

AS THE GENTILES SAW IT

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROVIDENCE JEWISH COMMUNITY,
CIRCA 1909

BY BENTON H. ROSEN

A Modern City is a socio-economic-geographic survey of the City of Providence, edited by William Kirk, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Economics at Brown University, and published in 1909 by The University of Chicago Press. From its 363 pages this writer has gleaned most of the pertinent references to the Jewish population of the city for the purpose of comment and criticism.

In the chapter titled "Population", by William MacDonald, Ph.D.¹, we note regarding ethnic groups in Providence: "Members of the same race have drawn together, creating little foreign colonies like that of the Italians in the ninth ward, or the Russian Jews about North Main and Charles Streets."

This professor commits what is known in latter-day jargon as "double talk" in his assertion that ". . . the well-known characteristics which distinguish Jews the world over appear here, and do not need special enumeration." There are many references to the "well-known characteristics" in the chapter, both favorable and unfavorable.

He states: "Most of the people who give their place of birth as Russia are Jews . . . the third ward contains the largest number of Russians, 2,105, mainly Jews². The majority of them are of the orthodox faith³, and speak Yiddish of the province⁴ from which they come; but religion seems to have no strong hold upon them⁵ and an American Yiddish⁶ rapidly supplants the dialects spoken by the immigrant.

¹Professor of American History at Brown University.

²While the writer does not question the accuracy of the population figure given here, it should be borne in mind that a Jewish settlement in the Willard Avenue, or South Providence, area was of equal size. This has been determined by a random analysis of Jewish family names in the Providence City Directory of 1909. For some inexplicable reason practically no reference is made to the Willard Avenue group in "A Modern City."

³This was so. The only non-Orthodox congregation in existence at that time was Temple Beth El, which attracted a small portion of the Jewish population.

⁴No doubt reference is made to the section or region from which the immigrant came: such as Russia, Poland, or the province of Galicia of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

⁵This might have applied to the young people. Refer to page 81. *RIJH Notes*, Vol V., Number 1, November 1967, "The Providence Conservative Synagogue—Temple Beth-Israel."

See next page for footnote ⁶.

“A large part of the population along North Main Street, and in the cross streets between North Main and Camp is Jewish, and they have lately acquired a firm foothold among the fine old residences at the north end of Benefit Street. There is undoubtedly a strong social prejudice against them: their advent in a neighborhood almost invariably depreciates the value of the real estate, and is followed by the withdrawal of the non-Jewish population.” How little this pattern has changed with certain other ethnic groups until the present day!

He reviews the area of occupational activity of Providence Jews quite superficially: “Industrially, the Jews exhibit a limited range of occupations. Most of the small tailoring establishments in the city, except in the Italian quarter, are carried on by Jews, as are pawnshops and second-hand stores of all sorts. Jewish boarding-houses, restaurants, bakeries, and markets are common in the Jewish quarters, and a large number of newsboys, and some newsdealers, are Jews.” This paragraph is concluded with a comment, somewhat caustic and condemnatory: “The reluctance of insurance companies to write policies on the stock of Jewish merchants and tailors is an interesting commentary on the esteem in which the race is held.”

However, Doctor MacDonald does soften his harsh judgment with more kindly expression: “One must guard against the mistake of classing together all the Jews of Providence for either industrial, business or social purposes. The Russian and Polish Jews of the North End, so far as the mass of them are concerned, represent a lower element as distinct from the leaders of the race as are the unskilled and ignorant Irish laborers from the Irish professional and business classes. The upper-class Jews⁷, often native born, are largely represented in the business life of the city. In the manufacture of jewelry, as well as in the wholesale and retail jewelry trade, they are extensively engaged. The largest department store⁸ in the city is managed by Jews, while the trade in ready-made clothing and men’s wearing apparel is largely in their hands.

In closing his chapter Doctor MacDonald attempts to compress several subjects into a meandering paragraph. He observes: “Social-

⁶Beryl Segal, an accomplished Yiddishist of Providence, explains this. There was no marked change in the typical dialects. However, English words that had no counterpart in Yiddish were added to the conversational language. An example: a real estate operator was described as a “real-estate-nick.”

⁷These were German Jews, and their descendants.

⁸The Outlet Company

ly, the Jew, whatever his wealth, refinement or status, is gregarious. He has no fondness for the country, but prefers to live in the busy, active, crowded quarters of the city, where he can be near his kind. In the selection and preparation of his meat he is sanitary, but he often seems comparatively indifferent to personal comfort, and among the lower classes is untidy and unclean. The average Jewish market, grocery or bakery in the North End is filthy and offensive in the extreme, and a standing menace to health. The Jew acquires the English language readily, but always speaks it with an accent. The young men are often hard-working and self-sacrificing students, an appreciable representation of Jews being found in Brown University; but the race is not prominently represented in the professions. The well-to-do Jews keep much to themselves in social matters, partly, no doubt, because social prejudice tends to hold them in a class apart; while they contribute their share to the well-being of the community, the process of assimilation cannot be said as yet to have attained more than moderate extension."

The chapter on Religion was written by Lester Bradner, Ph.D., rector of St. John's Church, Providence. About local Judaism he said: "A growing factor in the religious life of Providence is the Jews. The Jewish settlement in Newport is one of the oldest in the country, but the development of Hebrew life in Providence is a comparatively recent feature, greatly accelerated in growth by the persecutions a few years past in Russia. The Jewish population in the city may be reckoned today at eight or nine thousand, nearly double what it was five years ago. They are by nature a self-contained and orderly people. Their family morals are above average. They make good citizens, even if not agreeable.

"At present the Orthodox Jews outnumber the 'Reform' element. There are at present in Providence four synagogues and four congregations, or 'cheoras',⁹ without a permanent edifice of their own, in addition to the one Reform house of worship."

Doctor Bradner then adverts from the subject of religious activity to philanthropic endeavors. "The charitable work of the Jews among their own people is always notable, and Providence is no exception to the rule. The chief needs are relieved by a very effective

⁹According to Rabbi Eli A. Bohnen, Temple Emanu-El, Providence, there is no such word in Hebrew as "cheora." He feels that what was intended is the word "chevra", literally "brotherhood."

charitable organization. One society in particular, the 'Gemillath Chesed'¹⁰ loans out several thousand dollars a year without interest."

His views on the topic of proselytism of Jews are worth mentioning. It was noted that "Very few Jews are inclined to consider a change of faith. They are naturally suspicious of attempts to proselyte. Attempts have been made, and probably will continue to be made on the part of the Christian churches in Providence to bring the gospel to the Hebrew. There is no city, so far as we know, where evangelistic work among the Jews is yielding much fruit."

Time has proved the accuracy of his prediction that: ". . . it is evident that the Hebrews are destined to play a large part in our civic life in the United States. It will not be long before their influence in Providence will be strongly felt."

The chapter on "Philanthropy" was contributed by Mary Conyngton, A.M.¹¹ About Jewish activity in this area she said: "Next to the churches, perhaps the associations of different nationalities working among their own people give the largest amount of relief. The Jewish charities are the best known of these. In Providence the Jewish population is large and heterogeneous, both as to language and shade of religious belief. It is said that in one limited area of the Jewish quarters are to be found twenty-nine¹² distinct sets. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that their charities are unorganized, and it is not possible to obtain any full account of them. Unquestionably they do a large amount of work. Applications by Jews for help from outside sources are rare, and few find their way into institutions."

Doctor Kirk, the editor of the book, also wrote the chapter on "Labor." His commentary on Jews was limited to the following: "The Russian Jews, steadily increasing in number, avoid the factory, as much as possible, become retail dealers, or prefer the smaller industries where there is some hope of individual enterprise in the

¹⁰Reference is made to *RIJH Notes*, Vol. V, Number 3, November 1969. "The Gemiloth Chasodim of Rhode Island."

¹¹The Providence City Directory of 1909 states that Miss Conyngton "boards at 85 Congdon Street." While their catalogues do not so state, she might have been a member of the Brown University or Pembroke College academic community.

¹²This is an exaggerated statement. Her allusion is to the regional origins of these Jews prior to emigration to the United States—Germany, Poland and Russian Baltic provinces, Russia, Austria, Galicia, Bohemia, Hungary, Rumania, and a few others—perhaps 10-12 groups.

near future. Thus we find among them many hucksters and peddlers, tailors, boot and shoe makers, while the jewelry industry has attracted certain others."

Another source of comment on the Jewish population of the Providence area is the 23rd Annual Report of the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics of the State of Rhode Island. This was presented to the General Assembly (state legislature) in 1910.

We shall quote from two sections of this report. Under the heading "Some Nativity and Race Factors" appears the following observation: "Russia, although it has not contributed many of its own people, has sent to this State a large element of Jews, who settled in the cities." Also, "It is unquestionably true that most of the Russian element is of Hebrew descent . . . that most of the emigration from Russia is due to political and social conditions which involve discrimination against certain races and classes is a truism that needs no proof."

In the same publication in the section on "Nativity and Fecundity" there are two comments worthy of quotation. The first of these states: ". . . the Russians, who are mostly of the Hebrew Race, show the smallest portion of childless mothers." This is a surprising finding, the implications of which might provide an interesting basis for further study.

Another passage in the same section of the report reads: "The workers of Russian parentage are mostly of Jewish descent and hold a very prominent place among the merchants and dealers of the state. They are also found as workers on articles of apparel, as jewelry workers, and as agents and sales people. It is interesting that they are not represented as bankers and brokers."

REFERENCES

¹A Modern City: Providence, Rhode Island and its Activities. Ed. William Kirk, Univ. of Chicago Press. 1909.

²Rhode Island Bureau of Industrial Statistics, Church Statistics and Religious Preference. Bulletin II. Part I of the Annual Report for 1907. George H. Webb, Commissioner. Ralph M. Greenlaw, Chief Clerk. Providence, R. I., E. L. Freeman Company, State Printers, 1907. (pp. 201-309).

This is available in the library of the Rhode Island Historical Society contained in bound copy of: Twenty-first Annual Report of the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics, made to the General Assembly at its January Session, 1908, Providence, R. I., E. L. Freeman Company, State Printers, 1908.

Bound in same volume: Census of the Foreign-Born Population of Rhode Island, Bulletin I. Part I of the Annual Report for 1907, etc.

MINYAN, SHIVA AND SHROUD

The following account of the early days of the Providence Jewish community in Bicknell's history¹ of Rhode Island has been called to our attention:

"Providence had a few Jewish settlers in 1769, but there was no communal activity until 1840, when Solomon Pereira of Amsterdam settled there, followed shortly by enough others to make Minyan. A Congregation was thereupon formed which met in Pereira's home. An alcove in his parlor was used for the Sefer Torah which was borrowed from New York for the Holy Days. He later donated ground for a cemetery and built round it the fence which the law demanded. The members of this early Congregation (Sons of Israel) were Wormser, Stern, Pereira, Rashkover, Steinberger, Frank Nathan, Solomon, Holberstadt and Kalter. *There were itemized charges against Kalter's estate for ten men for minyan, for the seven days' shiva, and for a bolt of linen for a shroud.* In 1854 the Congregation was formed which is to-day the Reform Temple Beth El." (Italics added)

The name Kalter does not appear in any directory of the period, or in the Providence Register of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.

David C. Adelman² listed the early congregation as follows:

"The Minyan consisting of Goodman, Stern, Solomon, Pereira, Hershorn, Deyoung, Cook, Marks, Halberstad and Fish was made up of those, whose signatures appeared upon the petition to the General Assembly in 1855 for a charter and those whose names appear in the charter itself.

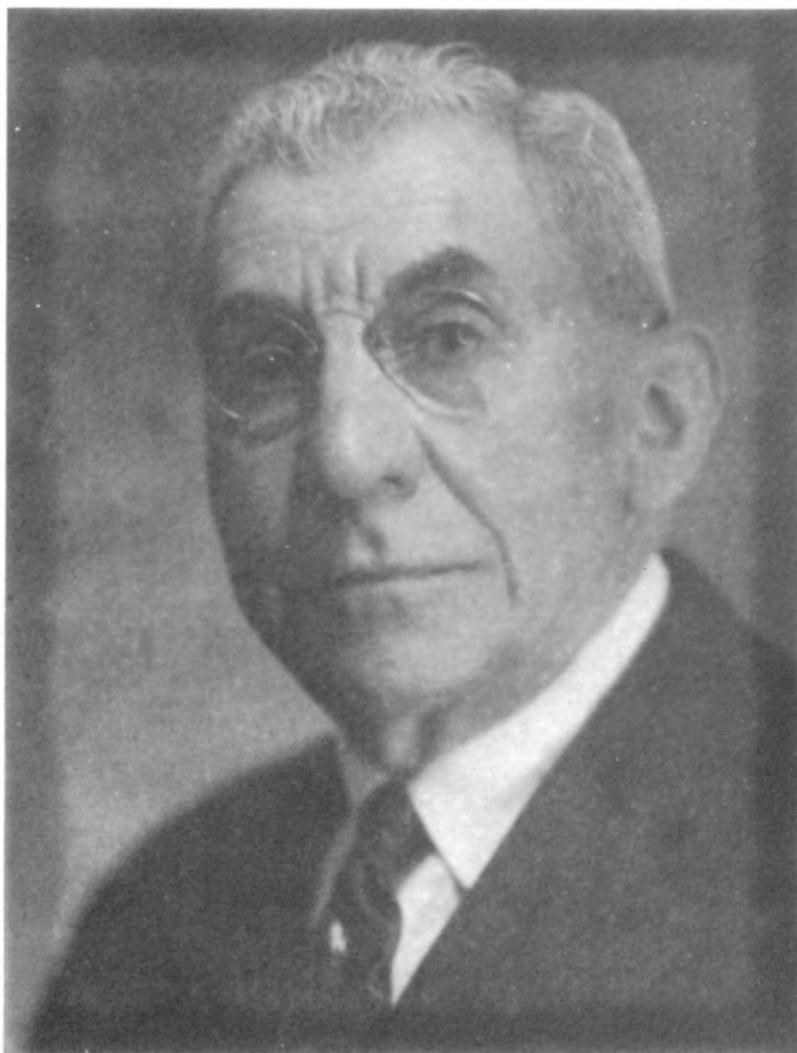
Besides the Minyan from 1854 to 1860, the Jewish community included Wormser, Garits, Kastor, Raphael Frank, Lewis and Charles Lewison, Morris, Leopold and Samuel Steinberg, John, Charles, Benjamin and Julius Nathan, Simon and Herman Rascover, Jacob Goodhart, the four Solomon brothers, Charles, Emanuel, Morris and Simon . . . Henry Green, and Abraham and Benjamin Shuman."

William Kastor, a clerk, in 1855 was employed at No. 3 The Arcade building and boarded at 8 Page Street. No Kalter has been identified.

Ed.

¹The History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations by Theodore Williams Bicknell. 3 vol. American Historical Society, Inc., N. Y. 1920, p. 632.

²Early Days of the Providence Jewish Community. *RIJHN* 3:148-159, Dec. 1960.



BERNARD MANUEL GOLDOWSKY

BERNARD MANUEL GOLDOWSKY—1864-1936*

BY SEEBERT J. GOLDOWSKY, M.D.

Those of my father's contemporaries who remember him thirty-five years after his death are more than likely to associate his name prominently with Jewish communal affairs. While his contributions to these activities were important, they alone would not justify more than a brief sketch. A few will remember him as the operator of a private detective agency which serviced the jewelry industry in Rhode Island and southeastern Massachusetts. Those who knew him well will concede that he was a colorful character. He was in fact the first Jewish detective in Rhode Island¹ and a man of considerable attainments in his chosen profession. These are more valid reasons for this undertaking.

My father was born on January 3, 1864 in the village (shtetl) of Alexot,² in the government of Kovno (Kovnogoberne) in Russian Lithuania, the son and oldest child of Samuel and Elenor (Chiah Libbe) Goldowsky. He was named Beryl Mendel. My grandfather had been the proprietor of a small tavern and bakery, which, my father recalled, was patronized by the Russian soldiers in the area. From them he picked up a few Russian words and phrases. That Samuel Goldowsky had for some time planned to emigrate from Russia is evident, although he seems to have been reasonably comfortable, and his precise motivation is not clear. A communication from America, however, was the specific inducement which led him to take that fateful step. He had received a letter from a lawyer in Washington, D.C., stating that an uncle in America had died and that there was an estate to be settled. Leaving his family behind, he embarked for New York on a sailing vessel, arriving there after a stormy and harrassing voyage of seven weeks. This event occurred probably sometime in the late 1860's, certainly not later than 1871.

*I am indebted to my sister, Beatrice Goldowsky, for recollections and notes, which have been freely incorporated into this memoir, and to my brother-in-law, Doctor Maurice Adelman, who through his keen memory of confidences which my father shared with him alone contributed colorful details of my father's varied experience.

¹For the story of the first Jewish policeman in Providence see APPENDIX II, page 128.

²A search of atlases and gazetteers published at various times during the latter half of the nineteenth and early decades of the twentieth centuries reveals no town or village of this name. It is believed that it is probably a corruption of the name of a town in the Kovno area variously given as Aleksandrovskaya or New Alexandrovsk.



SAMUEL AND ELENOR GOLDOWSKY



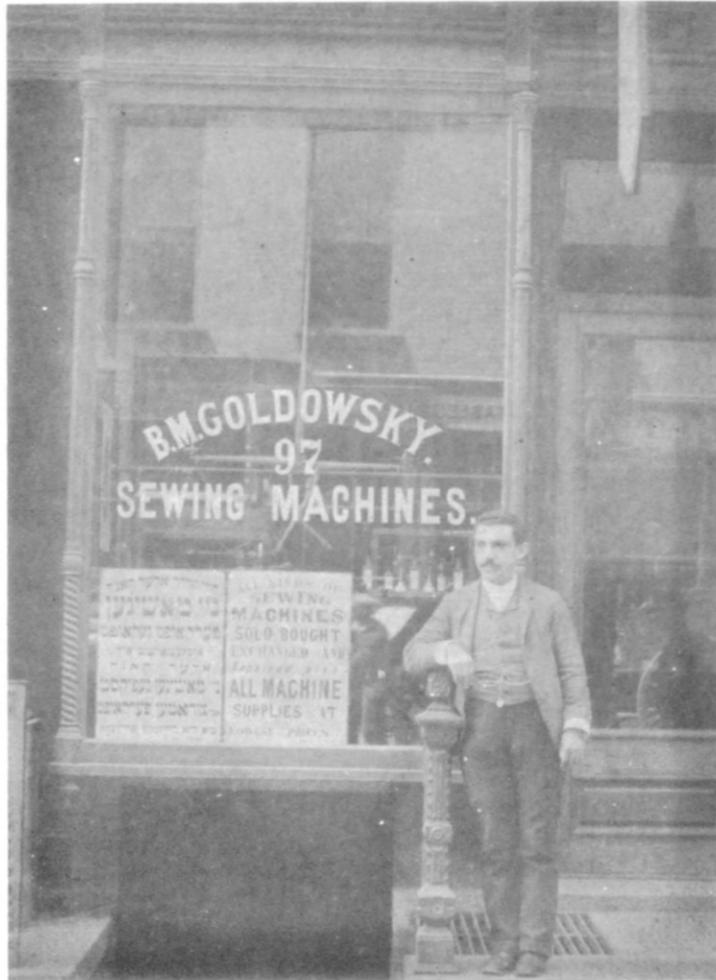
EDUARD AND EMMA BENDIX LOTARY

In the confusion of landing, and perhaps as a result of the hardships encountered during the lengthy voyage, the letter was lost. He traveled to Washington, but no one there was able to help him locate the proper person. After knocking on many doors, encountering only frustration and disappointment, he returned to New York City, where he determined to settle.

Before his leaving for America (at which time my father could not have been more than seven years of age), he arranged for his eldest son's education. Like all Jewish young boys my father went to the local *cheder*. Since under the Czar he was not allowed to attend the local school, he was tutored privately in both English and German. My father told us that there was some uncertainty as to whether they would settle ultimately in Germany or America.

Eventually Grandfather Samuel was able to send for his family. They arrived in New York City in 1873. My father on arrival, aged nine, could already speak English, a great asset in those days for an immigrant boy. He was conscious of having had a Russian or Yiddish accent, which he was later largely to overcome. His given names in America became Bernard Manuel. My grandfather, who during these years and later ran a small grocery store on the lower East Side of New York, became a naturalized citizen of the United States in the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York on October 9, 1876. At that time my father was eleven years old.

My father attended public school in New York, probably completing two years of high school. He presumably attended a Talmud Torah as well. After school he ran errands, sold matches and newspapers on the streets, and delivered groceries, possibly from his father's store. During these years he studied avidly and read voluminously. Harry Golden commented on the special quality of the Jew in America, a quality which Hutchins Hapgood called "the spirit of the ghetto", and described the lending libraries operated by those entrepreneurs of the lower East Side who sold candy and seltzer ("for two cents plain"). "The standard book", Golden wrote, "was *David Copperfield*; another was *Les Miserables* A fifteen cent deposit and a nickel for two weeks was the charge." My father, in fact, read both of these works and indeed much more—most of Dickens, Thackeray, Lord Lytton, and other Victorian novelists, and the standard translations of Dumas and Hugo. He also read the works of Shakespeare, the poets, Charles Darwin, and (shame!) the



Sewing Machine Entrepreneur

agnostic Robert G. Ingersoll. My father described how he would read until the wee hours, squatting cross-legged on top of the family ice-box, to avail himself of the uncertain flicker of a nearby gaslight. He was all his life wedded to strong eyeglasses. In those days of primitive ophthalmology (when eyeglasses were sold from pushcarts) the punishing effect on his eyes of this voracious reading almost blinded him. Throughout his life he would quote a line from the opening paragraphs of *David Copperfield*, the poetic cadence of which never failed to charm him: "It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously."

He learned to read and write Hebrew fluently, and in later years could quote the Talmud at length from memory. When it came time to make his own way in the world, this traditional learning was of no help to him in job hunting. He had a natural talent for drawing and decided to make his living as an artist, doing portraits in crayon. A business card of the period in ornate type reads:

B.M. GOLDOWSKY
CRAYON PORTRAIT ARTIST
193 HENRY STREET
Bet. Jefferson Clinton Sts., NEW YORK

He could not, however, pursue this career because of his poor vision. His doctor advised him to give it up if he did not wish to become blind.

He then tried his hand at the sewing machine business. Among the family photo portraits is one of a good-looking dark-haired moustachioed young fellow standing in front of a small store with this legend on the store window: B.M. GOLDOWSKY SEWING MACHINES. A display card in the window reads: ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES SOLD, BOUGHT, EXCHANGED AND REPAIRED. ALSO ALL MACHINE SUPPLIES AT LOWEST PRICES. A similar card carried the same message in Yiddish. In the window is a tiny display of small oil cans and bottles, containing, one can surmise, machine oil. My father was facile with his hands and undoubtedly could make the necessary repairs himself. The venture, however, did not thrive.

In the mid 1890's he determined to seek his fortune in Texas, where his younger brother Moses had already settled and would prosper in the drygoods business. He tried his luck in Denison, a



BERNARD M. AND ANTOINETTE GOLDOWSKY
(Taken in 1897 and *circa* 1890 respectively)

busy railroad, industrial, and farming community in northeast Texas. He sold goods from door to door (a salesman or peddler), but presumably did not do well. He was, in fact, not talented in either business or selling. He returned to New York sometime about 1899.

In answer to a blind Help Wanted advertisement in a New York newspaper, he found himself applying for a job with the Pinkerton Detective Agency. An unlikely prospect, small in stature and obviously Jewish, he was nevertheless promptly hired. A shrewd manager saw something more in this modest little man than met the eye. Shortly after getting his feet wet in his new venture as a detective operative, he was transferred to the Boston office.

Before his Texas interlude he had boarded in New York with a German Jewish family named Lotary. At home was a pretty and lively daughter, named Antoinette, by whose brown hair, yellow eyes, and fair skin he was bewitched. He fell in love with her and asked for her hand in marriage. Since she was only sixteen when they met and his prospects for supporting a wife and family were nil, her parents took a dim view of the undertaking and told him to come back later when Tony was a little older.

Some ten years later after his transfer to Boston, now with the prospect of a steady job, he again at long last asked for her hand. They had kept up a courtship and correspondence over the years. She was now twenty-six and he thirty-five. If her family still had reservations she had none. Now old enough to decide for herself, she informed them that marry him she would. They were married by Rev. (Rabbi) Samuel Langer in Hoboken, New Jersey, where the Lotarys now resided, on October 15, 1899. My father's residence was given as Chelsea, Massachusetts, where he had boarded with his first cousin, Isaac Goldberg ("shortened" from Goldowsky in one of those bizarre name games so prevalent at the time).

Grandfather Edward Lotary was born in Germany and had graduated from the University at Bonn. He was fluent not only in his native German, but also in English, French, and Italian. One of his several occupations in America was that of interpreter. While he was a kindly and cultivated person, he was never a very successful breadwinner. With his blond hair and moustache, and blue eyes, he appeared the part of a typical German junker. He was, however, born Lazarus and changed his name to Lotary upon arriving in America to facilitate avoiding a call to army conscription in Germany.



THE BENDIX FAMILY

Taken in Germany *circa* 1867. Second from the right is the grandmother of Antoinette (Lotary) Goldowsky. Second from the left is Emma Bendix (Lotary), her mother. Through her daughter, Eleanor Lillian Goldowsky (Adelman); her granddaughter, Lorraine Adelman (Dickinson); and the latter's children, six generations of the female line are identified. This is somewhat unusual among Ashkenazic immigrants of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Grandmother Lotary was born Emma Bendix in Alsace-Lorraine, under German hegemony after 1870. Great-grandmother Bendix, with an air of superiority, liked to think of herself as French (albeit also of Hebrew stock). French may well, in truth, have been her first tongue.

The Lotarys came to America in 1879, when their eldest daughter Antoinette was six. My mother always claimed that she was born in New York, but we knew otherwise. She had some fleeting memories of her childhood in Germany and spoke of visiting wealthy relatives. There was something in her memories about a velvet dress, and a big house with a vast staircase. If there was affluence somewhere in the family, it never quite found its way to young Eduard and Emma Lotary and their growing family. My mother had two brothers and two sisters. One brother, said to be affected with the "wanderlust", disappeared without trace in 1906, probably a victim of the San Francisco earthquake. Her two beautiful sisters created a song-and-dance sister act in vaudeville. Her remaining brother, like my mother a more solid citizen, enters our story briefly at a later time.

My mother left school after the eight grade and went to work. She worked most of her years until her marriage in a necktie factory, rising to the rank of "forelady". A bright young man named Harry Schwartz, who had a knack for magic tricks, worked at a nearby bench. He later became the Great Magician, Harry Houdini.

My parents' honeymoon was a train trip to Somerville, Massachusetts, where my father had rented an apartment in a two-family frame house. They started their life together with eleven dollars, one week's wages from the celebrated Pinkerton agency.

While my father's career with the Pinkertons was brief, he was early respected by his superiors for his cleverness and ingenuity. He at last had found a career for which he had a natural talent and which was both challenging and rewarding. While working for the Pinkertons in Boston he was employed on one occasion as a shoe machine operator in the shoe industry. It is possible that this involved anti-union activity, in which the Pinkertons had had a long tradition and experience.

While conducting an investigation for the Pinkerton agency in Providence, Rhode Island, he met and earned the admiration of the late Patrick ("Patsy") Parker, Chief of Detectives of the Providence police. Providence was then, as now, the world's jewelry manufactur-

ing center. At that time much quality jewelry was made in Providence (later superseded by costume jewelry). The loss of even small amounts of precious metals (gold, silver, and platinum) to inside thievery created serious problems for the industry. Parker introduced my father to several of the industry's leaders and recommended him highly. They induced my father to transfer his activities to Providence to undertake the solution of their problem. Among his early clients in the business were such firms as Theodore Foster and Brother, Chapin and Hollister, and Ostby and Barton. He later became fast friends with the late William P. Chapin.

In the meantime on November 12, 1900 my elder sister, Eleanor (the late Mrs. Maurice Adelman), had been born in the small flat in Somerville. In 1901 my father with his bride and infant daughter moved to Providence where he was to make his career and live out his life. They rented a flat, again in a two-family frame house, at 595 Broadway near Olneyville, across the street from St. Mary's Catholic Church. The house in later years was removed for the Roberts Expressway. This was an Irish neighborhood, and my family made fast and lifelong friendships with some of their neighbors. While anti-semitism was not a problem, my father spoke of an incident one afternoon when a little boy called him a "sheeny." My father, as he entered his yard, snapped back: "Go home and tell your father he's an S - - O - - B - - - ." My sister Beatrice and I were both born in this house (November 11, 1904 and June 6, 1907 respectively).

My father could not immediately establish an agency since he must be licensed and bonded. This required a year of residence. During this period he worked as a claim agent for the street railway company (then called the Rhode Island Company) and did some free-lance work for the Pinkertons, which he also continued later. He established his own agency, The National Detective Agency, in about the year 1902. He first appeared in the 1903 City Directory listed as "agent." The agency is listed by name for the first time in 1906. His office was in the old Industrial Trust Building at 49 Westminster Street. The agency survived until his death, although in 1923 the name was changed to The Goldowsky Detective Agency. (See back cover)

In 1906 a group of jewelry manufacturers banded together to form the Jewelers' Protective Association, a subsidiary of the New England Manufacturing Jewelers and Silversmiths Association, which had its headquarters in Providence. This new organization retained my

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BERNARD M. GOLDOWSKY, Supt.
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Civil — Criminal — Industrial

You are not obliged to pay for experiments or guess work; we hit the nail on the head every time and are absolutely reliable

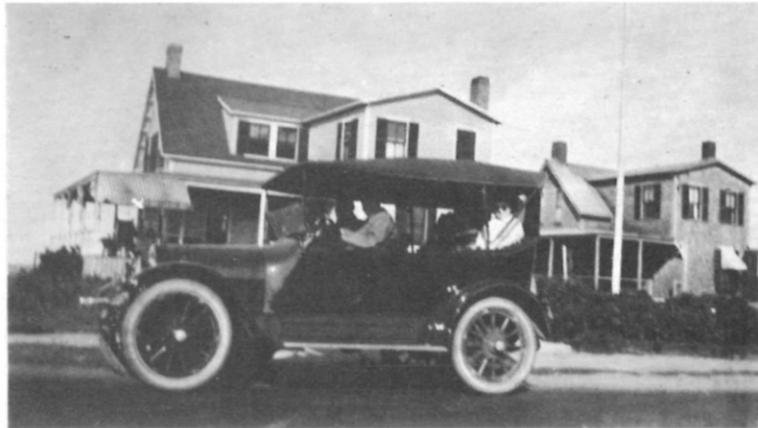
Our Motto is: "THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL," and we Challenge Contradiction

We place Operatives in Manufacturing plants, Shops, Stores, etc. Dishonesty among employes positively unearthed. Highest references furnished on application. Telephone connection, private line

Industrial Trust Co. Bldg.

49 WESTMINSTER STREET, - PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The first Directory advertisement in the 1906 Providence City Directory



The 1915 family Overland—showing Maurice Adelman (now Doctor) in the driver's seat, Bernard Goldowsky next to him, and Antoinette Goldowsky in the left rear seat. The rest of the family are in the shadows.

father to provide investigative services. He became highly expert in this special field and particularly knowledgeable about individuals who preyed on the industry. He kept detailed card files on all jewelry employees and working jewelers. Over a period of years he was able drastically to reduce the losses and prevent recurrence. He always maintained that the worst scourges were the fences, the receivers of stolen goods, and that without them the crime of theft could not exist. In this industry the fences usually operated loan or second hand shops. He put a few out of business and kept the others under constant surveillance. For one summer when I was in college he permitted me to participate in the surveillance of two loan shops. I actually spotted a suspicious jewelry worker doing business at one of them, but the matter was not pursued to the point of incriminating evidence and prosecution. On another case I drove the family car during an after dark investigation in a nearby Massachusetts community. We were challenged by local police who were suspicious, thus making our situation untenable and terminating the only serious actual investigation in which I was personally involved.

During the years prior to World War I my father had maintained a branch of his business in Newark, New Jersey, since it was the second jewelry center of the United States, and much expensive jewelry was made there. It was operated by my uncle, Alfred Lotary, but was closed upon his untimely and premature death.

In 1908 my parents purchased a single family house at 64 Baker Street (later changed to 224 Baker Street), near the Broad Street entrance of Roger Williams Park. This Victorian cottage, later enlarged, provided adequate room and a spacious yard for the growing family. They took title to the house, which still stands, on July 21, 1908 and moved there in August during the second year of my life. It was the family home until it was disposed of after my mother's death in November of 1940. It was surrounded by grape arbors and a small grove of fruit trees which yielded a copious harvest of apples, pears, cherries, and peaches.

My father bought the first family automobile, a new Willys Overland touring car, in the spring of 1915 at the attractive price of 750 dollars. My father, then 50 years of age, a somewhat middle-aged novice driver, took the family on an early summer Sunday drive. The car, loaded with the family, turned completely over on the Boston Post Road opposite Apponaug Pond in the town of Warwick. For-

tunately, the car spanned a deep roadside ditch, for the phaeton top was completely crushed. Injuries were not serious, but that ended my father's driving career. After extensive repairs were completed, he foreswore ever driving again and hired a student, then a junior at Brown University, to drive the family car. This young man later married my elder sister.

In my father's obituary in *The Evening Bulletin* (Providence, R. I.) of March 31, 1936 written, I learned later, by the late Robert A. Woodworth, veteran Journal-Bulletin reporter and a friend and admirer of my father, appeared the following comments: "Mr. Goldowsky . . . was well known among police and private detectives throughout the country. During the World War (I) he gave liberally of his services to the Government in aiding the intelligence service." There is little else upon the record of those eventful years, for the episodes were top secret and my father was tight-lipped. Even my mother was not privy to his secrets.

While my father during this period had some pro-German sentiments and, in fact, read the *Fatherland*, George Sylvester Viereck's propaganda organ, he was not deterred from engaging in intelligence activities which were to help save his beloved country. He was always an enthusiastic patriot.

This work fell roughly into two parts: first, the period between the outbreak of the war in Europe in August 1914 and the entry of the United States in April 1917, and, second, the period of our involvement from April 1917 to the Armistice in November 1918. During these activities he operated under the pseudonym or alias of "Mr. Brown." He had become acquainted with the late eminent John Revelstoke Rathom, prestigious and controversial editor of the Journal-Bulletin papers. Rathom, a mountain of a man, was a native of Melbourne, Australia, and a product of Harrow in England. For all practical purposes he was a branch of British Intelligence. My father had done some investigative work for the papers. When Rathom needed a private investigator of his own, he recruited my father. Two episodes of this period are described in excerpts from the memoirs of the Czech-American patriot, Emmanuel V. Voska, quoted elsewhere in this issue (see page 117).

In the second, the American phase, no memoirs have been discovered. Shortly after the United States entered the War in April 1917, the late Tom Howick of the Bureau of Investigation (later the FBI)

of the United States Department of Justice was transferred from the West Coast, where he had successfully prosecuted some spy cases, to the Providence office, where he was placed in charge as Special Agent. The offices were in the old Industrial Trust Building at 49 Westminster Street, a few floors above my father's offices. Howick, a lawyer by training, was sent here, it is believed, because Providence was suspected of being a center of German spy activities. It is probable that Rathom had something to do with my father's involvement in this wartime phase in cooperation with Tom Howick.

The Providence Journal of April 30, 1918 broke a story with the headline "Nine Providence Germans Arrested As Spies." The account ran: "Federal officials late yesterday afternoon after weeks of investigation made a series of raids at seven manufacturing concerns in Providence, conducted by Germans, and arrested as alleged dangerous alien enemies, nine Teutons, several of them reputed to be very wealthy, and prominent in manufacturing jewelry circles and throughout the whole country." Heading the list were the brothers Walter and Wilhelm Forstner. The suspects were generally charged with trading with the enemy and in some instances with pro-German propaganda. Providence police and several branches of the Federal intelligence services participated in the arrests. No private detectives were mentioned.

In the raids truckloads of files and papers were seized. Heading the list of companies were the W. Forstner Company, F. Speidel Company, and the Automatic Gold Chain Company. At least five companies were owned by the Forstner interests, but no Speidel had an interest in these companies despite the use of the Speidel name. The Automatic Gold Chain Company, however, was owned by the Speidel brothers, Albert and Edwin. All used German machines invented by the Speidel family in Pforzheim, Germany. Albert and Edwin Speidel were exonerated; but the nine who were incriminated for dealing with the enemy (gold exports) and propaganda were interned. Their properties were later sold at auction by the Alien Property Custodian. Edwin and Albert Speidel continued in business, having earlier disposed of their fifteen per cent interest in F. Speidel and Company because they disapproved of the unsavory activities. The Automatic Gold Chain Company in 1932, then owned by the surviving Edwin Speidel alone, became Speidel Corporation, the famed watch bracelet manufacturer.

My father's involvement in this episode undoubtedly was related to his pervading surveillance and infiltration of the jewelry industry. He always had among his operatives at least one skilled jeweler and one or more utility men who could manage almost any job. It is definitely recalled that he had men working inside one or more of these shops during the period of the investigation. It is probable that his contribution to this case was substantial.

It is a fact that he received no remuneration for his intelligence work either before or after our entrance into the War. These were acts of patriotism, and he felt that they somehow substituted for his being unable on account of age to offer himself for military service.

His professional activities extended beyond the jewelry trade. He did investigations for other industries. The B.B. and R. Knight Company of West Warwick, manufacturers of Fruit-of-the-Loom products, is one example of a textile firm with which he did business. He had a long and productive relationship with the company, and the late Webster Knight, owner of the business at that time, was a close friend and patron. He did investigations for retail firms and various other type of businesses. He refused divorce cases, which he considered an unsavory and unethical type of investigation, but he was not averse to becoming involved in family problems if the investigations would lead to constructive results.

At times he would affect a disguise and spoke of an investigation in downtown New York for which he dressed up as a Rabbi in a big black hat and long black coat, which he had rented from a theatrical costumer. There is no doubt that in this outfit he blended into the surroundings and appeared not at all like the traditional flatfoot. His small stature (five feet, six inches in height) later modified by a rotund corpulence, his prematurely gray hair, Jewish features, and unassuming mein made him a most unlikely and unsuspected person when engaged in suspicious activities. He himself thought that much of his success depended on his uncharacteristic appearance. He had great endurance, could stand or walk for long periods, and go without sleep for many hours. He often disappeared from home for days or weeks at a time. We were trained in our childhood never to discuss his absence among our associates, and we never inquired of his whereabouts. Discretion was our daily lesson. As life styles became more complicated my father foresaw the end of the truly productive days of the "private eye." The automobile made surveillance difficult and

expensive. He felt that only organizations with the resources and manpower of the FBI and the police had a future in the larger investigations.

Some of his ideologies and philosophy are of interest. Despite his origins in the lower East Side ghetto of New York, he did not become the typical Democratic liberal which that milieu usually produced. His politics were, in fact, conservative, and he was a lifelong Republican. Anti-union and anti-strike activity in the jewelry industry was a substantial portion of his activity. In the days before the Wagner Act this was an eminently respectable pursuit. It is quite probable that he learned the methods when he was a Pinkerton man in Boston. One of his operatives, surprisingly, was a union official, having infiltrated the union hierarchy.

He was feared by the criminal element and respected by the police, juries, and lawyers. His cases were always meticulously prepared and were not brought to trial until the evidence was conclusive. He generally let the police make his arrests, although he was a legitimately sworn constable. He never lost a case that had been brought to trial. His interrogations were clever and demanding. I remember his being called an obscenity and then attacked by a criminal whom he had once brought to justice, in the lobby of the old Fay's Theater, where we as a family were attending a movie. Fearlessly my father swung his umbrella at the culprit until the two combatants were separated by bystanders before serious consequences had occurred.

My father was always a great baseball enthusiast ("fan", it was called). In the great days of the Providence Grays of the International League, he took his whole family on many occasions to see the great Babe Ruth lead his team to a League championship (1915).

He was also an enthusiastic devotee of the theater. My mother and father were faithful attendants at the old Providence Opera House, where they enjoyed both the legitimate theater and musical comedy. The longtime manager of the Opera House, Colonel Felix Wendelschafer, was both a client and good friend of my father's.

His religious philosophy in contrast to his politics was sharply liberal. He was for half his life a secular Jew without affiliation. He was turned from religion, despite his Jewish background, sympathies, and education, by what he felt was a pervasive hypocrisy. During our childhood, however, through the urging of my mother, my parents

joined Temple Beth El (Congregation of the Sons of Israel and David). My mother's religious training was inconsequential or non-existent, but she felt that an affiliation was necessary if they were to be buried respectably. My parents are buried in the Temple Beth El cemetery on Reservoir Avenue.

During the early years before my father became involved in Jewish affairs, he had nevertheless a wide acquaintanceship among Providence Jews. At the turn of the century, when he arrived in Providence, there were already a score or more of jewelry manufacturing establishments operated by Jews. Among the more prominent of these were Silverman Brothers, S. and B. Lederer, Henry Lederer and Brother, William Loeb and Company, and the eminent Harry Cutler. The latter was prominent both in the business world and in Jewish affairs. My father also did business with the Outlet Company (the Samuels brothers), and knew Judge J. Jerome Hahn through his court experience.

My father has been described as a little man with a big brain. He was that, but also a little man with a big heart—generous to a fault. He always loved children, and his first organized charitable interest was the Lakeside Home for children in Warwick, Rhode Island, to which he had been introduced by his warm friend, William P. Chapin. Later he became very actively involved in fund-raising for the old Jewish Orphanage of Rhode Island, and at a still later period the Jewish Home for the Aged. He ran charity balls on several occasions for both of these organizations.

During the period after World War I he was deeply involved in organizational and fund-raising activities for various Zionist undertakings. Some of the fund-raising brochures, which he composed in his baroque style, are still extant (see Appendix I). My father and mother were entertained and given a silver bowl on the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by the Providence Keren Hayesed Committee. On his seventieth birthday my father was again entertained, this time by the Zionist District of Rhode Island and was presented with a silver pitcher bearing the inscription "For his faithful services to the cause of Zionism".

Though my father's profession made him of necessity a stern realist in judging people, their character, and their works, he was paradoxical-

ly to the end of his life an unfailing Romantic. On May 23, 1932, my mother's fifty-ninth birthday, he wrote to her:

Dear Wife,

You have reached another milestone. My fervent prayer is that you will pass many more in the best of health.

Always industrious, affectionate and the soul of generosity, you are entitled to an undisputed position of supremacy as wife and mother.

I am sure that you have always enjoyed the esteem, confidence and affection of those who admire your candor With undying love and devotion,

The Other Half

On a later birthday he wrote: "You are clear-headed, sympathetic and patient". During their latter troubled years he admired and appreciated her steadiness, patience, and good sense, but his irrepressible sense of humor was never far below the surface.

In his later years with the conversion of the Rhode Island jewelry industry largely to costume jewelry and the premature depression in that industry even before the financial crash of 1929, my father's business became anachronistic and slowly deteriorated, although it survived until his death in 1936. This, together with his disproportionate generosity, drained his resources seriously. Feeling that he could leave his family no material patrimony, he composed this testament, hand-written in his beautifully ornate and clear script, meant to be opened after his death. Rabbi William G. Braude, then a relative newcomer to Providence, read it at my father's funeral:

To my children, Eleanor Lillian, Beatrice and Seebert Jay.

This is not a legally executed document because I have no worldly goods to leave to my family.

I have all my life striven to win that which money cannot buy and which no stock market could wipe out, to wit, a good name. So if I have also failed in that, my life was a complete bankrupt.

I hardly know anything more despicable than selfishness. I despise the man who lives only for himself. So if you, my good children, wish to cherish my memory, do

not fail to discharge the debt you owe to God's dis-
tressed children in the way of alleviating their suffering.

Your loving father,

Bernard M. Goldowsky

Providence, R. I.

July 5, 1934



Further stories on Bernard M. Goldowsky follow on Pages 102-129.

GET THAT CROOK!

REMINISCENCES

Reminiscences of a Private Detective

The following seven sketches by a staff writer appeared in *The Evening Bulletin* (Providence, R. I.) of June 29; July 6, 13, 20, and 27; and August 3 and 17, 1927. In a box heading each installment the following explanation appeared: "This is the first (or second, etc.) of a short series of articles on experiences of a private detective in Providence, who, while wishing to remain anonymous, has consented to reveal some interesting sidelights of his career to Evening Bulletin readers." That the detective interviewed was Bernard M. Goldowsky he readily conceded to his family.

Each of the articles was topped by a pen and ink sketch of a Sherlock Holmes type of character wearing an English hunting cap and smoking a curved-stem pipe, quite obviously at variance with the true appearance of the subject of the stories. The series was captioned "Get That Crook!"

S.J.G.

I

"What to do," asked the private detective, "when a crook you are shadowing stops dead in his tracks, turns about and glares back to see if he is being followed?"

Violating all the rules laid down by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes and by Sexton Blake, another famous criminologist of fiction, the private operator lighted a good 15-cent cigar. There was no curved pipe in sight.

"You know who I am. I have operated in Providence for years, and I want to tell you that this is truth, not fiction. When I was a young operator about 27 years ago, I worked in a city at a time when not a night passed without a housebreak. Furs, jewelry, silverware, rugs, were taken night after night, and for a long time the usual method of tracing stolen goods through pawnshops failed the police because nothing showed up.

"Then, just after I was called into the case, the funds of the gang apparently ran low, and a piece of sterling silver appeared at a pawnshop. The broker was an honest man—for there are plenty of honest pawnbrokers—and he went straight to the police. The trick now was to locate the headquarters of that gang and the load of loot which soon must be shipped away to be sold in some far-off town."

GOT THE BACKACHE

"I saw the broker, sized up things and decided to camp right there during business hours until the crook came back with another piece for more money. For three days I crowded myself on a little stool behind a counter. When the crook appeared, the broker was to slide a wooden platform from one end of the showcase to the other and say 'Hello.'

"The gangster returned on the third day, the platform slid along the counter and the broker said 'Hello.' Everything was going nicely. The broker took his customer into an inner room and I slipped off my perch, out into the street and into a barroom across the way. Remember, I never had seen that crook, but I had a good description of him.

"I stood at the barroom window and in about 15 minutes, a young man about 30 years of age came out. It was my man and he knew his stuff. He walked quickly for 50 feet, stopped, turned about, retraced his steps, looked up and down the street, walked past the pawnshop for about 100 feet, stopped again, carefully examined every corner, turned back, walked past the shop again, stopped several minutes, crossed the street, stopped at the corner and turned again to look up and down, and then started off down a side street. Match that if you can for care!

"And all the time I stood looking out of my barroom window, not moving an inch. But as soon as he started down the side street, I was after him, determined to give such a wary individual a 'long shadow.' By that I mean I allowed him to take a long lead. But in a very few minutes he reached the entrance to a subway and I was forced to close in."

TIME TO THINK QUICKLY

"There, right in the midst of a jam of rushing people, he stopped dead and turned about. I was six feet away, directly in front of him, and it looked like a case of either staying there where he might fasten suspicion on me or walking past him and taking the chance of losing my man.

"I did neither. I walked right up to him and asked him for a match. Out of my pocket I took a loaded pipe.

"It worked beautifully. Mechanically he produced the match, taking not the slightest notice of me, but gazing over my head and

examining passers-by in his anxious search for a detective. Proving that to keep out of the way of a man who does not know you, you should stand right in front of him and tell him it's a nice day.

"I took just long enough to light the pipe to allow him to make sure he was not being followed. He was satisfied, for he turned and never looked back. A short distance more and he turned from the main thoroughfare, used a latchkey and let himself into a house. I placed myself on the main street and, after watching the place for a half-hour, the 'Subject' came out with two other men and walked off. I didn't follow. The first part of my job was done. That was the house where the goods were stored, or at least some of them.

"I called the superintendent and he met me with a police inspector for a conference on the next move. Early the following morning, right at that house, three men returning from house breaks were arrested with their booty, a woman was taken in the house itself and enough loot to fill two trucks was recovered."

The private detective lowered his feet from the desk, threw away the cigar butt and sighed.

"That case is on the records, but the public never guessed the hours of anxious work a man put in on that job before the catch was made. Still, it is the satisfaction of doing a job up brown that counts, I guess. Come back next week and I'll tell you the one about a vulture. That's a good yarn, too."

II

"Ha, back again, eh! Sit down! Have a cigar?" volleyed the private detective. "No, not very busy.

"You want to hear another yarn, is that it? Well, there's nothing more interesting than the study of a fence, the vulture of the world of crooks; the sneak behind the scenes who generally has a little power—political influence behind him. This one I want to tell you about, operating in a New England city—a jewelry centre—grew wealthy on buying stuff stolen from factories by employes, most of whom had been honest before the fence got to work and pointed to an apparently easy road to affluence. Would you believe that fellow carried on for more than 20 years and never was arrested until——. Say, I don't want to boast, but that's one job on which I had no regrets when a man went to jail.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE NEEDED

"I had to get the goods against that chap so that all his money and influence would count for nothing. I put a man to watch him, and it was a colossal task. The burden of proof lay with us and we had to get positive identification of stolen property. For months we watched the fence. As a sort of by-product of the main project, I caught a good many thieves who were selling jewelry and ornaments of all kinds stolen from the local factories. And after each arrest, he became a little more cautious and so did the thieves. It got to the point where a district court judge, noting that the men brought before him had been doing business with a fence and the police said it was the same fence each time, asked why the fence was not brought in.

"Then one Saturday afternoon a man stopped in front of a store window on the street where the fence was located a block away. One of my operatives watched him for five minutes before the fence came out. The detective stood while the fence edged slowly up to the waiting man, a package changed hands and the fence left. In a very short time the fence returned, handed something to the man and said: 'That's all it's worth.' My man heard the thief reply: 'All right. I'll see you again two weeks from today.'

OBSTACLES AHEAD

"Of course, I got a full report of the whole proceedings. It was a clever arrangement; it would pass unnoticed by a layman and it would not be done when a uniformed policeman was about. However, to get back to the tale, the operative followed the thief to his home, then went there on Monday morning and followed the man to his work. It was an easy matter to discover his name and a step more to secure the co-operation of the factory owners. We discovered that the thief worked on a patented article that could be identified easily if taken before it was melted down by the fence.

"Now two weeks from the day the transaction took place was to be a holiday at the factory and so was the day prior to that, Friday. I reasoned that the thief, if he stole his goods on Thursday, would not wait until Saturday but would hand them over to the fence the next day. And so it turned out. The chief of police gave me several inspectors and ordered them to report singly to a rooming house across the street from the fence's establishment. There we watched from early morning.

"Very soon after we began our vigil, the fence left his store, walked about the street and then went back. But he came out again a few minutes later, and then the thief came down the street with no package in his hand but with his coat on his left arm. They walked toward each other, and I saw a sign from the fence which I took to mean, 'Don't stop. Pass me.' And the thief did so. Then they faced about 30 paces apart and retraced their steps.

"Five pairs of eyes saw the thief shift his coat from his own arm to that of the fence as they passed again. The time for action had arrived. One inspector ducked to the street and took the thief who was walking away. The rest of us headed off the fence and arrested him with an armful of gold scrap and ornaments, the latter with the manufacturer's stamp plain to be seen.

MORE TROUBLES

"But that was not the end of the case. I had the devil's own job getting that thief to play on the level with me. He pleaded for leniency in the name of his wife and child. I promised it to him, on condition he would be on hand to testify against the fence. But the man had no more honor than a rat. He ran out on me before the trial of the fence, and I found that the latter's agents had given him money enough to get to Nova Scotia.

"With the aid of his father, I brought him back. He testified and that fence was found guilty. But there was more trouble. The fence appealed to a higher court, and before the second trial came off, my witness disappeared again.

"This time, discovering by chance that he had a brother in another city, I found him again and took no more chances. I got him back to the town where the trial was set, put him under a bail bond as a material witness and then sent him away for a "rest cure" in charge of an operative, with orders to my man to sleep with him, if necessary, to prevent him getting away again, and to give him everything he wanted except money. Not a dime of that.

"Result—one fence found guilty as charged and sent to jail. Drop in again when you have time."

III

"It never is a good policy to suspect the person toward whom the finger of suspicion points directly," said the private detective, thrusting his feet onto a drawer and preparing to spend a few minutes

more for the benefit of an Evening Bulletin reporter. "It always is best to approach every case with an open mind. And that is where the detective stories are right in at least one thing. You know, in fiction, the evidence always points towards an innocent party, the much-maligned hero generally, and away from the villain who always is the guilty man on the last page. I had a case something like that.

"I was called to a wealthy man's estate in Massachusetts after about one hundred pheasants on his stock farm had been found dead one morning, apparently poisoned. When I arrived, Mr. Marshall, the owner, had the mystery all solved. He had fired an old gamekeeper some time previously and he figured that the man had connived with his two nephews who still were working on the farm to kill the pheasants for revenge. That sounded very logical, of course, which was one reason why I wouldn't take it to be true without substantiating it.

"The owner was very patient with me, explaining that it was not necessary to take a statement from the new gamekeeper, but I insisted that I wanted written statements from everyone. Then I took one of the dead birds to a chemist to make sure it had not died from bad feed or a wrong mixture. That theory was exploded when the chemist found arsenic in the stomach.

HE TRIES AN OLD TRICK

"Then I employed what is an old and reliable trick in the game of crime detection. I went back over all the employes and took statements over again. When I retired to compare them with the first statements, I found they all tallied except that of the new gamekeeper, Waters. Things now began to look interesting for the new man instead of the old one.

"I casually inquired whether Water's references had been brought to the farm by him or whether the owner had made personal inquiries. As I suspected, they were hand-made ones and I suppose Waters figured they must be good because he made them himself. It took me about three hours to prove they were forged, that Waters's right name was Potter, and that he knew no more about gamekeeping than I do about the Spirit of St. Louis.

"Mr. Marshall tried to laugh me off when I told him that Waters had killed his birds. What was the motive? What had Waters to gain by doing that just after he had landed a good job?

"That was just why Waters had done it, I told Mr. Marshall. It was because he had a good job and because he was afraid of losing it through his incompetency that he killed the birds, hoping that suspicion would fall on the old gamekeeper's nephews and they would be kicked out, thereby making him safe from detection as a poor gamekeeper. Sounds rather far-fetched, doesn't it? Here's what happened.

"I sent for Waters and while Mr. Marshall engaged him in talk, I went to see the gamekeeper's wife. In his first statement, he had said his wife had helped him prepare the feed on the morning the birds were found dead, and in the second he said he had prepared it alone. I talked with his wife and she told me she had been away on that day visiting relatives and had not returned until late in the afternoon.

THE SHOW-DOWN

"I went right back and faced Waters. Without any preliminary, I snapped right at him:

"What did you poison the pheasants for, Mr. Potter?"

"You know, it wasn't so much that I accused him of the trick in that way, but that I spoke his right name. That floored him.

"He tried to recover and asked: 'Who told you I poisoned those birds?'

"You did,' I said. 'You lied about what you did that morning. You forged your references to get the job here, your right name is Potter and you know as much about gamekeeping as I do.'

"He gave way after that. He confessed that he was afraid those 'two meddlers, the old gamekeeper's nephews,' would give him away, so he decided upon the plan as the best way of getting rid of them. He almost succeeded, too. Proving that a sausage might be good even though the skin isn't handsome, or vice versa.

"Come in again."

IV

"You know," mused the private detective, as he laid down his newspaper and shoved forward a chair for an Evening Bulletin reporter, "this talk about 'ticket scalping' for the prize fights and ball games reminds me of a case I worked on once, involving the original 'ticket scalpers.' It was an old railroad game.

“In a certain city a number of railroad ticket agents organized for the purpose of preventing other agents from selling second-class accommodations to persons who had no business to have them. The tickets were designed for newly arrived European steamship passengers or immigrants who had to complete their journeys by rail, but second-class tickets were being sold to many other travellers.

“The organization suspected particularly a man who conducted a small steamship and railroad ticket agency, so I went one morning to try to procure a second-class railroad ticket for a city in the middle West. After some talk with the agent, he told me that he usually took the money himself and asked the customer to call for the ticket later. Then, he said, he went to the General Ticket Agent, who didn’t want to be caught selling directly to a customer, and got the ticket.

“However, he declared that he thought I was ‘all right’ and wrote a note for me to present to the General Agent, so I could get the ticket myself. I went to the office of the General Agent and gave him the note. He read it, I saw he was suspicious of me, and I knew I should have to make up my mind quickly as to a course of action.

“So I asked for a ticket to the western city, naming a railroad which I knew he did not represent.

“‘I can’t sell you a ticket on that road,’ he said. ‘Why don’t you travel on our road?’

“I told him that if I did so I should not have enough money left to buy food on the way. On the other road, I said, I should be met by a cousin leaving for the same destination from Troy, N. Y. This cousin would supply me with money, I told the agent. After some discussion of routes and timetables, the agent pointed out that I could go by his road and meet my cousin in Montreal.

“I pretended that I wasn’t satisfied with this arrangement and left the office. But outside I paused and seemed to think it over. I knew the agent was watching me through the window. Finally I went into the office again, requested further details and asked for a ticket. I counted out the money and gave it to him. Instead of handing me a ticket he wrote out a receipt for the money and told me to meet him that night at track 15, a few minutes before the train was to leave. I agreed to do this.

“As I left the office, I noticed that a young man was ‘shadowing’ me. But I soon managed to give him the slip and return to my office.

There I carefully traced the receipt for my ticket money and gave the tracing to the superintendent of the detective agency by which I was employed. The superintendent was rather disposed to scoff at me.

“‘Surely,’ he said, ‘you don’t for a moment think you will get a ticket from that man? Why, he has been assisting the association to trap other agents right along! Only a few days ago he helped me pack a trunk to test a certain agent. Mark my words, when he meets you tonight he will give you back your money. He is only joking with you. You can’t expect to fool him that way.’

“I made no reply, but in the evening I went to keep my appointment. I carried a suitcase, an overcoat and a bag of apples and sandwiches. I was purposely a bit late and saw that the agent had arrived before me. But I pretended not to notice him. Soon he came over to me and asked me for the receipt. I handed it to him and he scrutinized it closely. His experience helping the detective agency probably led him to do this; for he was looking for the thumbtack holes, which would have warned him that a tracing had been made. But I had traced the receipt using only the heads of the tacks to hold it down, so he wouldn’t see anything wrong.

“He gave me the ticket. At once he showed signs of nervousness, probably regretting that he had sold the ticket in person and wishing he had made use of an accomplice as before. But it was too late for him to do anything then. I pocketed the ticket and boarded the train. When the conductor came around, I paid cash for a ticket to the next station.

“As I stepped from the train, who [m] did I see but the ticket agent!

“‘How do you do,’ I said. ‘This is a surprise.’

“‘Give me that ticket,’ cried the agent angrily, grasping me by the lapels of my coat.

“I replied coolly that the ticket was mine, since I had paid for it. Next he tried to bribe me. But I didn’t wait to hear much of his conversation. Jumping into a cab, I went to a hotel. Next morning I departed for headquarters.

“There I wrote out my report and sent it in to the superintendent, chuckling to myself at the thought of having caught the ticket agent in the trap he so often set for others.”

V

"Thefts by employes from the firms for which they work are fairly common," remarked the private detective, "but I think one or two of the cases I have handled involving that kind of work are pretty interesting. I'll tell you about one.

"Cash in various sums disappeared nightly from a safe which was in a vault. The combinations of both the safe and the vault were known only to the head of that corporation. Any detective had to arrive at the conclusion that it was an inside job, because out of sums ranging from \$250 to \$500 which were in the safe, only several fives, twos, ones, 50-cent pieces and quarters were taken. Some one with a dull mentality figured that by employing such a method detection of the loss would be unlikely.

"We checked up a number of people who might be likely to pick up the combination by observance when the vault and safe were being opened, but no clue was forthcoming. The disappearance of cash continued with regularity.

"Somehow that night watchman came bobbing up in my mind periodically and the fact that he 'didn't have brains enough to last him overnight' was the cause of it. The theory that a shortage in the daily cash reserve would not be missed if taken in small sums from each compartment was the reasoning of just such an individual. It was like the case of the mother who addressed a letter to 'My son in the Army.' One day a soldier rushed into the Army Post-Office and asked 'Have you a letter from my mother?' The Postmaster said to himself, 'That's the mother's son,' gave him that letter.

"A man like that night watchman will invariably follow a similar line of thought in other lines, so I put him to a test. I placed two men in an inner office of the main one where he was employed. They were instructed to lock the door on the inside and leave the key in the keyhole. The night watchman tried the door and found it locked. He held up his lantern to the keyhole and saw the key was there on the inside and he remarked in an undertone to some one—we learned later it was his brother—'Somebody is in that room.'

"He did not try that door again until 4 o'clock in the morning, when he again put his lantern to the keyhole and found the key was still on the inside. However, he said nothing and walked away.

When this was reported to me I said to myself, 'the same line of reasoning.'

"Don't you see that the first step for him to take when he suspected that someone had locked himself in that room was to go to the nearest telephone and notify the police of his suspicion. But he suspected that a watch had been placed on his movements and, in his line of reasoning, it seemed he was smarter than the detectives and would fool them by pretending that he was entirely ignorant of their presence.

"That night, and on several others following, no money was taken from the safe. Evidently the watchman thought he had succeeded in diverting the presence of the detectives, and he resumed operation.

"In the meantime, he was kept under surveillance when he was off duty and I learned that he was spending money far in excess of his income. Finally I went to the office of the corporation early one morning, had the night watchman called in as he was getting ready to leave the plant, questioned him. Of course, he broke down and his line of reasoning again came into play when he attempted to minimize his theft. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'all the money I ever took out of the safe was five dollars.' You see, it never occurred to him that the question of how he knew the combination of both the vault and the safe would come up.

"And how did the man who didn't 'have brains enough to last him over night' get these combinations? Is this information worth a couple of good cigars? All right then, make it one.

"In a small safe that was never locked, was a memorandum book. On the fly leaf of the book this man, who was about to expire in the morning for lack of sufficient brains, discovered figures that would puzzle an income tax assessor and he solved the intricate answer to both combinations with the accuracy of a bank treasurer.

"For this piece of extreme foolishness he was given a free vacation of one year. Always be careful of these light-headed chaps."

VI

"The point of this yarn," said the private detective, who has wasted more time than a plumber in the past few weeks telling stories to an Evening Bulletin scribe, "lies not in the first arrest made after the crime, but in the subsequent trapping of the real brains of the

plot. You've heard of Scotland Yard or the Northwest Mounted getting their men after years of trailing. Well, here's a case of three years waiting. Settle yourself!

"It was a case of highway robbery. A messenger employed in the office of a manufacturer of silverware was sent to the bank for a \$3000 payroll. He rode a bicycle and on his way back, as he rode near the sidewalk, he was bumped on the head with a piece of lead pipe wielded by one of three men. One of the robbers snatched the payroll bag and streaked.

"Half dazed, the messenger yelled for help and a crowd gave chase. The robber with the payroll stumbled, fell and dropped the bag. He kept going and the money was recovered.

"The descriptions given me of the holdup men were very vague. In fact, no one had seen their faces at all. Within 24 hours of the holdup, however, I had the young man who struck the blow in the custody of the police. But the other two had disappeared.

"Inside job was my immediate conclusion and I picked out the culprit. But I had nothing on him. The man we arrested was an outsider.

"For the sake of convenience, Eugene Barden was the insider, and the instigator, in my opinion. In order to confirm my suspicion I interviewed the highway man who was under arrest. He confessed to his part of the holdup, but he would not talk. His lawyer, he said, warned him to keep his mouth shut.

" 'All right boy,' I said to him, 'you keep your mouth shut and you will be the one on whose shoulders will rest the entire burden of the penalty.'

"He stuck to the advice of his lawyer to the last, however, and got 12 years in a penitentiary. All the time I was firmly convinced that this boy—for he was only 20 years of age—had been a mere tool in the hands of the instigator of this holdup, the employe in the factory, whom I strongly suspected.

"Eugene Barden was employed in the packing room. I suspected him for some time past of stealing from his employer, so I suggested to the manufacturer that he retain Barden in his employ indefinitely. 'Sooner or later,' I said to him, 'the convicted man will realize that he was duped and wrongly advised. He will then decide to

talk. When that time comes, I shall concentrate on Barden. But in the meantime, Barden must have no suspicion that he is being watched. Take him out of the packing room until further notice from me and give him employment in some other part of the factory where he will have no chance to steal.'

"The manufacturer followed my advice to the letter. Three years elapsed before the convicted highwayman came to his senses. He wrote to his mother giving all the details of what led to the holdup and naming Eugene Barden as the instigator of the entire plot. Barden had full knowledge of when and where the payroll was to be stolen.

"'Gene promised to do all in his power to get me pardoned, if I kept my mouth shut. But he does not even answer my letters now,' wrote the convicted man to his mother, and concluded, 'I wish to God that I had taken the detective's advice. Please, mother, see him. Maybe he can do something to help me.'

"The mother came to see me and showed me the letter. I advised her to see her son and tell him to write to Barden. In fact, I wrote that letter, about as follows:

"'You were the instigator of the holdup and got me into this trouble. You promised to help me if I kept my mouth shut. I kept it shut long enough. My mother will try to get me pardoned. That will require money and she hasn't any. Unless you help her I shall squeal on you. Don't forget that.'

"I told the mother that what her son wrote to her or what he wrote to Barden was of no value. But Barden's letter to her son would do the trick, unless I missed my mark.

"In due time the mother brought to my office Barden's reply to her son's letter. In this Barden admitted the part he played, expressed his regret for getting the convicted man into trouble and promised to contribute at least a part of the expense to obtain a pardon if he, the convicted man, would continue to keep his mouth shut and not squeal on him.

"With this letter in my possession, I immediately got the manufacturer to put Barden back to work in the stockroom.

"I then told the convict's mother to send word to Barden to call at her home and instructed her as to what to say to him in order to draw from his own lips that he planned the holdup.

"That evening I, with one of my employes, was concealed in a dark chamber leading off the dining room where the mother of the convicted man and Barden held a discussion. We heard Barden admit his guilt and also his promise to help defray the expenses of securing a pardon for her son if he would not squeal on him.

"In the meantime we kept a careful check on Barden since he had been re-employed in the stockroom and found he was stealing.

"One day he was arrested on a charge of larceny, then he was confronted with the letter he wrote to the convicted man with the statement he made to his mother. He confessed.

"Later he pleaded not guilty on advice of his lawyer, was tried by a jury, convicted and sentenced.

"Shortly after, I worked hard for a pardon for the first convicted man and he was freed after serving three years and six months.

"By the way, the two other holdup men who disappeared, we traced to Norfolk, where they skipped from the steamship Howard on which they shipped as kitchen mechanics. From Norfolk we traced them to England, to where they worked their way on a cattle boat. But at that time they were located where all the extradition papers in the world would not be honored. They were hanged for murder. Another instance of 'The end of the thief is the gallows.'"

VII

"Detectives sometimes do get down on their hands and knees and measure footprints," observed the private operator, as he continued his imitation of the *Thousand and One Nights*. "This yarn has a Rhode Island setting—a local angle as you newspapermen call it."

"A Providence man, whom you would readily recognize if I mentioned his name, had a cottage at the shore and decided one Sunday morning to go there and prepare hunting paraphernalia for the season. The place had been closed for about six weeks, and when the owner arrived he discovered a pane of glass in the door leading to the basement storeroom had been smashed and a case containing 500 cartridges was missing. Not a very serious loss, but he didn't relish the idea of strangers prowling around inside his house.

"When I arrived there and looked over the ground, I saw footprints in the sand near the cottage. The imprints were such that they required no magnifying glass to detect them. They would

have been visible through a beer glass. I made a plaster cast of one because it appeared different from that made by an ordinary shoe. The ordinary shoe leaves an imprint of the sole and heel, and between those two is left a blank space. This one showed a continuous imprint running from sole to heel, probably made by a peculiar make of rubber boot.

"Examining the contents of the storeroom I found that two valuable guns and a hunting coat, worth more by far than the case of cartridges, had not been taken. But a hunting vest which held about 50 cartridges was missing. That proved conclusively to me that the theft was committed by a native who took such property only that could not be identified, or that which could easily be concealed, like the vest, under a coat, for instance.

"That being the case, I hired a hunting outfit, including a gun, and sent an operative there apparently to hunt quail but in reality to hunt for a hunter.

"I discovered that three buttons were missing on the vest, so I instructed the operative to watch for footprints to compare with the one shown on the plaster cast, then to see if the vest above the footprints has only two buttons, or two buttons of one color and three of another, or else five buttons that do not match the color of the vest. If he found such a hunter, ask if he knew of a place where cartridges might be bought as he, the operative, had run short.

"The operative spent about 10 days there and then, after a rain-storm, he saw a hunter leaving behind him footprints identical with the one shown on the cast I made.

"The operative talked with the man and observed that his vest, which was of light brown duck cloth, had black trouser buttons. Later the operative broached the subject of cartridges, and the hunter offered to sell him some.

"Then the operative accompanied the hunter to his home and found a case of cartridges of the same make as those taken from the cottage. It had already been opened and a few boxes were missing.

"I went to the sheriff of that county and the hunter was taken out of bed at midnight and arrested. He confessed his guilt."