

SUDDEN THAW FOLLOWS TEN DAYS OF REAL WINTER AND PORTLAND STREETS ARE COVERED WITH SLUSH

Tiny Rivulets Fill Gutters and Snow and Icicles Falling From Roofs Are Constant Menace But There Are No Injuries.



MERCHANDISE IS
DELIVERED IN
IMPROVISED
SLEDGE



A SNOW BUST
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON BY
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587 FIFTH ST.

FOR ten days it snowed and was windy, but on the eleventh day came the thaw and rain, and the entire Willamette Valley and indeed many parts of the Columbia Basin began to cast off their frosty manacles. The thaw began Thursday night, when sleet fell. Yesterday morning there fell a drizzle which continued most of the day and set the white Northwest dripping.

Portland was engulfed in a deluge of slush and wet. From houses and roof crumbled giant icicles, loosened by the rain. Signs of warning against such dangers were posted throughout the business section, but no accidents from this source were reported.

In the streets, near the sidewalks, snow was banked to a depth of many feet. Beside these snowbanks in the gutters poured tiny rivulets that in places assumed the proportions of small torrents seeking an outlet to the river. Ice in the gutters of many buildings caused the water to overflow and pour in streams down upon the sidewalk. On many other buildings thawing ice caused hundreds of icicles and water pipes to burst.

Until noon there was little effort on the part of city officials or others to clear the crossings. By that time inches of slush and melting snow made them so nearly impassable that a large detail of men was put to work and succeeded fairly well in keeping them in fair condition for the rest of the day.

Even patrolmen joined in the effort to clear the crossings in the afternoon. At Sixth and Alder streets, before the arrival of the crew of laborers, Patrolman Murphy secured a shovel and partly cleared the crossing by his own efforts. A large crowd of persons, especially small boys and "newsies," gathered to watch his efforts.

The snow storm began Tuesday, January 5. It continued for several days when it was checked by exceedingly cold weather which held the thermometer way below the freezing point until Thursday night, when the thaw began. Cold weather throughout the valley caused many discomforts, and to youngsters still more pleasures. It was to many of them the first opportunity to take a real sleigh-ride and coasting attained probably the greatest popularity it has ever known here.

All day yesterday laborers worked on the roofs of dwellings and business houses clearing away the snow to prevent leakages through the roofs which would likely follow the thaw.



YOUNGSTERS GATHERING FOR
COASTING ON BEACON HILL

Grand "Young" Man Who Has Sipped at the Fount of Perennial Youth

Words of Appreciation of Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher, Former Resident, Now Visitor Within Gates.

He was a man, take him all in all,
We never shall see his like again.

BY IRVING McGAFFNEY.

A BROAD-SHOULDERED young man "blew" into Portland a few days ago and announced with big customary youthful benevolence that he was Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher. May his shadow never grow less. The Colonel has been De Leon beaten. It says from the back in the way of dis-covering the fountain of youth. Men may come and men may go, but he goes on forever.

The same pleasant twinkle in his bright blue eyes, the sailor's face, the jauntyness of the bear-skin hat, the tang, the irrepressible vigor of the "Colonel Hill" of ante-bellum, or any other old day.

Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
His infinite variety.

The Colonel was a member of The Oregonian staff the year of "the big wind." Figure it out for yourself. He resided in the classic precincts of "Goose Hollow." He saw Mount Hood when that grand peak was hardly bigger than a haystack. The "Columbia" was of course "running under another name," and saw the Oregon, "heard no sound, save its own dashings."

It was the day of the aboriginal and the original, Colonel "Bill" representing strictly the latter class. In his day the Colonel has achieved great things. He has been cowboy, editor, actor, orator, politician, traveler, amanuensis to such famous men as George D. Prentice and a contemporary of George Francis Train, Aristotle, Tom Marshall, Christopher Columbus, Artemus Ward and scores of other "oldset inhabitants." The Colonel's favorite sport was hunting the sabre-toothed tigers or fishing for pleasure-trout from the Government pier.

But really, Colonel Visscher is the de-spatch of all who know him, for his perennial spirit of youth. Ten, 20, 35 years will pass, and gray hairs and wrinkles may accumulate on other men, but William Lightfoot Visscher can truthfully and not boastfully say, "Here I am, boys, just the same as ever I was."

By reason of his tricks, judged by the severest criticism of those who know, his best work is with any one's best in America. "Chastelard," "Barbaric Indignation" and "Chiquita" will live; and others, doubtless; but of these three it can be said they are poems.

The Colonel was in Bellingham when it was Fairhaven. He was in Fairhaven before it was Bellingham. He has written editorials, dramatic criticism, book reviews, stories, novels, poems, songs, essays and speeches. He has been to the front in many a hard-fought political



COLONEL WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

campaign. He was in the war. He has been heard on the platform, from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

He has the friendship and warm ad-miration of hundreds of men and women who recognize the sterling merit of his nature, and the kindness that beats within one of the most chivalric of

hearts. As a reciter of his own work, or of other men's work the Colonel has no all-around equal. With the historic ability which grasps the salient points of a recitation, with the ease of one to whom it descends in the way of the man-ner born, the Colonel can move an audience to tears or laughter at his will. As a raconteur of stories, witty or pa-

thetic, the Colonel has always delighted those who have been fortunate enough to hear him.

His life reads like a romance. With the agency, wildness in his veins, his footsteps have traveled from the old homestead in Kentucky to all parts of the Union, and from one city to another. There is no city of any size in the United States where Visscher cannot count on meeting friends. West and North, South and East, and the gate-ways are open for him, and however the years run dry, his sparkle and imagination are the same.

Never my heart, 'till thou grow old;
My hair turns white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

To see the Colonel sitting among a crowd of his friends, and an introduction to "Bill" is enough to make you his friend. It is to see a man who is a bond between the past and the present, a story from his lips and as a master-handler of negro dialect he can tell better negro stories than any man liv-

ing. From grave to gay, from lively to severe he flashes like the glint of a mountain stream flashing between walled canyons. For one Colonel has his legends and his deities, and his nature is essentially poetic. Books he has published, and good ones, and the subjects have been many and varied. Adventures by the score have fallen to his lot, "moving accidents by flood and field," perils of war and peace, stormy incidents of a life that has done and dared.

In the olden days Visscher would have been a Crusader. His blood flows un-weakened from those knightly souls who cut the Dutch illness and bade the Spaniards welcome to a drowned empire. The Colonel has this fighting forlorn hope spirit in his makeup, and these be de-generate days for such a valiant nature. The Colonel has seen real fighting in his time, long lines creasing up in blue to war's red billows. He has heard the piercing challenge of bugle, the roll of drum and stern cry of "Forward," and sometimes like Job's war-horse, he "snuffs the battle from afar off." But now, with friends galore, and the arts of peace more so his liking, he turns to his friends, his family and his books, happy in their solace and affection.

The loving are the daring.

and the little button on the Colonel's left lapel is only an insignia of old, un-happy, far-off things, and days of long ago.

Colonel Visscher has won laurels as an actor, particularly in Optie Read's play, "The Starbuck," first produced in Chil-cago, and making a tremendous suc-cess in that city. In New York City he scored a similar triumph. Indeed the marvel is that the Colonel can do so many things and do them all so well.

Personally the Colonel is not beautiful—on the outside. He tells with great glee of his first meeting with Joel Chan-dler Harris (Uncle Remus). Harris marked, after he met the Colonel had taken mental note of each other for about an hour. "Colonel, I want you to come right home with me and meet my wife." "Certainly," replied the Colonel, "are you in a hurry, Harris?" "Yes," said Uncle Remus, "I don't want to wait a minute. This morning my wife said to me, 'Joel, you're the homeliest man in the United States, and I want her to see you, Colonel.'"

But the soul of Visscher is beautiful, and gives manifest proof of that beauty in his poems and stories.

"The soul the outward shows are least them-selves," the poet says, and Colonel Visscher is now playing in Portland in a sketch written by his daughter. A number of choice spirits met him one night lately and the Colonel was in one of his magnetic moods which cast off scintillations of verbal light and sound and brought back dreams of old times, old days and bygone memories. He simply fascinated his hearers with recitals of the times that were in the West, the tales of pony-rides, buffalo hunters, scouts, and days of derring-do.

Long after 9 o'clock, in fact long after a quarter past nine or later, the company sat listening to the Colonel's weird tongue, and when the assemblage broke up the opinion was unanimous that while England had its Gladstone and Germany its Bismarck, America has its Visscher, the unapproached and unapproachable, the no plus ultra, the nonpareil, the "Grand Young Man," secure in his untroubled flow of wit and humor, kindly, courteous, a living example of that gra-cious and cultured example, "a gentle-man of the old school."

CRIME IN NEW YORK CITY

Harper's Weekly.

We have seen that the arrests for felony in New York County have increased twice as quickly as the population during the last seven years, and that in 38 per cent of all arrests convictions are secured. Now let us turn to the statistics of convictions and acquittals in New York County.

During the 20 years, 1887 to 1907, convictions were secured for homicide in 77 per cent of all cases tried. During the past seven years, however, convictions have been secured in only 55 per cent. In New York County during the year 1907 convictions were secured in 62 per cent of all felony cases brought to trial.

And yet in 50 to 60 per cent of all ar-rests for serious crimes the prisoner goes

free. The leakage occurs mainly through the inability of the detective forces to se-cure adequate evidence for presentation to the grand jury.

Of the 543 arrests for homicide made within the five boroughs of Greater New York in 1907 only 100 cases were sub-mitted to the grand juries in the County of New York. Allowing every advantage against the inevitable deductions that we shall have to draw, we may assume, in the absence of statistical information, that during this same period 200 cases were submitted to the grand juries within the five boroughs. This means that 60 of those arrested for homicide went free before they ran the gauntlet of these ar-

chale but interesting survivals of medieval justice.

Of 32 persons arrested for arson during the same period just 15—on the same estimate—reached the grand juries.

Of 317 persons arrested for burglary the grand jury put 190 upon the rack. The rest had been discharged at an earlier period in the proceedings.

And 404 cases of grand larceny were in-vestigated by the grand juries out of 630 arrests. The other 226 were discharged at an earlier period in the proceedings.

That is to say, 75 per cent of all per-sons arrested for homicide were set free before the grand juries investigated their cases; 41 per cent of those arrested for arson; 35 per cent of those arrested for burglary; 41 per cent of those arrested for grand larceny.

But the submission of a case to a grand jury by no means renders the case of the accused hopeless. Let us examine the re-turns for the County of New York during

the year 1907. Here there is no estimating or deducting; we have the figures in black and white. Of 100 charges of homi-cide which came before them the grand juries dismissed 47; 12 were subsequently discharged, and 10 acquitted. The grand juries dismissed 5 out of 9 arson suspects, and 3 more were subsequently discharged without trial. The grand juries dismissed 131 out of 950 persons accused of burglary; 147 were discharged subsequently and 199 acquitted. Grand juries dismissed 484 per-sons charged with grand larceny, out of 2022; 475 were subsequently discharged and 209 acquitted.

Justice in New York is a succession of sieves with constantly narrowing meshes; perhaps this is what justice ought to be—only the police sieve has meshes as wide that whales and sea-serpents are able to slip through with the minnows. It is here that the vast majority of suspects escape—between arrest and the grand juries. There is not evidence enough to hold them.

AUSTRIAN LIEUTENANT IS NOW RANCHER IN OREGON

John Fisher, of McAllister, Tells Grim Tales of Balkan Warfare.

McALLISTER, Or., Jan. 14.—(Special.)—John Fisher, a Lieutenant in the British Army in the war between Austria and Turkey, in 1877-78, now a prosperous rancher in this place, claims to be the only man in Eastern Oregon besides news-papers men to take an interest in the news dispatches relating to the Balkan situa-tion. Fisher was in the cavalry service and deserted after being desperately wounded at the battle of Serajva, where General Philippovic cut the telegraph wires connecting the army with the front and the war board at Vienna.

Fisher's story of the war and the ter-rific atrocities of the Turks is thrilling and explains his interest in the present crisis. He was one of 27 survivors out of a squadron of 600 men at Serajva and received a bullet wound in the back, he slides a saber cut on the head and one on the body. He was known as "Daredevil" Fisher and was presented with a medal bearing a likeness of Emperor Francis Joseph on one side.

When the Colonel presented the medal to Fisher, who was still in the hospital, he threw it away and a lively scene re-sulted in which the Colonel was ordered to leave the hospital by the surgeon in charge. Fisher explained his action by saying that he had been of the nobility, he would have received a gold cross and been awarded a pension. His story of General Philippovic's conduct before Serajva follows:

Philippovic Bombards City.
"We had besieged the city and Gen-eral Philippovic was prepared to attack it, when an offer of surrender was made. Philippovic feared that the offer was not sincere, but was ordered to proceed by the war board at Vienna. When several thousand men had entered the city and the three bridges were still packed by the Austrian army on the march to the gates, the Turks blew up the bridges. The result was terrible. The river was filled with dead and wounded Austrians and we were forced to leave the march and aid in rescuing our comrades.

"The act of destruction by the Turks was disastrous for them. General Philippovic called the army before him and made a speech in which he told the soldiers of his plans for taking the city. He first said that he would send a communication with the war board at Vienna and then blow the city to pieces if it did not sur-render. He said that he would send a messenger into the city with a request for an immediate surrender; if the mes-senger did not return in three hours, the bombardment would begin.

"After waiting five hours without a re-turn of the messenger, Philippovic ordered the bombardment started. When it was finished the entire city was in ruins and not a building could be seen save sev-eral church steeples far away on the edi-ficent side of the city. When the smoke cleared away there was no need of asking for a surrender, for the city was de-molished.

"Philippovic then wired the war board what he had done and with it his resig-nation. This was at first refused, but the late General insisted and over, in-structed him to turn the command over to his nephew until another leader could be sent out from Vienna. The nephew also refused to take such a command, but Philippovic remained in charge until his successor arrived.

Fisher Leads Scouts.

Fisher, because of his daring, was gen-erally chosen to lead dangerous scout-ing parties and his men were volunteers, who were eager to join in risky ventures. He told of many adventures of this kind, one of which was made on information brought in by a spy regarding a large body of Turkish soldiers and over 27 men, followed the road designated by the spy, but before the little party had gone far they ran into the soldiers, hid-den in ambush, and a fight followed.

The Austrians made a plunge through the Turks' lines in a desperate effort to escape. Of the 25 horsemen, 12 were killed and of the remainder nearly all were wounded.

Efforts to make captive Turks tell about their army movements met with no suc-cess. One Turk, according to Fisher, was taken before the General officer of the Austrian army and he was made many flattering offers if he would reveal what he knew about the Turkish army. The fellow refused, and, suddenly,

THE NEW YEAR.

O set the torches high and ring the bell!
Thrice ring the door and greet the glad New Year;
Time's glowing hands have turned the glass and well
The sands shall run, and toll the days appear.

O set the heart's gate wide and welcome in
All that shall come, of sadness or of pain,
Of death or ecstasy. For joy begins
In shadows often, and from loss comes gain.

O ring the bell and call the soul to prayer!
Rejoice in all the burnings of desire,
The yearnings for perfection. Have a care
That constant on your altar burns a fire.

O ring the bells! Arise! Rejoice! Be free!
Go forth and write your words upon the scroll.
Live in the day, and know that Liberty
Has every day a New Year in its soul!

—VALERIA KILBY.

Hair Loss

Consult your doctor about your falling hair.
If he says, "Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best,"
then begin today. Do as he says.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

NEW IMPROVED FORMULA

Suppose you send this advertisement to your baldest friend! Everybody should know that Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly checks falling hair, destroys dandruff, keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Does not affect color of the hair. Formula with each bottle.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

J. C. AYER CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Lowell, Mass.