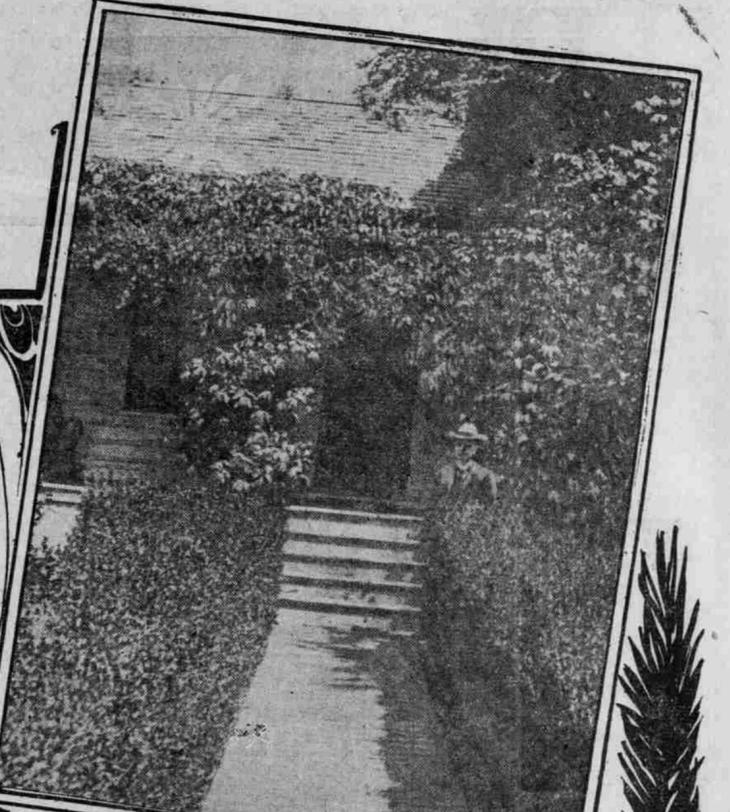
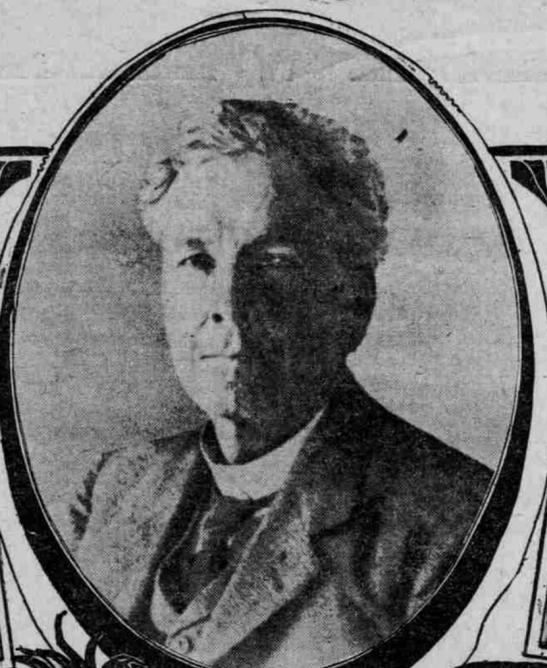


DAY WITH LUTHER BURBANK

Side Lights on the Wizard Who Has Bent Nature to His Purpose of Improving Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables



HIS FAVORITE SEAT IN A SHADY PART OF HIS GROUNDS WHERE HE KEEPS COMPANY WITH NATURE.

AT FIRST GLANCE YOU SEE MUCH THAT IS TYPICAL OF THE TILLER OF THE SOIL IN HIS FACE. HOWEVER, TAKING IN THE HIGH FOREHEAD AND KEEN EYES FROM A STUDENT AND MAN OF CONCENTRATION.

THE HOME AT SANTA ROSA IS A SIMPLE UNPRETENTIOUS FRAME, COVERED THE SEARS AROUND WITH A MASS OF GREEN IVY.

BY ALBERT EDWARD ULLMAN.

LUTHER Burbank is the man who made more than 70 varieties of apples grow on one tree. If he had lived in the beginning of things earthily the serpent would have had a strenuous time making a selection.

In the crossing of species and the obtaining of new products by that action, this simple man of the soil has become the horticultural wonder of the world. Shakespeare wrote that it was wasteful and ridiculous excess to "paint the lily," but Burbank has done it with great results.

Of his methods only the scientist can write, and even then the average reader would be unable to understand. It is sufficient to say that the horticulturist states that he can create in any fruit any kind of color, size or seed, flavor, texture or solidity desired, and the same with flowers. They may rebel for a time, but all ultimately yield to his persistent and practical knowledge and endeavor.

While it would be out of place, perhaps, in the case of other noted men of science, to go into their inner lives in a short description of their work for knowledge and mankind, it seems quite appropriate to tell that Luther Burbank is a bachelor. The naturalist was born in Lancaster, Mass., on May 7, 1849, and in his boyhood was as much a cloud-hopping farm apprentice as any frocked Yankee youth of today who milks the cows and does the other chores.

But young Burbank—the adjective fits him yet—has his eyes open to the marvels of nature's work all around him, and he early decided that human genius and study can greatly aid nature in the work of selection and betterment of species and forms. As the rugged and rocky soil and rough climate of Massachusetts did not promise best for experiments, he had even then been making, he betook him to the genial land and climate of Santa Rosa, Cal., and there he has worked out his theories to the benefit and the wonder of the world.

His First Success.

His early life there was one of privation. His poverty compelled him to take any work that came to hand in the shape of odd jobs here and there. He passed through a very severe illness, spent weeks in search of work and finally was able to start a little nursery on his own account. He was at home now and had a start. Neighbors thought him an honest, hard-working young fellow, who might squeeze through with a bare living. Then, suddenly, he did something. An order came for 20,000 young prune trees. It had to be filled in nine months and he had not a prune tree on his place. How was he going to do it? He employed a lot of men and boys to plant almonds for him. They grew rapidly. When they were ready, he had 20,000 prune-buds ready for them, and in a short time the prunes were budded into the growing almond trees. It had to be done in nine months and he had not a prune tree on his place. How was he going to do it? He employed a lot of men and boys to plant almonds for him. They grew rapidly. When they were ready, he had 20,000 prune-buds ready for them, and in a short time the prunes were budded into the growing almond trees. It had to be done in nine months and he had not a prune tree on his place.

His Nursery Business Grew. While other men worked to improve the ground by cultivation, fertilization, irrigation, weeding, hoeing and so on, he worked to improve the seed. Every little while he would send out a catalogue, telling seedmen and others that he had invented or created a new fruit or flower. One of his first successes was the sweet and mealy Burbank potato, which has given cheaper and better potatoes to the world. This fame began to grow and he disposed of his business that he might devote his life to the experiments he had been contemplating for years.

Taking Up Scientific Work.

It was then that scientific horticulturists began to realize the vastness and importance of his work. Men of science the world over began to write about the marvelous achievements of

this quiet man, of whom the next-door neighbor knew nothing. Merely to catalogue his work since then would fill hundreds of pages. One can but hint at them, and today, on his proving grounds, some seven miles from his home, experiments by the hundreds of thousands are going on all the time, some of them not completed, though they were begun 20 and even 30 years ago.

He conducts other experiments on the grounds surrounding the plain little frame cottage, smothered with green foliage, in which he makes his home. If you could visit this wonderland of things that grow, the first thing that would probably attract your attention would be the cactus patch, where you would see a row of heavy-leaved desert plants, covered with great prickly thorns, and another row absolutely devoid of them. And then, to eat the fruit of this cactus—the prickly pear—wholly free from thorns, would surprise you, indeed.

In the garden not far off you would find a bed of wonderful crimson rhubarb, with stalks two inches thick, and growing the year round. If you were interested in flowers you would find gorgeous and splendid creations. There are beds and beds of poppies, several thousand or more, and no two alike, all under test. The amaryllis also shows the great results of his work. It has been developed from a small flower to one 10 or 12 inches in breadth, with many astonishing combinations of color. He had to change the bulb, stem and leaf to do this.

Wonderful Hybridizing.

His work with the daisy is interesting. From England, Japan, Australia and in fact from every land where lives the daisy, he got seeds of the best varieties by thousands and thousands. He planted these and then killed them, and out of their death came a new daisy, fairer and more beautiful, more hardy, and that would flower in every climate perennially. It was the Shasta daisy—clear white, of great size, and center of pure yellow.

In vegetables you will see equally wonderful results. Besides the Burbank potato, you will find that among many things the tomato and sugar-beet have been changed wonderfully and made better. In fruits, he has made a giant plum of delicious flavor, the largest known; a prune like sugar, larger, earlier and more productive than any before. He joined the plum and apricot and created the plumcot. The same process brought forth a quince with the flavor of a pine apple, and he is working along the same lines to give us a blackberry two or three inches in size, almost seedless, with thornless bushes and with a rich and delicious flavor.

In his methods of working, this man Burbank is quick and decided. He is constantly among his things that grow with his keen eyes, trained to scientific accuracy, see at a glance all the faults and good qualities of a tree or plant, and he instantly decides to kill or let live.

As a Man.

If it were your privilege to be with him a day you would find him an early riser, like the farm boy of years ago. The furnishings of his home are simple, nothing gaudy, nothing costly, nothing ornamental, only useful. His breakfast is a little fruit and coffee. His lunch hardly more; his dinner a light one. He is not strenuous and takes little exercise other than the quiet outdoor strolls while engaged in his work. As his guest, you would find more wonders than you had ever witnessed before, and you would taste fruits that few mortal men have enjoyed.

Vernon L. Kellogg, professor of entomology in Stanford University, wrote of him lately that he does not appear to have any fundamental laws to reveal,



HIS EXERCISE IS CONFINED PRINCIPALLY TO WALKS ABOUT THE GROUNDS WHERE HORTICULTURAL WONDERS MEET YOU AT EVERY TURN. ALL PHOTOS COPYRIGHT 1907 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD NEW YORK.

but that he is quick to see and seize opportunity at once. He instances what Mr. Burbank did with his prize plum seedling. Instead of waiting for six years for it to grow and bloom and bear fruit, he grafted it on to a sturdy plum

tree and the very next year he had the delight of seeing its offspring.

Luther Burbank is a simple-hearted, good man. He is shy and reserved in all matters but his work; there he is definite and clear and decisive. "He has the spirit

of a boy and looks much younger than a man of 58. And, curiously, though he is a bachelor, as has been said, one of the most interesting of the books that have come from his pen is "The Training of the Human Plant."

THE DESIRE FOR IMMORTALITY

Suggestions Concerning Its Uncomfortableness to Certain People Under Certain Circumstances.

(BY GEORGE A. THACHER.)

R. J. A. KING, of Seattle, in a letter printed not long ago in The Oregonian, intimates that I manufactured opinions for prominent scientific men and then proceeded to quote them to sustain my own spiritistic belief. He concludes by saying that I evidently believe that truth is to be attained by counting heads, but that I should select my heads with more care.

That is harsh criticism, but it is perfectly justified if I have done as he says.

If counting heads secures the truth there are many cherished beliefs of the Anglo-Saxon race that must go to the wall, the Christian religion among them. Probably Mr. King did not mean that, but

used the statement as a convenient way of castigating me for misquoting Professor N. S. Shaler (as he thinks I did). That shows that he considers Professor Shaler's opinion not only of interest, but as carrying weight in estimating the value of psychical research. Mr. King clinches that idea by quoting Professor Shaler on spiritualism in his book, "The Individual."

That is my point of view precisely. If say 20 scientific men of prominence agree that the results of a careful investigation point towards a certain conclusion, it certainly indicates that that line of investigation deserves the careful consideration of all intelligent men. My letter in The Oregonian was inspired by that idea. Now as for my quotations. The quotation from Professor Shaler's writings is

to be found on page 321 of "The Individual," and the other quotations may be verified quite as easily by any reader of the works of Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Ravage and the others I mentioned. If I were to adopt the tone of Mr. King I might say that he quotes from his favorite author only what serves his purpose, and consequently advertises alike his ignorance and intolerance over his own signature in The Oregonian, but that might be considered as rubbing it in on the raw. I will say that Mr. King was indiscreet merely, and call his attention to the fact that he does not discriminate between spiritualism and psychical research. Professor Shaler does discriminate as becomes a scientific man, hence the value of his opinions. There is one thing especially noticeable in Mr. King's

attempt to demolish me with his contemptuous disapproval and that is his dislike of the idea of immortality. In that he is so much like the majority of us who consider it impertinent or unpleasant to most of all inconvenient to discuss immortality as a fact that there is no wonder that society does not welcome or assist psychical research. If it is important to society why do not the Legislatures of Oregon and Washington appropriate as many thousands of dollars a year for the purpose of investigating it as they do to sustain state schools or even to prevent forest fires? Why is the subject tabooed in ordinary social intercourse? Of course the answer is simple. Immortality in another world must be preceded by death in this one, and the thought of death does not help us to do the most or enjoy the most in life. We don't know immortality to be a fact, and as a general proposition we don't want to know it.

Even the churches minister to the popular desire by making it a matter of faith, and in very many instances declare any attempt to verify the dogma as Satanic. That reduces it to a matter of opinion which in times of bereavement is refurbished and named "the blessed hope of immortality," and for the balance of the years is laid away and deliberately put out of mind. It is said that F. W. H. Myers once asked an aged church member of most immaculate orthodoxy what he expected to happen to him after death. After some hesitation he reluctantly admitted that he expected to enter eternal bliss, but he did wish Mr. Myers would not bring up such a depressing subject. That is the trouble with Mr. King. He wanted to squelch a troublesome citizen. If he had really wanted to know he would have asked politely where those hopeful and promising opinions of scientific men could be found.

That suggests the attitude of the majority. I am not sufficiently in Dr. Hyslop's confidence to know how many of Portland's 40 millionaires contributed to the work which he described in his lectures here, but I doubt if the amount will appreciably reduce the Multnomah County tax next year. Of all men the rich and powerful and socially prominent are those who desire least to know of anything which might make it desirable to change their plans of living. They are too well satisfied as they are. "Where ignorance is bliss, etc."

On the other hand, those who are not prosperous and self-satisfied, those who are sick and distracted by trouble, and those who want to know the truth at all costs, sometimes really want to know if men survive physical death. It is hard for them to fight the conventions of society, which are made by the powerful; and life is a pressing business, not to mention the faint hope which never dies that they may become fortunate and happy in this life. So after all it seems that the only sincere searchers for truth about another life are those who for some reason ignore criticism and reproof and whose purpose is fixed. Such people are called cranks. It is not safe to call them insane, or liable to become so. However, they do in a way probably represent the weak-kneed majority.

It arouses curious dreams of society to think of a time when survival of physical death shall be accepted as a fact as truly as that men grow old, the race admits that disputation doesn't pay in the life of 70 years; that self-interest is necessary to provide a competence; that the good opinion of men is necessary to happiness and that consequently character must not be distinctly bad unless it can be successfully concealed; that men are intellectual (spiritual) beings and that memory, as Lady Macbeth found, may become an unendurable curse. These facts are recognized and are met or dodged in various ways. Supposing it to be known that intelligence and memory survive indefinitely and that pretence and hypocrisy must be known as well as a man's face, what a painful readjustment would be in order.

There would not be the slightest comfort in damning Rockefeller; we should be too busy in lamenting our own pet failings. Of course it would be evident that the man who wronged another really

only damaged his own chance for happiness; that the millionaire who absorbed wealth as an object in life was simply collecting sticks and stones that he did not want, and was depriving others of what they needed; that selfishness of any kind in short, was simply moral suicide; that ignorance was lack of ability to live; that power was a curse unutterable unless used in service; that genuine democracy, and not its counterfeit, was the only real fact in human relations that would stand.

After all, is it any wonder that we don't want to know about immortality? First, there is or might be the necessity of looking at existence from a new point of view, which we naturally wish to avoid as a horrid discomfit; next there would be the necessity of changing our plans as we claim to be intelligent beings. Of course perfection could not be attained, but there would be the everlasting spur of necessity to keep trying; and last of all, or rather first, would be the need of keeping the seat of life and fighting physical death with even more determination than at present. Do we really want the gift of a scientifically certain immortality, or do we prefer what the ministers preach about at funerals—"the blessed hope of immortality"? Can we really want to entertain a hope at certain times which would make us most unhappy if it were proved to be true, and which we desire at other times may not be proven true? That's a safe proposition from a psychological standpoint, for all men have to do is to refrain from thinking the opposing thoughts at the same time. A man may safely hope one thing today and another a week from today, even though that other opposes the first. It is a trifle inconsistent, but so we are all of us. So is Mr. King, who has tried to demolish the force of a letter I wrote by intimating that I

"faked" my quotations from the scientists, especially from the man whom he describes as the great Professor Shaler. After all, Omar puts the case succinctly. Why, if the soul can ring the dust aside, and stand on the air of heaven ride, what's the use of demolishing the force of a letter I wrote by intimating that I

"faked" my quotations from the scientists, especially from the man whom he describes as the great Professor Shaler. After all, Omar puts the case succinctly. Why, if the soul can ring the dust aside, and stand on the air of heaven ride, what's the use of demolishing the force of a letter I wrote by intimating that I

in this clay carcass crippled to abide?

Baseball Lingo—1907.

"Oh, father!" quoth a tender maid.
"Pray what's this I read?"
About the baseball game they played—
Such language I ne'er heard!

"It says that Twitstem had great form.
"His speed was lightning-like."
"He was the grandest and warm."
"And 'had 'em on the hike!"

"A pitcher's battle; 'treworks start!"
"Strong's weak one Nibbsley nabbed!"
"A cotten throw—buy him a cart!"
"Just air big Mugsy grabber!"

"Billbs smashed to center for a sack!"
"Squibs cracked it on the nose!"
"Squibs bobbed—failed to get it back!"
"Squibald turned on his nose!"

"Another marker; 'sneezed two!"
"Jones kicked, but did alas!"
"Bean beat a hunt and Charley drew
A plainly framed-up pass!"

"Then Sluggar sling the sphere for one!"
"And Swatton set him on the sun—
While Killit warped it toward the sun—
It may come down by dawn!"

"They all romped home; the fans went
mad!"
"Oh, what a put!" they cried;
Then Crankem popped—died down—too
had!"

"Pink plunked to Plum and first!"

"Fright got a blink, stole to see!"
"Fish fozzled Pounder's drive;
But Smasher almost broke his neck!"
"More home for our live!"

"And so it goes—some other stuff—
"Left garden's brilliant catch;"
"Farm him," "Look at that bush league
"Some uv them fowls may hatch!"

"I told you he'd connect with it!"
"Blim burned the sod to right!"
"Just watch us 'sneezed!" "A dandy
"hit!"

"Aw! bring that Umps a light!"

"Oh, daddy! daddy!" cried the girl.
"My brain is troubled!"
And swirling, twirling in a whirl—
Who won, and what the score—
—Indianapolis News.