

How the British Are Educating the Wild Natives of the Sudan

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 HARTMUT, Nov. 22.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Away up the Nile valley, so far from the Mediterranean that it takes four days by steamship and railroad to reach it, with almost a stone's throw of where people are going naked, and near the site of what not long since was one of the slave centers of Africa, the English have built up a school which is turning out native teachers and judges, government clerks and bookkeepers, mechanics of all sorts, and within certain limits, civil engineers. It has already erected several acres of college buildings and it has large dormitories, well-equipped class rooms, a library, a museum, and also one of the most remarkable research laboratories of the world.

In Honor of General Gordon.
 I refer to Gordon college, which was founded just after the battle of Omdurman and named in honor of the great general who was killed in sight of where it now stands. The suggestion was that of Lord Kitchener, and the money was voluntarily contributed by the British and Egyptian governments. The amount raised was \$700,000, and to this has been added the munificent gift of Mr. Henry B. Wellcome, an American, who has established the famous Wellcome laboratory as a part of the institution.

It was through a note of introduction from Lord Kitchener to the British and Egyptian governments, that I was taken through it and given an insight into its workings and possibilities. The institution stands on the banks of the Blue Nile at the southern end of Khartoum, between the barracks and the palace of the sirdar. It is a handsome structure of dark red brick of Moorish architecture, spanning around three sides of a square, with the front facing the river. At the back are beautiful gardens and at the rear of them a sort of experimental plantation, where Dr. Currie is testing whether or not certain other shrubs can be successfully grown.

The college building is of two stories with a tower over the center. About the inside run wide corridors or galleries which are separated from the gardens by great columns, furnishing cloisters up and down which the long-haired turbaned students walk between their hours of recitation and study. In a wing at the left of the entrance are the laboratories, museum and libraries, and in the front and in the wing at the right are the great classrooms which were filled with students during my stay.

College of Africans.
 After chatting for a time with Dr. Currie about the college we took a walk through it, visiting the various rooms. It has now something over 300 students, ranging in age from ten to eighteen or over. The students are from all parts of the Sudan, and they are of all colors, from faces as white as our own to the deepest and shinnest of stove black. Many of them have their faces seared with gashes and scars denoting the tribe to which they belong, and could we read the marks we should find their homes are located in the Blue Nile, the Bahr of Ghazal, away up on the edge of the Congo Free state. Others were from villages in Fashoda, near the river Sobat, and others from the borders of Abyssinia and from the regions along the Red sea. There are quite a number of the Sudanese and they are a few of Kordofan and Darfur, and not a few from Senegal and Berber. Some of the boys were dressed in the turban and gowns of Egypt and others were the white turbans and long robes of the people of central Africa. Among them were Coptic and Mohammedan Egyptians, Soudanese and Arabians.

Many of the students have features like ours. Their noses are straight, their lips thin and their hair not kinky, although they are black. Such boys are not negroes. They are the descendants of people from Arabia, and their ancestors had reached a high degree of civilization during the middle ages, and were noted for their science and universities were noted over the world.

For the Sons of Sheikhs.
 The college here is divided into three departments. The first is for the sons of sheikhs and is devoted to the training of teachers for the Mohammedan schools and of judges and other officials for the Mohammedan courts. The British are governing the Sudan as far as possible through the natives. They respect the native religions and the native language, and therefore the instruction in this part of the college is altogether in Arabic. The students are taught the Koran and the Koranic law; they write all their exercises in Arabic, take dictation in Arabic and are well founded in the Mohammedan religion and especially as it bears upon the government of the people. They are fine looking fellows, dressed almost uniformly in turbans and gowns, and they have the aristocratic bearing which shows them to be the sons of chiefs.

After Government Jobs.
 The second department of the college is filled by those who hope to get minor appointments under the government by general education to fit themselves for business and private citizenship. In this department both English and Arabic are taught. Many of the boys are young. In the class room I found a score of brown and black-faced pupils learning to write English and some of them were over 15 years of age. The most of the boys were the caps and black gowns. They stood up as I entered, in company with the president of the college, and then rose to their feet again as we left. In this college surveying is taught. I was shown some excellent mechanical drawings and some plans worked up from field notes. These were of course, in the higher classes. The education is thorough and a boy can get a training that will fit him for almost any branch of life or for any profession which can be carried on in the Sudan.

They Need School Teachers.
 As it is now the natives of the Sudan are illiterate. The mahdi and the khalfis discouraged them of all kinds, because they knew that the educated people would discredit the doctrines they taught and upon which their government was founded. The khalfis ordered that all books should be destroyed. He had no schools worthy of the name, and as it is not one Sudanese in a hundred can read and write. The khalfis say it is useless to post up govern-

ment proclamations unless they station a man beside such one to read it out to the passer-by. At the same time the natives respect learning. They think that anything written must be true, and scribes sometimes go about and extort money by showing documents which they claim are orders to pay issued by the government.

Common Schools Being Founded.
 The British are doing all they can to change these conditions. They are trying to educate the people, and are gradually establishing higher primary schools. There are four schools of this kind at Khartoum, one in Suakin, one in Halfa and one in Omdurman. In all these schools the language taught is Arabic, and the children are trained along Mohammedan lines.

I went through the schools of Omdurman the other day. In addition to the higher primary schools there are seventy or eighty others, and they have altogether about 2,000 pupils. The most of the schools are connected with the mosques, and they teach little more than reading and writing. The other schools give the rudiments of an education along western lines, and the higher primary schools teach English, mathematics, drawing and other branches as well.

I went through a higher primary school with the Egyptian governor of Omdurman. It consisted of many one-story buildings running around a walled inclosure. Each building is a schoolroom. The boys study at desks just like those used by our schoolboys at home, and they have the modern appliances. The students are of all ages, from boys of 6 learning to read to young men of 18 or 20 ready to graduate. I heard some of the latter recite in English, and they seemed to me quite as bright as our boys at home. One of them heard the recitation of a scene from "William Tell," where Gessler makes the Swiss boys shoot the apple from the boy's head. Four black boys took part in the dialogue. They declaimed in English, and although they seemed to me quite as bright as our boys at home, they were not so well versed in the story. In another building I met some of the sons of the sheikhs and photographed them out in the open. The pupils of all the schools are polite, and their natural ability is far above that of the African natives who live further south.

Founded by an American.
 Returning to the Gordon college, one of the most interesting institutions connected with it is the Wellcome laboratory. This was founded and is supported by Mr. Henry B. Wellcome, a wealthy Philadelphian, who is one of the well known firm of Burroughs & Wellcome, manufacturing chemists and druggists of London. This firm has made a special study of tropical



IN THE MACHINE SHOP AT GORDON COLLEGE.

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diseases and tropical medicines, and a part of its business is to supply missionaries and exploring parties. It has furnished Henry M. Stanley and others, with medical outfits for travel throughout the world. It was probably through the study of such

things that Mr. Wellcome became interested in the Sudan and in its development along health and other lines, and was thereby induced to furnish, equip and sustain this great laboratory. The objects of the institution are to promote the study of tropical diseases and especially diseases of man and beast peculiar to the Sudan, and also to render assistance to the health officers of the civil and military hospitals. The laboratories are carrying on experimental investigations as to the poisons used by the natives, as to the chemical and bacteriological condition of the waters and also as to everything regarding food-stuffs and sanitary improvements. They are testing and assaying the various minerals and are looking up all matters relating to the industrial development of the country.

The main offices of the laboratory are in the college, but its explorers are sent out in every direction and they are making all sorts of investigations. They are looking into the mosquitoes of the country, are investigating the tsetse fly and other pests, and among other things are studying the sleeping sickness, a horrible disease which is common to the Sudan and which has killed its thousands throughout central Africa. They have to do with the boll weevil and other insects which ruin the crops, and they are aiding the cancer research fund and the Carnegie institution in its investigations. I have met a number of the scientists connected with this institution, and I find them able men. They tell me that the Sudan has almost every noxious insect and pest known to man and beast. It has worms and evils which affect the cotton crop, and it has mosquitoes which carry malaria and which would carry yellow fever if they were once inoculated feeding upon a yellow fever patient. Indeed, the stegomyia or yellow fever mosquito swarms here, and if one of them should be inoculated with yellow fever germs it might start an endless chain of disease which could hardly be broken.

One of the most interesting men I have met in Khartoum is a young American chemist who has charge of the industrial investigations of the Wellcome laboratory. This is Dr. William Beam, formerly of Pennsylvania. He is now making a study of the various grains of the Sudan, as well as of its minerals and precious stones, from the standpoint of the development of its resources. He tells me that the Sudan will some day export grain to Arabia and the other countries about, and that it will in the future be known as a land of wheat and cotton.

Story of Chinese Garden.
 Just back of the palace in Khartoum, and not far from the college named after him, is a "Chinese garden." In it the great hero is represented sitting upon a camel, which stands on a high pedestal of stone. The general has merely a stick in his right hand, and he is looking boldly and fearlessly out in the direction of the desert. I have been told that he seldom carried more than a stick, and that although his whole life was full of danger, he never showed fear.

In talking about this the other night with the sirdar or commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army he told me an incident illustrative of Gordon's bravery. We were standing on the portico which extends out from the palace to the river, and the general shot across the river to the palace. General Gordon kept a diary, and it was his custom of an evening to sit in his room, back of where we now stand, and write. The sirdar saw his light and shot at it again and again. When the natives at Khartoum heard of this they became much alarmed. "General Gordon," they said, "is being killed, and as he was the only hope, they sent in a remonstrance, begging him to either do his writing at the back of the house or to hide his light by a screen. In reply General Gordon invited the delegation to come to the front of his palace. In answer, when they appeared they found every window closed, and the general stood at each for a moment making himself as the delegation thought, a fair mark for the sirdar's bullets. After that he came out and standing in the full of the light said:

"General Gordon's bravery," continued the sirdar, "was far beyond that of others of the world's heroes. He fought here until the last and when the Arabs finally overcame him and entered his palace he calmly demanded of them where their master was. They replied by slung their spears into his body; and as he fell, they dragged him down the steps and there cut off his head to be sent to the mahdi. His body was left to the mercy of the fanatics, and they rushed forward by the thousands to dip their spears and spears in his blood. They fairly cut the body to pieces, and the blood, which had stained the steps and walls of the palace, remained there until the khalfis decided to make that place a dwelling for his harem and harem was moved away."

Work Fit for Sunday.
 A stickler for the good, old ways, which we all admit to be the best, dropped in from church to see a writer. To the great surprise and horror of the Sunday visitor, the writer was at work. The cheery click, click of the typewriter sounded from her den. "Oh, my dear girl!" exclaimed the shocked caller, "you have not so far forgotten your early training as to be composing on Sunday?" "Oh, my dear, only jokes—and they are all jokes on religious subjects."—St. Louis Republic.

Married by Typewriter.
 Fingering out their marriage vows on the keyboard of a typewriter, Carrie Lemke of Chando, N. D., and Chris D. Anderson of Willow City, N. D., both deaf and dumb, were made husband and wife at Minneapolis, in what was probably the most unique marriage ceremony ever performed in Minnesota. The service took place in the Minneapolis court house and was performed by W. B. Bates, court commissioner. Mr. Bates placed a large sheet of paper in his typewriter, wrote the first question and asked the groom to read it and write the answer, then wrote the questions for the bride, had her read them and write the answers.

Had Their Wit with Them.
 These boys and girls, though they leave their lips behind them and their hearts maybe also, bring with them not merely their wits, but also their wit. One of these boys, Michael O'Rourke, found himself condemned to servitude under a very ill-tempered master, Shan Loneragan, for a half year, from May Day to holiday (1st of November). "Aah!" the irascible Shan once said to Michael as he scolded him—"Och, you're a devil's own boy!" "Yes, God help me, I am," poor Michael

LIVING LUXURIOUSLY
 Colonel and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley (nee Sharp) came close to solving the problem how to exist luxuriously on a non-existent income, but even the author of "Vanity Fair" found it impossible to solve a happy ending. In fiction and in fact many families have endeavored to solve this occupation. Mary Wilkins Freeman in "The Debtor" has shown what may be done in small towns, while those petticoated Cagliostro, Mrs. Chadwick and Mrs. Humbert, have hustled imagination to keep pace with reality. In the McCracken family, now in the Baltimore city jail, prove to be the McCrackens, sometime of Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, and of Providence, R. I., another interesting case will be added. Although the family cash assets appear to have been less than a dollar, their trunks contained garments whose cost was estimated at between \$5,000 and \$10,000. With these as assets, the family was about to move to New York, having rented a house to begin operations. While it may seem incredible that any business man would trust individuals of whom he knew nothing, experience demonstrates the contrary. Families presenting an appearance of prosperity find no difficulty in procuring credit from butcher, grocer or landlady, or for that matter automobile manufacturers, and though their mode of life is necessarily nomadic, the existence is pleasant to individuals not too sensitive. In part the dealer is to blame. Fearful of losing an apparently desirable customer, he is anxious to extend credit; between the man the pressure for cash and he who buys on credit the latter often receives the greater consideration. While a recent statute in this state permits a levy upon that portion of a debtor's income which exceeds \$15 a week when the judgment has been obtained "for necessities sold," the remedy is of no utility in case of veteran "professionals," and the merchant often finds himself tempted to recoup his losses by overcharging his cash customers.—New York World.

Choice Selections From the Story Teller's Pack

A Little Shop Sign.
 MAN from London passed in front of an Irishman's shop in New York City and read and reread the mysterious sign that was suspended from the wall. It read: "Englishmen Will Please Not Stand Over This Grating While Talking."

The more the Londoner read the sign the more he was mystified. Finally he summoned up his courage and entered the shop. "Could you tell me why you have that sign out there which reads: 'Englishmen Will Please Not Stand Over This Grating While Talking?'"

"I can, sir," replied the shopkeeper. "And why, my good man?" "Well, you see, if they stood there talking they would drop their hats and the water would have to lose time going down in the basement looking for them."

Follower of Ananias.
 There you tell me what you see on a street car in the wee sma' hours, when there are no stand tenants, at least in St. Louis, but when parties of revelers homeward went their way from the suburbs. The next morning two blue-clad servants of the United Railways company, the same number of policemen, and a crowd of able witnesses lined up before Judge Tracy.

"Have you read the Bible," asked the judge. "Yes, sir," briskly responded the witness. "I have been a student of the holy scriptures ever since I was a child."

"Did you ever read in the Bible of a character named Ananias?" "Yes, sir, and I have been trying to follow him and imitate his example for nigh onto twenty years," rejoined the witness.

These Employment Tricks.
 Senator Enrique Cresel, the Mexican ambassador, said at a dinner in Washington, apropos of unpleasant truths: "Why should we ever tell 'em? They

are always unnecessary, and how they would!" "I have heard of an American countess or duchess—I forget which—who said to her noble husband fondly: "You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, 'Perdita,' were you not?" "Yes," the man answered, "I owed \$2,000."—The Reader.

A Ripe Pissanier.
 There is a young fellow in Pittsburg who will undoubtedly "get along," although, as yet, he has not succeeded in amassing vast wealth. In fact, he receives a weekly wage of \$15. He is, however, an extremely good looking and entertaining young man, and not long ago succeeded in making such an impression upon the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer that it was decided between them that he "should ask papa."

"Well, let's see, my boy," the old man remarked, pushing up his glasses. "What is your annual income?" "Well, sir, I should estimate it at \$2,000," the young man replied.

Embroidery for George.
 Kid McCoy or Norman Selby, to give the noted ex-pugilist his right name, bought the other day a \$300,000 building in New York. To a reporter who congratulated him upon his opulence Mr. Selby said: "It is pleasant to be well-to-do than to be hard up. I thank goodness, am not like the young man out in St. Joseph whom I heard about the other day. He and his sweetheart certainly have poor prospects."

When General Sherman heard that he was considered as a possible candidate for the presidency, says Carl Schurz in the November McClure's, he burst into a temper. "What?" said he. "Do you think I am a damned fool? I am a happy man now."

When he called himself a "happy man" there was a tone of just exultation in his words. He was indeed a happy man. He had won great renown as a soldier and an immense popularity all over the northern country. This he knew, and he therefore self-condemned to servitude under a very ill-tempered master, Shan Loneragan, for a half year, from May Day to holiday (1st of November).

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pled him to remain after school one day and write "have gone" 500 times. "After scribbling 'have gone' until his hand ached John appended this note to the bottom of the sheet of paper: 'I have done my work and have went home.—J. P. E.'—Woman's Home Companion.

What It Was.
 Young Bertie courted pretty Ann, and asked her for his wife. "I love no other man, so will be yours for life!" Then gently round her taper waist his arm in rapture went, and on those ruby lips he chaste the first long kisses spent.

Keene's Financial Jest.
 James R. Keene told this story illustrative of "high finance" at the Waldorf the other night: "A Kentucky dandy negotiated a loan of \$10,000 from a local banker, pledging his mule and cart as security."

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George Ziegler and His Idea of a Happy Family

FAMILY after President Roosevelt's own heart is that of Mr. George Ziegler of Warner, Neb., who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. They have ten children, five boys and five girls, all of whom are living, thirty-seven grand children, of whom thirty-two are living, and four great-grandchildren, all of whom are living.

Mr. Ziegler was born in Haines township, Center county, Pennsylvania, March 8, 1857, of German parentage. He grew up on the farm and received the common education afforded by the schools of the day. He began teaching a country school at the age of 18 and continued in this profession five years. Then he learned the trade of plasterer.

Mrs. Ziegler was a native of Juniata county, Pennsylvania. Her maiden name was Hannah Elizabeth Haughwout, and she was the daughter of Lefferd and Barbara Haughwout. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler were married October 22, 1857. Their ten children are as follows: Mrs. Alice A. Plouck of Monaca, O., who has five living children; Herbert S. Ziegler of Mount Clare, Neb., who has nine living children; Mrs. Laura I. Melrose of Durand, Ill., who has seven children and four grand children; a married daughter, Mary, living at Oronoke, Ill.; one son, child; a married daughter, Elsie, living at Callaway, Neb.; has seven children; E. E. Ziegler of Warner, Neb.; Harold B. Ziegler of Rock Grove, Ill.; has two children; William E. Ziegler and Winona B. Ziegler are living at home and the youngest, Percy G.

Ziegler of Stratton, Colo., has one child. Percy Ziegler was a member of Company H, First Nebraska regiment, and served in the Philippine Islands.

George Ziegler served in the civil war, enlisting September 9, 1862, in Company D, 121st regiment, Pennsylvania volunteer infantry, and served with that company un-

til the expiration of his enlistment. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler moved from Pennsylvania to Stephenson county, Illinois, in April, 1855. From there they moved to

Nuckolls county, Neb., in May, 1864. They homesteaded in Custer county, Neb., in November, 1864, and have resided on this homestead of 225 acres since April, 1865.



GEORGE ZIEGLER OF WARNER, NEB., AND HIS INTERESTING FAMILY.