

Sonni Ali, One Of The Most Renowned Conquerors of all Time

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death that God only knows the number thereof."

Rewarded His Followers

On the other hand those learned men and priests who kept out of politics were kindly treated and given presents of land and money. After Sonni Ali's death, El-Mamsun, the chief judge, said of him: "I can speak only good of Sonni Ali. He treated me well."

Executed his Most Faithful Friends

Exceedingly generous, he was subject to great outbursts of temper. At such moments the sentence of death was ready on his lips, and he would order the execution of even his most faithful follower. The moment his anger was past he would regret his act bitterly and try to make amends.

Knowing this, those about him would pretend to carry out his orders and plead later for the condemned. Once he sentenced to death his favorite secretary, Ibrahim El Kadr, who had aroused his wrath by a slight contradiction. Ibrahim, however, was hidden.

Some days later a book was sent to Sonni Ali by a vassal king written in a language that none at court understood. Anxious to know the contents in order to make a suitable reply, he sighed:

"Ah, if only Ibrahim were here we would not be embarrassed because of this book."

"But Ibrahim still lives," cried his followers. Sonni Ali, overjoyed, rewarded them handsomely and doubled Ibrahim's salary.

Sentenced Favorite General

Another who narrowly missed death was his favorite general, Mohammed ben Abou Bekr, who was sentenced several times. Later, Mohammed, who is known to history as Askia the Great, became as great a ruler as Sonni Ali was a conqueror.

Sonni Ali was a born warrior, and after he had broken the power of the priests, his insatiable desire for conquest and plunder led him once more into the battlefield. He conquered far and wide going as far as the country of the Goumas. But returning home laden with wealth on November 6, 1493, he fell off his horse

into the Koni River. Seized by the current, he was swept over the falls, his body being recovered the next day.

Body Placed in Honey

His sons in order to preserve the body until Timbuctoo was reached, emptied it of the intestines and placed it in honey.

Thus perished Sonni Ali after a reign of twenty-eight years. But his death marks the rising glories of the empire he had founded.

The original literature on Sonni Ali is scant. Two centuries after his death, the Moors, attracted by the great wealth of the Songhays, invaded Timbuctoo and in the destruction that followed, the libraries were burnt. The most authentic work is the *Tarik-es-Sudin* of Abderrahman es Saadi (1596-1655), who, according to some writers, was a white man; according to others, a Negro. Es-Saadi also mentions a great many other noted Negroes of the empire.

Much also has been written on the Songhay Empire by Felix Dubois. The latter says of Sonni Ali:

"He is a soldier only, and a true Negro soldier who marches from conquest to conquest absorbing all the population by war without thinking to organize and create a durable work. He is a plunderer, more occupied with booty and prisoners than the tributes to be had. His lance travels from east to west, tracing the grandeur of the Songhay empire, unknown to him, it is true.

"But the task is being prepared for an organizer that is to come rapidly to lead the Songhays to the heights of splendor, power, and prosperity."

In the next sketch we will see how Askia the Great made the Songhays into what was perhaps the most magnificent empire of that period of world history.

Satan's Henchman

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her very evident desire to impress the much talked of and rather notorious visitor.

In his own office again, Theo checked up with the assistant cashier preparatory to dispatching the day's large receipts to the bank by messenger. Thousands of dollars had been received through the collection cage, and the assistant was busy assorting the bills and silver.

With his mind in a whirl over the day's events, Theo turned to the stenographer he had summoned and began his delayed dictation of the day's mail. Thus absorbed, he was unaware of the entry of a masked man who quietly closed the door.

"Stick 'em up, Buddy," came the low but determined words, "and I don't mean after awhile."

Theo turned and faced the intruder, who held a large and threatening automatic revolver.

(To be continued)

A DELICIOUS SALAD FOR ANY OCCASION

On a bed of crisp leaves of lettuce place six or eight liberal pieces of orange, three of apple cubes, four pineapple cubes, and two or three cherries or grapes. Sprinkle liberally with a syrup made by dissolving three teaspoons of sugar in the juice of an orange and half a lemon. Just before bringing to the table, top with a heaping tablespoon of flavored and sweetened whipped cream.

PERHAPS HE WAS SPANKED

The boy who so politely stands in the presence of his mother's company may have a boil rather than good breeding.

STRIPES AND COLORS

"In the Spring a young man's fancy That's all hooey—merely rhyme, With the present 'teen-age clothing, He is fancy all the time."

THE COW-ARD

"I'm a dairy maid in a candy store," She said with a pleasant smile, "Oh! milk chocolates, I guess," he replied at once With never a trace of guile.

THERE'S NO TELLING

They say an apple caused the fuss In Eden—just one bite. A green pair seems a better guess I wonder if I'm right?



FAMOUS Doctor's Way to move the Bowels

Do your bowels fail you occasionally? Are you a chronic sufferer from constipation and its ills? Then you will be interested to know of this method which makes the bowels help themselves.

Dr. Caldwell specialized on bowel ills. He treated thousands for constipation. The prescription he wrote so many times, which has been tested by 47 years' practice, can be had of any drugstore today. Its pleasant taste and the way it acts have made it the world's largest selling laxative.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is a skillful compound of laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other mild ingredients. Nothing in it to harm even a baby. Children like its taste. It acts gently, without griping or discomfort. So it is ideal for women or older people. But even the most robust man will find its action thorough, satisfying. The quick, certain benefits millions are securing from Syrup Pepsin prove a doctor knows what is best for the bowels.

Next time you feel bilious, head-achy, bloated, gassy, or constipated take some Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and see how fine you feel the next day—and for days to come!

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

Interesting College Life of the Great Robeson

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the dean and they decided that the man best fitted to take his place was Robeson, who had come out victorious in the freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior oratorical contests.

Dr. Demarest called Robeson in his home in Somerville, and within an hour the smiling kid was in the president's study.

"Have you an old speech which you could give?" the doctor asked, explaining that the faculty wanted him to speak at commencement and realizing that six days was scant time to prepare and memorize a new essay.

"I have one," Paul answered, "but I think I'd rather write a new one, sir."

"Just as you wish," Dr. Demarest rejoined. "But come down tomorrow afternoon with the old essay and the idea for the new one."

Paul read the old essay to the president the following afternoon.

"That is very good," Dr. Demarest declared. "Apparently there is no need for writing a new one. What idea did you have for the new essay?"

Paul Robeson then outlined his inspiration. It was to be called "Our New Idealism." It was a touch upon the racial question and was to show the dawn of a renaissance for the Negro—the dawn of an era when the riches of his contribution to art and music and exuberant living was to receive the appreciation it deserved from the rest of the human race.

Paul explained that the idea was burning in his soul for expression. "I'd rather write the new essay," he said, over and over.

President Demarest, who knew him well, acquiesced.

Everyone with whom we have talked about Paul remembers that

oration of his. No commencement for nothing. Robey used to sing swell orator in the history of old Rutgers under a showy!

THE END

"GO TO COLLEGE" Says Paul Robeson

"If You're Thinking of Being an Actor," Says This Noted Artist, "Don't Stop Short of a University Degree."

A college education is the best investment any aspiring young artist can make, according to Paul Robeson, whose story is told in these pages this week. In a recent interview with Floyd J. Calvin, of the Pittsburgh Courier, the noted artist declared that "the more culture you have at the beginning of your career, the easier it will be for you to succeed, and the further you will go."

"Don't stop short of a university degree," he advised, "and then take a special course in some particular line of study. Many of my old friends thought that I had wasted time when I took a college course, then a law degree, only to enter the theatre. But the truth is that that has been the primary reason for my achieving a fair degree of success in such a comparatively short time."

"A university man really has a better chance of making the grade—even in other fields besides acting. That is why I advise aspiring young actors to get the highest possible training. They will not only make greater success for themselves, personally, but will make better representatives of the race in a profession where culture is really expected."

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