

Arabs at Bazar Raise Their Prices in Honor of T. R.

BY GILSON GARDNER.

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 KHARTUM, March 18.—My fall from the donkey today was much more graceful than that of yesterday. All are agreed on that.

It is a good rule—the one I told you about yesterday. Wait until the donkey's ears are perfectly flat upon the ground, then elevate the camera in the left hand, and slide down the neck. Be careful of the camera. Don't trample on the donkey. Smile and remount at once.

Twice today the donkey collapsed, and each performance was better than the last. I feel encouraged.

Col. and Mrs. Roosevelt were in a red-wheeled cart. Slatin Pashaw was on a prancing bay stallion. The honorable police guard were on supercilious-looking camels, and very classy they appeared in their red Morocco boots, red shou jackets, white pantaloons and white turbans, pinned in front with red stars and crescent. The war correspondents were on collapsible donkeys, and one of them toyed with an unfamiliar instrument known as a camera.

Omdurman was our prey today. The name stands for an African city across the Nile from Khartum—a city where 60,000 black people live as they have lived for centuries before Stanley and Livingston and Cromer and Kitchener began to make things different. Here are the necessary mud-walled houses, the native markets, where sun-dried is spread out by the acre; where elephant tusks are piled like cordwood, and little alleys are lined with shops where both the manufactured and sale of crude silver articles, beads, grass baskets, amber and old knives goes on. Here is the women's market, where no men are allowed, and here are the piles of dura, or native wheat. On the shores of Omdurman are grasses—crudely fashioned sailing craft, with slim spars and lateen sails, all wonderfully interesting and picturesque.

The party's guide was Slatin Pashaw. (Mr. Pashaw is apparently the leading family here, until one finds that "Pashaw," "Bey" and "Blimshah" are but honorary titles stuck on after instead of ahead of the Christian name.) Slatin was our guide because he had spent 13 years in captivity in Omdurman, and written a book on the subject. Here he lived after Gordon's massacre, bondsman to the calif for three years, running front behind the calif's horses, and for three months in chains, daily expecting to be hanged. He showed us where he lived—a one-story, mud-walled hut like the rest—where he dug a well with his hands; where the calif (or khalf) lived; where he kept his wives, his mint, and where he said his prayers.

This Slatin is a young-looking man. He looks less than his 53. The simple life evidently agreed with him. By the way, he is not a British subject, though he holds the office of inspector general of the Sudan. He is an Austrian, and he speaks with pronounced German accent.

We were up today at 6. The day began with breakfast in the mess of the Eleventh Sudanese, across the river from Khartum. In the afternoon were "symkhana" races, in the evening dinner at the Sudan club. At midnight dancing at the "palace." Oh, yes; a lovely easy life. When I'm writing this? While resting in between.

At Omdurman, T. R. was "hooped" to a finish. I expect there were as many as 19,000 women lined up, beating drums, and letting out those shrill cries, "Loo loo," with which they impartially eke warriors on to battle, give honor to the distinguished visitor, or mourn the dead on the way to burial. All Omdurman was out. Twenty shekhs, some with shoes and some without, but all picturesque in oriental robes and turbans, were lined up at the landing stage; the guard of the sultan or dar Fur brought greetings, and a battalio; the Eleventh Sudanese went through their drill, and were reviewed by the colonel; the women danced their native dances; and all was all colorful as the setting of a burlesque opera.

After the colonel had romped through several acres of stunts, he arrived at the market of the silver-smiths.

"This is a new and strange experience," said he, as he took out a pocketbook and began making change for a silver box. "I don't know when I've had a chance to handle money all myself."

It was no bargain day in Omdurman. Silver articles sell by weight, and the colonel's box went into the scales, and the price was figured out to the last piastre. And probably the price was raised a bit in his honor.

The first public address delivered by T. R. since emerging from the jungle was evoked by a battalion of boys from the government school at Omdurman. They were drawn up in two lines on opposite sides of the street, near Omdurman's public square, and they had been trained to give "three American cheers for Mr. Roosevelt."

Standing up in the red-wheeled cart, the colonel said things—said things emphatically—to the interpreter, with flat beating upon the mudguard, and the interpreter said them in different sounds to the boys.



WITH T. R. AT KHARTUM, CORRESPONDENT GILSON GARDNER ON THE LEFT, ROOSEVELT ON THE RIGHT.

"Stand for the present government," was the substance of Col. Roosevelt's advice. "Under the mahdi there was a reign of terror, cruelty and barbarism. Today you have justice, peace and prosperity."

To a delegation of merchants he said much the same. Mrs. Roosevelt did not go to the afternoon and evening doings. One and a half days of camels, horses, drags and boating—"on end," as the British say—were all she could stand.

At the Sudan club dinner there was another speech. The colonel was in superb spirits, and he carried his audience off their feet. Much of his talk was humorous, part was serious commendation of the work of Britain's colonial builders.

The table was set in the garden of the club. One of the guests was the Arab mufli, an intelligent-looking black, who is a sort of ecclesiastical judge, harmonizing Mohammedan and the English law. Near him sat an Egyptian in red turban—one of the generals in Kitchener's campaign 12 years ago. Many of the officers now stationed here came up with the expedition and fought at Kerretti or Omdurman.

Miss Roosevelt and Kermit were much amused with the "symkhana" races in the afternoon. You may or may not know these are races with a little vaudeville thrown in. For example, the men may be required to saddle the horses of the lady entries, assist them to mount, hold a ribbon between the riders and dash around the course. This is the "Gretina Green" race. Then there is the whistling race, and the picture race, and various other races.

The official hosts on this occasion were Col. Asser and his American wife. The colonel, in the absence of Sir Reginald Wingate, becomes acting governor of the province. The colonel and his wife are known as the handsomest couple in Khartum.

"Wasn't it great!" said the American visitor, when it was all over. "I expect today has been the cream of all the trip."

He had evidently had a corking time.

Donkeys and cameras tomorrow again at 8. Good night.

Business Bringers. Star classified ads. Buy or sell real estate, etc.

THE WAVE MOTOR MARVEL OF THE CENTURY

HAS man succeeded in harnessing the power of the sea? It seems so, judging from the preliminary operations of the wave motor, an invention of James D. McFarland, Jr., a full working model of which is on exhibition at 921 Third av.

And Mr. McFarland, to absolutely demonstrate the vast field which he will enter with his invention, is even now building an immense float at the foot of Hanford st., which, when launched, is expected to travel across the sea to San Francisco from power generated by the waves of the ocean.

The mind stands almost appalled at the illimitable field opened to this invention. Harnessing the power of the sea, the greatest uncontrolled force in the world, means a commercial factor in comparison with which the history of past achievements pales into insignificance.

With the ordinary wave motions of the ocean, Mr. McFarland says he can produce and transmit electricity by means of his wave motor at less than 10 per cent of the cost today.

This means that electricity will be within the reach of every man, woman and child in the world, that it will furnish the world power, heat and light at less than it takes today to actually dig coal from the mines. Add to this fact that Mr. McFarland says he can send ships through the water with the power generated from the sea while en route, and the thinking man involuntarily stops and tries vainly to conjecture if there is any limit to this modern miracle.

The wave motor, in brief, is a float resting upon the surface of the water. The motion of the waves rocks the float. Extending through the bottom of the float and down into the water is an immense rod, held perpendicular by means of upright plane surfaces, not unlike four ship's rudders spreading in opposite directions. The upper end of the rod is attached to a series of pump cylinders. The motions of the float in tipping with the waves transmit this energy to the pump cylinders, and this in turn operates the wheel which drives the dynamo—and there is your electricity.

There are dozens of minor points, technical and otherwise, which aid in this transmission of power, but for the average reader the above description gives an intelligent idea of the wave motor.

This power is transmitted from the dynamo on the float to the station ashore, to be stored or disposed of in the thousand and one ways that electricity is used.

The cost of utilizing the ocean's power, according to the inventor, by means of the afloat motor, is 90 per cent less than that produced by the hydro-electric plants, and in this the question of future supply seems to be solved.



A visit to Mr. McFarland's establishment, at 921 Third av., is an interesting experience. The big demonstrating model of the afloat motor, or wave motor, occupies the center of the big room, and Mr. McFarland and his enthusiastic assistants are almost constantly engaged in working the motor and explaining its various parts and functions to the constantly increasing stream of interested visitors.

At one side is a demonstrating model of a gas engine, also the invention of Mr. McFarland, which weighs much less and produces more power, proportionately, at much less expense than any gas engine now in existence.

In another part of the room is a large revolving cylinder engine which can use steam, compressed air or fluid, and can be used as a pump for irrigation or other purposes. And from the time the front door is opened in the morning until the last operative leaves in the evening, the quarters are crowded with visitors, people inquiring into all of the wonderful inventions, and those thoughtful persons who realize that here may be a new epoch marked in a world of utility.

In explaining his wave motor Mr. McFarland says: "First—It can be constructed at a cost 90 per cent less than any other method of obtaining electrical power, whether in wave motors or inland water power plants.

"Second—It is practically indestructible.

"Third—Wear and tear are almost entirely eliminated.

"Fourth—The cost of power transmission is less than 1 per cent of the cost of the inland plants.

"Fifth—The afloat motor does not require location rights and has no ditches or dams to keep up.

"Sixth—The cost of attendants is but one-eighth that of an inland plant.

"Seventh—The electric generators can be driven more steadily than by steam, which is a necessity in electric generation.

"Eighth—The afloat motor can never have a successful competitor, as the invention is composed of five basic principles never before worked out in mechanics.

The patent which has been granted to Mr. McFarland on his wave motor covers basic principles which will effectually prevent the operation of similar devices by any other than the controlling company. This absolutely safeguards the rights to the patent and gives the real owners an absolute monopoly on the operation of these machines.

When Bell invented the telephone and tried to sell his stock, people laughed at the idea. And so it was with Westinghouse air-brake stock. But the people who bought even a few shares of these stocks in those days quickly realized fortunes. And shares of these stocks today, when they can be bought at all, command fabulous sums.

In comparison with these two inventions, the field of the wave motor, when successfully introduced as a commercial factor, is boundless. Heat, light and power are an everyday necessity, and at the cheap cost

they can be produced through the wave motor, they will be within the reach of all. The difference in cost will make coal an unnecessary luxury.

According to figures prepared by Mr. McFarland, a summary of investments shows that while steam plant energy returns the investor 5.3 per cent, the water power plant earns 50.7 per cent, and the wave motor plant will earn 117 per cent.

Nearly all the stock that will ever be sold in the corporation comprising these wonderful patents has already been disposed of.

McFarland's Revolving Gasoline Engine for Aeroplanes, Autos and Motor Boats.

Here's a Nice Place to Live

Burke & Farrar's Fifth Addition

It's just the place where you and your family will enjoy every minute of the time. The view of the Sound and mountains is delightful. It is high and dry and the air is clear as crystal. The surroundings are congenial and all modern improvements are conveniently at hand. City Water, Sidewalks, Electric Lights, Telephones, Schools and Parks.

It's a Profitable Place to Live, Too

The lots are cheap enough so that you can afford to buy a big piece of ground, plant a little garden and keep a few chickens. That will cut down the living expenses a whole lot, and as the property is built up the increase in value will make you a nice profit. It is building up pretty fast, too. There are nine new houses going up now.

It Has Good Transportation

That's the main point in deciding whether property is desirable or not. One car line runs past this property and there are two others within three blocks.

Our Prices Are Right
\$250.00 and Up

TERMS
\$5 to \$10 Monthly

Satisfy Yourself
 Compare the price of this property with others miles away out in the woods, covered with brush and stumps, or down in some hollow with a view of nothing but the hillsides all around, and you will find that ours is the cheapest property in the North End.

E. C. BURKE
Burke & Farrar, Owners, 405 to 409 New York Block



You Can't Afford to Wait Another Day

If you want the best your money will buy. These lots are going fast and they are the last choice lots in the North End. Take the Fremont-Ballard car to Seventieth Street, Our Branch Office. We are there every day to show you over the property.

BERT FARRAR