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BIRD-MUSIC IN MILL VALLEY

Success of the Experiment of Importing Feathered Songsters From Foreign Climes

OVER in Mill Valley, in Marin County, beneath the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, where the great redwood trees rear their massive trunks heavenward and the freedom and beauty of nature abound, the energetic citizens have attempted an experiment in the importation of songbirds with a degree of success that has attracted the attention of other favored communities, which, it is safe to say, will follow Mill Valley's example, and the feathered songsters of foreign climes will become scattered over the broad expanse of the State to multiply in vast numbers. Were the birds only pretty to look upon and a pleasure to listen to their propagation might be considered in the nature of a luxury, but the greatest benefit is the protection which the birds give by assailing every insect that lives upon and destroys the plants. The devouring caterpillars which feed upon the delicate leaves and mar the natural beauty of the trees are quickly disposed of by the birds.

The experiment made by the people of Mill Valley required but a small outlay. The sum of \$268.90, all of which was raised by popular subscription, is the total amount expended by the society, and through their courtesy THE CALL is enabled to give the figures and expenses in more detail. The aviary cost \$61.65 and was erected on the property of one of the members of the society, Dr. Barkan, Keeper's cage, seed, manure, provisions and carriage hire amounted to \$27.75. Ten pairs of skylarks at \$4 a pair, 10 pairs of chaffinches at \$3 a pair, 10 pairs thrushes at \$8 a pair and 10 pairs goldfinches at \$2.75 a pair amounted to \$177.90.

The idea of importing songbirds to fill the woods about Mill Valley with their merry warbling was suggested about a year ago, and while many favored the experiment few could be found with sufficient courage to undertake the work. Finally, through the efforts of Anton Michalitschke, a few lovers of birds came together for the purpose of thoroughly discussing the proposition, and shortly after this meeting the Society for the Acclimation and Protection of Singing Birds of Mill Valley was formed. Arrangements were immediately made for the purchase of a consignment of foreign songbirds, and Dr. Barkan offered the society the free use of his property on which to erect the aviary where the birds could be kept until they had become acclimated.

The membership of the new organization increased as interest in the project was manifested and the following well-known gentlemen compose the society: A. C. Hinz, Lowell White, Anton Michalitschke, C. F. Runyon, F. W. Marvin, Captain Henry Bingham, C. Toebey, Gustav Schroeder, A. Eloesser, A. Roulier, Charles Mayer Sr., Max Schmidt, Henry C. Campbell, Eldridge Durbrow, Ernest L. Hueter, William McCann, Oscar Cappelman, Prison Director Daniel E. Hayes, Dr. A. Barkan, J. P. Fitzgerald, Gustav Marcus, D. C. Gutschow.

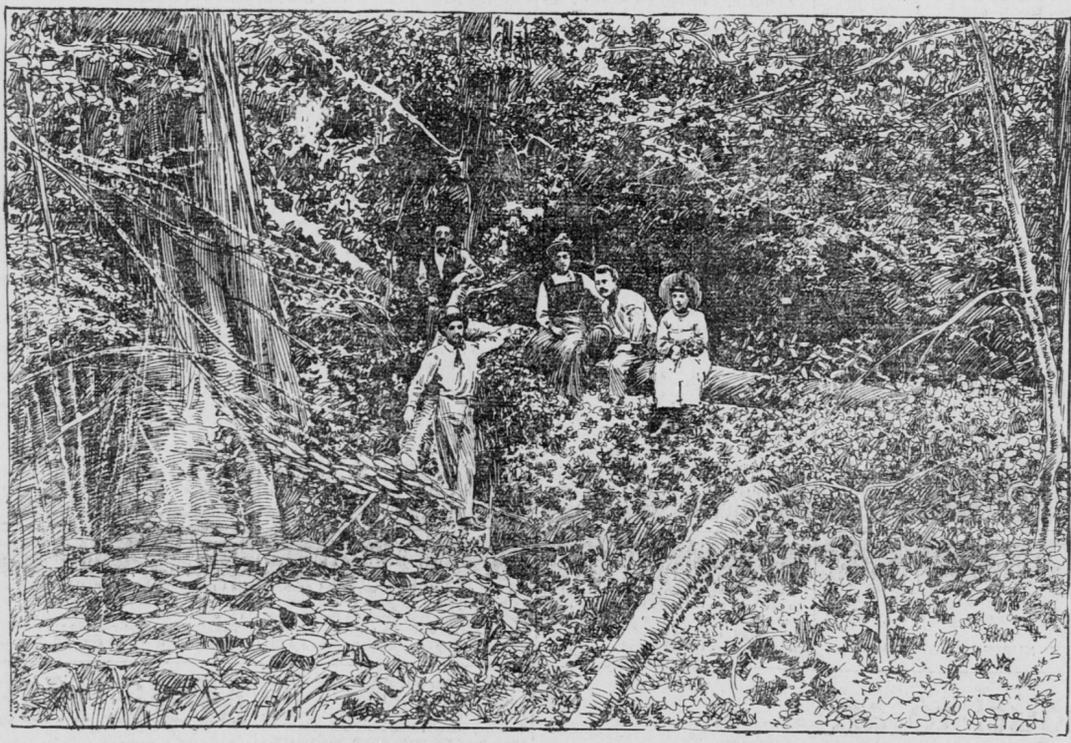
Mr. Michalitschke was the prime mover, and in the face of discouraging remarks from people who prophesied ill luck and failure, the work of the society progressed. During the first week of last November the birds arrived in Mill Valley, there being four varieties—skylarks, chaffinches, thrushes and goldfinches. The larks could not be caged. They sing only as they soar and experience has shown that they are liable to injure themselves in confinement. They were consequently liberated on the open hillsides. One lusty male took to the wing immediately, being evidently invigorated by the sunshine and balmy air, and having soared high above the valley burst into song. These larks have now commenced to sing and can be seen hovering about the valley every day.

A new difficulty confronted the society in the shape of the small boy with a pop-gun. If these larks were allowed to shoot at the imported birds the work of the society would have been for naught, and so Justice Thomas Fottrell was appealed to. He issued a manifesto that had the desired effect, and the dire punishment which the small boy was threatened had immediate effect and no trouble was experienced from this source. Then the small boy and the popgun were turned to advantage, for the society offered a bounty for the scalp of all bluejays shot in Mill Valley. These birds not only attempt to kill the songsters, but rob their nests, break the eggs and kill the young. To exterminate them the society proposes to adopt stringent methods.

After being confined in the aviary since the first week in November of last year, the thrushes, goldfinches and chaffinches were given their freedom last Sunday morning. It took almost two hours to drive the birds from the aviary. For almost four months they had been confined there, and they seemed reluctant to leave. They flew to neighboring trees and filled the air with song. The Mill Valley Society's work had been successful.

FREDERICK F. RUNYON.

SPRING SCENE IN PICTURESQUE MILL VALLEY.



The Movers.

Parting was over at last, and all the good-bys had been spoken; Up the long hillside the wide-tented wagon moved slowly. Bearing the mother and children, while on-ward before them the father Trudged with his gun on his arm and the faithful house dog beside him. Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sorrowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in its dewy waking; Like a great flower, star on the crest of the eastern woodland, Goldenly he smiled the sun, and over the beautiful valley Dim with its dew and shadow, and bright with its dream of a river. Looked to the western hills, and shone on the humble procession, Painting with splendor the children's eyes, and the heart of the mother.

Beauty and fragrance and song filled the air like a palpable presence. Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves and the flowers in the wild wood. Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in the aisles of the forest. Glad of the spring, and of love, and of morning, the wild birds were singing; Jays to each other called harshly, then mellowly fluted together; Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay as his plumage.

Pensively piped the querulous quails their greetings unrequited, While, on the meadow, the meadowlark rushed forth in music. Rapt, exultant, and shaken with the great joy of his singing; Over the river, loud chattering, aloft in the air, the kingfisher Hung ere he dropped, like a bolt, in the water beneath him; Gossiping, out of the bank flew myriad twittering swallows; And in the boughs of the sycamore quarreled and clamored the blackbirds.

Never for these things a moment halted the movers, but onward Up the long hillside the white-tented wagon moved slowly. Till, on the summit, that overlooked all the beautiful valley. Trembling and spent, the horses came to a standstill unbidden. Then from the wagon the mother in silence got down with her children, Came and stood by the father, and rested her hand on his shoulder.

Long volleys of musket on the beautiful valley before them; Looked on the well-known fields that stretched away to the woodlands Where, in the dawn, the milk-white crest of green, shrouded the snow of wild plums in bloom, and crimson this of the rosebud; Looked on the pasture fields, where the cattle were lazily grazing; Softly and sweet and clear came the faint, far notes of the cowbells; Looked on the old-rudden lanes, with their slender and stately oaks; Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea, with its billows of blossoms; Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange and all unfamiliar; Like the faces of friends when the word of farewell has been spoken.

Long together they gazed; then at last on the little log cabin. Home for so many years, now home no longer forever. Rested their tearful eyes in the silent rapture of anguish. Upon the morning air no column of smoke from the chimney Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading and brightening ever; Shut was the door where yesterday morning the children were playing; Lit with a gleam of the sun, the window stared up at them blindly; Cold was the hearthstone now, and the place was forsaken and empty.

Empty? Ah, no, not but haunted by thronging and tender fancies. Sad recollections of all that had ever been, of sorrow or gladness. Once more they sat in the glow of the wide red fire in the winter; Once more they sat by the door in the cool of the still summer evening; Once more the mother seemed to be singing her babe there to slumber; Once more the father beheld her weep over the child that was dying; Once more the place was peopled by all the Past's sorrow and gladness; Neither might speak for the thoughts that came crowding their hearts so, Till, in their ignorant sorrow, about the children lamented.

Then was the spell of silence dissolved, and the father and mother Burst into tears and embraced, and turned their dim eyes to the westward.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, in "The Trotter and Pacer."

NOBLE DEEDS OF UNSUNG HEROINES



SHE lived in Placer County, not far from where the pretty town of Auburn now stands, for it happened many years ago in the early '60's, and I expect that but few now residing there have any recollections of the affair. The family consisting of her father, a miner, her mother and little brother, dwelt in a small shanty erected under cover of a convenient ledge. The shanty was a miserable structure of two rooms, but it held what many a grander dwelling failed to contain, a loving household. The mother lay sick with the fever, and Carmen, then a girl of 12, performed the duties of the house. Her little brother, a curly-headed romp of five, was Carmen's great responsibility. The father was away from early morning until late at night at his work, and so the little girl of 12 found plenty to do. In connection with the custom of miners, the father kept a store of giant powder in the house, which in the present case was contained in a sack placed in an old box that stood by the foot of the bed where lay the sick mother. The upper part of the shanty, under the sloping board roof, was utilized as a storage place for old dunnage and rubbish. One night the father was absent in the mine, on night-work. By some means the shanty took fire, probably from the cracked and defective smoke chimney. Carmen awoke to find that the roof was afire and sparks dropping down.

all that marks the grand nobility of true womanhood. Yet more prominent than even this stands out the bravery of those heroines, also of the Golden Gate City, who in remembrance of Him who taught and practiced charity are to-day dwelling amid the leper colonies upon distant islands, self-estranged from friends, save through the cold mediumship of letters, which are few and far between. Such bravery is more than noble, it is divine. The gifts of Phoebe Hearst and Mrs. Stanford to make possible the enlightenment and betterment of their fellow mortals are deeds of noble womanhood that add brilliant luster to the fair repute of gentle names already clothed with grateful remembrances. It is not the province of this short article to enumerate the noble actions of scores of other true-hearted San Francisco women. Unsung by earthly poets their heroisms will receive recognition in sweeter songs tuned to celestial harps immortal and divinely harmonious. It is but to call attention to the fact that, amid the clasp and crash of loud-voiced fame, there runs a golden strain of human melody, sweet but soft, which needs that the strictest sounds be hushed before the angelic note is heard—

White House Etiquette.

When the President and his wife drive out the President sits on the right hand and his wife on the left, says the Illustrated American.

If there are others in the carriage, whether ladies or gentlemen, they must sit with their backs to the horses. When Mrs. Cleveland was first married she tried the experiment of placing her mother opposite the President and herself in the

Springing up, she loudly cried to awaken her mother and Tommy, but the little boy became frightened and hid his head beneath the covers of his bed. Carmen sprang to lift him from the bed when she saw a shower of sparks falling upon the powder-box. Recognizing the awful danger, she attempted to leave the child for the moment and carry out the powder, but in her excitement she caught her foot in the overhanging bedclothes and fell to the floor, breaking her thigh bone. Unable to arise, the brave girl crawled to the box of powder, and drawing herself up, covered the box with her body. The mother had by this time succeeded in getting out of bed and getting outside the now furiously burning shanty, and managed to take with her the little boy. The cries of Carmen: "Oh, take Tommy out, won't you!" turned for a time the mother's thoughts from her daughter's danger. The fire had aroused some of the neighbors, who speedily ran to the burning shanty and lent what aid they could. Carmen was discovered and removed. Her rescuers found her almost hidden beneath a mass of burning cinders, her back frightfully burned. Tender hands bore her to a neighboring shanty, where all that could be done to alleviate her suffering was eagerly bestowed. But human aid came too late. The brave little spirit lingered until the following day and then departed for a brighter land. It was not known until after she had recovered consciousness, a short time before she died, that she had broken her leg. Her last words were, "Kiss me, Tommy, dear; I've saved you, and I'm so happy."

The world is prone to indulge in hero worship. And it is right and well that it should do so. For the better qualities that go to make up our manhood and womanhood grow and strengthen with the exercise of our sentiment aroused in sympathy with heroic deeds. Yet the world is apt to overlook the lesser in its contemplation of the greater. The girl who on her homeward journey by way of the railroad track discovered a broken rail, and, taking off her petticoat, waved it toward the coming passenger train, found herself famous because of the circumstances which placed her act so prominently before the public. The press sang the praises of the heroine and placed her name upon the lips of the multitude; but the other girl, who from childhood labored and slaved to support with the toil of her hands a sick mother and a drunken father until when death brought a blessed relief it found her a woman in years, but past the realization of a woman's hopes, was a greater heroine although unknown.

Noble deeds are not confined to the crowded battlefield. The self-sacrifice made by humble hearts in lowly life, often unsung, are fully as noble as are those acts which performed in the full view of the world have received the plaudits of the multitude. Out on the bosom of the Pacific, beyond sight of land lie the Farelion Islands, a few fishermen's families reside on the lonely rocks. The little children of the fishermen are by their utter isolation sheltered from partaking of the priceless heritage of the average child, the free education which crowns the American child a king. A San Francisco girl, cultured and beautiful in feature, but more beautiful in heart, gives up the enticing pleasures of city living and takes up her residence upon the dreary Farelones to teach the fisher's children. The act has no dramatic side judged from the sensational standpoint, but it is a most noble deed in

THE FINEST TROUT REGION IN ALL THE WORLD

THE Gualala River region is unsurpassed in picturesqueness by no other section of California. The river itself rises in the neighborhood of Fort Ross and flows northerly, paralleling the ocean's shore, until it empties into the sea just on the dividing line between Mendocino and Sonoma counties. It flows through a country that alternates from occasional clearings, where the dairyman finds sweet and abundant fodder for his herds, to a region clothed in the densest forest, that have so far been undisturbed by the woodman's ax and with a prospect of continuing in that state until the commercial demands for the products of the redwoods encompass the fall of these monarchs of forest growth.

The coast presents the same characteristics that distinguish the whole line from San Francisco Bay to Oregon. Bluffs extend along the entire distance. There are landings, but no ports. The whole aspect of the country from the ocean is wild and forbidding and affords endless vistas of rolling hills and rocky headlands, with the Pacific ever dashing in fruitless violence against the shore.

From the sea these low mountains seem to be clothed from base to summit with a dense growth of forest. The clearings are in

shore and the few landings are not visible. The aspect is that of a country given up to nature entirely, abandoned and awaiting the advent of settlers to develop its unknown possibilities.

However discouraging the ocean view of the Sonoma coast may be, a journey through the region by land affords some of the most entrancing pictures that can satisfy even the most jaded of nature's worshippers.

Lovely valleys are found, stretching into the interior, in which some of the finest farms in the whole fertile county of Sonoma exist. The climate is moderated by the cool breezes from the ocean, and the effect upon the growth of fruits, for instance, is shown by the quality of the productions. The peaches, plums and apples of the coast valleys are surpassed nowhere for their size and flavor.

Quite as celebrated are the dairy products of these Sonomas.

Through every valley and down the precipitous canyons of the range flow the rivulets and tributaries into the Gualala, to swell the volume of the parent stream. These rivulets abound in trout which have spotted in their cool shady pools for centuries, undisturbed by the fisherman.

The valley of Sonoma, encompassed

round about by the lofty elevations of the Coast Range, affords every variety of view that the most exacting observer can demand. A section of unparalleled fertility, its range of production varying from the orange to the hardier fruits of temperate climes, such broad acres of grapes, plums, peaches, and apples, such billowy fields of grain cannot be equaled in all the States.

It is no wonder, therefore, that so thrifty and prosperous a people should have been attracted by so lovely a spot—well watered throughout its length and breadth, with crops of such abundant yield as to astonish all who are unfamiliar with its capabilities.

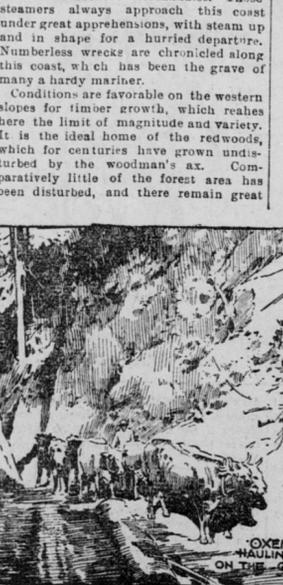
Though settled early in the history of the State, there remain at this day portions of the county which are almost as nature created them. This is particularly the case in that section lying beyond the summit of the range bordering on the coast. There are no harbors to speak of, and approach by the sea is possible only in exceptional weather, when the resplendent Pacific calms down and its monstrous rollers cease their reverberations for a while. Then small steamers can approach the shore, and by means of chutes extending 500 or 600 feet receive their loads of lumber or merchandise. These steamers always approach this coast under great apprehensions, with steam up and in shape for a hurried departure. Numberless wrecks are chronicled along this coast, which has been the grave of many a hardy mariner.

Conditions are favorable on the western slopes for timber growth, which reaches here the limit of magnitude and variety. It is the ideal home of the redwoods, which for centuries have grown undisturbed by the woodman's ax. Comparatively little of the forest area has been disturbed, and there remain great

forests of these majestic trees to excite the wonder of the present generation. The occupation of the region is almost solely in lumber, though in time to come the dairy interest will supplant it. For lumbering the country is well adapted, near to the ocean and the great markets, while the Gualala River and its tributaries afford abundant power for the mill and easy access to the sea. To one unfamiliar with the means of marketing lumber a visit to a lumber camp on the Gualala affords a new sensation. A meander through the silent forests will induce reflections in the most unimpressible.

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The clothing of the British army and navy together costs the country between a million and a million and a quarter annually.

IN THE SILENT FOREST

OXEN HAULING LUMBER ON THE GUALALA

THE HERMIT GIANT REDWOOD OF THE GUALALA