SCIENTISTS IN PETTICOATS

[WASHI]NGTON, Aug. 14.—Women [are mak]ing their way into the field [of science]. Quite a number of them [are em]ployed to do scientific work [for the g]overnment. A few are chemists, [some] are bacteriologists. One is [an expert i]n the fungi that cause dis[ease]; another is an authority [on ...]; another is a maker [of] bugs for the bureau of in[...].

[Passing] through the huge white [build]ings of the department of [agricul]ture, one sees many women, in [white] aprons, some of them mere [girls], bending over microscopes and [...]. Their activities seem very [...], but, when one inquires, one [learns] that they are engaged in original [work] relating in one way or [another to] farming or gardening.

[The case] of Miss Alice Henkel, a [member] of the plant bureau, is note[worthy if] only for the reason that she [entered the] establishment originally in [a] clerical capacity, as a [stenographer] and typewriter. That was [a] few years ago, when, a mere [girl, she] came to Washington from Cin[cinnati]. But she was the inheritor of [...]tudes from a family in [which there] had been many searchers [...] botanical and other [lines], and she quickly took up plant [study as] a professional pursuit.

[Miss Henkel], though still a young [woman], is the author of a number of [the] bulletins already issued by [the] bureau. One of these is on [the subject] of "Weeds." Another is [on "...] Plants"—this latter subject [being one] to which she devoted special [study]. Up to the present time more [on it] has been published by [her] than from the pen of [any other] woman.

[Dr. M]argaret Huddleson is another [woman] scientist in the depart[ment of a]griculture. She hails from [... Cit]y, Mo. Not long ago she [took a] degree at a local college [and] is now a full-fledged [...]. This she did in the intervals [of her wor]k as a promologist—such [being her] particular specialty. Her [importa]nt business in the division [...] is to give instruction by [...] people all over the country [how] to know about how to grow [...].

[Mrs. Flora] Wambaugh Patterson, who [is a Wash]ington woman and a widow, [has with] considerable celerity as a [...]—which means a student of [fungi]. She has charge of a division [of the pla]nt bureau which deals with [the dis]eases of plants—especially [those] of economic importance. [She has] identified mushrooms, deter[mining wh]ether they are edible or not; [but this is] a minor feature of her work. [In her] charge is a great and won[derful col]lection of specimens of par[asites], leaves, stems and other [...]. These compose a sort [of gal]lery, by the help of which [any pes]t of plant society, when caught, [can be] identified. An important part [of Mrs.] Patterson's task is to inspect [plants i]ntroduced into this country [by] agricultural explorers, in [order to] make sure that they bring no [new] diseases with them.

[Prob]ably the most versatile [woman sci]entist in government em[ploy is] Miss Evelyn Mitchell. A very [young wo]man, several years under [thirty, she] is already one of the great[est] authorities on mosquitoes. [Her recent]ly published monograph on ["...] Life" is a wonderfully com[plete] account of those insects. [She is not] only a naturalist, but a prac[tical one], having contributed a [great deal] to the sum of human knowl[edge by] her own discoveries.

[Miss Mit]chell was born at East Or[ange]. She worked her way through [the univ]ersity, taking the degree of [...] in 1902. Afterwards [she studied] field zoology at Cornell, and, [when Dr.] Dupree, surgeon-general of [..., ca]me to Cornell for an assist[ant in] mosquito work, she was ap[pointed]. While studying mosquitoes, she [...] them to feed upon her [...] by attaching thereto little [...] them. This was to [...] that their eggs should be [...] subsequent hatching.

[This re]markable young woman came [to Washin]gton in 1904, to study other [...] insects. At present she is [...] in gnats. Her drawings of [...] are considered quite astonishing. She also draws shells for the Smithsonian institute (a very difficult art), where, under government auspices, she chiefly pursues her scientific labors.

Likewise attached to the Smithsonian institution is Miss Mary Rathbun, who is a sister of one of the assistant secretaries of that establishment. She is one of the greatest authorities on crabs now living, and is also highly esteemed as an expert in shrimps, being equal in this line to any living scientist of male sex. For several years past she has been in charge of the section of marine invertebrates in the Smithsonian.

Another scientific worker in the same institution is Miss Harriett Richardson. Though a woman of considerable means, she is devoted to the pursuit of knowledge in regard to "isopods." Lest there be anybody who does not know what isopods are, it may be eplained that they are fourteen-footed crustaceans—such, for instance as sow-bugs and pill bugs. They are very attractive, and are more or less likely to be found in damp cellars, under doorsteps, or wherever there is moisture and decay.

Pill-bugs are particularly fascinating. When alarmed, they roll themselves up into little balls, and "play 'possum." In England, in the rural districts, people often swallow them for medicine. They are specially recommended for indigestion. The female pill-bug has a pouch on her breast, to hold her young ones until they are old enough to take care of themselves—thus imitating in a humble way the method practiced by the kangaroo. When any scientist abroad catches a new kind of pill-bug or sow-bug, he sends it to Miss Richardson, in order to make sure of its proper classification.

Miss Clara Ludlow is not only a botanist, of considerable repute, but also an expert in mosquitoes. The latter study, in fact, is her specialty. She has discovered a whole fauna of hitherto unknown mosquitoes in the Philippines, and is the foremost authority on certain groups of these insects. Her work in the office of the surgeon-general of the army, where she is employed, relates mainly to problems having to do with mosquitoes as carriers of malaria, yellow fever, and other diseases.

Miss Mary E. Pennington is a government bacteriologist of high skill. Just at present she is in charge of the food Research laboratory of the department of agriculture in Philadelphia, and is engaged in making a special study of the effect of cold storage on chickens and other poultry. Her investigations have revealed the fact that cold storage birds are very commonly unwholesome, being practically mummified, and afterwards so manipulated as to give them a fresh appearance—though they may be ready to fall apart with decay.

Miss Katherine G. Bitting of the bureau of chemistry is a micro-analyst. It is her business to study canned foods just at present, and in that task she is engaged at the government laboratory at Lafayette, Ind. Her task is to find out if there is anything wrong with such foods, either in the way of adulteration or bacterially—that is to say, through infection with germs which might render the foodstuff unhealthful.

The government has twenty-one of these laboratories, scattered over the country in such a way as to be situated conveniently for their work. Thus there is one in Boston, another at New York and yet another at San Francisco for the inspection of imported foodstuffs. Some of the most highly skilled work of this character is done by women—as, for example, in the case of Miss E. Alberta Read, who, ranking as expert microscopist, is now engaged at the Boston laboratory in "checking" food samples—that is to say, examining foods for the detection of adulterants.

Another expert microscopist busy in the same line of work is Miss K. G. Barber. All day long, in the top story of the bureau of chemistry in Washington, she examines samples of foods and drugs. It is a very difficult kind of work, the knowledge required being such as cannot be got out of textbooks, but must be gathered through long experience. Miss Barber is obliged to know and recognize all sorts of adulterants at sight when they fall under her eye beneath the microscope. Furthermore, she is not allowed to make mistakes, for it may be (as, indeed, often happens) that she will be called into court to give evidence for the government against the concerns that have dared to violate the Pure Food law.

Of course, all of this kind of work is done under the Pure Food law—though Miss Barber also examines samples of paper bought by the government, to make sure that Uncle Sam is not cheated. In an adjoining room, on the top floor of the bureau of chemistry, a woman chemist, Miss Aida M. Doyle, is occupied in making analyses of all sorts of food samples—her work, as will be understood, supplementing that of the microscopist.

Mrs. Otto Heidemann makes the most wonderful bugs for the bureau of entomology. They are giant insects—mosquitoes three feet long, and horse-flies, grasshoppers and other "critters" in like proportion. They are intended mainly for educational purposes, and Mrs. Heidemann has turned out a good many of them for the agricultural experiment stations in various parts of the country. As might be supposed, it is extremely difficult work, the building of each bug being based upon most careful observations with the microscope. Mrs. Heidemann is a sculptor, and it is merely through the fact that her husband is a professional entomologist that she was led into the practice of this remarkable art.

The most remarkable feat in its way ever performed by a woman scientist is attributed to Miss Alice Eastwood, who is said to be the best systematic botanist in this country. At the time of the great earthquake she happened to be in San Francisco. The stairs in building occupied by the California Academy of Sciences fell down, leaving only that portion of them to which bannisters had been attached. Upon this precarious remnant (being an experienced mountain climber) she actually made her way to the eighth floor and brought down a collection of type specimens of California plants, of priceless value, which otherwise would have been lost. A young man who was with her offered to undertake the job, but she said: "No; you have a family. Nobody depends upon me. I will go." And she did.

MISS ALICE HANKEL, Botanist

WOMAN MICROSCOPISTS—Bureau of Animal Industry

MRS. OTTO HEIDEMANN. MRS. FLORA W. PATTERSON. MISS E. G. MITCHELL. DR. MARGARET HUDDLESTON.

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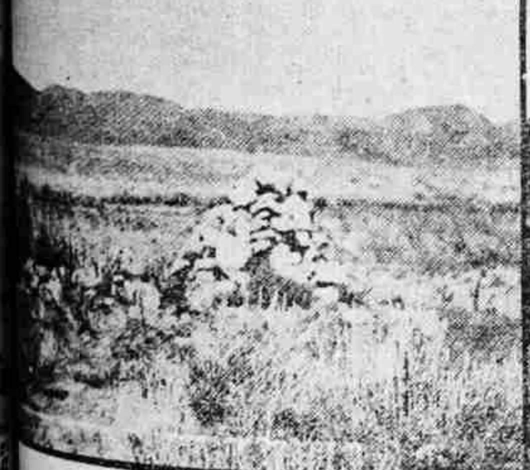
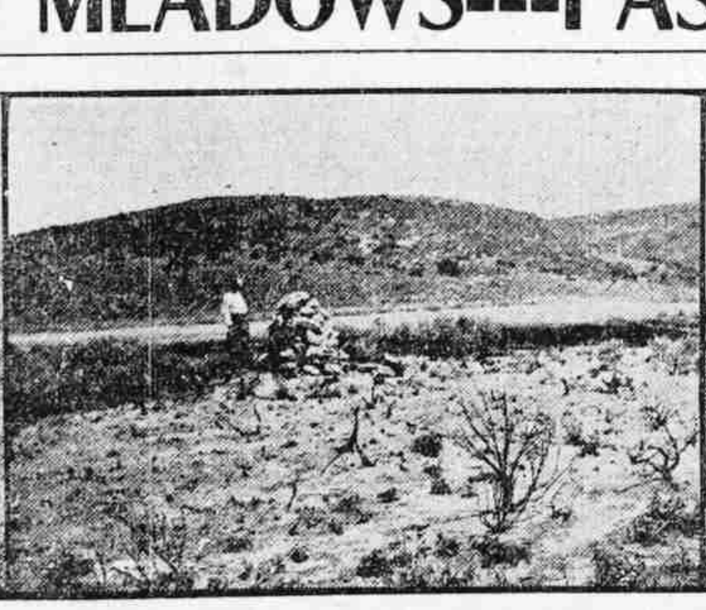
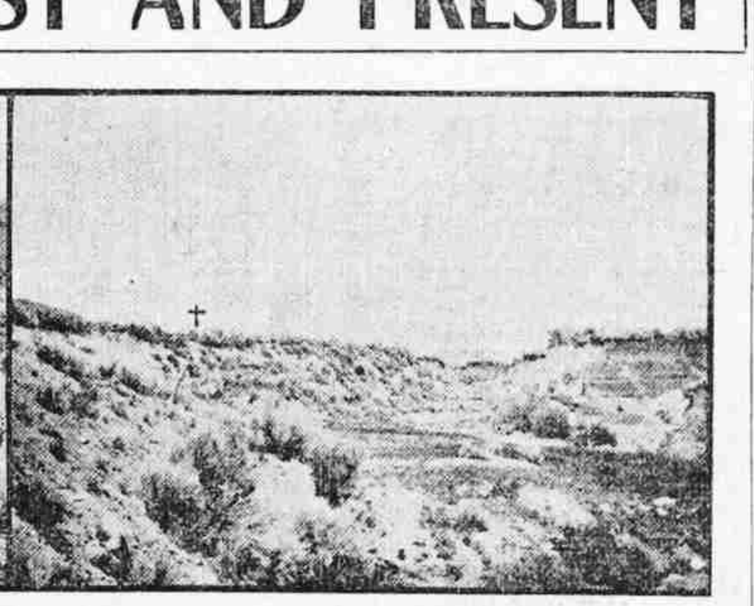
THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS---PAST AND PRESENT



The grave as it appears today—looking southwesterly.



The grave, looking easterly—hill in background from which first attack was made on the Arkansas emigrants.



Looking Northerly up wash, and showing the danger of the total obliteration of the grave (marked by cross on west side of gully) unless something is soon done for its protection.

[The] Deseret News and some of the [organs] of Mormondom have a [fit], or an attack of "blind [...]" if they read the above, [...] assured that this com[...] entirely peaceful, that it [was more] sentimental than warlike. [...] Frank Mayol of the [...] and the writer hereof, [went to] Mountain Meadows for the [purpose of] obtaining pictures of the his[toric ground] and to investigate present [conditions], seemed imminent some [...] when the locality was [visited by] the writer.

[Modena], some 272 miles distant on [the] San Pedro railroad, we [secured] a young Mormon driver [and ...] from the station to the [Meadows, ...] thirty miles by wagon [road]. The Meadows are about [...] miles in a direct line from several miles distant from the historic ground which was the point of destination. We left Modena a little after 12 and as it was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the ranches we were compelled to wait until morning to resume the trip.

[The road] was southeasterly over the [...] portion of the Escalante [desert, t]wenty-four miles to Holt's [ranch], at the base of the divide [or] "Rim" of the Great Salt [basin]. From Holt's the road as[cends for] a distance of two miles, [...] a sharp bend in the [road ...] face to face with a little [valley]. The place is known [as Mounta]in Meadows, although it is

The hamlet is situated in a picturesque little nook about 6000 feet above sea level. An agreeable surprise awaited us. Mr. Joseph Platt, a lifelong and intelligent Mormon, opened wide the door of his residence and bade us welcome. There was, however, no surprise in that for almost without exception every Mormon possesses in a large degree the time honored quality of hospitality. The surprise was to find our surroundings so entirely pleasant. Miss Platt, sister to the Platt brothers who own the ranch, is an ideal housekeeper and cook. Our appetites had been sharpened by a hurried meal at Modena, and the long wagon ride over the rough road. The "supper" call was quickly heeded. (Thank the good Father there are some places yet remaining on earth where "dinner" comes at 12 noon, and not between 8 o'clock and midnight). It was just a good oldtime supper, and such a supper. The two pilgrims who have been existing for years on restaurant "hash" looked the table over, then looked at each other and nearly fainted. There were fresh tomatoes and cucumbers galore, new potatoes just from the patch—potatoes cooked to a turn and served in the fine old fashioned milk and butter gravy—all fit for a king. There was a quart of rich cream to a man, if he wanted it, and pitchers of milk about which there rose no visions of unclean cow stables, such as have been recently described by Salt Lake's hustling food inspector Frazier. Fresh ranch butter and eggs! Oh, joy unspeakable. That supper yet lingers as a celestial dream.

Soon after our splendid meal the cows came trooping in from the nearby range. The mo-o-ing of the bovine mammas and the hungry calls of their offspring were reminders of the old care-free days of ranching over in Millard county—days that, unhappily, will never again be lived by the writer.

Across the road to the north was an entire house at our disposal for sleeping. The chill mountain air of that high altitude as soon as the sun disappeared sent thrills of polar comfort racing through our veins, and reminded us of the inviting beds awaiting our weary bodies. We were awakened early in the morning by the insistent conversation between the big and little bovines. Dear reader, gentle or otherwise, pardon the foregoing reminiscences which you may think have encumbered a lot of valuable space. We will now get down to business.

About one mile southwesterly from the Platt ranch the apex of the "Rim" is reached, and we look down on the historic ground of the Meadows proper. The road is the same as that traversed fifty-two years ago by the emigrant train of nearly 140 men, women and children whose destination was California, but over whose lives there was even then hovering the shadow of treachery and death.

Lest We Forget.

It is well to here state that there are many truly good and sentimental souls who object to any mention in public of the Mountain Meadows massacre. They object to having it mentioned because it is one of those "incidents of history which should be forgotten." Now, dear readers, whether Mormon or non-Mormon, let the fact be candidly stated that the Mormon people, as a people, past or present, cannot be held accountable for the tragedy enacted at the Mountain Meadows. There have been more falsehoods told by Mormon historians and speakers about that massacre than about any other incident of history. There was some justification for the falsehoods of those early years as they were then told in the interest of self-preservation. But the day has passed when falsehoods told of the tragedy will benefit the people of Utah or aid in the proselyting work of Mormon missionaries.

Another justification for telling the truth about the massacre and for keeping it prominently before the public is found in the fact that every Mormon history of their church teems with stories of the "massacre of Haun's mill," the "persecutions" of Missouri and Illinois, and of the "martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith," and of the "expulsion" of the Saints from those states. And inasmuch as "persecution" is claimed by the Saints to be an evidence of the divine truth of Mormonism those deplorable incidents in the history of their church are continuously kept before the public as an aid to proselyting. The Mountain Meadows massacre was the legitimate and logical outcome of the Mormon doctrines of unquestioning obedience and blood atonement, and the tragedy should be kept before the public as an aid in resisting the claims of divinity, and as an obstacle to conversion to a creed that recognizes no rights of men or women when those rights are in conflict with the revelations and dicta of the Mormon prophets.

It is about two miles southwesterly from the top of the divide down to where the small Mountain Meadows basin ends in a steep and narrow canyon through which the flood waters of the locality are carried to the Santa Clara river, some twelve miles to the south, and which, in turn, conveys the water to the Rio Virgin and thence to the Colorado river at Rioville on the Nevada-Arizona line. A half century ago a strip of meadow land about 300 yards wide occupied the lower portion of the basin and was a mile or so in length. Several tiny rivulets, formed by springs or the distant hillsides, reach the bottom land. On one of the northerly rivulets is now situated the Burgess ranch and which, in the presence of the present desolation, is a very oasis of shade and fruit. Well down toward the lower end of the basin is a spring which rises from the one time meadow. It was a few rods to the northwest of the spring where the emigrant train turned off the road to the left and made an irregular camp.

To the west, and distant from the spring just mentioned, is the north end of a basaltic dyke or ridge about 75 feet above the level of the valley. The sides of the ridge are covered with a dense growth of mountain sage, the apex of the ridge is strewn with boulders. Beyond the ridge toward the west, low basalt hills and ridges extend to the base of the Beaver Dam mountains, some two or three miles distant.

Some thirty rods east of the spring a hill covered with sage and clumps of scrub oak rises sharply from the bottom land. From that point the country rolls away to the east where a few miles distant, the higher land drops down to the Parowan valley; thence easterly a flat valley, marked here and there with volcanic cones, hills of almost pure iron, and isolated mountains of eruptive origin, extends to Cedar City. Beyond, the Tushar and Kolob mountains rise to the region of perpetual snow. And such is the topography that environs the last resting place of the Arkansas emigrants.

It is reported by some of the Mormon people that, while the emigrants were en route to the Meadows, some of the latter boasted of having aided in killing "old Joe Smith" at Carthage jail in Illinois, and with having conducted themselves in a boisterous and domineering manner toward the Mormon people. Others now living—men and women who mingled with the emigrants at their several encampments—aver that the men and women conducted themselves as gentlemen and ladies, and were sociable and hospitable. And there is absolutely no evidence that more than one of the emigrants made the boast above referred to.

Along about the middle of September, 1857, and while the emigrants were lingering at the Meadows, the presiding priesthood of Iron county held a "council" meeting at Cedar City, about thirty miles easterly from the camp of emigrants, and consulted as to whether or not the emigrants should be permitted to go in peace or should be exterminated. Only one man's name has thus far been recorded who opposed the massacre of the emigrants. To appease that one stalwart it was agreed to send a messenger to Gov. Brigham Young at Salt Lake City and learn his wishes in the matter. So cocksure were these priestly fanatics that President Young would approve of the extermination of the Arkansans that they detailed certain men to collect the Indians of Iron and Washington counties for the murderous work. And at least two days before the messenger arrived at Salt Lake the Indians were on the ground and ready for the slaughter.

Attack Upon the Emigrants.

The wagons of the emigrants were not arranged in the circular form which was usual when danger was imminent. It was not yet daylight, but a half dozen campfires were burning brightly. A score or so of men were grouped around the fires when, from the east hillside, a volley of bullets rained upon them. Several men were killed and wounded. Hastily securing their guns, and guided only by inferred direction, the men returned the fire and killed two redskins and wounded several. Disgusted with their luck, and terrified at the fierce resistance, the Indians withdrew. Hastily moving their wagons into a circle the emigrants barricaded their camp as best they could. A rifle pit was digged in the center of the "corral," and every effort made for stubborn resistance.

The second attack of the redskins was made from behind the basaltic ridge to the west. They were again repulsed with serious loss to themselves.

This letter is not intended as a history of the Mountain Meadows tragedy. The brief reference to it is made for the purpose of enlightening the young and others who may have but a dim idea of the tragedy and the locality in which it was enacted.

Butchered in Cold Blood.

Suffice it to say that two or three days after the first attack fifty-five white men were on the ground. A flag of truce was sent down to within about forty rods of the camp of the emigrants who, after a short parley, surrendered themselves to the protection of the white men. Within a half mile of their encampment the emigrants were shot, brained and otherwise butchered. On the pretext that their weapons might excite the animosity of the redskins the arms of the emigrants were taken from them, and which left them as helpless as so many babes in the clutches of a band of religious fanatics. Seventeen of the children, too young, as the fanatics believed, to tell the story of the massacre, were saved from the slaughter.

The following spring Jacob Hamblin, a Mormon Indian interpreter, who owned a ranch some two miles from the Meadows, gathered up more than one hundred twenty skulls and other parts of skeletons and buried them in the rifle pit digged by the emigrants. The common grave of the members of the Arkansas company is now marked with a mound of boulders which, at the west end, forms a monument about four feet high.

Present Condition on the Meadows.

Several of those who were present at the Meadows on March 23, 1867, when John D. Lee was executed for participation in the massacre, say that a small gully about six feet deep had formed in the lowest part of the basin, and which formed a trough into which the flood water and summer rains quickly found an escape from the bottom land. The result was that the meadow grass had disappeared and that mountain sage then covered the basin. Some four years ago the writer passed through the Meadows and camped on the ground during twenty-four hours. The gully had increased to a depth of twenty to thirty feet where an uneven bed of basalt near the grave had prevented the flood water from cutting a deeper channel. While the gully is not now deeper, it is rapidly widening and, unless measures are soon adopted to protect the last resting place of those stranger dead, the remains of those so ruthlessly murdered fifty-two years ago will be swept away. Several years ago a portion of the grave caved into the channel, and Joseph Platt assured us that a number of skulls were scattered in the bottom of the gully. At the present time the earth descends from the east end of the grave at an angle of about 35 degrees to the bottom of the gully or wash. The small spring from which the emigrants obtained water during the siege is now about ten feet below the surface and forms a swampy patch some two or three rods in diameter on a small bench about half-way down from the brink of the wash. A hundred feet or so to the north of the cairn the force of the flood water is projected directly toward the grave, then turns directly east and passes it as before described. And unless the burial spot is protected not more than two or three years will pass before the remains of those victims of blind obedience and blood atonement will be swept into the Santa Clara river, or buried in the silt along the intervening wash. A few short piling, backed by a wall of sagebrush will be sufficient to deflect the water from the grave until such time as the vertical banks will have caved down and the channel become fixed and the sides protected by sage and grass which will naturally take possession as soon as caving ceases.

Shaft Should Be Erected.

And there is yet another obligation that is due from the living to the dead at the Mountain Meadows. A granite monument of modest proportions and price should be placed over the grave. There should not be any offensive inscription thereon, just the names of those, so far as obtainable, the bare fact of their death, and the exact date if that can be fixed from the conflicting data.

We were assured by Mr. Joseph Platt that if the measures of protection, as suggested herein, and a monument be erected that he will do all in his power to care for the grave and will plant trees around it and otherwise improve the surroundings. So far as we could learn there is a general desire on the part of the people of southwestern Utah to have the grave protected and cared for.

Modena is the distributing point for St. George, Washington and the towns on the Rio Virgin. The road from those places to Modena passes within 300 to 400 yards of the grave, the condition of which is cause for deep regret to the inhabitants of that isolated locality.

Almost Unbelievable.

And as unbelievable as it may appear to many, there is not one in 100 of the younger men and women of southwestern Utah who know anything of the actual details of the massacre, or of the influences that led up to it. Our driver, an intelligent Mormon of about 25 years, asked the writer what caused the Mountain Meadows massacre. He was frankly informed of the causes and was visibly worried over the recital.

With each passing year the doctrine of the brotherhood of men is being more and more recognized. Selfishness is being slowly driven from the hearts of men. The sons and daughters of northern veterans now strew flowers on the graves of once hated "rebels." On each recurring Memorial day Salt Lake men and women gently lay the emblems of purity on the graves of the stranger dead in the cemeteries near our city. Then why should we not remember those whose remains occupy a grave in the wilderness of southwestern Utah? If someone will take the initiative there will be no difficulty in securing the necessary funds. The subscription should be popular with every Utahn irrespective of creed or nationality. In memorium. J. F. GIBBS.

Salt Lake City, August 11, 1909.

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