

THE UNION.

"FROM THE LITTLE ACORN GROWS THE MASSIVE OAK."

Vol. 10. No. 58.

St. George, Washington Co., Utah, Saturday, April 16, 1898.

TERMS In Advance, \$1.00. At end of year 2.00.

GROWN OVER A GEYSER.

Great Vegetables Raised in Yellowstone Park.

A National Hothouse in Which Phenomenal Growths Are Attained—Ten-Foot Cucumbers.

Mother Nature has begun to experiment with hothouses, and the very first one, as well as the only one in existence, is located in Yellowstone park. A geyser furnishes all that is needed to make tremendous growths, such as cucumbers ten feet long, and the like. The hothouse, or greenhouse, as the gentleman who has charge of it, W. P. Howe, terms it, is a model one of its kind, although located away up in the mountains of the park. Nature furnishes everything necessary to conduct it, except the building itself, giving heat, moisture and light.

If Mr. Howe wanted to compete at the county fairs in the vegetable line he would, unless heavily handicapped, win all the prizes. Such lettuce, cucumbers, radishes, tomatoes and other things to eat as the firm of Nature & Howe grows are bigger than the biggest fish story ever told. Almost everyone who has ever been to Yellowstone Park hotel within the last year will remember the wonderful vegetables, for despite their size they are very delicate in flavor, although grown at an altitude of 7,400 feet, where ice forms every month in the year. Here is what Mr. Howe says about it:

"Travelers who have been in every climate on this broad earth never before had seen such a sight. Lettuce, cucumbers, radishes, tomatoes, mushrooms and the like are growing with the greatest success. The experiment is novel and very interesting; the growing of vegetables over a hot stream of water often interested tourists more than the eruption of a geyser.

"After procuring permission from Capt. George S. Anderson, acting superintendent of the park, I built the greenhouse over a hot steaming hole in the ground. The water had a temperature of 165 degrees Fahrenheit. It proved a great success. On December 14 the thermometer showed 35 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, yet in this little crude slab house nature was caring for cucumbers, onions, radishes and lettuce with a temperature of 65 degrees Fahrenheit, all in fine shape, knowing nothing of the fierce blowing snow and wind outside.

"The greenhouse is 25x50 feet, with a glass roof covering it. The building faces the east, with a front four feet high and raised to the height of 18 feet at the back. The heat is furnished from a running stream flowing from a seven-inch hole in the formation at the south end, flowing north through the center of the building. The water comes from the ground at a temperature of 195 degrees Fahrenheit, which is about the boiling point at this altitude. Five-foot beds surround the building on the inside, except at the north end, with a nine-foot bed in the center; all the beds are raised from 18 inches to two feet for circulation and a place for the mushrooms. An aisle runs around the building between the beds.

"Often the temperature indicates

nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit without the wilting of a single leaf of the plants. The result of this rapid growing of vegetation is wonderful. The beds are filled about three feet deep with rich stable refuse mixed with one-third silica formation, found near by. The rich soil, the sun's light and the constant condensation of the steam from the hot stream make such a perfect combination that vegetation has to grow night and day.

"What has been the result? The first seeds were put into the ground on the Fourth of July last year. Lettuce came up from dry seed in two days and cucumbers in three days, and other vegetables in like quick time. Good-sized heads of lettuce were gathered in 15 to 18 days from the time of planting. In 28 days lettuce measured 22 inches across, which was as sweet and tender as anyone ever put into his mouth. Often the condensation of the steam would break down the larger leaves by the weight of water upon them. Cucumber vines grew from 25 to 30 feet in length in less than 60 days without being watered, except from the moisture in the air.

"Roots hang down from the vines 15 to 20 inches long. The flowering on the various plants is exceptionally great. On some of the cucumber vines five full-sized cucumbers were gathered from a single joint; often three were grown. More brittle ones were never gathered from vines than those grown in this novel greenhouse. Rhubarb, beets, mushrooms and other vegetables will grow to great advantage in this hot and moist temperature. Many tropical fruits could also be raised.

"There is very little labor to be done after the soil is properly fixed and the seed is once in the ground. It is like pressing the button and nature doing the rest. There are no weeds, no insects, no stirring of the soil, only to gather in the fruits and watch nature working in a harnessed condition. The leaves and all the plants show a very healthy condition and fine color.

"Cucumber leaves measure 17 inches across. The growth of a cucumber is very rapid after it is once started. Many a time they measure about two inches long and within 24 hours increase an inch in length. Radishes grow so rapidly that they often split."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HE SPOILED HIS STORY.

His Zeal for the Truth Was a Young Reporter's Ruin.

Newspaper reporters are sometimes thrown against strange experiences in getting the news that other people comfortably read next morning. But, believing himself in a fair way to obtain a narrative which no other news writer is aware of, the reporter is willing to go sleepless and foodless and to undergo all kinds of peril in order that by all means he may get his piece of exclusive news.

Such a man was Ezra Hemming, who worked on a western paper—one of the kind which would now be denominated as "yellow"—and frequently thrilled his town with startling stories of fact. Hemming had a reputation for alertness which was second to none, and as he had a large circle of friends who made it their business to inform him upon privately known affairs, he was seldom at the "short end" of an exclu-

sive story. One day John Boyd, who was the sheriff of the county, captured a horse thief who was badly wanted by a community in the interior of the state. The deputy from the county the thief came down to the metropolis, and in his conversation with Boyd intimated that there would be a lynching when he got home with his prisoner. Boyd told Hemming of the threatening aspect of things, and the reporter had a long talk with the deputy. To his dismay, he learned that the prisoner would not reach the rural community which wanted to do business with him until 2:45 in the morning, an hour which precluded the possibility of a good story. Hemming was a man of resources, though, and as there seemed to be little question of the details of the coming event, he went to the office and wrote a three-column account of the lynching, mentioning the names of prominent citizens present and adding flourishes and ornamentations. To stretch out to imposing length he caused one man, whom he was prudent enough to designate as "unknown," to mount a box and make an appeal in behalf of the culprit.

"Despite the prayer of Higginson's tender-hearted advocate, however," Hemming wrote, "the farmers who had suffered from his depredations insisted on wreaking vengeance." And he went on in that strain for several pages, making the intercession a strong point.

He explained to Crawford, the city editor, that there was no doubt of the thing coming out just as he had written it, but to be sure, he would wire a "Yes" or "No" from the station when the train reached the town, for he planned to accompany the deputy.

At three o'clock in the morning Crawford received this jubilant bulletin:

"Big thing. Five hundred people. Mile or more of rope. Now headed for tall sycamore tree."

And just as the foreman was sending to the pressroom the page with Hemming's glorious exclusive story, came this announcement:

"It's all off. They're not going to do it."

Hemming came back looking like a madman. For two days he roved around, stopping at odd times to butt his head against something hard. At last he was induced by Crawford to explain.

"When we got there," he said, "it was a sure thing. They had it all ready, and took Higginson away from the deputy with a yell. Then I sent my bulletin. They rushed him to the sycamore and were just about to swing him up when it occurred to me that it would spoil the story if somebody didn't rise up and make an appeal for mercy for the thief. I waited, hoping for the usual intercession, till the danger line, and then, as nobody else showed a sign of talking for him, I jumped up on something and started in on it myself. I just wanted to make the facts fit the story I had written, so I made the speech I had attributed to the unknown. At first they didn't want to listen, but pretty soon they quieted, and I poured it in, thinking all the time how lucky I was to have written the thing. I jumped down then and stepped aside to let the regular programme go on. As I did so somebody yelled: 'By thunder, he's right!' And another voice declared: 'It would dis-

grace the town, boys!' And a third called: 'Let's take him back to jail!' And before I knew it that lot of chumps had turned tail and rushed my thief, my private horse thief, my own man, for whom I had spread myself over three columns, back to the town and to the jail, where they left him and dispersed.

"That," said Hemming, sadly, "is why I want somebody to break my head in. Would you mind kicking me all the afternoon if I pay you for your trouble?"—Chicago Record.

NOVEL IDEAS IN GLOVES.

Light Maroon Is the Favorite Shade—Crinkled Gloves for Evening Wear.

The newest idea in gloves is the one or two-clasp walking glove. A light maroon is the favorite shade. Heavy skin is used, and, indeed, the gloves closely resemble those for men. The long crinkled glove is still worn for evening wear. Some of the medium length gloves have lace tops, while others have silk tops, which extend nearly to the elbow. The long gloves are in suede, but all others are glace.

Among the novelties in party gloves is a glove embroidered from the wrist to the shoulder, but it is not considered in particularly good taste. It should never under any circumstances be chosen by the girl who wears the same gloves on a number of occasions. For the theater pearl-gray or white stitched up the back are worn. For street wear gray and green will be prominent this spring.

As to gloves, very few women understand the proper care due them. Eternal vigilance is the price of dainty gloves. They should never be rolled into a wad or left lying inside out. Pull off slowly, stretch each finger to its fullest length. Mend every minute rip with glove thread and needles, which come especially for the purpose. Wrap each pair in tissue paper and keep in a long box without folding.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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