

## HIGH RENTS IN CITY.

They Have Caused a Large Migration to the Suburbs.

Washington is No Longer an Exception to the General Rule and the Commuter Has Come to Stay.

[Special Washington Letter.]

**T**HIS is the story of the commuters and their advantages. It also tells of their disadvantages.

Every city of considerable size has its commuters, and the national capital has only recently grown to that size. Of course, even small cities have a percentage of commuters, but they only attain respectability in numbers when the city grows abnormally.

Some readers have never heard of commuters, nor even seen any of them. They must be informed that commuters are men and women who work in cities, no matter at what occupations, while they dwell in suburban villages or away out in the country. Henry George, or some philosopher like him, would here stop to reel off an argument about the wickedness and wrong-doing of those who own property to the exclusion of others; but that has nothing to do with this story.

It may be wrong for certain individuals to own thousands of acres of grazing ground for their countless cattle; and it may be wrong for certain men to own a major portion of the earth in which gold is deposited. It may be wrong for William A. Clark to own the greatest deposit of copper on the face of the earth; and it may be wrong for a few individuals to own the great coal fields of this continent. But the right of it and the wrong of it must be argued out by philosophers, scientists, politicians or political economists.

Rents in cities are very high because the limited amount of land used for business purposes is very valuable. The ground is of greater value than the edifices erected upon it. Therefore, the ground used for residences is so far beyond the reach of ordinary wage earners that they can never think of owning city homes; and a very large number of them cannot even earn enough to enable them to afford to pay house rent or room rent. These people become the commuters of the cities.

They get that peculiar name because of the fact that the railroad companies carry them from their suburban homes to their work in the city every morning and back again every night for a comparatively small charge. That is, as compared with the regular rates for passengers. They buy monthly or quarterly commutation tickets, and it is on account of this that they are called commuters.

The strangest thing about commuters of the national capital is that they can rent houses in Baltimore at such a low rate, as compared with rates here, that they can afford to pay their commutation rates and yet save money. Baltimore is 40 miles distant from Washington, but it only takes about three-quarters of an hour to make the trip. Government clerks here in great numbers rent homes in Baltimore, although they do their work in this city. The offices here open at



A COMFORTABLE HALF HOUR.

nine o'clock every morning, and close at four o'clock every afternoon. The commuters read their morning papers while coming to their offices, and read their evening papers while returning to their Baltimore homes.

These commuters are not known in Washington outside of their offices. They are well known in Baltimore, where their families enter upon all social functions, including the church services of all kinds. Their names are mentioned in the Baltimore newspapers, but they are never mentioned here. Only a few years ago a government clerk was shadowed by Baltimore detectives for several weeks, because they suspected him of being a burglar. He chose to have it understood that he was a man of means, that he did not have to work, and his liberal expenditures of money excited suspicion in many minds. The detectives were disgusted, after all of their sleuthing, when they found that he was a government clerk who earned a good salary in the national capital, while he resided in Baltimore and appeared every evening at some function, and always as a gentleman of leisure.

The electric line to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington living and the tomb of Washington dead, has induced several hundred people to buy small acreages along the line and build thereon homes for themselves. The distance to Mount Vernon is only 14 miles, and the car line is well equipped, so that it is almost as easy to live on the Virginia shores of the Potomac as it is to dwell in the remote parts of this city, so far as time is concerned in going back and forth. Moreover, the ancient city of Alexandria is on the route, the cars passing through it, and there our commuters find it possible for them to mingle with the best society of the blue Virginia of the first families of Virginia.

Alexandria itself is becoming an attractive suburb of this capital city. Several scores of the best people in the government service have rented houses



NOT WORRIED ABOUT COAL FAMINE.

there, and some have undertaken to build homes there for themselves, on the installment plan. Alexandria, albeit an ancient city, has fallen into business decay ever since the great shot and shell discussion between the sections of our country. But of recent years it has been growing gradually into modernized conditions. Everybody feels and almost knows that in a short space of time, say ten years, it will become a part of the national capital, as it once was. The commuters of to-day will be the fathers of resident families there in the next generation.

Northeast of the city proper is a village of 10,000 inhabitants, called Eckington; and it is subdivided so that a portion of it is called Brookland. This populous suburb is now built up to the city limits, so that only old inhabitants know it is a suburb which has grafted itself onto the boundary line. Eckington was until recently the undivided property left by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, to his brilliant and beautiful daughter, Kate. Just a few years before her death she sold it, and it was converted into building lots by enterprising real estate dealers. It is a beautiful place, and it is the product of commuters.

Eckington has a history, although there is nothing left of the old country place which is visible to mortal eyes. Many wonderful political deals were there arranged. The most notable occurrence of all was in January, 1877, when Kate Chase entertained Senator Conkling so charmingly and enchantingly that she kept him away from the capitol while the electoral commission bill was being enacted into law. If Conkling had been on duty he would have defeated that bill. But Kate Chase kept him away, the bill was enacted, and Hayes became president.

Col. Andrew Geddes, chief clerk of the department of agriculture, lives at Kensington, a suburb 15 miles to the northwest of the city proper. He says: "We have as pretty a little place as any of those which have been built up around Chicago by its commuters, although it is not yet so large as some of them. I can take an electric car at eight o'clock every morning, open my morning paper and read it all the way to the city, arriving at the department at half-past eight o'clock, which is half an hour before the department work begins. Quite a number of Washington business men, as well as government clerks, live there, and we are all proud of our country homes."

Arlington National cemetery is on the heights across the Potomac river, and the old Lee mansion is visible from every part of the city. West of Arlington is Fort Myer, an army post of the regular army. Between the fort and the aqueduct bridge, a distance of three miles, the entire hill country is divided into lots and called Fort Myer Heights. Here the commuters are building homes by the score.

Then there is a splendid new electric line running through Georgetown, past President Cleveland's former country home, and far out to Rockville, Md., where an excellent seminary is located. This is a fine ride, with the homes of the wealthy all along the route. John R. McLean, of Ohio, owns a baronial estate here, of which any of the noblemen of the old world might be proud.

And, best of all, these commuters of ours live where there is plenty of timber land, and they are buying cord wood for from \$3 to \$5 a cord, and they are not worried about the coal famine. Under the circumstances the commuters are to be envied.

SMITH D. FRY.

## THE ERA OF MISSIONS.

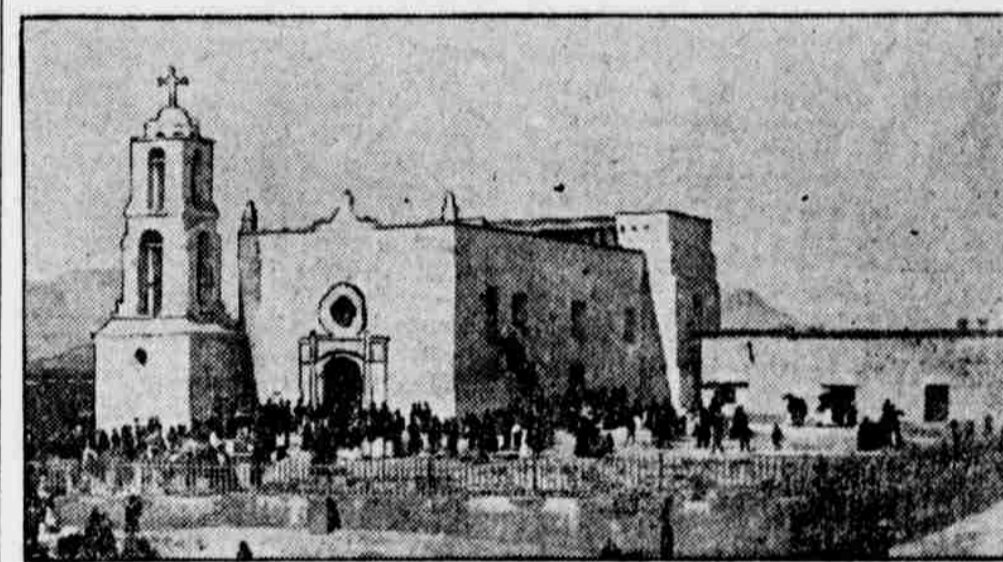
It Was a Golden Age for the Fathers of the Church.

Jesuits and Franciscans Erected Most of the Early Sanctuaries in California, Arizona and Texas.

[Special Los Angeles (Cal.) Letter.]

**I**T is hard to describe the sensations with which one approaches the remains in which all that was best and most interior in a past civilization ultimatum itself and from which the soul has long been withdrawn. The history of the church fathers in the far west is that of human kind in general. Ambition for wealth and distinction traveled hand in hand with religious fervor, the latter embodying itself in material shapes wonderfully beautiful and imposing, when one takes into consideration the workmen employed, priests all unused to manual labor and indolent, ignorant Indian converts, with whom superstition must be employed as a lash to quicken their spiritual ardor sufficiently to induce them to labor. All that was best in that nearly vanished civilization was represented in its church edifices, many of which have entirely disappeared and nearly all are in a condition of picturesque ruin. As one reverently approaches the altar in some of the better preserved missions and feels the spirit of the place stealing into and around him, it is hard to conceive of the vandalism which more swiftly than time and the elements is despoiling all that left to mark the labors of love and devotion surrounding him. Relic-seekers gain little for themselves and lose much to the world by their thoughtless defacement of what they must be unable to appreciate.

Perhaps that of Juan de Capistrano is as picturesque as any of the dead missions. One might spend days gazing down its long corridors, repeating them, in imagination, with those who traversed their shaded lengths in the past. Some of the frescoes remain in strangely beautiful coloring, which defies sun and rain,



MISSION CHURCH AT PASO DEL NORTE, MEXICO.

and the compounding and application of the pigments of which are forgotten processes.

Hardly anything remains of the San Diego mission except the beautiful date palms near, planted by Father Junipero and his followers. These were the first introduced into this country and are said to be over 300 years old. At intervals all along the Pacific coast, are missions in every stage of decay. That in Los Angeles, opposite the plaza, is still in use. The San Gabriel mission, especially noted for its bells, is in a fair state of preservation and the bestowal of "two bits" sufficiently warms the heart of its old Mexican guardian to induce her to show its interior to the best advantage. The appearance of San Luis Rey mission is very well known, it having been reproduced in facsimile in several places. San Francisco possesses one of great interest, but the best preserved and most noted is located at Santa Barbara, Cal. It is in excellent condition and constant use, being the home of monks, whose hospitality and ready kindness in conducting visitors through the building are appreciated by the traveling public. One may here purchase rosaries and other souvenirs manufactured by the fathers themselves. Father Junipero Serra founded this mission in 1782 or 1786 (the dates are variously given), but the present building was not erected until 1815-20. This should not in any way be confounded with the mission Santa Barbara de Altar at Sonora, Mexico, which is practically destroyed, its site being marked by stately palms. The Jesuits founded the latter in 1687. It was 300 feet long and built of adobe. It was established by Father Kino and its thick walls enclosed a presidio, cemetery and sleeping quarters for Christians and soldiers when the latter were warring with hostile Indians. After the Jesuits were expelled Franciscans served the people, but misfortunes rapidly followed each other and the place was finally considered hoodooed and abandoned.

Many romantic stories are connected with the mission at Altar, which are sometimes erroneously supposed to pertain to that at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Purissima mission, at Lompac, which is dated December 8, 1787, three years after his death, is said to be one of the 11 founded by father Junipero Serra. In 1811 it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. The Indians were superstitious and it was found necessary to rebuild it across the river, whose abundant water supply had at first attracted over 3,000 settlers to the place. The old building inclosed a space of 400 feet square. The new one was much smaller, and its settlement never numbered over 1,500 people. Its 200 feet of wide veranda still bears evidence of carving and other ornamentation. Its furniture was long since removed, and reports of buried treasure have caused excavations 20 feet deep to be made within the walls, to no purpose. The recent earthquake has loosened the old



MISSION SAN XAVIER, TUCSON.

rafters and shaken the adobe walls, thus hastening the desolating work of time.

At Juarez (Paso del Norte), over the Mexican line from El Paso, Tex., is an interesting old mission, in an interesting state of preservation, being still the resort of many worshippers. The altar, confessional, pictures and statuary belong to a time and nation not our own, but are interesting in the extreme. Small, shiny, little Mexican boys may always be seen outside the doorway with bits of dried leaves, said to be blessed and to insure great advantages to the purchaser.

All through New Mexico and Arizona the remains of old missions appear. That of San Xavier del Bae ("Bae" being an Indian word for house), situated about nine miles southwest of Tucson, presents many attractive features. The architectural lines are very beau-

## THE NEGLECTED HOG.

Many Otherwise Humane Farmers Visit the Humble Porker with Shameful Treatment.

Perhaps in the whole range of farm life no better—or worse—example of "let well enough alone" can be found than in the case of the poor, neglected pig. As we all know, this animal will live, and to a certain extent, thrive under the most adverse conditions. There are always a multitude of things to be looked after on a farm; some of them must be looked after thoroughly or they will be complete losses; others can be somewhat neglected and still counted on yielding a fair return. The hog, of all farm animals, of all farm work, is the most accommodating, the most patient of neglect, hence the hog is the most neglected. He may be put in a pen scarce large enough for him to turn about in, be made to plow his way in half his depth of mud and filth, be without shelter from the rain and without straw for bedding, and yet he will grow and add his full share to the farm products. As a pig—clean, keen and healthy—he is put into his narrow quarters, perhaps into four or five inches of cozy mud as left by his predecessor, and from that on to the time when he, too, is ready for the pork barrel there is but one thought regarding him—to feed him to his fullest capacity. The farmer is not so much to blame as might appear at first thought. He is very busy, the pig is very accommodating, the results in any case fairly sure. True, a few hours' work would mean a good pen, with sufficient shelter, and clean ground and straw for bedding; but there are fields to be made ready, seeds to be planted, crops to be looked after, all impatient of delay, so, as the pig grows and grunts on contentedly, he is passed over and the other things attended to. Now his pork may look all right, and sell for just as much as though he had been exposed to the influence of pure air and sunlight instead of being shut away from it by a perpetual incrustation of mud and filth; but enlightened customers are likely to have peculiar views of their own on the subject.—Frank Sweet, in Epitomist.

## WELL-FATTENED FOWLS.

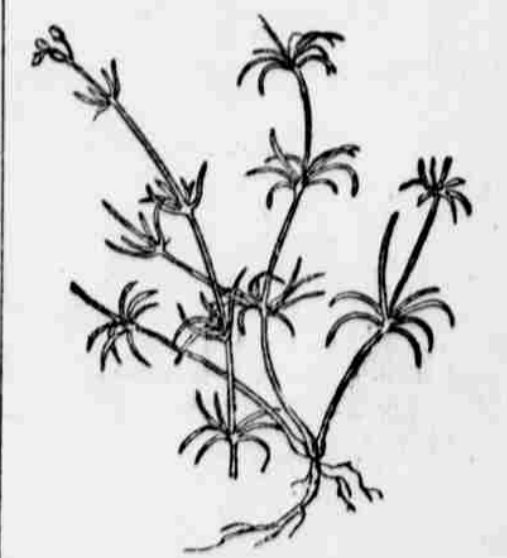
Their Flesh Should Be Permeated by Fat Rather Than Surrounded by Layers of Fat.

To properly fatten a fowl is a science. That fowl is not properly fattened which has a large amount of fat in layers under the skin and around the intestines. Around the intestines it may be, but the flesh should be rather permeated by fat than surrounded by fat. The flesh should be evenly infiltrated by fat. Fat should not show through the skin, nor should there be any fat under the skin to show, no matter how thin the skin may be. In France a well-fattened bird is one that has a good supply of flesh over the back. When that is attained the buyers feel certain that the breast meat is in good condition, as fat more readily accumulates on the back than on the breast. To fatten birds properly requires food rich in nitrogen as well as carbohydrates. It also requires some attention to breeding, as the quality to fatten properly must be inbred to a very considerable extent. As yet we have done little along the line of determining what breeds fatten most perfectly. Probably in each breed will be found strains of fowls that have the desired qualities. Before long, experimentation will without doubt be made along this line. The result should greatly improve the quality of the fattened fowls we see in our markets.—Farmers' Review.

## THE GIANT SPURRY.

A Plant That is Now Being Given a Trial on Sandy Soils at Experiment Stations.

We illustrate giant spurry, a plant that is being tried on some of our sandy soils. It is a low-growing an-



THE GIANT SPURRY.

nual, forming a tangled mass. Under fair conditions it makes a good growth on sandy land, but is otherwise of little value. Its place in the agricultural system of the country is yet to be determined.—Farmers' Review.

Mamma's Great Pleasure. "There is really no use in talking to you, Minnie." "Oh, don't say that, mamma. Now, you know you like to hear yourself talk."—Yonkers Statesman.