

POLICE INSPECTORS of NEW YORK

Born Across the Street from Old Headquarters, Frank A. Tierney Has Been "on the Force" All His Life—His "Clean-Up Campaigns Have Been Effective.

Inspector Frank A. Tierney, who is now in charge of the Eighth Inspection District, in Brooklyn, has been connected with the Police Department longer than any other man now in the service. From the day of his birth, September 30, 1868, Tierney has been associated with the department. On that date the proud parents of the present inspector lived at No. 301 Mulberry street, opposite old Police Headquarters. Soon after that the policemen in headquarters knew all about the "baby across the street." He was such a good natured youngster that he forthwith became the pet of every man in Police Headquarters.

Twenty-eight years later that same baby walked across the street into headquarters, wearing the uniform of a policeman. That was in 1896. Nineteen years of good police work steadily advanced Tierney step by step. To-day he is just as conscientiously keeping order in one of the worst districts of Brooklyn.

Inspector Tierney spent all of his babyhood, boyhood and early manhood in the shadow of Police Headquarters. He knew every policeman who came to the building. His education was obtained in St. Patrick's Pro-Cathedral, in Mulberry street, but a short distance from No. 300.

It was only when he became a young man that he strayed away from the neighborhood. He got a job in the auditor's office of the Erie Railroad. This position took him too far from Mulberry street. The result was that he watched his chance and took the examination when Mr. Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, sent out a call for intelligent young men. He donned his uniform on April 8, 1896.

Tierney's ability as an office man soon was recognized. He put into operation many good ideas that simplified the clerical work of the department. So appreciative were his superiors that in November, 1897, he was made a sergeant. In that capacity Tierney was sent to West Thirty-seventh street. "Hell's Kitchen" the precinct was called because of the constant brawls that occurred there nightly and daily. A few cracked skulls, however, soon brought the belligerents in that territory to the realization that when "Smiling Frank" Tierney was on post all fights had to be called off.

After three years' of faithful duty in the hardest districts in New York, from Chinatown to Harlem, the young sergeant received the news that he had been made a lieutenant. As a desk man he did duty in the Central Office, Chinatown, the Tenderloin, on the east and west sides and in Harlem. Many times he had narrow escapes from death. He proved wherever he went that if you want to "lick" a cop you must reserve accommodations at a nearby hospital.

When things became quiet he was taken to the Bureau of Repairs and Supplies, where he remained until he became a captain in 1911, when he assumed charge of Chinatown. He assisted Inspector



FRANK A. TIERNEY
POLICE INSPECTOR.

Parker in closing up every gambling place in the district and rounded up some five hundred odd prisoners.

At about this time the Hip Song and On Le Tongs were rampant in Chinatown. Murders occurred almost daily among the gamblers. Mock Duck and Hip Sing were arrested by Tierney for murder. Both were found guilty and electrocuted. They were the first Chinese to die in the chair in this State. The warring factors took to cover. To-day Chinatown is perfectly respectable, due, undoubtedly, to the work done by Tierney and his men six years ago.

In 1915 he was made acting inspector in charge of the Tenth Inspection District, which is in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. This district was a hotbed of outlawry. Tierney jumped in, made arrests by the wholesale and quickly had all gun toters on the run.

That same year he received his promotion to the inspectorship, and was assigned to the Eighth Inspection District, which takes in the Navy Yard and the downtown shopping district of Brooklyn. Handbook men were reaping a harvest when Tierney entered the district, arrested a score of gamblers, closed up several crap shooting houses, and to-day his district is quiet.

There is an interesting story told concerning the inspector. A negro ran amuck in Harlem and stabbed several persons. He was about to shoot a policeman with the latter's own revolver when Inspector Tierney ran up smashed the negro over the head several times with his billy, knocking him out just as he pulled the trigger of the gun. The bullet went wild. Although Tierney would never "stand for" the story, nevertheless it is true, as it has been told repeatedly by witnesses.

The thirteenth sketch in this series will appear next Saturday.