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LUTHER BURBANK and Dr. Charles Saunders have been acclaimed wizards in their special departments of natural science, that of creating new varieties in flowers, fruits, and cereals. One of them is an American and the other a Canadian, but they "belong" neither to the one nor the other. They are citizens of the world who have earned and would be cordially welcomed to the freedom of any city or community on earth.

From the time they began to make a study of the habits of plant life, and to discover the secrets of reproduction in their particular field, both men are entitled to the sole credit of some astonishing results, the economic importance of which has as yet scarcely dawned on the people they will ultimately benefit.

Two more humble men are not living to-day, men who are so little disposed to shout about their achievements; and yet there are probably no contemporaries who could have greater justification in mounting the band wagon with the trombone. They are of the retiring type like that other great student who first spotted the law of gravitation, and said near the end of his life that he was but a child on the seashore gazing out upon the great unexplored ocean of facts.

That is the way, the "thought habit" of all really conscientious investigators. One and all, they persist in disclaiming the right to the plaudits that come their way, and with perfect ingenuousness declare that they have done nothing that someone else could not have done as easily had they cared to set about it and worked with the same persistence.

Here we are in May with the seed practically all in, and so far with the prospects of a fine germinating season. No doubt a great part of Western Canada's seed bed has been indifferently prepared, and some careless or impecunious souls have not been over-particular in the selection of their seed, but on the other

A Wizard's Cap to Fit Every Farmer Boy

"Nothing great ever began great"

hand there is a large and growing crowd of serious men and young folks who have given much thought and infinite pains alike to

kets has stirred the cupidity at least of many keen grain growers, but far more satisfactory is it to find that the spirit of the men

crowd of farmer's boys—old boys, like Seager Wheeler, Samuel Larcombe and Donald MacVicar, as well as those indomitable lads of the boys' and girls' clubs.

"What one man has done another can do" if he will but pay the homely price in sustained effort. The same "wizard's cap" that metaphorically covers the silver hairs of Luther Burbank, or the still auburn locks of the younger Dr. Saunders, will fit the smallest boy or the oldest settler on the prairie if he wills it.

There's no secret or royal road to still more astonishing results than have been achieved by these men other than sustained and intelligent observation and careful experimenting. Boys, you have the whole materials for the performance of the trick in your hands—even Nature and labor, seed, soil and atmosphere.

There is a bigger "ocean" of unexplored facts in Western Canada than even Newton looked out upon, and the fruits of patient perseverance are withheld from no man. Nature is amazingly kind and scrupulously just (which is more than you can say of many employers of labor). If you toil in pleasant companionship with her for twice eight-hours-a-day, she won't do you out of a dime; her rewards and her punishments are invariable.

In a recent issue of "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" some very strong things were said in reference to the government making a large increase in the appropriation it has been in the habit of setting aside for purely investigational purposes, such as are being carried on by Dr. Saunders and his colleagues. That is all right, and it is due to the best interests of the country that the powers who control the public purse should loosen up most liberally in this respect.

But there is a strong probability that the voluntary investigations and experiments carried out by the enthusiasm of the farm boys might go a long way in the same direction if they did



OLD DADDY RED FIFE

This bundle of No. 1 Hard was raised on the farm of Mrs. Watson, 14 miles south of Weyburn, Sask.

the character of their seed and the condition of the seed bed.

The wonderful record of Marquis wheat on the world's mar-

who so patiently and so intelligently brought it forth, so to speak, is taking hold upon and fixing the ambition of a big