural, for the country is young."

It was after prolonged hesitation that the Algerian consented to speak of his religious views and these influences which had guided his early life. He spoke vaguely of Christian esotericism, scientific spiritualism, transcendentalism and the Copernican theory. Finally he took a paper and pencil and drew a tall isosceles triangle. The right leg he divided into seven equal parts. "It is light, of the seven stages of human development. When a man, through the evolution of his soul, reaches the seventh stage and passes beyond," Gilly drew a circle, "its circumference touching the apex of the pyramid. At the right of the latter he wrote 'light' and at the left 'darkness.' That is the life of darkness," he explained, pointing to the left. At the apex of the pyramid he wrote 'the cotte materiel' and described it as the life of punishment."



MR. DINAH GILLY.

plained, pointing to the left. At the apex of the pyramid he wrote 'the cotte materiel' and described it as the life of punishment. "You cannot rise to the apex at the left side of the pyramid, but you must pass by way of the base. There you cannot live in the infernal abode all ways, for you are going forward or backward uneasily. Either you will return to 'noir' or you will enter 'tumblers' and begin your passage through the seven stages of the stand between you and the realm above."

Gilly further explained that, according to the Arabian idea, when a man dies he has yet to pass the guardian angel successfully. The Arab, upon death, has his head shaved so as to leave only a round patch at the top. Gabriel is supposed to lift him to the brink of heaven by this surviving lock of hair. If his sharp sword does not sever the lock the deceased enters the land of the blessed, where all sorts of pleasures are his; but if the lock is cut the applicant for honors is plunged into the deep abyss of the pyramid to its base, as it were. The good pass the sword, but the bad are dropped in the manner described.

"This is the vision of the Arab," concluded Gilly. "It is the theory of evolution and it is very old." "phasizing each letter with a motion of his hand, 'means Remember to send wedding-present.' "But," Abe rejoined, "when I went to night school, we spelt 'wedding' with a 'W'."

"A greenhorn like Maimin," said Morris, "don't know no better." "He knows enough to ask for a wedding-present," Mawruss. Abe commented, "even if he don't know how to spell it. We'll send him a wedding-present, Mawruss! We'll send him a summons from the court, that's what we'll send him!"

Morris shook his head. "That ain't no way to talk, Abe," he said. "If a customer gets married we got to send him a wedding present. It don't cost much, and if Hyman Maimin gets a couple of thousand dollars with this Miss—Miss—"

"Advance Credit Clothing Company," Abe helped out. "Then he buys more goods, aint it?" "Let him pay for what he's got," Abe rejoined. "Say, Mawruss, I want to tell you something. If you can buy a fine sterling silver bumbum dish, like what I give you, for twenty-five dollars, I'll take it off your hands for twenty-five fifty any day!"

on. "If you don't like that dish, there ain't no law compelling you to keep it, you understand. Send it back, My Rosie can use it. Maybe we ain't so stylish like your Minnie, Mawruss; but if we don't have bumbums every day, we could put dill pickles in it!"

"The moment you say that, I ain't saying anything about that bumbum dish, Abe. All I mean that if you give me such a high-price present when I get married, that's all the more reason why we should give a high-price present to a customer what we will make money on. I ain't no customer, Abe."

"I know you ain't," said Abe. "You are only a partner, and I don't make no money on you, neither." "Morris shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use of wasting more time about it, Abe?" he said. Go ahead and buy a present."

"Me buy it?" Abe cried. "You know yourself, I ain't a success with presents. You draw the check and get your Minnie to buy it. She's an up-to-date woman, Mawruss, while my Rosie is a back number. She don't keep nothing but to keep a good house, Mawruss. Sterling silver bumbum dishes she don't know, Mawruss. If I took her word for it, you wouldn't get no bumbum dish. Nutpicks, Mawruss, from the five-and-ten-cent store, that's what you'd get. You might appreciate them, Mawruss; but a sterling silver—"

At this juncture Morris took refuge in the outer office, where Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, was taking off her wraps. "Miss Cohen," he said, "draw a check for twenty-five dollars to bearer, and enter it up as a gratification to Hyman Maimin."

At dinner that evening Morris handed the check over to his wife. "Here, Minnie," he said, "Abe wants you should buy a wedding present for a customer."

"What kind of a wedding present?" Mrs. Perlmutter asked. "Something you sell sterling silver, like that bumbum dish what Abe gave us."

"But, Mawruss," she protested, "you know yourself that bumbum dish looked away in the sideboard, and we never take it out. Let's give 'em something useful."

"Suit yourself," Morris replied. "Only don't bother me about it." "All right," Mrs. Perlmutter said. "Leave me the name and address, and I'll send that check direct from the store. I'll put one of your cards inside."

"And another thing," Morris concluded. "See that you don't hold nothing out on us by way of commission." Mrs. Perlmutter smiled serenely. "I won't," she said in dulcet tones.

It was the fourth day after Potash & Perlmutter's receipt of the wedding invitation. When Morris and Perlmutter were in the private office he found Abe Potash in the absorbed perusal of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record. Abe looked up and saluted his partner with a malignant glare.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "I suppose you sent that present to Hyman Maimin?" "I sent it off long since already," Morris replied. "I hope it was a nice one, Mawruss. Abe went on. 'I hope it was a real nice one. I'm sorry now, Mawruss, you didn't spend fifty dollars. That would have made it an even seven hundred, instead of only six hundred and seventy-five, that Hyman Maimin owes us.'"

"What d'ye mean?" cried Morris. "I don't mean nothing, Mawruss—nothing at all," Abe said, with ironical emphasis. He handed the paper to Morris. "Here, look for yourself!" He pointed with a trembling forefinger at the "business-troubles" column, and Morris' eyes seemed to bulge out of his head as he scanned the printed page.

A petition in bankruptcy was filed late yesterday afternoon against Hyman Maimin, 33 West Tenth-ward street, Syracuse. It is claimed that he transferred assets to the amount of \$5000 last week. Mr. Maimin says that he has been doing business at a heavy loss of late, but that he hopes to be able to resume. A settlement of 30 cents is proposed.

Morris sat down in a revolving-chair, too crushed for comment, and drummed with a lead-pencil on the desk. "I wonder if he done up the intended father-in-law, too?" he said at length. "No fear of that, Mawruss," Abe replied. "He ain't no sucker like us, Mawruss. I bet you his father-in-law—what's his name—"

"The Advance Credit Clothing Company," Morris suggested. "Sure," Abe went on. "I bet you this clothing concern says to him: 'If you want to marry my daughter, you got to go into bankruptcy first. Then, when you're all cleaned up, I'll give you \$1000 on account of the dollars you start as a new beginner in another line.' Aint it?"

Morris nodded gloomily. "No, Mawruss," he continued. "I bet you his father-in-law is a big crook like himself." He rose to his feet and opened the large green-covered book furnished by the commercial agency to which they subscribed.

"I'm going to do now, Mawruss, what you should have done before you sent the present," he said. He looked up at this here Advance Credit Clothing Company. I bet you he ain't even in the book—what?"

## The Man That All Europe Threatened

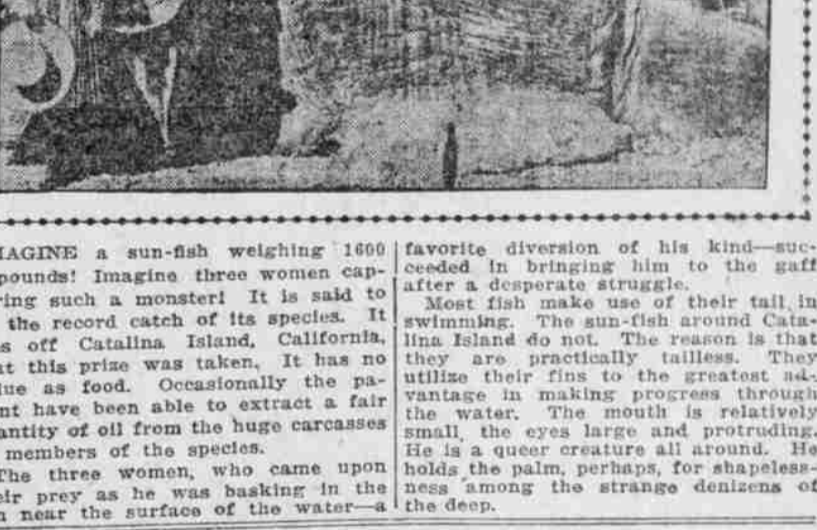


BELGRADE, May 17.—(Special.)—General Boyovitch, who was in command of the united Serbian and Montenegrin forces at Scutari when all Europe threatened to intervene, is a tall, serious-looking, rather mournful figure, whose one object in life is his profession and who never gets enough of it. It is true that he was in two wars, but to his regret, peace was each time declared just as Boyovitch was really warning to his task. He never got, as he said, further than the preliminaries.

The general was young then and had no word in the conduct of affairs. The Balkan war found him a Colonel and gave greater scope for his military genius than he had hitherto enjoyed. He had command at Kumanovo and Prilep, where he himself lent a hand in pulling the guns up the rocky heights and fixing them almost perpendicularly on a ridge whence they poured destruction on the Turks above them. This feat is supposed to be unique and shows the importance in wartime of swift movement at close quarters. After Prilep, it can no longer be held as a rule of war tactics that the higher position commands the lower.

General Boyovitch served for 12 months in the French regular army. He is a taciturn, forbidding personality, who shuns society and is miserable when disturbed from his charts. During the course of the present hostilities he has come to Belgrade by stealth to see his wife and four children, for he is more afraid of evasions than of Turkish artillery.

## Giant Sunfish Caught by Three Women



IMAGINE a sun-fish weighing 1600 pounds! Imagine three women capturing such a monster! It is said to be the record catch of its species. It was off Catalina Island, California, that this prize was taken. It has no value as food. Occasionally the patient have been able to extract a fair quantity of oil from the huge carcasses of members of the species.

The three women, who came upon their prey as he was basking in the sun near the surface of the water—Mawruss, aint that wedding present come back yet?" "Why, sure," said Morris. "It come back yesterday, when you were out." "Why ain't you showed it to me?" "Aint I got no right to see it, Mawruss?" "Of course you got a right to see it, Morris assented, "but I thought I'd get it right up-to town to Minnie and have it exchanged."

"What did she exchange it?" Abe asked. "Well, it's like this," Morris explained. "Minnie liked it so well that she decided on keeping it, so I'll give the firm my personal check for twenty-five dollars."

"Abe puffed hard on his cigar. "You're a pretty generous fellow, Mawruss," he commented, "to give Minnie a present like that—for nothing at all, aint it?" "Oh, no, aint, Abe!" Morris replied. "It ain't giving it to her for nothing at all. I'm taking it out of her housekeeping money. Abe—five dollars a month!"—Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" Morris cried. "What is it?" Abe asked. "For a answer, Morris thrust a letter into his partner's hand. It was headed, 'The Advance Credit Clothing Company—Marcus Bramson, proprietor,' and read as follows:

Egypt 4000 years ago was troubled with a money trust, special interests, grafters and many other ills, according to Dr. Max Muller, of the University of Pennsylvania, who lectured on "The History of Egypt."

"Oh, Mr. Perlmutter, Miss Cohen exclaimed, clasping her hands, 'what a beautiful bumbum dish! What a lovely wedding present!'"

King Ha-Em-Hab had the time of his life when he started to ascertain the causes of poverty among the Egyptians. First his majesty found that a lot of ward healers were making a great deal out of his harem. The king prided himself that his harem was the smallest ever known. He had only 900 wives. His predecessors had doubt that number. But, from the time he put the golden crown on his royal head until he died, he stood for economy, even in his own household.

"I never seen it before, neither, has he?" Morris frowned. "Abe think he has," he replied. "Anyhow, I'm going to send it right up-to town by messenger boy."

The monarch was surprised to learn one day that a group of grafters, who had the contract for furnishing his wives with hair oil, lingerie and cleaning slippers, were using the royal system to get an over-large chunk out of the pork barrel.

"Do you think they'll exchange it?" Miss Cohen inquired. "I'll put it back in stock all right," said Morris, turning away.

Then the king found that the interest on a decree against all sorts of grafting, and placed the offenders in prison. Professor Muller said that Ha-Em-Hab issued a decree against all sorts of grafting, and placed the offenders in prison.

## "R. S. V. P."

### A Potash and Perlmutter Tale. by Montague Glass.

Take your friend Hyman Maimin, of Saracuse—nothing suits him. He always kicks that the goods ain't made up right, or we ain't sent him enough fancies, or something like that. Five or six letters he writes us, Mawruss, when he gets the goods; but when he got to pay for 'em, Mawruss, that's something else again. You might think postage-stamps was solitary diamonds, and that he dassen't use 'em!"

"Quit your kicking," Perlmutter broke in. "This is only the 15th of the month."

"I know it," said Abe. "We should have had a check by the 15th of last month, but—here Abe's eye lit upon an envelope directed in the handwriting of Hyman Maimin—"I guess there was some good reason for the delay," he went only evenly. "anyhow, here's a letter from him now."

He tore open the envelope and hurriedly removed the enclosed letter. Then he took the envelope, blew it wide open, and shook it up and down, but no check fell out. "Did I ever see the like?" he exclaimed. "Sends us a letter and no check!"



"Well, Mawruss," he said to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, "all them high-tone customers of yours, they don't take it so particular that they should pay on the day, Mawruss. If they was only so prompt with checks as they was to claim deductions, Mawruss, you and me would have no worries. I think some of 'em finds a shortage in the shipment before they open the packing—tse that the goods come in,