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Sport Gossip About All Sorts Of Sports and Things

By T. G. Turner

Regarding the big fight it may be well for all interested to take a long look at something said by no less than James J. Corbett. Here it is: "Within about eight weeks more in which the fighters have to complete their training I wouldn't advise my readers to place too much credence in the reports coming from either the training camps of Jeffries or Johnson, who may be said to have only just begun their real work in preparation for the big fight on the first Monday in July."

It has been said that the coming fight, the one holding the interest of the whole sporting world, has been everlastingly queered by a congressional act of the cheapest publicity seeking lot of promoters ever aggregated under one tent. And it seems so.

From the first, all the few clean sports have shied from dabbling in the nasty affair. Why is it? Search us, but it is. For instance all "Gentleman Jim" has done is to write stories about the two men's condition, hints regarding training, lots of half forgotten days. It is a surprise that Corbett will visit Jeffries' camp at all. He is reported to be leaving today, but his visit bears no special good will so far, at least. Now he warns the public not to take it too seriously; true he refers to the dope specifically, but there is something behind his life words.

And there is not only Corbett but others. Another is Gotch, the wrestler, who was to condition Jeffries. After a few weeks of Sam Bergerism, and the rest of it, Gotch decided that he would back out. And he did. The wrestler is not at the Jeffries camp, and he doesn't intend to be. That is plain, as easy as two and two. Why is it? Well, it's not because one contestant is a negro, or because Jeffries ran a school for any other Sunday school reason. It is because the promoters are not men of especially fair name—that to put it mildly.

Old times here in El Paso remember Tex Rickard, selected to everyone's surprise, as referee of the fight—remember Tex, I say, as a one time gambler here in the El Paso of 20 years ago. He used to do out the "bank," they say. Then when the Pass City was no longer a haven for the "wise," Tex wandered out to Goldfield and dealt some more. As a referee Tex is about as capable as a Howerling, or a South Halstead street fruit packer.

And now as a final touch of disgrace to the whole thing, comes the famous Johnson-Berger interview, the one which the referee and the promoter settled. The negro called the white man "an educated dog," and the white man called the black one something which the papers didn't print. It may be supposed that they both were right. A—

"Jeffries must fight from the call of time, and if he wins it'll be within 10 rounds," says former professional boxer Billy East, the erstwhile El Paso detective, and if any man in El Paso has good proper dope on the big July 4 mill, it should be Billy Smith. He has closely followed American and English fighters for a score of years. "Johnson is distinctly a long distance fighter," continues the local man. "Fitz, Jeffries should take the fight out of him by never letting up for a second. He must fight from the first going, and never leave the negro a chance to recover. That's how the fight will be won, if it is won by the white man."

"It's too early for anybody to dope out the shont. The shont come two or three days before the meeting. Johnson has never fought a first class man like Jeffries. Granting that the two men are of equal ability, it is this way: Johnson is a defensive fighter, while Jeffries has the punch. It is up to Jeffries to break down the negro's guard and land his punch. If he fails to do this in the first few rounds, Johnson may get him, for the black one has been fighting steadily for a long time. Jeffries has not."

"Sure he can come back. Any man can come back. That is, his strength and his skill will be the same. But his wind may not be as good. That is why I say he must win from the first going."

"If some of these ministers could only see a good clean boxing match they wouldn't be kicking against it so much. It is a clean fight. His ideas about prize fighting are along the old time lines—'boxing's all right, it's the abuse of the ring.'"

Smith continues: "Now, I used to play football, and I used to wrestle. But I tell you that boxing is the cleanest sport of the three, and the safest, too. With proper examination by the doctors before a fight, and with proper sized gloves and a properly padded ring there isn't any danger at all."

"Look at a bunch of men in a big scramble of arms and legs. Is that sport? Tell me, is that sport? Look at two men testing each other around on the mat? The fighter stands no such chance for injury as they do. I think that if even the ministers could see a clean fight, their opinion would be different. Especially if they knew anything about football or wrestling."

McFarland and Welch To Hit It Up; Fight Dope

Discussion of Past Championship Battles and Prospects of Jeffries-Johnson Mill

By Horace H. Shelton

San Antonio, Tex., May 21.—While the Jeffries-Johnson fight is eclipsing all else in the pugilistic world, the fight fans who really follow the game are evidencing great interest in the Macky McFarland-Fredie Welsh bout, which is scheduled to be pulled off in London, Eng., on May 29. But for the coming contest between the "bear cat" and the "big moke" this fight would be the headliner for all the sporting papers, for the two men are classy little scrappers and will put up an exhibition that would be well worth any man's money and time to see.

Both these men claim to be the lightweight champion of the world and the fight is to decide the issue and incidentally for a purse of \$7500. Bad blood has existed for several years between the little fighters and this personal element will make both of them fight more desperately than any amount of money could.

Boxing followers will remember that McFarland and Welsh have twice exchanged ring compliments. The referee in each instance declared the bout a draw but the friends of neither of the men could see it that way and constant bickering and dissatisfaction have been the result. The first fight was at Milwaukee on February 21, 1908, going 10 rounds. The second was in Los Angeles and went for 20 rounds. Big Jim Jeffries refereed the bout.

When Welsh returned to England he unloaded harrowing tales of robbery and jobbing in this country, and his stories fell on sympathetic ears. He kept on "boltering" until McFarland got enough of it, and hiked himself to London. No sooner had he landed there than he offered to settle the dispute once for all by fighting Welsh on British soil with a British referee.

Welsh found his hand called and after considerable bickering the fight was arranged. Since then interest in England and America has been at a high pitch.

Welsh's claims that he was robbed in both fights in America has made him very unpopular and fans have been anxious that the fight result in a clean victory for the American.

The two fighters will go in the ring at 135 pounds. Reports reaching here are to the effect that both of them are in very fine shape and will put up the battle of their lives on that occasion.

Although Jack Johnson is technically the heavyweight champion, the majority of flistic fans will continue to regard the undefeated James J. Jeffries as the real heavy weight champion until he is beaten by the black Goliath. Jeffries' last fight of any consequence was his 14-round victory over James J. Corbett at San Francisco in August, 1903.

It was the champion's second win over Corbett. Jeffries also beat Bob Fitzsimmons twice. Jim gained the heavyweight championship by whipping Robert Fitzsimmons in June, 1899, putting Lanky Bob out in the 11th round.

This was 11 years ago, and Jim Jeffries is still the undefeated king of the flistic game. Jeff retired after his second victory over Corbett in 1903 because there were no more fighters in sight with class enough to challenge for the title.

Jeffries had beaten down every good man in sight. After he had been in retirement for five years a new crop of big men came along and proceeded to cast envious eyes on the championship crown. Jack O'Brien scored a fluke victory on old Bob Fitzsimmons and claimed the championship and then took Tommy Burns, who beat him. Tommy claimed the title around the world as champion until Jack Johnson whipped him in Australia.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

leave America! And I'll see him just as often as I can, even if I have to sit in the Tombs prison all day. As for his defense, I'll find some one. I'll go to Judge Brewster again and if he still refuses, I'll go to some one else. There must be some good, big-hearted lawyer in this great city who'll take up his case."

Trembling with emotion, she readjusted her veil and with her handkerchief dried her tear-stained face. Going toward the door, she said: "You needn't trouble yourself any more, Mr. Jeffries. We shan't need your help. Thank you very much for the interview. It was very kind of you to listen so patiently. Good afternoon, sir."

Before the astonished banker could stop her, she had thrown back the tapestry and disappeared through the door.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the very heart of Manhattan, right in the center of the city's most congested district, an imposing edifice of gray stone, medieval in its style of architecture, towered high above all the surrounding dingy offices and squalid tenements. Its massive construction, steep walls, pointed turrets, raised parapets and long, narrow, slit-like windows, heavily barred, gave it the aspect of a feudal fortress incongruously set down plumb in the midst of twentieth century New York. The dull roar of Broadway hummed a couple of blocks away; in the distance loomed the lofty, graceful spans of Brooklyn bridge, jammed with its opposing streams of busy interurban traffic. The adjacent streets were filled with the din of hurrying crowds, the rattle of vehicles, the cries of vendors, the clang of street cars, the ugly sight of speeding automobiles. The active, pulsating life of the metropolis surged like a rising flood about the tall gray walls, yet there was no response within. Grim, silent, sinister, the city prison, popularly known as "the Tombs," seemed to have nothing in common with the daily activities of the big town in which, notwithstanding, it unhappily played an important part.

The present prison is a vastly different place to the old jail from which it got its melancholy cognomen. To-day there is not the slightest justification for the lugubrious epithet applied to it, but in the old days, when man's inhumanity to man was less a form of speech than a cold, merciless fact, the "Tombs" described an intolerable and disgraceful condition fairly accurately. Formerly the cells in which the unfortunate prisoners were confined while awaiting trial were situated deep under ground and had neither light nor ventilation. A man might be guiltyless of the offense with which he was charged, yet while awaiting an opportunity to prove his innocence he was condemned to spend days, sometimes months, in what was little better than a grave. Literally, he was buried alive. A party of foreigners visiting the prison one day were startled at seeing human beings confined in such holes. "They look like tombs!" cried some one. New York was amused at the singularly appropriate appellation and it has stuck to the prison ever since.

But times change and institutions with them. As man becomes more civilized he treats the lawbreaker with more humanity. Probably society will always need its prisoners, but as we become more enlightened we insist on treating our criminals more from the physiological and psychological standpoints than in the cruel, brutal, barbarous manner of the dark ages. In other words the sociologist insists that the lawbreaker has greater need of the physician than he has of the jailer.

To-day the city prison is a tomb in name only. It is admirably constructed, commodious, well ventilated. The cells are large and well lighted, with comfortable cots and all the modern sanitary arrangements. There are roomy corridors for daily exercise and luxurious shower baths can be obtained free for the asking. There are chapels for the religiously inclined and a library (or the studios). The food is wholesome and well prepared in a large, scrupulously clean kitchen situated on the top floor. Carping critics have, indeed, declared the Tombs to be too luxurious, declaring that habitual criminals enjoy a stay at the prison and actually commit crime so that they may enjoy some of its hotel-like comforts.

It was with a sinking heart and a dull, gnawing sense of apprehension that Annie descended from a south-bound Madison avenue car in Center street and approached the small portal under the forbidding gray walls. She had visited a prison once before, when her father died. She remembered the depressing ride in the train to Sing Sing, the formidable steel doors and ponderous bolts, the narrow cells, each with its involuntary occupant in degrading stripes and closely cropped hair, and the uniformed guards armed with rifles. She remembered how her mother wept and how she had wondered why they kept her poor da-da in such an ugly place. To think that after all these years she was again to go through a similar experience.

She had nerved herself for the ordeal. Anxious as she was to see Howard and learn from his lips all that had happened, she feared that she would never be able to see him behind the bars without breaking down. Yet she must be strong so she could work to set him free. So much had happened in the last two days. It seemed a month since the police had sent for her at midnight to hurry down to the Astoria, yet it was only two days ago. The morning following her trying interview with Capt. Clinton in the dead man's apartment she had tried to see Howard, but without success. The police held him a close prisoner, pretending that he might make an attempt upon his life. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

Intuitively she realized the necessity of immediately securing the services of an able lawyer. There was no doubt of Howard's innocence, but she recalled with a shiver that even innocent persons have suffered capital punishment because they were unable to establish their innocence, so overwhelming were the appearances against them. He must have the best lawyer to be had, regardless of expense. Only one name occurred to her, the name of a man of international reputation, the mere mention of whose name in a courtroom filled the hearts of the innocent with hope and the guilty with dread. That man was Judge Brewster. She hurried downtown to his office and waited an hour before he could see her. Then he told her, politely but coldly, that he must decline to take her case. He knew well who she was and he eyed her with some curiosity, but his manner was frigid and discouraging. There were plenty of lawyers in New York, he said. She must go elsewhere. Politely he bowed her out. Half of a precious day was already lost. Judge Brewster refused the case. To whom could she turn now? In despair, almost desperate, she drove uptown to Riverside drive and forced an entrance into the Jeffries home. Here, again, she was met with a rebuff. Still not discouraged, she returned to Judge Brewster's office. He was out and she sat there an hour waiting to see him. Night came and he did not return. Almost prostrated with nervous exhaustion, she returned to their deserted little flat in Harlem.

It was getting to be a hard fight, she saw that. But she would keep right on, no matter at what cost. Howard could not be left alone to perish without a hand to save him. Judge Brewster must come to his rescue. He could not refuse. She would return again to his office this afternoon and sit there all day long, if necessary, until he promised to take the case. He alone could save him. She would go to the lawyer and beg him on her knees if necessary, but first she must see Howard and bid him take courage.

A low doorway from Center street gave access to the gray fortress. At the heavy steel gate stood a portly policeman armed with a big key. Each time before letting people in or out he inserted this key in a ponderous lock. The gate would not open merely by turning the handle. This was to prevent the escape of prisoners, who might possibly succeed in reaching so far as the door, but could not open the steel gate without the big key. When once any one entered the prison he was not permitted to go out again except on a signal from a keeper.

When Annie entered she found the reception room filled with visitors, men and women of all ages and nationalities, who, like herself, had come to see some relative or friend in trouble. It was a motley and interesting crowd. There were fruit peddlers, sweat shop workers, sporty looking men, negroes and flashy looking women. All seemed callous and indifferent, as if quite at home amid the sinister surroundings of a prison. One or two others appeared to belong to a more respectable class, their sober manner and careworn faces reflecting silently the humiliation and shame they felt at their kinsman's disgrace.

The small barred windows did not permit of much ventilation and, as the day was warm, the odor was sickening. Annie looked around fearfully and humbly took her place at the end of the long line which slowly worked its way to the narrow inner grating, where credentials were closely scrutinized. The horror of the place seized upon her. She wondered who all these poor people were and what the prisoners whom they came to see had done to offend the majesty of the law. The prison was filled with policemen and keepers and running in and out with messages and packages were a number of men in neat linen suits. She asked a woman who they were.

"Them's trustees — prisoners that has special privileges in return for work they does about the prison"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TULAROSA HIGH SCHOOL HAS FIVE GRADUATES Tularosa, N. M., May 21.—The graduating class of the Tularosa high school includes Mar Saunders, Maude Abbott, Nellie Saunders, and Edward Wharton and Earnest Wholeberg. The graduating exercises were given at the city hall.

Professor Helm and county superintendent Lacy Simms attended the exercises.

R. Turner and Aubrey Tipton are here from Clarendon.