

The Wonder Is They Let Jeff Get Away With It! By "Bud" Fisher



AEROPLANE BOOZE LINE NEXT, IS IDEA FOR MAINE

Official Says Autos and Motor Boat Have Not Been Wholly Successful

Kennebunk, Sept. 10.—That aeroplanes may be used next by Maine saloon keepers to get a supply of liquor into the state now that the automobiles and power boats have not proven wholly satisfactory, is the belief of the Rev. William F. Berry, of Waterville, superintendent of the Maine Civic League, who has been through the western part of the state, studying the conditions.

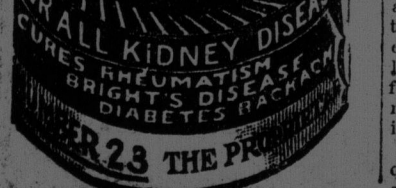
Since the Webb law went into effect it had been quite a problem for the rum-sellers to get their \$1.10 brandy, whiskey into the old Pine Tree state, where the prohibitory law has been in force more than half a century. In fact, its dealers acknowledge that they are at their wits' end to get enough liquor to supply the demand since the automobiles have been rounded up and the power boats went on the rocks off Portland.

The red automobile, however, has been pulled off temporarily, it is said, since the accident here, when the load of liquor was seized by the sheriffs and the chauffeur arrested and fined \$100 and costs.

Two automobiles, one red and the other gray, have been smuggling liquor into Maine from Massachusetts for several weeks past and they have had many picturesque escapes. Sheriffs and their deputies have chased the men in high-powered cars over the rough country roads at a speed of 50 miles an hour, at the peril of their lives, and on every occasion the big red machine, with its hundreds of gallons of whiskey has made a getaway. The driver of this car is one of the most skilled and reckless in Maine. He knows no fear and races along the byways and highways at midnight at a 60-mile-an-hour gait.

Since the auto rum express has begun to make regular trips, the farmers in the York county towns are awakened at night by the whizzing of automobiles going over the rough rock roads, oftentimes at the rate of 70 miles an hour. The sheriffs cannot utterly put a stop to the smuggling, because the greater the danger to the smuggler, and the less supply of prohibition booze in the cities and towns, the bigger the profit in smuggling. As high as \$2 a quart is paid in Maine cities for the rankest kind of whiskey.

Lately, pretty young girls have been engaged to go to New Hampshire after the liquor by the pocket vendors. The maids, they are invariably good looking, start out with a couple of dress suits. They go to Dover, Salmon Falls or Portsmouth, get a supply of whiskey of the \$1 a gallon brand and return. The officers have not yet learned the names of the girls, as they have not suspected that they have been present in the carrier service to blind the officers.



The Men Who Will Fight For the World's Championship

BY SLOANE GORDON



RICHARD W. MARQUARD, THE BEAU BRUMMELL OF THE GIANTS

New York, Sept. 7.—Richard W. Marquard, like most left-handers in a long list of note, is known as "Rube," although off the field he resembles the model about whom that little essay, which appears in the theatre programme, entitled "What the Well Dressed Man Should Wear," was written. Marquard is so excessively left-handed that he won nineteen games in succession back in 1912, and then took two months getting over it.

For two years, Richard W. Marquard (no one has ever discovered what the "W" stands for, not even "Rube" himself) but, as we were saying, for two years Richard W. Marquard was known as the "\$11,000 lemming." It distinctly proves he is not a piker at heart because he was no cheap lemming. The explanation of this title can be found in the following paragraph.

When McGraw waggily of pitchers in 1908, he went searching for a star and came across Richard W. Marquard out in Indianapolis, where he had been fooling a whole lot of batters. So John J. paid \$11,000 for him, then an unheard-of price for left-handers or right either, for that matter. The big league looked different to Richard W. Marquard somewhat after his first glance at it and, for two years, he had great difficulty in winning a ball game, nobody being able to convince him that there was such a thing as a plate on the field. He could throw the ball over first base or third base, as even over the grand stand, and frequently did, but not over the plate. Therefore, some cross reporter, tucked the name of the "\$11,000 lemming" to him, and if stuck like an actor to a bank roll.

All of a sudden Richard W. Marquard began to pitch baseball one day, and this led up to his winning of nine-

teen straight which procedure was noted around pretty generally. All the folks who had been calling him the "\$11,000 lemming" and urging that he be traded for a bat bag, rapidly ducked behind the scenes to change their unsketchy and came back greeting him as Mr. Richard W. Marquard. He has been pitching good baseball ever since. Marquard says he is of French extraction, but this is doubted by some because he was born in Cleveland, Ohio. However, he is doing his best to conceal that fact now by wearing silk shirts with his monogram on the cuffs like a regular big town boy. Richard is what is known as a meticulous dresser both "on and off" (stage terms) and goes around the country with a wardrobe trunk. Mr. Marquard is built like the crack between a pair of folding doors when they are closed, with the exception that he has a slight list to starboard because he once pulled a ligament in his neck while playing football. It was never restored. He depends for his success on his speed, having a fast one with the desired "hop" on it. "Rube" spends his winters as a vaudeville actor, at which job he has been fairly successful, but it is thought by some that this is due more to the fact that he won nineteen straight games than on account of any ability. "Rube" denies this, but then he is only twenty-four years old. He threatened to stick to the stage and leave the Giants practically prone last spring so taken was with his art, but McGraw sent a scout to the Pacific coast after him and brought him back. Richard W. Marquard is famous for his repartee, having roomed with "Josh" Devore in the early days of his career

COST OF LIVING

Ottawa, Sept. 9.—The cost of living index number took another jump upwards last month from 185.5, the figures for July, to 186.2. In August, 1912, the figures were 133.3 so that there was nearly a three point increase in August of this year compared with the same month a year ago. "And," say the officials at the labor department who compile the average cost of prices every month, "the prospects for any pronounced drop in the average cost of the commodities classified under the list of necessities of life are not very bright."

The cause for the advance in the average cost last month was principally due to the increase in price of potatoes, eggs, canned lobsters, anthracite coal, grains and fodder. Such things as beef, lamb, butter, lake trout, whitefish, canned peas, honey and coffee dropped a few points. Meats are a little higher in price than they were a year ago, but grains and fodder are lower.

Stand the knives in a jar of ketchup or sweet-oil in such a way that the blades are immersed and the handle well out of the oil. Leave them for three or more days, and then rub the well with emery paper, finishing in the usual way with the board and knife polish.

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