

Gen. Manuel Casabianca.



Casabianca! The name comes like a half forgotten echo of our youthful days. Grown men, whose hearts once thrilled responsive to the heroism of the boy on the burning deck, will be agreeably surprised that a real, live Casabianca lives and fights and heroizes today. He is General Manuel Casabianca, the new minister of war of Colombia, who has had an eventful career. The general was born at sea, of Italian parents en route to Colombia. The fact that he is not native born will prevent him from ever being president of the republic under the present constitution, but he has held almost every other position under the civil government and by hard fighting and distinguished services has attained the rank of general-in-chief of the Colombian army. Under his brief administration as minister of war, great activity has been apparent in the conduct of operations against the insurgents, both in the interior and on the coast, and the recent surrender of 2000 rebels at Panama probably signalizes the end of the most hotly contested and sanguinary rebellion ever known in Colombia. We are indebted to Mr. Eduardo Espinosa, consul-general in New York, for the above photograph and data concerning this distinguished Colombian.

ding. The reason for this was that the janitor and one of his partners had banked over \$5,000 apiece as a result of three years' work at their still.

"There is no doubt that there would be money in illicit distilling if it were possible to dispose of the product. That is where the men get caught most of the time, as it is not possible for us to find every plant merely by the scent of the fermenting mash. A great many tricks are planned, and some of them work for awhile, but they don't last. I have seen men walking along the street with an innocent looking joint of stovepipe in their hands. Now, there is nothing suspicious about a joint of stovepipe even if it is not more than three feet long. But it does not weigh much, and when a man carries it as though he were lugging a bag of shot a man in my business begins to wonder what is inside of it. We don't bother the fellow until we are pretty certain, and it is about even chances that we find a long, slim demijohn inside the pipe.

Saloon keepers are pretty shy of handling moonshine, and they won't enter into negotiations unless they are certain of the men with whom they are dealing. The surest graft that has ever been worked was one that had a long run in Chicago about five years ago. The driver of a brewery wagon was the man who attended to the distribution. He called at the saloon where the whisky was distilled and carried the moonshine out in beer kegs and loaded them on his wagon as if he were only taking away empty casks. He would take them around to the place and leave them. The saloon keepers who were handling the stuff always put beer in the kegs after they had emptied out the whisky and in this way deadened the fumes of the stronger liquor. One of our men who was inspector at the brewery had a pretty keen nose, and he suspected that something was wrong. He started a little investigation himself, and his inquiries resulted in our nailing all of the men who had been mixed up in the deal.

"I do not pretend to say that the revenue officers can stop the manufacture or sale of whisky on which the government tax has not been paid. As long as men will take chances on making money fast and easily without heeding the provisions of the law I suppose there is little hope of suppressing the illicit distilling in Chicago and the big cities. It would astound you if I would tell you the number of revenue agents we have to keep in Chicago. It pays, however, as there would be no limit to the traffic if we did not hold it down."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NOTICE—The undersigned hereby gives notice that for due and just cause all persons are forbidden harboring or trusting his wife, Florence Labounty, as he will pay no bills of her contracting after this date.
8-8-16-22* G. H. LABOUNTY.