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THE Golden Kinde

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Golden Hinde

Vol. 2 No. 3 Cortemadera, California November, 1902

The Pose-Hunter.

The tendency to point out various aspects or expressions of individual character as insincere or affected has become very strong in modern life and has led to a habit which may be called pose hunting. Certain people are always on the alert to sight and take a pot-shot at what they consider a pose, though it may be that what they bang away at is a very different kind of bird.

If Jennings, the wealthy pork-packer happen to have a strong predilection for Browning and quote "Rabbi Ben Ezra" by the lineal yard to Doane, the stock-broker, that gentleman, who has been restraining his yawns, is likely to remark to me on the first occasion:

"Jennings is a good fellow, but that Browning business of his is a pure pose."

Now that, too, is the view I might take of the matter had I not been in the freshman class with Jennings and known that he slept with "Pippa Passes" under his pillow and devoured "Paracelsus" with fev-

erish greed, and that I had long ago been convinced that so far from being a pose, Browning with Jennings was a passion. I am disappointed because of my inability to make Doane see that there is not the least affectation in Jennings' attitude in the matter; that he is not airing his knowledge, but simply reciting Browning and talking of him because he would rather do that than anything else, even to the packing of the fattest of good fat pork. Doane goes away with the idea firmly fixed in his head that no pork-packer could possibly appreciate Browning and, further, that it is a presumption on the part of any body not a professor of English to pretend that he can peer into the subtleties and penetrate the obscurities of the mystic bard of Camberwell. And so in spite of all attempted elucidations, Jennings' Browning remains to Doane nothing but a vulgar pose, whereas it is a noble passion.

From this episode I gain some clarity of perception and no little charity toward persons whom I have regarded as anxious to impress me.

It opens my eyes. Perhaps many of the people whom I have set down as poseurs have been too hastily classified. Perhaps Stevens, the sixty-dollar-a-month clerk who goes to Tortoni's once a week for dinner does not go merely to be seen there, but for a genuine liking and thorough appreciation of the service and the good things afforded by a Tortoni dinner. This may amount to a passion with him.

Perhaps Watson, who works for a still smaller salary than Stevens buys a seven dollar seat at the opera because of an accurate perception of the beauty of "Thannhauser," which he wishes to hear to the best advantage.

And those absurd Parisian manners of Poole—they may be the result of his love for that young woman from Paris, and a consequently perfectly logical affection for everything French.

Cutter of Indianapolis, who was at Eton for two years, should not be accused of aping Anglian folk. His truly British stare and his "I say" may have become an inseparable part of him while at school.

Thus I come to see that our characterization of pose in a person is often the mere forcing of the point of view, which in time merges into the fixed habit of pose-hunting.

To a mining camp intelligence even such plain affairs as Derby hats and white linen collars and cuffs are

deemed affectations, and a Prince Albert coat is a painful evidence of extreme dandyism. To many Westerners the dress suit seems an insufferable affectation, but to the average Englishman & the Eastern American of large cities it is a solemn obligation, which, by the way, many of them would gladly escape. Surely a man cannot be charged with posing when he unwillingly appears in habiliments in which the tyranny of tradition so stiffly encumbers him.

There are, of course, poseurs and very vulgar ones, such as the Americans who from actual choice, drive dock-tailed horses in a fly infested country, in imitation of the inhabitants of a land where flies are comparatively few; or those of any nation who wear paste diamonds, or swell the funeral cortege with hired mourners. It is always a pose to affect more culture than one possesses, but to affect gentler manners than one commonly displays may not be so characterized, for we cannot have a superabundance of good manners, even of the assumed sort, and some of those that are assumed may outlive the occasion of their assumption; but we have already too much false culture.

I like the man to whom manners are natural, who eats as deliberately and as daintily at a picnic in the wilds as in a grand dining saloon. Edwin Booth would not do an un-

graceful act in private lest he might repeat the same act in public. This is carrying gentility to the extreme, to be sure, but better the Booth habit than uncouth manners, whether one regard that habit as affectation or not.

Let those who are so quick to perceive and remark the pose make sure that they do not pose themselves. It is not meet while you are holding your reins ridiculously high and sitting very stiffly on your dickey seat that you should be telling me how very "swagger" that absurd Brown thinks he looks in his new trap. Did it never occur to you that this whole matter of pose is relative and reversible, Brown, in his new trap, may be saying of you, "There goes a poor, bombastic would-be who actually thinks himself a fancy whip."

Let us laugh with Brown at our little affectations and be sure that there is a remnant of hope left for us while we can see the folly of our own position; but that we are truly lost if we enter the ranks with the pose-hunter, for his is only another name for the case-hardened cynic.

Bailey Millard.

"Everybody always wants all the money they can get all the time.

If nobody ever got any money any time; everybody would always be well off."

Number One of Volume One, "Arts and Artists Japanese," is worth getting and looking at. It is published by "Akitsu" of the Post-street colony of artists merchant, San Francisco.

Akitsu has been browsing at random thro an English dictionary, and from that bewildering word-garden has culled a quaint daisy chain of vocables & threaded them on a string of Japanese ideas which has much novelty and some merit.

To the hasty dollar-grabbers who are always late and needy he gives the kindly warning that they "may save time and money both by not buying & reading his magazine." To the others he says; "Let us not rush hastily upon our subject, but meander leisurely." The papers on Japanese wood cuts and color printing promise to be of interest.

There are but 26 letters in the alphabet, and of these several are but rarely used.

Some hundred million people have been arranging & rearranging them in phrases of various phases for centuries. & for that, if any of the sayings herein appear familiar, grant that it may be a co-incidence.

It is ever tomorrow in Manila. When the cable is laid, we shall get the news before it happens.

Stealing Is Defined as the Taking of something of value; which is the property of another. There is another form of stealing which is algebraic in its accomplishment. It is the thrusting upon another of something which has a minus value & is an incubus and a damage to its possessor. Leaving it for some learned penologist to give this form of thievery its proper name, we may for the present call it "Dysklepsia".

Dysklepsia exists in many forms @ grades, from the mildest, which consists in pleasantly but firmly presenting the victim with some valueless @ cumbrous article for which the owner can think of no use, up to the sending a ravening ravishing army to a foreign country, to give it freedom.

It is of an intermediate form of which I would now speak, that is by reason of its wide-spread practice, the best known of all.

The injustice @ unkindness of it was particularly brought out in preparing for the recent Arbor Day Exercises arranged by the Ladies of the Outdoor Art Club of Mill Valley.

These public spirited women desired to plant trees @ vines in public places for the general benefit. In making the preliminary arrangements, it was found that the paths, lanes, alleys, roads, streets, avenues, boulevards, parks and commons,

were so cluttered with tin cans, bottles, and general off-castings of cheap or thoughtless people, that the exercises would lose much of their impressiveness unless a general clearance restored order.

Now the people who shuffle off their rubbish upon the common property or on the vacant lots of their neighbors, are Dyskleptics. They steal in an indirect and reverse fashion which is never the less a larceny. The beauty of a flower & shrub bordered lane, or that of the rippling rill on its mossed pebbles, is an element of value which should not be destroyed.

Of Dyskleptics there are two sorts, the careless and thoughtless who, like those accused of manslaughter, have merely been criminally negligent. The other form of Dyskleptic is a malice aforethought, who will deliberately gather up a load of unsightly unhealthy and dangerous rubbish and carry it over to be dumped upon his neighbor's ground. Usually this form of criminal selects a pretty pool, stream or grove so that his crime shall be as great as possible for he glories in his lawlessness. Municipalities are not free from this same form of Dysklepsia and seem to take the greatest delight in hunting out a pretty stream frequented by anglers and bathers and then dumping a three foot sewer into it.

The Outdoor Art Club has instituted a new red letter day in the California calendar—Arbor Day, the most altruistic of all holidays; for its observance brings to no one, any present pleasure, except that which comes from the consciousness of well doing. There is no broader field in which the better minds of a community can meet, than in the formation of an Outdoor Art Club, and the power of the organization to accomplish public benefits, is limited only by the energy of its members.

The urgent necessity for work of this sort, on an extensive scale, is shown by the undue over crowding of cities. Americans do not, as a race know how to live in the country. They do not see its beauties or know how to enjoy its pleasures, comforts and luxuries. They must be taught. In England, country life is the life.

Those who can afford to keep a town house do so, but it is merely their hotel; the home is in the country.

If Country and Suburban life is to attract people, it must be rendered interesting. The average city suburb, given over to "For Sale" signs, trespassing cows, ash heaps and acres of rubbish-covered lots, will never lure the city dweller from his comfortable apartments that open upon marble tiled corridors.

Real estate owners should be liberal in their contributions and assistance to such a movement. It will

be money well invested.

Mill Valley is, thro many efforts in right directions, becoming one of the social, literary & artistic centers of the West, and the Outdoor Art Club has a pleasant task before it in giving the polishing and finishing touches to the environments of the town.

Those in other places who desire to inaugurate similar useful work in their vicinity could probably obtain many valuable hints by addressing Mrs. W. W. Davis President, or Mrs. H. W. Barnard Corresponding Sec. of O. A. C. Mill Valley Calif.

The California Outdoor Art League has evidently started things going in the right way in San Francisco. How it will crack up the shell backed property owners, if public ordinances compel them to abate as nuisances some of the old junk piles which do service for buildings. The day when municipal art consisted of monumental castings from the stove foundry has happily passed away and now boulevards which are of use and parks which increase rather than limit the freedom of the people, are the expression of desire for public ornament.

San Francisco offers a rich field for outdoor art work. There are buildings on downtown business streets which would shock the Hamlet of Poverty Flat and there are street pavements that would disgrace a logging camp.

Herbert Washford in "The Literary West," says that the Public School System turns out a finished product which is nearly useless.

Well said too. What do any of us remember of what we learned at school?

Who ever saw a "Help Wanted" advertisement asking for a boy that understood parsing?

Did any boy at public school ever learn anything that would put a bite of bread in his mouth?

Never mind! That is too tedious. Let's be funny for a while.

What I would suggest is a Money School. You will notice that the question in the world today is not "Is he honest? Generous? Bright-minded? Educated? It is; "How much money has he got?"

Now schools should prepare pupils for what they will meet.

They will not meet gentlemen in black coats saying "Who was Themistocles" or "What is the Pons Asinorum?" But on the contrary, rude, red handed butchers, in bloody garments will say,

"Pay me my meat bill," and black visaged men will want cash for coal. Money; every body wants money, & so you can give it them, they care no more.

Now the plan of the money school system would be this; a primary or copper school where children were taught in the first

grade to earn one cent, each and every day. That may sound small, but it is the learning to make ones talents of use that counts.

The pupils of the second grade should earn 2 cents per day, of course exclusive of help of friends or family. 3d & 4th grades 3 & 4 cents per day each. The school course probably consisting of an hour or so of theoretical instructions in the morning and for the balance of the day separate & individual efforts by the children to earn their sums. Examinations would be of bank accounts & of means by which results were obtained.

The fourth year would finish the copper or primary school & lead the child into the silver school corresponding to the present grammar grades, where the youths would learn to earn respectively, half dimes, dimes, quarters, halves & dollars each day.

The high school would be changed to the gold school, where pupils would be required to earn half eagles, eagles & double eagles per diem according as they were junior, middle or senior.

College would be the paper school with say \$50. \$100. \$200. & \$500. bills as the sums to be earned each day. The President of The U. S. Steel Corporation has a salary of \$1,000,000. per anum.

Madge.

Her dark brown eyes, her merry
 brown eyes:
 They looked me square in the face
 With a look of fun & of glad surprise
 As she stood there in joyous grace.
 She courteseyed low, & her laughter
 gay,
 Came bubbling from rosy lips.
 She was wilfully fair in her winsome
 way;
 From her head to her finger tips.
 So I held my arms open, then & there
 And greeted her with a kiss—
 With a great bear's hug for her
 bonny brown hair;
 Tumbled & all amiss.

H.G.E.

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Strenuosity.

For me the rugged, up hill road:
 Let me fight, & the day is mine.
 The longer way, the heavier load;
 To me, are meat and wine.
 Where the river maddest pours,
 There swim I;
 Or where the surfy thunder roars;
 Ocean's strength defy.
 From the City's churn & crush,
 I draw strength to breast its stream,
 & its vain opposings, brush
 Aside, as waking ends a dream.

It seems a truth tho none knows why
 That the mind is mightier than the eye
 If you'd be noted for keen observation
 Just close your lids to the situation
 And give freest rein to imagination.

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The "Golden Hinde" is Published
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 by Morrison Pixley.

Subscription 1 Dollar per Year.
 15 Cents per Copy.

The "Golden Hinde" will always be
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The Standard Upheld & Other Verses.

It is not for busy, hurrying people, this little booklet of verses by Morgan Shepard; but rather for those few who like to dream and study over what they read, trying to find the true golden thought hidden beneath the outer surface.

In this case the studying may be long over some of the poems, for the true meaning hides coyly beneath the delicate picture painting and sweet expression of the literal phrases.

It may not be quite fair, but I cannot resist quoting some fragments & dainty pictures.

A smile is a flower blooming fair.
Its petals often cover
Sighs in the heart, or places where
The wings of sorrow hover.

& again;

Thou art the child & I the weary man
Thou art the bud & I the broken reed

- - - - -
Each day new born is one fair petal
turned.

Then in the last poem comes
this.

"Comes my love all robed in green.
One red flower in her hair,
Flashes pride for being there.

They are only suggestions, but

all these exquisite strokes are twisted & woven together so that it is only when taken with the whole, that each part seems most beautiful; & like a butterfly's wing, it loses its gorgeous coloring & sheen, when touched by a critic's pencil. H.G.E.

The San Francisco Papers
compare the cost of water in Chicago, \$5.00 per million gallons with that of S. F. \$200.00 per million gals.

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It will thus be seen that the difference between the price of water at Chicago, half inundated by its fresh water ocean, & at San Francisco on an arid peninsula, 6 months rainless is not so great as some other differences, for instance at Amsterdam, where water has a minus value.

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