

West Forty-Second Street, New York, Is Kin To Bowery

Tattooing Parlors, Bargain Shops, Panhandlers All Found Among Dinky Tenements.

New York Times. Forty-second street, west of Eighth avenue, differs greatly from the great business center located on this street from Lexington to Eighth avenues. It seems, as one walks toward the Hudson, that buildings grow smaller and shops increase in number, but shrink in size. And as they shrink in size, their prices take corresponding drops.

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WEAK AND THIN
Virginia Lady Was Just Dragging Around. Health Improved Steadily After She Took Cardui.

Bristol, Va.—"I was just about down in bed and so weak I was past going," writes Mrs. Jennie Goodman, of 718 Portsmouth Avenue, this city. Mrs. Goodman says her family was very uneasy about her condition, as she seemed so weak and thin. "I ached all over," she explains, "and my back and sides hurt most of the time."
"I dragged around, and did not see a day of good health."
"I went to call on one of my neighbors, and she remarked about my looking so bad. She told me to get a bottle of Cardui and take it. Next Saturday night, my husband brought it home to me."
"Before I had taken Cardui a week, I was feeling much better. I continued taking it for awhile, as my health kept on improving."
"I gained in weight, and soon was feeling like a new person. Since then I have taken Cardui several times, and it has always done me good. I can recommend it to others."
"Cardui has been in use so long that its merit has been proved by the experience of several generations of women."
A purely vegetable, medicinal tonic. For sale by all druggists. NC-204

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avenue and the Hudson on Forty-Eighth and Ninth avenues is probably the busiest. The shops here remind one of Fourteenth street or Sixth avenue, for bargain sales are perennial. A few doors east of Ninth avenue one may purchase a ready-made suit for \$12 or \$13, or shirts for a dollar.

A last vestige of a once prosperous business is a company that repairs music boxes and phonographs. Ancient gramophones, of types now seldom if ever seen, are displayed for those wishing to retain memories of the pre-radio era. There are also pipe shops whose customers range from hurry bare-headed collegians to slow-walking, gray-haired smokers, who loath to part with pet pipes, bring them to these shops for repairs. The repair men behind the windows usually have unlighted pipes between their teeth.

One of the few tattooing "parlors" north of the Bowery is in a cellar, a few doors off Eighth avenue. The owner has two signs, one reading "Tat-2-ing," and the other a cardboard one that shows not only designs but the quality of the work.

Panhandlers find the block between Eighth and Ninth avenues a good hunting ground. Peddlers of cleaning fluids, movement-less watches, "magic" tricks, men's socks and ties, work this block, ever on the lookout for policemen. Typical of the method used by panhandlers is the way the magic-trick salesman sells his stock. Finding a good spot, he and his assistant work up a crowd. Then after he shows his bag of 15 or 16 tricks, he announces that all of them can be had for a quarter. His aids start buying and the crowd follows their example. When the envelope containing the "15 or 16" tricks is opened, four may be bona fide, the rest are blanks. Sometimes there may be just a few pieces of wood in the envelope.

Beyond Ninth avenue, there is a change. The street looks dingier; shops are further apart; loiterers increase, and there are speakies hidden darkened windows and at the end of halls in run-down, nearly deserted buildings. On either side of the street, depending where the sun shines, one sees hoboes, sleeping or resting in front of empty buildings. A bedraggled, aged peddler tries to attract customers with his stock of shoelaces, but customers are few.

On the downtown side of the street is a mission, in front of which hangs an electric sign reading "Jesus Saves." In a window is a Bible, its stained pages open to Isaiah. Near the Bible is a placard admonishing those who have not written home to enter and do so with the materials supplied free.

Tenements increase from Tenth to Eleventh avenues as the street takes on a more noticeable air of poverty. Children play one's cat or hop Scotch on muddy sidewalks. Occasionally a tenement window is opened and a package of refuse drops. Pedestrians hurry away from a region that is dangerous to hats. Along with the tenements have come shops indispensable to households, such as groceries, delicatessens, laundries and tailors. Wives their purchasing finished, gather on sidewalks or stoops to watch their

HAS NEWS FOR TIRED MOTHERS
Tells About Wonderful Restorer.
"This is something I want to recommend to tired mothers with little babies," says Mrs. B. Mellen, 73 Pleasant St., Portland, Maine.
"Before I took Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic I was tired out and run-down caring for a nursing baby." The baby was puny and fretful and would cry most of the time.
The first bottle of Paw-Paw Tonic helped both me and my child. She stopped crying and commenced to smile and play. You can well imagine how happy that made me feel. Since then I have gained four pounds and am no longer tired or nervous and I have much more strength and ambition.
After reading of the wonderful benefits received by Mrs. Mellen, no further recommendations of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic for mothers is needed.
I believe in my remedies. I know that they will do all that I claim for them.
For Sale by
Paul Webb & Son

children, discuss their latest pranks or exchange gossip.
Past Eleventh avenue and another change occurs. The street becomes quiet when compared to the blocks just passed. The only noises are the trolleys, taxis or passenger autos. The downtown side of the street is lined with huge billboards that dwarfing passers-by, hide the railroad yard behind them. There are not many pedestrians and they, like the taxis and autos, are bound for the city or ferry. At the corner of Twelfth avenue, in front of a candy and fruit store stand conductors and motormen waiting for their trolleys.

Reaching the ferryhouse on the river, one turns to look eastward. The Times and Knickerbocker buildings look tall, but dim and hazy in the city's fog and smoke. Nevertheless, these locality, exercise a peculiar influence on the New Yorker in a strange neighborhood, who, seeing them looming tall, hurriedly boards a trolley to return to better known regions.

Ten Commandments Of Social Justice
The minister of tomorrow must add to the familiar Ten Commandments of personal righteousness ten more of social justice. For in the complicated life of today "the old individual morality is not enough," and "religion must adventure forth into the social order." Perhaps, Churches of Christ in America, reprinted in the New York Christian Advocate (Methodist), the new commandments of social service will read something like this:

"I am the Lord thy God, but thou shalt remember that I am also the God of all the earth. I have no favorite children. The Negro and the Hindu, the Chinese, Japanese, Russian and Mexican are all my beloved children."
"Thou shalt not measure a city's greatness by its population or its bank clearings alone, but also by its low infant mortality, its homes, playgrounds, libraries, schools and hospitals, and its low record for bootlegging, prostitution, robbery, and murder."

"Thou shalt remember that no civilization can rise above the level of its respect for and ideals of womanhood."
"Thou shalt remember thine own sins and build no prisons for revenge and punishment, but make thy courts clinics for the soul and thy jails hospitals for moral diseases."
"Thou shalt remember that the end-product of industry is not goods or dividends, but the kind of men and women whose lives are molded by that industry."

"Thou shalt press on from political democracy toward industrial Democracy, remembering that no man is good enough or wise enough to govern another man without his consent, and that, in addition to a living wage, every man craves a reasonable share in determining the conditions under which he labors."
"Thou shalt outlaw war and make no threatening gestures either with great navies or vast military preparations against thy neighbor."

"Thou shalt honor men for character and service alone, and distinguish none because of race, color or previous condition of servitude."
"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor by malicious propaganda or colored news, or by calling him contemptuous names such as Dago, Chink, Jap, Wop, Nigger or Sheeny."

"Thou shalt remember that when thine own ancestors were savages and barbarians other men brought to them the saving and civilizing Christian Gospel. Now that thou art rich and prosperous, beware lest thou export to Asia and Africa only thy science and efficiency, thy war-ships, goods and moving-picture films, and forget to export the Christian message and the Christian spirit also."

WITCH ENGINE, DOG'S 'PAL' RUNS OVER AND KILLS HIM
St. Paul.—Bruno, a yellow stag hound which "adopted" a switch engine, is dead at Bozeman, Mont., a victim of its "pal."
Word of the death has been received at general offices of the Northern Pacific Railway here in the following telegram from Bozeman.
"Bruno, our famous switch dog, was run over by his switch engine in the Bozeman yards. Fatally injured. We mourn his loss."
In 1924, Bruno, a puppy, appeared in the railroad yards, probably from the sheep grazing areas in the mountains. It took a liking to switch engine No. 911 and ran after it.
Ever since then Bruno had stayed close to 911. The engine crews fed the dog and made a home for it in the round house. Trainmen estimated that Bruno traveled an average of sixty miles a day, running after No. 911.

Converted at a church meeting H. V. Congdon of Duluth arose and confessed a fraud he committed ten years before.
This the 13th day of March, 1929, 413c JONATHAN GREENE.

Hello Broadway



George A. McManus grins cheerfully as he steps out of jail on \$50,000 bail after being held four months in connection with the murder of Arnold Rothstein. District Attorney Banton refused to produce additional evidence against McManus on the grounds that it would help the defense counsel but promises sensational developments when the trial is started.

YOUTH KILLED TO IMPRESS HIS GIRL POLICE BELIEVE

Chicago.—Stanley Reichel, 25-year-old motorman, faces the electric chair here because, police say, he cold-bloodedly planned and carried out the murder of an innocent dupe in an effort to shine as a hero in the eyes of a girl and her wealthy parent.
His daughter, Frances, so John Maslanka, the father, had indicated, might look higher than a motorman for a mate. Thus was the germ of the plot planted in the brain of the infatuated Reichel, who himself is married but estranged from his wife.
Police authorities say he worked the entire scheme out in advance with Machiavellian cunning. As they re-enact it, the boy waxed desperate over his failure in the game of hearts. He conceived the thought to blackmail the father for \$500, threatening his daughter's life as the penalty for non-payment.
The father merely reported the attempted extortion to the authorities, but the girl was distraught. As Reichel had planned, she told him of the blackmail letter, because he previously had concocted a falsehood for her consumption to the effect that he had quit his job on the street cars and entered the secret service.

Plot Lacked Action.
More letters followed the first. What the plot lacked was action—and something to give it substance. Reichel, investigators declare, supplied this essential by brutally beating to death Michael Hrybski, an automobile installment collector, in a garage at the rear of the Reichel home. Then, with the blood of his victim still on his hands, he hurried to the home of Miss Maslanka to

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bask in the warmth of her approval of the hero who had tracked down and killed in single-handed combat the extortioner who had threatened her life.
It is so the police paint the picture. Reichel admits the killing, but claims he was attacked by Hrybski and struck him down in self-defense.
His story is fantastic and, police say, shot through with falsehoods.
In a seven page statement, which he did not sign, Reichel declares that his victim really was the black-mailer of Maslanka and that he tracked him down personally. Hrybski, he intimates, perhaps learned that he was under suspicion and lay in wait for him (Reichel) in the garage.
"I had proof on March 18 that Hrybski had written those letters to Mr. Maslanka, and I asked Mr. Maslanka if he wanted the man caught," declared Reichel. "He told me he didn't. Then I told Frances about it and she said she would never be satisfied until the man who wrote those letters was killed. Her mother and her sister, Stephanie, told her she was crazy to talk that way."
"Tuesday night as I was putting my car into my garage, I noticed the door was partly open. I started in and saw a strange car standing there. Then something hit me on the head. I was dizzy but not knocked out, and got hold of a lamp and fender bracket and swung. A man fell down. I went into the house and then, realizing that my hat had been knocked off in the scuffle, returned to the garage. It was only then that I saw the man I had hit was Hrybski."
Got To Tell Girl.
"I started for the Maslanka home to tell Frances what I had done before I called the police. I was going to show her that the man who wrote the letters to her father was dead. When I arrived at her house, the police arrested me."
Later Reichel insisted Hrybski had shown him a letter that Hrybski said was to be mailed to Maslanka that night. This letter has not been received.

The Maslanka girl told the authorities that she had met Reichel when they both worked in a piano factory. Later he told her he had left the company and was doing secret service work, she said.
"I did not know that Reichel was married," she said. "He was no more than a casual acquaintance and I certainly was not in love with him."
The murder of Hrybski bears a certain resemblance to the killing by Carl Wanderer of his wife and an unidentified dupe known as the "Ragged Stranger," here several years ago, and to the murder of little Bobby Franks by Loeb and Lepold, police say.

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