

ROGUES GALLERY IN BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS MODEL OF ITS KIND

(Boston Traveller)

Rogues! More than 120,000 of them in Boston and in custody of the police at some time during the last 25 years. Every one of them photographed and finger-printed at Boston police headquarters, where their pictures and records are on file.

This colossal collection, which, until a few years ago, reposed in cedar frames—animating and covering the walls of two large rooms in the bureau of records, and representing a most complete gallery, has been taken down—and placed away in steel cabinets.

Change Beneficial

The new business-like system, eliminating, as it does, the interest and fascination which formerly gripped the visitors—or we might say a victim—seeking to identify the culprit who "did him wrong," as he stood before the pictures, has nevertheless made up for more than it has taken away, according to Capt. Thomas F. Gleavey, in charge of the bureau.

"Each cedar frame contained 100 pictures, 50 front and 50 profiles, of each offender and there were 12 frames to a unit," explained Capt. Gleavey, an expert in this particular branch of police work for more than 20 years. Therefore 1,200 pictures to every unit.

"When the visitor was confronted with such an amazing collection, he was indeed surprised," he continued.

The pictures were filed numerically and systematized, but automobile thieves rubbed shoulders with pickpockets and murderers looked upon their lesser underworld characters, from their two by four inch frames in the unit.

Tiresome Task

With a competent officer guiding him, the victim would begin his survey of the gallery, slowly peering from top to bottom and from one side to the other, in effort to "get his man." Sometimes he would get results but invariably he tired of the task, felt a kink in his back sitting on the high stool, which advantageously was placed in front of the gallery for the convenience of the visitors, but which proved very inefficient when the person started to become picture blind and nervous, as they frequently did from gazing at hundreds of photographs.

The system was condemned by Police Commissioner Hultman, who placed at work a group of officers under the direction of Capt. Gleavey, to substitute a new and more up to date system which would be to the advantage not only of those persons seeking to identify criminals but also to the police. This was done.

The gallery today takes up but one fifth of the space it formerly occupied. The visitor has no trouble in getting results. The pictures are segregated—automobile thieves in one cabinet, burglars in another, pickpockets in another, etc. And so is it any wonder that the famed John F. Condon, or "Jacksie," of the Lindbergh mystery, gave it his approval after he had spent one whole day at headquarters not so long ago in search for suspect of the

kidnapping. He said it is one of the most efficient departments he had visited in his travel to almost every large city in the country.

Only "Live Ones" Kept

And while the gallery's fascination is a thing of the past, it most certainly gives way to a more formidable and impressive arrangement. It was pointed out that all the pictures are of persons still living, and that pictures of deceased felons, if the death becomes known to the police, are removed and destroyed. In so far as the characters contained in bureau of records files are concerned, most of them are persons who have been convicted of serious offences, some of whom may now be enjoying liberty after serving sentence, while a good many others are still serving time and some doomed to life.

Perhaps the most interesting collection of pictures in the bureau of records are those which have been taken by police photographers, men who formerly patrolled a beat or did traffic duty, and who are now engaged in work similar to newspaper photographers.

For instance, two men are shot and killed in a gang war and their assailants have fled. The police photographers, equipped with cameras of the most efficient type, are dispatched to the scene, getting angles, and using plate after plate.

The pictures are brought to headquarters. They are developed and enlarged to bring out the details. Suspects are arrested, subsequently go to trial, and the pictures are produced as evidence. They have a weighty effect on the jury. Conviction results.

Praised by Doyle

Only recently the police commissioner received a congratulatory letter from Frederick Doyle, assistant district attorney, who said the pictures taken of a cottage where Herman Rutstein was held captive for ransom were of great assistance. He was high in his praises of the department for its co-operate work. The pictures were introduced as evidence in the trial of five men.

Getting back to rogues' gallery pictures. Pickpockets always follow the crowds. There are numerous pictures of them in the gallery. The American Legion convention came to Boston, its wonderful parade culminating a three-day celebration.

"Photograph every pickpocket and snatch thief in the gallery and make enough of them to distribute to 117 plainclothes men who will work on them," came the order from the commissioner.

More than 7000 pictures were made up in 24 hours, the photographers working overtime. Each man was given a set of pictures. The convention came to town. So did the pickpockets. Boston was prepared to meet them, and sent them out of the city.

Of the thousands who witnessed and took part in the celebration, only one complaint was forthcoming. There were a number of arrests. There might have been more thievery but prevention in police work had stopped "the

grab." There was one more victim, but before he got to his home the police had notified his wife they had his pocketbook and the man who stole it. And so Boston saw one of its biggest celebrations with little or no pickpocketing.

Police Photographers

The department photographers, taken from the rank and file, who are doing such a splendid job are: Daniel J. Donovan, Edward Kirby, and Francis Sullivan.

When the commissioner asked for photographers these men applied. Two were well trained. One had worked at the Harvard biological laboratory while the other had been a photographer in the world war. The pictures on file, some 10,000 photographs in all, attest to their efficiency, all of them.

As fire commissioner of the city of Boston the present police department head stated that he had a target to shoot at in the annual report of fire loss in the city, but he states ironically that as police commissioner, the sad part of it all is that there is no figures to shoot at when it comes to reducing the loss suffered by pickpocketing, gang-shooting, etc.

"People would think you were singing your own praises if you tried to tell them without actual figures how the department is reducing crime, but there was that instance at the American Legion parade.

Proud of His Men

And so Capt. Gleavey is proud of his men, his photographers, his inspectors and his immediate subordinate Sergt. Stanley H. Gaw, who first won such high praise for the department in the past few years, through the initiative of the police commissioner.

And while there is volumes to be said about the police photography let it be said that the fingerprint system in the bureau of records is one of the best in the country, with more than 300,000 fingerprints on file.

MISS MILLS TO BECOME BRIDE

Philadelphia, Dec. 4—The ghost of New Jersey's most famous murder mystery was raised in the memory of many today when it was learned that Charlotte Mills, blonde daughter of Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills, slain under a crabapple tree with Rev. Edward Wheeler Hall, is engaged to be married. Miss Mills, now 28, who was 18 at the time of the tragedy, declines to reveal the name of her fiancé but says he is "the most wonderful in the world."

The girl, who is not matured, says that the passage of ten years is not long enough to make her forget the Hall-Mills case. She declares she has revealed her identity to "Harry"—the only identity she will give her sweetheart—and that it "doesn't matter to him."

If the business men of this city could only get together in the interest of the city, and themselves, what wonders could be accomplished. The Rotary Auction is a case in point. Co-operation made it a great success.

A statesman is a mere man with a public job. It is folly to expect him to have more brains than a mere man.

T. A. PETERS IS HALE, HEARTY AT AGE OF NINETY

Hampton Man Served For Twelve Years As Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Hampton, Kings Co. Dec. 5—Thomas Alfred Peters, Hampton's "grand old man," will be 90 years of age tomorrow. He was born at Queenstown, N. B., son of the late Samuel Leonard and Phoebe Tilley Peters, and is the last surviving member of a family of nine.

For many years he worked with his brother, William Peters, in Saint John in the old tannery on Union street. Later they occupied the brick building on Golden Ball corner, torn down recently. In 1883 he removed to Hampton, where he purchased a farm and established one of the first herds of Holstein cattle in the county. In 1897 he became deputy commissioner in the provincial Department of Agriculture, which office he held for 12 years. After leaving the department in 1909, Mr. Peters was employed for three years by the Dominion Department of Agriculture as fruit inspector, stationed at Halifax and on Prince Edward Island. He returned to Hampton in 1913.

Mr. Peters is the senior living past master of Hibernia Lodge, No. 3, A. F. & A. M., Saint John and a member of Corinthian Lodge, No. 13, Hampton. He has been a Mason for 66 years.

The greatest work for which he is credited in Hampton is the rural cemetery, a cemetery where his care is so evident, in the appearance of the lots and surroundings, that it is known as one of the best cared for cemeteries in the province. Mr. Peters has been resident of the Rural Cemetery Company since 1913.

The man's "four score and ten" have not lessened his ardor as a fisherman, and he still takes trips to his favorite trout and salmon pools. He has a fishing rod which he has used nearly every season since 1875, and with which he has landed more than 100 salmon. He is also a keen bridge player, and bridge enthusiasts, young and old, enjoy taking a hand with him.

He makes his home with his daughter, Mrs. R. A. March, at Hampton. Another daughter is Mrs. Frank Titus, Andover. There are two sons, Leonard W. Peters, Saint John, and Arthur J. Peters, Montreal.

BRITAIN NOT A SQUEALER, SAYS LADY ASTOR

Richmond, Va., Dec. 3—Viscount and Lady Astor have been invited to appear before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States House of Representatives in Washington to explain their views on the British suggestion that war debt payments should be postponed, it was learned here today.

The British peer and his American-born wife and member of Parliament will leave Richmond for Washington on Monday.

He said he would be glad to issue a statement of his views of the problem after his appearance before the committee has been arranged.

The Astors were guests of honor at a luncheon given today by the Richmond League of Women Voters. In an address Lady Astor condemned "the terrible nationalism" which she said "has gripped many nations" and is "a menace to progress."

"As sure as you are all living," she said, "we are going to get another war, unless we get rid of some of these foolish ideas." She defended her adopted country against what she termed a charge that Britain is "squealing about the debt."

"I almost collared that man right there, he made me so mad," she said "If there is one thing Britain doesn't do, it is to squeal."

—Bob Ryder, of the Ohio State Journal, is now deeply concerned as to where Lady Godiva was vaccinated, and we'll bet if Bob had been around Coventry the day the lady took her famous canter the next morning would have found him on one of the corners of that delightful old town with a tin cup and a pair of dark glasses.



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