

## Bruce Grit's Column

(Continued From Last Week.)

Immediately on war being declared by Great Britain Sir Frederick Lugard, governor general of Nigeria, had concentrated three columns composed of men of the Nigerian regiment of the West African Frontier Force near the frontier. These columns entered Cameroons on the 25th of August. The most northerly column started from Maiduguri, under the command of Captain R. W. Fox, marched on Mora 110 miles to the southeast, and endeavored to carry it by assault. The attempt failed, Mora being placed on a commanding eminence in very rugged and difficult country, almost impracticable to direct attack, well fortified and provisioned and ably and resolutely defended by its commandant, Hauptmann (Captain) von Raben. The attackers then established a watch until the French reinforcement arrived. Another assault was delivered and failed. Several positions were carried by Colonel Brisset's troops in night attacks, but were recovered by counter attacks, the fighting being so severe that the Germans asked for an armistice to bury their dead.

Colonel Brisset and Captain Fox then decided to divide their forces, the Nigerians remaining to blockade Mora, while their allies advanced to Marua, a large Muhammadan town about 15 miles further south. Driving before him a German force advancing to the relief of Mora, Colonel Brisset attacked the town. Although the attack was not successful the Germans abandoned the position during the night and retired to Garua, a large town on the Benue near the Nigerian frontier, and 160 miles southwest of Marua.

As the operations at Mora had no decisive effect on the result of the conflict, which was fought out on another area, it may be stated here that the blockade was maintained until August, 1915, when Brigadier General Cunliffe again ordered an assault. The Nigerian troops attacked with desperate and determined courage against almost insuperable natural obstacles. General Cunliffe thus describes the position: "Mora mountain has a base perimeter of about thirty miles, it rises precipitously to a height of 1,700 feet, and its sides, which are so steep as to be accessible only in a few places to men using both hands and feet, are covered with huge boulders, affording excellent cover to the defenders." From a hill called Ouatchke, the summit of which is of nearly equal height, but separated from Mora mountain by a deep valley 600 yards wide, three

separate attacks were launched. The third succeeded in gaining a foothold on the summit only to find its progress stopped by a redoubt. An assault with the bayonet on this work by the Nigerian regiment was stopped within 60 yards of the defenses, but these indomitable troops held the position they had gained for forty-eight hours without food or water which it was impossible to supply them, and the general was obliged to order them to retire, which they did only in obedience to their orders.

In consequence of the development of the course of the operations in other parts of the country, General Cunliffe's force was now recalled for service on the coast, troops equal in numbers to the original investing force being left to maintain a blockade. This was maintained until all the other German forces having been defeated, Hauptmann von Raben was called upon to surrender on honorable terms which he accepted, and capitulated with his whole force on the 18th of February, 1916.

The operations so far described had been conducted in the eastern extremities of the interior country, but the decisive struggle took place in the western portion and near the coast. These operations were under the command of Major General Charles Dobell, K. C. B., inspector general of the West African frontier force, composed entirely of natives of West Africa under British officers. The base of operations was Duala, the chief port of Cameroons and the starting point of a railway.

It is always necessary to bear in mind the vast area of the country involved in these operations. It forms a great triangle with Duala at its apex. The northern side from Duala to Kuseri is 650 miles long; the southern side, from Duala is 600 miles long; while the base, from Kuseri to Bonga, measures 900 miles. The western half of this vast area is covered by the forest described above, through which the advancing forces had to hew their own path, and which afforded a skillful and determined enemy constant opportunities for surprise attacks on forces necessarily extended in a thin line over a great length of road.

All the troops engaged on both sides, though for convenience spoken of as British, French or German, were black men, natives of the west coast, drilled and trained in the European discipline and provided with arms of precision. Whether fighting for the Germans or the allies, they equally proved their courage, and the high military capacity and value of the African.

## Antar, the Arab Poet

Paper delivered by Syed M. Ehsan El-Bakry, native Arabian, before the Societe Internationale De Philologie, Sciences Et Beaux Arts, and reprinted from the Philomath, official organ and journal of the Societe.

Arabic is the richest language in poetry in the world.

Every Arab, literate or illiterate, is a poet of some sort.

There are three schools of Arabic poetry. The first school is that of the poets of the "Gahiliyah," which literally means the "time of ignorance," that is to say, the period preceding Islam. The second school is that of the poets of "Sadr-ul-Islam," that is to say, the period of Islamic power and civilization, which extends from the beginning of the 7th century to the end of the 12th century. The third school is that of the modern poets, who are chiefly Egyptians and Syrians.

Antar belonged to the first school, which was composed of Bedouin warriors whose only occupation was fighting. It was during this period of "Gahiliyah" that the greatest Arab poets appeared. Never before, nor after, had poetry a greater hold over a people. Every year all Arabs of importance met at the principal market, "Suk Ikaz," to recite their poems and compete to win the coveted prize of poet laureate. They even worshipped poetry, and the greatest seven poems that were ever written were hung at the Kaaba, the Holy Temple at Mecca, to be worshipped by the thousand of pilgrims who came thither every year. One of the proudest poets who possessed the honour of having one of his poems hung in the Kaaba was the one whose life and works we will now consider.

Antar was born about the year 498 of the Christian era, in Najd in Arabia. His mother was a black slave whose dark colour Antar inherited. He used to be taunted for his colour, but he always had a clever and proud answer which silenced his enemies. Here is a literal translation of a few lines of some of the poems he wrote on this subject:

"They, these narrow-minded fools,

taunt me for the blackness of my skin; though had it not been for the blackness of the night, there would have been no dawn. If my skin is black, still my heart and deeds are white, and I am always giving freely to the needy."

"What silly fools they be, and how they wisdom lack,  
Who say, in scorn, to me, 'Antar, thy skin is black.'

Know not they that the dawn, with its inspiring light,  
Would not exist at all, but for the darksome night?

"Tis blackness of the night, when it doth pass away,  
That brings in view the light that heralds in the day.

My skin indeed is black, my heart and deeds are white,  
For ever I assist the needy in their plight;

When scorners me assail, as often is their whim,  
I say, 'God made me black, the blame then lay on Him.'

At first his father would not own him because his mother was a slave, and treated him like a slave. But one another tribe attacked the "Beni Abs"—Antar's tribe—and defeated them, capturing a great number of men and women and cattle. Whilst this was going on Antar remained sitting by himself some little distance from the scene of the combat, taking no part in the fray. His father cried to him, "Why are you not fighting, Antar?" "Because the duty of a slave is to look after the cattle and not fight, which is duty of a free man," Antar replied. His father was touched by his answer, and replied: "Fight, my son, and you shall be free." On hearing this Antar sallied forth with the remaining tribesmen, and thanks to his great strength and personal courage he completely defeated the enemy and freed the captives. From that time he became famous and was considered the greatest warrior of the time.

He admirably shows the change in his position from a slave to that of a protector of his people in some lines of his poetry:

"In the past I used to look after their camels; but now, whenever there is trouble, I am the guardian of those who own those camels."

As Dr. Leon has well expressed it:

"In olden days I was a slave, whom no one did regard,  
They scorned me then, and deem'd me fit their camels but to guard;  
Not so today; when trouble comes they haste to me and say,  
'Brave Antar, come, thou noble one, protect us in the fray.'"

His people were always grateful to him, and treated him in a very ungenerous way. Still, whenever they needed the aid of his sword he never refused it to them, thus setting an excellent example of the patriotic and generous feelings of the true Arab.

Some of his poems on this subject are interesting.

"I served a people to whom I stood in relationship, and expected them to help me in my need as I had helped them in theirs, but they are ungrateful, like the scorpions. When there is peace and they do not require my services they call me 'Thou son of a slave.' But whenever there is any fighting to be done I become 'The noble son of a noble father.' If it was not for the love I bear in my heart I would never humiliate myself to such people, as they are not worth it, nor would a lion like me bow to a gang of foxes like them. They will always remember me whenever the hoofs of enemy horsemen are treading on their soil. They could not forget me, for the very sword or spear must remind them of my deeds and the terror of my blows."

(To be Continued.)

## LEADERSHIP AND RACE BUILDING

(Continued From First Page.)

will. The difference instantly shows in the power of song. Where the white man closes his book in song, there the Colored man just begins. It shows itself in that marvelous thought transference. More and more do I marvel at the power.

Therefore, Colored men must be trained in all the broad cultures, if they shall elad their race to that broad position God designs it to take.

And lastly, the leader must have the vision to see the completed task ere the first attack is launched. Of course I am all the while thinking of building a race along the lines of its own genius. Were I to counsel the training of only economic leaders, and did I have the power to confine all training to such, I should be ringing the curtain down and the lights out for the race. But, thank God, the race possesses those native springs of divinity which will give forth life to her preachers, her teachers, her authors, her singers, as well as to her material leaders.

In every 1,000 young men and women, white or Colored, there are a large percentage who will stay on the lower levels. They are fitted by nature and disposition to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water. There is a small percentage who will become moderately skilled in the trades and gain possession of a much larger per cent of property than will the first. There is yet a much smaller percentage who will climb to strong positions of leadership among their fellows. These are the exceptional men and women without a college or university training, and those who have such training. There yet remain of the 1,000, whether white or Colored, one or two who can be trained to become outstanding leaders of their generation.

Keeping this thought in mind, let me say that I, of course, believe in common school education for all. There can be no safety for the human race otherwise. I also believe, most emphatically, in special training for those who can become the farmers, the blacksmiths, the workers in wood and iron. But I earnestly believe in all the training and culture possible for those exceptional young men and women who are fitted by God for the highest cultures, that they may become the prophets of their times.

I affirm that any system of schools saying to students of any race, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further," is flinging a lie in the face of God.

I affirm that any system of schools cultivating each student to his best capabilities and constantly calling the brightest and best to the highest reaches of culture is in harmony with the truth of God.

I affirm that only as every system of schools and every leader of the Colored race shall follow this age-old wisdom of man, and this ordination of God, shall they be true to the race they lead, the generation they mould, and the God they serve.

## BUY A HOME

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Smoke John Ruskin cigar.

## THE SCHOOLMA'AM

By ETHEL M. FARMER.

Miss Brooks stood on the threshold of the little village school vigorously ringing the rusty old bell. Many schoolma'ams had stood on that same threshold ringing that same rusty bell but somehow this one seemed different from the rest. And somehow the clanging of the bell seemed clearer than ever.

The ringing of the bell ceased, the long line of children passed into the building and the schoolhouse door was closed. It was very evident that the long days in the little school were not ones of drudgery. The teacher, who was little more than a girl herself, was dearly loved by all the children.

As she began the day's work no one would have surmised that in her heart there was trouble.

"It really did seem strange about Ed. It could not be true. Dick was mistaken. He—"

A suppressed giggle interrupted her wandering thoughts.

With great dignity she asked a very modest little girl, who proudly wore two tight braids down her back, the cause of the disturbance.

"Excuse me, please," the girl spoke timidly, "but we had this lesson two days ago."

"Excuse me, too," was all she said, as she reassigned the lesson.

The clock carefully ticked away the minutes and the hands gradually crept along their daily journey. Then a ruler fell on the floor with a sounding thud!

A little red-headed fellow in the front seat was working very industriously, with his desk covered with papers and opened books, but the tell-tale ruler lay in the aisle beside him. "Jimmy!"

"Er, yes'm, Miss Brooks; did you mean me?" And he struggled desperately to return her look with innocence.

"Pick it up!" she said slowly, frowning back a smile.

With great surprise he leaned over and picked up the offending article and placed it thoughtfully in his desk.

All went well for a while after the ruler was safely deposited out of sight until Jimmy suddenly thought of the lovely, big cup of gum he had stuck under his desk.

"How good it would taste!" he thought, but he knew how stern "she" was on chewing in school—he had tried it before.

He studied the clock with a sigh, for there were 15 minutes more! At last he could stand it no longer, and the gum was suddenly and slyly transferred from the desk to his mouth.

"How good it was!" And he gave it a few good chews.

"Jimmy!" came in low tones from the other side of the room.

"Er, yes'm," he replied, jumping to his feet, "I'll take—"

"Put it in the basket and crawl in under my desk. Stay there until the bell rings."

At last the closing bell rang and the children filed out of the building, but Miss Brooks did not notice that Jimmy did not appear.

With a sigh she sat down at her desk and drew out part of a newspaper clipping which told of the engagement of Lieut. Edward Smith to a beautiful "society belle." All of the article was not there, but Dick had assured her that it was true and that Ed had not treated her fair.

Just then Dick himself entered the room.

"Where shall we go this evening?" he asked cheerfully.

"Are you sure this is true about Ed?" she asked him again.

"How can you doubt it? Forget about him and we will have a good time together."

She shook her head.

"I guess I will not go tonight. Somehow I do not believe that is true about him."

Suddenly Jimmy opened his eyes. Who said Ed? Why, Ed was his special friend and was coming home from the army this very day!

He scrambled out from under the desk, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, I've been asleep and I promised to meet Ed right after school."

"Ed?" she asked in surprise, after overcoming the shock of the unexpected third party.

"The boy's face fell."

"It was to be a surprise to you," he stammered.

Just then Dick picked up his whip, which he had laid on a chair, and disappeared through the door, for he had suddenly spied a tall soldier hastening up the road with one arm carried stiffly in a sling.

He had just barely left when the soldier entered.

"Ruth!"

She looked with surprise and joy at the newcomer.

A few minutes later she passed her worn clipping to Ed slowly.

His face clouded as he read, but it immediately cleared when he realized its significance, and the cause of the strange disappearance of his old rival whom he had just caught a glimpse of down the road.

"This is another Ed Smith, who lives in town," he assured her. "I know him. Don't worry about me."

No more explanations were necessary and Miss Brooks' "problem" was settled very satisfactorily.

At a signal from Ed, Jimmy scampered from the building, but he saw what happened later when he gleefully climbed up on the roof and peered in at the cracked window.

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## CRISPUS ATTUCKS CHAPTER SPRINGS SURPRISE

The Crispus Attucks chapter of the Red Cross, accompanied by their husbands, descended upon the home of Lieut. Edward Turner Tuesday evening and captured the lieutenant and his patriotic wife by a surprise party. Mrs. Turner has been one of the most faithful members of the Red Cross since the organization of the chapter. As Lieut. Turner was the first of our officers to return from overseas this surprise was planned as a mark of appreciation for him and also in recognition of the faithful services of Mrs. Turner. The chapter presented Lieutenant Turner with a pair of gold cuff buttons, Mrs. John A. Smith making the presentation speech. Lieutenant Andrew Reed, another Omaha boy, who made good in the trenches, fortunately arrived in time to attend the party. Lieuts. Turner and Reed, Fr. Williams and J. R. Lemma were called upon for speeches. The evening was spent in games, viewing war relics and listening to war news. Mrs. Bailey, president of the chapter, said that the Red Cross was simply waiting for the return of the majority of our boys from overseas to give them an enthusiastic reception.

## ENTERTAINMENT FOR 365TH INFANTRY

People of "Windy City" Plan Great Reception for Brave Fighters En Route to Demobilization Camp.

(By the Associated Negro Press.)

Chicago, Ill., March 6.—Preparations are being made for the entertainment of the 365th Infantry of the A. E. F., who have arrived in the United States, and who will come through here on their way to Camp Grant for demobilization. The regiment is made up largely of Chicago draftees, and was in much real fighting in France.

However, they have reached our glorious shores with a good measure of soreness and disgust. In the first place it is claimed that their regimental flag, which was presented to the boys before they left Chicago, in a great public demonstration at the Coliseum by Editor Robert S. Abbot, of the Chicago Defender, had been ordered placed in the "junk heap." This to many seems unbelievable, but the fact is declared on affidavit by the Y. M. C. A. secretary and chaplain of the regiment.

Added to this situation is the fact that for the first time, in cross-ocean transportation the commissioned officers of the 365th regiment were "jimmied" by the commanding officer of the vessels soldiers, Brig. Gen. Gearhardt. The men were made to eat in separate dining rooms, and were in every way made to feel the very opposite of the democracy for which they had but recently been fighting.

Protests have been sent to the senators and representatives at Washington, and it is expected that some action will be taken.

## PAY FOR YOUR PAPER

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## LODGE DIRECTORY

Keystone Lodge, No. 4, K. of P., Omaha, Neb. Meetings first and third Thursdays of each month. M. H. Hazzard, C. C.; J. H. Glover, K. of R. and S.

## A FIREMAN'S RISK

Fred Gillin, otherwise known as Sam Gilinsky, who has considerable insight on the fire department, put one over on the boys at No. 9 the other morning, when he and the boys were going to an early morning fire one cold day. Of course he drives the big hose truck (which is nothing to brag about), but as I was saying on his way to the fire he froze his third leg (which is wooden), and he could not drive it back, so the captain (Dunn, otherwise known as the skipper of the janitors at the barn), had John Casey, alias Gum Shoe Johnnie, drive it back.

When the boys got back, Bryan, the engineer, and Butler, his assistant, got busy to fire the boiler to unfreeze Gilinsky's leg. They sat him by the big stove and went off to finish the job of cleaning the truck (which is their duty), and they forgot all about Sam until his leg was half burnt off. Now the poor fellow has to wear a crutch. (Too bad Sam, the boys will buy you another.)

Walter Martin, formerly on the wet wagon of the Luxus plant, is an all-around card shark. He was playing pinochle the other night and forgot what trumps were, and tried to take the skipper's trick, but Chuncy McCoy (the ladies man and partner of the skipper, wouldn't let him.) Some player Walter.

Sr. Captain Charles, living near the hog yards, has a flivver, known as a Ford. He takes good care of the tin can, for sometimes it runs and sometimes it don't run at all. He tried to sell it two months ago but nobody will buy. (The only way to get rid of it Charlie is to leave it stand out at your front door and move away.)

Charlie had to donate \$3 for a wheel license (Class 3, 1919), but don't know where to put it. (Never mind Charlie, hang it on the seat of your pants where everybody will see it.)

John Casey, alias Gum Shoe Johnnie, was upstairs shaving when the bell hit he came near breaking his neck through the swinging doors getting downstairs. Here he was his head in one room and the rest of his body in another. (Poor judgment, Johnnie, be careful next time.)

## FURNITURE SALE

If you want to sell your furniture, don't give it away; sell it at a private sale; cost is small. Just call Nimrod Johnson, agent. Webster 1302.

## RACE BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

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A weekly newspaper for our youth, \$1.00 per year; 50c for 6 months. 54 West 140th St., New York City.

**The Negro in American History**  
By Prof. John W. Cromwell, \$1.40 and worth more. 1439 Swann St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

### The Negro Soldier

By John E. Bruce "Grit". The glorious record of America's black heroes, 25 cents (no stamps.) 2709 Madison Ave., New York City.

### The Children of the Sun

By George Wells Parker. Proves the African the Greatest Race in History. 25 cents (no stamps.) Hamitic League of the World, 933 North 27th St., Omaha, Neb.

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