

British Police in East Africa Outwit Desperadoes In Wild Adventures in Outposts of the Empire

Ex-Army Man of Type of Canadian Mounted Police Engages "Black Sheep" Single-Handed—A Dazzling Show of Marksman-ship.

Soldier, world traveler and explorer, big game hunter and journalist, describe some of the activities of Major W. Robert Foran, ex-officer in the British army. In his military service he has taken an active part in all of Great Britain's wars during the last twenty years, beginning with the Boer War and including uprisings in India, Somaliland, Zululand and in British East Africa.

Major Foran's travels have taken him off the beaten track, especially in Africa and the Far East.

At one time, while in British East Africa on a leave of absence, Major Foran met his fortune with the East African police, which promised to furnish the adventure that he craved. A transfer from the army was effected, and he was appointed assistant district superintendent of police at Nairobi, in the interior of the country. He experienced many thrilling adventures, some of which are described in this and three succeeding articles.

By MAJOR W. ROBERT FORAN, F.R.G.S.

NAIROBI, like all new towns in a pioneer country, was infested with many undesirable characters. We had them all well spotted, and kept a watchful eye over them. But they gave us many very anxious moments.

Ewart, the district superintendent of police at Nairobi and my immediate superior, gave me all the assistance he could; but he was so overburdened with other duties that his help could rarely be given. We had jointly nicknamed the undesirable elements the "Black Sheep"—and many of them were indeed all of that.

These bad characters had drifted up to British East Africa, many of them being Colonials who were spoiling for an outlet for their adventurous spirits. Mostly speaking, their proclivities centered upon grossly lawless acts and in the disturbance of the peace of the community. They were of the type of men who balk at absolutely nothing; and, as a natural consequence, they made the task of maintaining law and order anything but easy.

I was seated at my desk, one afternoon, in the Central Police Station, wondering what new devilry these men would be up to next. The previous evening there had been two

very daring burglaries in the business section of the town, and we suspected some of the "Black Sheep" were responsible for them, though we had no real clues to work upon.

A Call to Duty

SUDDENLY, my telephone bell rang sharply and interrupted my reverie. I lifted the receiver, and answered the call.

"That you, Foran?" came the peremptory voice of Ewart from the other end of the wire.

"Yes—anything on your mind?" He said that two of the "Black Sheep" were down at Rayne's hotel shooting up the bar. They had shot at—and chased off his beat—the native policeman on duty there. "Missed him," he said. "Everyone's scattered, and left them in possession of the hotel. Get down there as quick as you can, and arrest them. Look sharp about it! And report back to me."

My superior officer's voice was cold, angry and indignant. The prospect was not inviting, for this was my first actual arrest. I was not at all sure what one had to do in arresting a man for an offense; and I had no desire to become a target for these two drunken roughts.

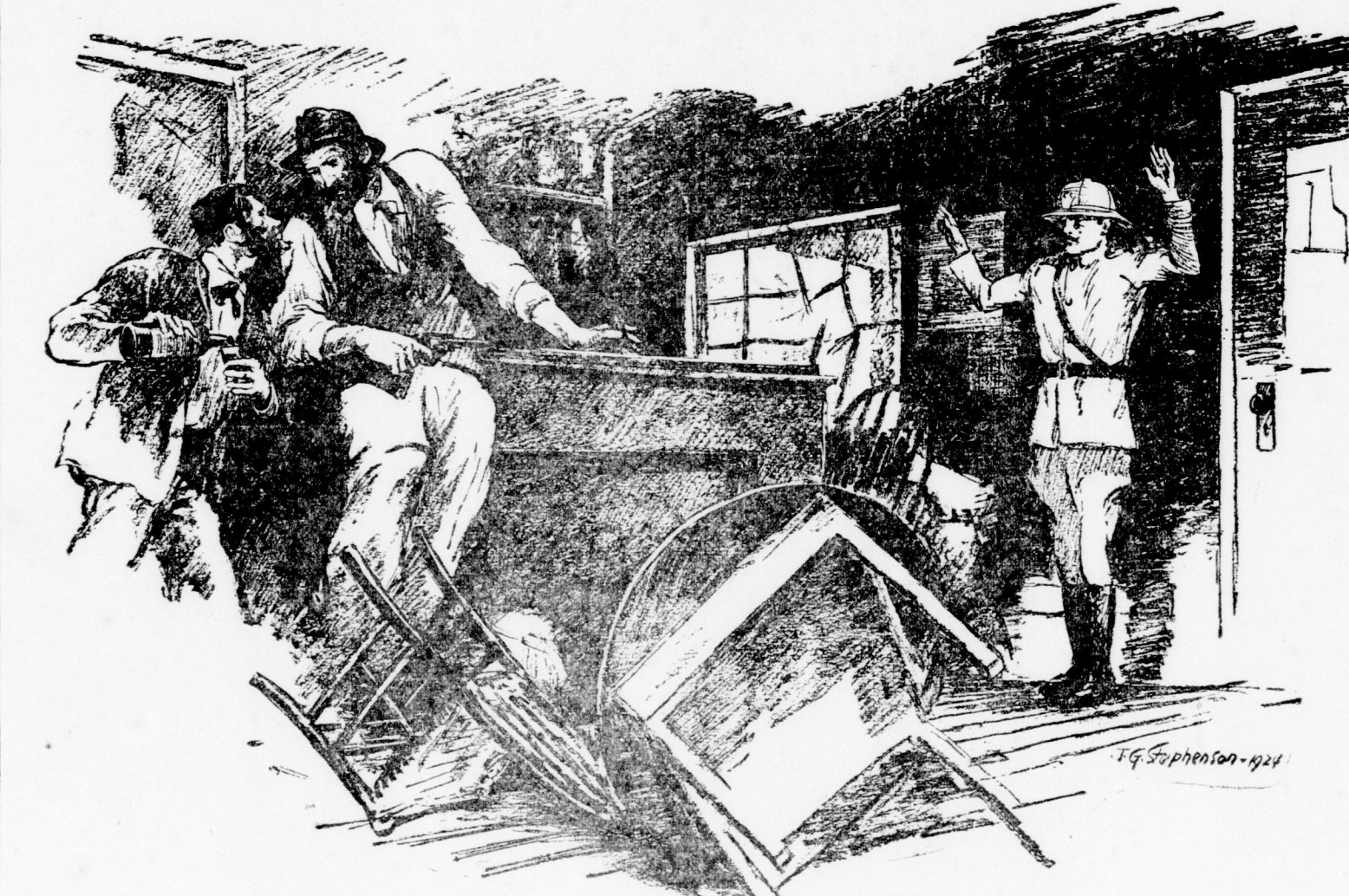
However, I buckled on my belt and revolver, signalled to four of my Indian policemen to follow me and started off at a run for Rayne's hotel.

There was not a human being to be seen in the neighborhood when I arrived on the scene, but there was ample evidence of the actions of the two "Black Sheep." Every window of the bar-room of the hotel was smashed, and the wreckage of some of the furniture littered the street. The door of the bar-room was closed, and there was complete silence within, as I listened intently.

I took stock of the situation, for I was at a loss how to proceed. Finally I decided to enter the room boldly, cover the two men with my revolver, and effect their arrest. I placed my four frightened policemen under cover, and instructed them to rush in to my aid when I blew my whistle. Then, I advanced towards the closed door, with my revolver held firmly in my right hand, and my knees feeling weak and firm. Suddenly I threw open the door—and stepped into the room.

Hands up! Sharp about it! The abrupt command did not come from me. The two men, leaning against the bar-counter, had me covered with their revolvers. I had been easily beaten at my own game. "Come up! Up with them—and give me that revolver!"

One of the men kept me covered, the other advanced towards



"They argued as to what they would do with me—none of their suggestions was pleasant to hear."

me with his weapon pointing towards the pit of my stomach. The situation was not a healthy one, and I was nonplused. If I fired at them, they could easily kill me first. My thoughts raced through my anxious brain. First one idea and then another was conceived and as quickly put aside. Finally, I decided to try a policy of bluff.

—3A—FOLLOWS

Mirthless Laughter

"A LL right!" I laughed, but there was no real mirth in the laughter. "You've got the drop on me, I'll put them up."

My hands rose slowly above my head, and remained there. The taller of the two men, who had stepped towards me, seized my wrist and made me drop my revolver on the floor. I was still covered by both of their weapons.

"What's the game?" I demanded. "You're being scared the whole town out of its wits, and chased my policeman off his beat—and now you threaten me! What's the idea?"

"None of your lip," snarled the shorter man from the bar counter. "We'll soon show you that you can't arrest us. Me and my pal is having a spree—and the drinks is on the house—that's what! And you ain't a-going to spoil our fun. See, you little cock-sparrow!"

"I see perfectly," I grinned. "But you're both under arrest."

"Oh, we are, are we? I'll bloom! Well show you we ain't no cocky," roared the taller man. "You just stand over there back against the wall—and don't you dare move until I say so, or I'll drill you full of lead. Have a drink on the house, Bill—and don't forget to pour me one, you greedy blighter."

I was backed until I stood against the wall to the left of the door, which had swung closed after me. I knew that there was no hope of any help coming from the outside, and I dared not call for aid. While the big man picked up my revolver and laid it on the bar, his partner poured out two liberal drinks from a whiskey bottle. They had me covered all the time.

and I realized it was futile to attempt any desperate measures. I must just wait and watch, and seize the first opportunity to turn the tables on my captors. As a first arrest, the affair had been a hopeless failure. The laugh was on me, but I hoped to be able, before long, to change that.

The room was a shambles, with broken glasses, bottles, tables, and chairs scattered about the floor. The two bullies were unpleasant-looking customers. Both were sturdy, and wore big black boots. It was perfectly useless to try to force matters, for drinking had not sweetened their tempers. I stood still and watched them drink generous measures of neat whiskey, while they argued as to what they would do with me. None of their suggestions was pleasant to hear. They must have swallowed at least half a dozen drinks, before a plan came into my head. The sight of my revolver lying on the bar counter was an incentive.

Baiting the Trap

I SUPPOSE you are both excellent shots with a revolver," I suggested, suddenly.

"We're Australians—ain't that enough?" snarled the smaller man. "I don't see that your country of birth has anything to do with shooting."

I protested, eyeing them closely for any sign that they were biting on my bait. I blamed myself for showing them the cork off the bottle. I covered them with my revolver. With my police whistle between my teeth, I snarled forth the summons for aid.

The man called Bill quickly arranged the bottles on the far end of the counter of the bar. They were placed in a single row facing them, and no heed was taken as to whether they were full ones or not. The majority of them were full. The owner of the hotel was going to have a most unprofitable next few minutes, but this fact caused me no regrets.

When the targets were arranged, the taller man left Bill to guard me

while he drew back to the other end of the room. He fired four shots in quick succession; and each one took the neck off a bottle. Then he paused, and jerked his head at Bill.

"Your turn, Bill. I'll watch him," he said.

The shorter man took his stand where the other man had fired from, and in five rapid shots decapitated an equal number of bottles.

"Oh, good shooting!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Bill. "Watch me!"

He turned on his heel and fired a shot over his shoulder, backwards. One of the lamp-chimneys in the ceiling fell in fragments on the floor.

"Wonderful shooting!" I ejaculated. My eyes never leaving the two men for an instant. My chance was coming. "You can't better that," I challenged Bill's companion.

With an angry growl the taller man drew away from the bar counter and left me unattended. He aimed at a bottle on the shelves and took the cork off it. Then he aimed towards another bottle, still standing on the bar. This was what I had been waiting for. With a quick and gliding motion, I reached my own revolver and picked it up. Neither man had noticed what had happened, being far too intent on their duel in marksmanship.

As the taller man fired again, and took the cork off the bottle, I covered them with my revolver. With my police whistle between my teeth, I snarled forth the summons for aid.

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tain Ewart, and told him of my adventure. But my pride was tempered with a certain amount of alarm, for the last words that the tall desperado had said, as he was being led into a cell had held a very ominous threat.

"All right, guv'nor—laugh now; but my pals will come and get me out. They'll make it devilish hot for you, too," was what he had said. And it was obvious that he meant every single word of it.

A Troubled Mind

I THOUGHT over that threat before dinner, during dinner, and after dinner. It would not be still or stiller. I was anxious and puzzled. Who were his pals? I conjured up pictures of all the well-known "Black Sheep" in the town; but none of them had been seen about with these two bullies. Finally, I gave up attempting to solve the riddle and retired to bed.

My two prisoners were duly brought before the magistrate's court, identified and remanded to police custody pending the arrival of a warrant and escort from Johannesburg. But still my mind was not at rest about my two prisoners; for that threat kept on recurring to me.

A week after their capture, I was returning at a late hour to my bungalow after a tour of inspection of my men on beat duty, when I suddenly bethought myself that I would take a look at my two murderers and see if all was well.

All was quiet at the police station, and the two prisoners were snoring loudly in their cells. The sentry was alert on his post outside of the building. There was nothing to cause me to feel uneasy, but I was nervous and restless. I decided to stay at the police station for an hour or so and study my books on law, for I was not feeling very much like a law.

All was peaceful and quiet about the police station, but every now and again the throbbing sound of native dance drums was wafted to me across the township. The regular tramp of the sentry up and down in front of the building alone broke the peaceful serenity of the African night.

I do not know how long I had dozed over my books, but I suspect I must have been sound asleep for some time. I was awakened suddenly by being roughly shaken.

I leapt to my feet, and found myself staring down a revolver barrel. My eyes lifted and I looked into the stern, cruel, and bearded face of a veritable giant. "So, thought I," the giant said, "that Joe you and your pals had come to get 'Bill' and his partner. For a full minute we must have glared at each other without speaking a word; and it was the giant who broke the tense silence.

"Sit down!" he commanded savagely, in a loud whisper. "Make a sound or move, and I'll blow your brains out. Understand? Now give me the keys of the cells where my pals are—and no monkey tricks, or I'll be the worse for you."

"I haven't got the keys," I answered quietly.

"Where are they?" he demanded in a surly voice.

"The sergeant of the guard has them."

"Where's he?" I jerked my head to the door of a room on my left.

"In there, with the rest of the guard," I smiled. "That Joe you my lad. Now, what are you going to do, for the sentry will be here in a moment, and he has a rifle—loaded, too."

"There's no sentry," he growled. "Did him in with a knife before I came here."

"You swine!" I shouted, and started to jump to my feet with a crazy idea of throwing myself upon him.

"Sit down!" he barked, "and don't you move again."

Battle of Wills

HIS revolver was thrust right into my very face, as I glared angrily at him across my office table.

As we sought the mastery over each other with our wills, a sketchy plan was slowly taking shape in my mind. I finally resumed my seat, and in doing so I carelessly knocked over the telephone so that the receiver fell off the hook.

This fact fortunately escaped his attention. For at that moment, attracted by the unusual sounds within the police station, Sergeant Juma Baraka entered the office from the guardroom and stood looking first at the giant with wide-staring and utterly bewildered eyes.

The big Australian, for I sensed that was what he was, whipped out another revolver from his hip pocket and covered the sergeant.

"Give me the keys of the cells, Sergeant," the man commanded in English, with a growling threat in his voice.

Juma Baraka looked first at me and then at the big man. He was plainly puzzled. I gave him no hint of what was expected of him. My plan had not yet had enough time to advance to the point where I could put it into execution.

"It's no good threatening us both with revolvers, you murderer," I shouted, keeping my face as close to the telephone mouthpiece as I could manage to do. "If you shoot either of us the whole of the guard will be upon us, and they'll soon capture or kill you."

"Give me the keys of the cells, sergeant," the man commanded, impatiently.

"He doesn't understand English," I jeered.

"Then tell him in his own lingo!" "I can't speak it well enough!"

My hand was furtively seeking the drawer in my desk where I kept a loaded revolver. The man saw my covert movement just as I began to open the drawer.

"Put your hands up," he roared.

I had nothing else to do but to obey, for his weapon was held only a few inches from my head. But the rest of the guard had now advanced to the fact that something was radically wrong outside of the guardroom. They were all silent and half-a-dozen native policemen rushed into the office; and then halted in amazement.

This sudden crowding of the room gave me my opportunity. My hand slipped to the drawer and pulled it silently open. I withdrew the revolver and hid it on my knees. My action had escaped attention.

The big man was obviously getting nervous. He glared at the sergeant and then back at me.

"Tell him to give me the keys of the cells immediately," he ordered sharply. "If he doesn't I'll shoot him dead, and you too."

Now Juma Baraka did understand a few words of English; and I knew it.

"Keys of cells, Juma Baraka. And throw them at him," I emphasized the word deliberately.

For a moment I was afraid that I had failed, for Juma Baraka looked puzzled, and made no movement.

Then, when I had almost despaired of success, a smile crept over his face, and he unfurled a heavy bunch of big keys that were fixed to his belt.

"Ndu, Bwana (Yes, Master)," he said, with an appreciative grin at me. And then, suddenly, he threw the keys with all his force straight at the big man's head. He ducked to avoid them, and that gave me the chance I had looked for. My revolver was quickly in action, and spat fire. With a howl of pain and rage the man dropped the two revolvers, and clasped his right wrist with his left hand. In a second he was down on the floor with all the black policemen sitting astride of him. It did not take more than a few seconds to secure him safely.

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Next Week: "In the Path of 10,000 Spears."



Major W. Robert Foran, former officer in the British army, veteran of several wars, the only newspaper correspondent to accompany the late Theodore Roosevelt on his African hunting expedition. As a correspondent he also accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour of India.

"WELL done, Juma Baraka," I called out; and patted the sergeant on the back. "Take him back and shove him into one of the empty cells until the doctor can come and attend to his wound."

As I spoke, there came the sound of running feet from outside the building. Ewart, the district superintendent of police, burst into the room, followed by about twenty Indian policemen.

"What's happened Foran?" he asked. "Who's been murdered?"

"The wretched sentry on duty—and by that swine of a man there he's been holding us up, trying to get the keys of the cells so as to release the other two murderers we've got back there."

Ewart whistled softly. "So that's what the game was," he said. The telephone exchange rang me up and said that your receiver was off—and had been for some time; but they couldn't make anyone answer. They said they were sure there was something wrong down here, for they could catch snatches of words such as 'murderer,' 'hands up,' and so forth. So I ran down here, collecting these men as I came along."

"So my telephone stunt did work, eh?" I laughed.

Ewart looked puzzled. So I explained to him that I had deliberately upset the telephone in the hope that it would attract the attention of the exchange people and send along help.

"Well, it was a great idea—and worked admirably," he grinned. "I'll report your conduct to the inspector-general, and here's hoping for some good results! By Jove! three murderers is a pretty good haul in one week, old chap."

Exactly five months later, I was promoted to district superintendent and sent up to the Victoria Nyanza to take charge of the police in the Kisumu province.

But before I left Nairobi, the "Black Sheep" had been thinned out and had sought pastures new. We had made it much too unhealthful for them to thrive in the capital town of British East Africa; and so they had drifted back to the gold-mining areas of South Africa, where the pickings were more profitable and the hiding-places easier to find.

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Next Week: "In the Path of 10,000 Spears."

Dawes Raised White Flag At Mary Garden Attack

Head of Reparation Commission Has Exciting Adventures in Music—Famous American General Is Composer as Well as Soldier, Banker, U.S. Budget Director, Etc.

GENERAL CHARLES G. DAWES, head of the famous Dawes Reparation Commission, is an American of exceptionally broad and diversified interests. He is an army man, a banker, a music patron, and even a composer of music.

General Dawes, among his other adventures, has had some exciting experiences in the world of music. He has faced temperamental prima donnas and surrendered. His rather noted powers of profane speech were silenced in the presence of Mary Garden.

General Dawes is now vice-president of the Chicago Clivie Opera Company. He had to be shown when the question came up of appointing Mary Garden general manager, after the death of Cleofonte Campanini. He opposed it, thought it dangerous. Miss Garden heard of the general's sentiments. She called upon him and for two hours submitted her plans in such a business manner that General Dawes hoisted the white flag. He became so enthusiastic that he went before the board of directors and made a plea that Miss Garden be appointed general director. The board followed his suggestion and the diva won on every wink of her battle line.

General Dawes is modest about his gifts as a composer. Deeply wounded by some criticisms that had been passed on his violin compositions, he ordered their publication suppressed, but the Gable-Hinged Music Company of Chicago had already sent copies to Fritz Kreisler, and Kreisler made the general's "Melody in A Major" very popular.

Several years after it was first brought out it was still increasing in popularity and Kreisler made a record of it for a talking machine company.

Just then Dawes was placed at the head of the United States national budget and the talking machine company telegraphed to the publishers, asking:

"Is the Charles G. Dawes who wrote the 'Melody in A Major' by any chance the Gen. Dawes who has been appointed director of the budget?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, the company announced the musical activities of General Dawes and surprised many music lovers, who never

dreamed of connecting the hard-boiled business man and soldier with so poetic and fanciful a pursuit as musical composition.

General Dawes thus describes what he calls his "blunders" in the musical world.

"I once tried to interfere in the artistic affairs of the Chicago Opera, but the doleful result of that experience made me resolve to confine my operative activities to the financial side of the operatic game."

"Another time I tried my hand at composing music, and even went so far as to have it published, but a well-known Chicago musician in whose judgment I have much faith, made this remark: 'If the notes that Charles Dawes takes in at his bank are as bad as those he puts down on paper then he will go bankrupt very quickly.'"

"The Melody in A Major" was not as bad as it was described by the general's friend, however, for it made the general's musical reputation.

Gen. Dawes entered the Central Trust Bank one morning and stopped in astonishment as he heard a beautiful tenor voice lifted in song. The language was Greek but the voice was heavenly. Dawes sought out the singer and found him to be a Greek who was washing the windows of the bank. The man looked like Caruso.

Gen. Dawes sent for Constantin Nicolay, a Greek basso of the opera, and put the musical window washer in his care for a year's training.

Then he obtained for him one appearance in "Rigoletto" and two in "Lucia" with the Chicago Opera Association, under Cleofonte Campanini's direction.

The Greek took the fanciful name of Costas Moreas, which had been the name of an ancient Greek philosopher and, under this name, he made an inglorious failure.

The general's mistake in judging the operative qualities of the window washer's voice did not prevent him from other judgments that were artistically very sound. One of his protégées was Amy Nell, American violinist, who, last season, scored brilliant successes in concert in her native Chicago and in New York, after several years in Europe,



"I was awakened suddenly by being roughly shaken by a veritable giant."