

# How the British Are Educating the Wild Natives of the Sudan

Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.  
 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, to Dr. James Currie, the president of the college, 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. The buildings are testing whether a certain other shrub 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 of all colors, from faces as white as our own to the deepest and shiniest 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 Nile, the Bahr el 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, Christians and Mohammedans of the Sudan.

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 devoted to the study of sciences 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 study of Arabic and the Mohammedan religion 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 Kuranic 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 in 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 had a certain other shrewd can be successfully grown.

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

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 outfit for travel throughout the world. It was probably through the study of such

diseases even sisting the tunc, and his rugged face would fairly glow and beam with pleasure. Every social circle greeted him as a most welcome guest, and at receptions and evening parties and other gatherings the "pretty girls" would come up and kiss him—and how he did enjoy all this!

**What It Was.**  
 Young Bertie counted 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.

**A Ripe Pinner.**  
 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 word of \$10. 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." This he proceeded to do, and, to his surprise, was well received. "What makes you think you are so good looking?" "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 purchase 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." "A friend of mine called on this St. Joseph fellow's sweetheart one night, and found her embroidering."  
 "Oh, I say," my friend exclaimed, "what exquisite embroidery, don't you know. It is a little case for Jewell's hat!" "Well, no," said the young woman; "but, you see, George, poor darling, has nothing to keep his pawn tickets in."—St. Louis Republic.

**Welding's Give It Up.**  
 John C. Bell, district attorney of Philadelphia, and Justice John P. Ekin of the supreme court of Pennsylvania were schoolmates, and the district attorney tells this tale about the justice:  
 "John was a stubborn youth, and the teacher had all kinds of trouble with him. I remember he insisted upon saying 'have went,' and to correct him the teacher com-

plained 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.

He tells me that one of the principal money crops of this part of the world is gum arabic. We know this gum chiefly in connection with mullage, but it is also widely used in the arts. It is employed for making water colors and certain kinds of ink and also in dyeing and finishing silks and other fabrics of the Sudan. The higher grades are used in confectionery and the pearly teeth of many an American belle has risen and fallen in the chewing of this exudation of the trees of the Sudan. The gum comes from the acacia tree and is said to be due to a microbe which feeds upon the sap and causes the gum to exude on the bark in the form of tears. When the bark is cut or partially stripped the gum oozes out. It is collected by the native women and packed up and shipped to Omdurman for sale and export. During my visit to the markets of that city I saw great piles of gum which had been brought in there to be sent down the Nile or over the railroad to the Red sea. There were hundreds of tons of it lying out in the open, and I was told that within a few weeks it would all be on its way to Europe or the United States.

**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 THE MACHINE SHOP AT GORDON COLLEGE.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL GORDON.

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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 Nile, and the sirdar had a camp on the island at 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. They thought that Gordon would be 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 sirdar General Gordon got from within his window and stood at each for a moment making himself as the delegation thought, a fair mark for the sirdar's fire. 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 his troops 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 away."  
 FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## 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."  
 And the man from London walked away after remarking that America was a "bloomin' queer country."

**Follower of Ananias.**  
 There you tell me what 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."  
 And the man from London walked away after remarking that America was a "bloomin' queer country."

**Same Name, Different Man.**  
 Governor Hughes, at a dinner in New York, talked about disorderly political meetings.  
 "A friend of mine," he said, "was once a good deal annoyed while addressing a meeting by a man in the front row, who howled like a dog. At every telling point in my friend's argument this man would emit, frightful howls and spoil the effect."  
 "My friend asked the name of the man and was told that it was Harry Loff. This he said in a loud voice:  
 "Mr. Loff, it is plain that our friend Goldsmith had you in mind when he said: 'The watchdog's voice that bayed in the whispering wind, and the loud Loff that spoke the vacant mind.'"  
 "He said that, did he?" cried Loff, furiously, and he turned and struck a little fat man behind him a hard blow on the head.

**Had Their Wit with Them.**  
 These boys and girls, though they leave their bills 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 service under a very ill-tempered master, Shan Loneragan, for a half year, from May Day to holiday (1st of November).  
 "Ach!" 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

**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.

**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.

**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 landlord, 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.

## 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 Haugawant, and she was the daughter of Lefferd and Barbara Haugawant. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler were married October 22, 1857. Their ten children are as follows: Mrs. Alice A. Plouck of Monroeville, Pa., 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, 1853. 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.