

# FAMOUS TENOR VISITS PORTLAND

### William Castleman, an American, Wins High Place in Favor of Critical European Audiences.

In these days of foreign tenors with unpronounceable names and long pedigrees—artists who come to America from Europe intent on a big dollar, it is refreshing to meet with a real American tenor in the person of William Castleman, born in Kentucky, as good a tenor as any of them, and with very few rivals in the realms of grand opera the world over. Mr. Castleman and his wife are at present the guests of State Senator and Mrs. Herbert Holman, 781 Overton street.

Great tenors are rare, and it is noteworthy that not so very long ago Mr. Castleman divided honors with the famous Jean de Reszke, in singing in Wagnerian opera at Paris, in rival operahouses situated only a short distance from each other. On that occasion, Mr. Castleman was especially engaged by Frau Wagner to sing the music allotted to Siegfried in "Götterdämmerung," and during each performance his interpretation of the character he sustained and his artistic singing of the role met with every mark of enthusiastic approval from critical audiences. Mr. and Mrs. Castleman leave this city September 3 for the East, and after a visit to their relatives in Kentucky, they propose to sail early in October for Europe. Mr. Castleman's future musical plans are only known to himself, but it is understood that they call him to St. Petersburg this coming season, and that two years hence he will sing in opera at Cairo, Egypt.

The traditional grand opera tenor, and especially the Wagnerian tenor, from a popular point of view, is a person who has drooping eyes, a mop-like mass of hair a la Sauer, a pale, mournful countenance from the fact of unsuccessfully loving so many unhappy Wagnerian heroines, and who is never seen without a monocle and a top hat. Mr. Castleman, on the other hand, is a young man with a clean-shaven face, a pair of eyes that are bright and clear, and a pair of lips that are smiling and pleasant. He is a person who has a perfect holiday time here.

"This is my vacation time," he explained, as he sat yesterday in the most comfortable shade on the veranda of Mrs. Holman's home, "and I am enjoying it. I possess many friends in this pleasant Pacific Coast country, and have had a perfect holiday time here."

"That brings me back to business," broke in Mr. Castleman, who, by the way, is a young, good-looking man, with fine physique, and who wears a gray business suit and straw sailor hat. "At this present moment, however, casting all thoughts of grand opera aside, would it surprise you to know that an amateur baseball team, and that for three years of my life I was one of the sporting reporters of the Louisville (Ky.) Commercial newspaper? I was a fellow reporter with Henry Bullman, who is now president of the National Baseball League. Had I any aspirations toward baseball? Only as a 'rooter.' Made and other lines of work seemed to me early. No church choir singing or concerts did not know me in those early days. When I was about 20 years old I went on the professional stage, and made my debut by singing with the Spencer Opera Company, at Cleveland, O., in Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Mikado,' and then sang a season of light opera with the Duff Opera Company. I did not have the benefit of any vocal lessons then."

Joining the Bostonians I became their leading tenor, and sang in 'Prince Aramis,' 'Maid of Plymouth,' 'Robin Hood,' and other attractions, and I sang for them for two seasons. Early in 1888, Jean de Reszke heard me sing and by his advice I went to Paris, where I studied with Etienne, a French tenor, and became the most valuable artist which has assisted me in my work. I also had the benefit of other teachers. It was during the early part of the Boer war that I made my debut as a professional singer at the Royal Opera House, The Hague, where party feeling ran high. As most people in this country know, in the countries of Europe south of the English Channel every American and Englishman met by the natives is called 'English.' I was referred to as 'English' frequently, and the atmosphere around me at first was very chilly. How cold the first audience seemed to be when I came on the stage, about to sing! In a little while, when I warmed up to my work, the people 'out front' were liberal enough to encourage me by their applause, because I seemed to satisfy them as a singer. Do you see?

"While at The Hague I sang Rossini's 'William Tell' in the original key, singing it in French. It was while there in 'Les Huguenots,' 'L'Africaine,' 'Le Prophete,' 'Il Trovatore,' 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'Rigoletto,' and 'Tannhauser.' Looking back at those days, I certainly began under adverse conditions, because of the strong feeling at that time against every man known to be a member of the Anglo-Saxon race, and from the mistaken opinion, especially among Latin peoples, that the average Anglo-Saxon cannot be an artist. Absurd. After The Hague engagement I returned to Paris, where for seven months I continued my work, and then accepted another engagement for grand opera at the Municipal Opera House where for six months I sang a repertoire in French and Italian.

"Returning to France, I sang in 'La Juive,' taking the tenor part of a man who is supposed to be 65 years old. Cheerful, wasn't it? Then a wonderful event—to me at least—came into my life. Frau Wagner sent for me, asking me to visit her immediately at Beyreuth, in Germany. She engaged me to sing for her in a big festival to be given in a Paris opera house, Siegfried in 'Götterdämmerung,' this being a sequel of the ring and opera of Siegfried being sung at the same time in another Paris opera house by Jean de Reszke. Here, too, I was most kindly received."

Mr. Castleman did not say what was the absolute truth—that in the opinion of eminent critics his artistic work stood the most favorable comparison as opposed to the great Jean de Reszke's—a tenor who is credited in many instances the greatest tenor of the age, a tenor who demanded and received his \$4000 per night at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, until the advent of Manager Conwell.

"Well, what happened after you scored against Jean de Reszke, in Paris?" demanded the reporter.

"Fardon me—when I had the pleasure of singing in the same city with Jean de Reszke," said Mr. Castleman, smiling, "I was engaged to sing for two years at the Royal Opera House, Antwerp, Belgium, but the rights to my services in the second year were bought to allow me to return to the United States and appear in opera under the management of Mr. C. B. Dillingham. I was not in a position to decline the great financial inducement then held out to me, and I accepted, arriving in this country early in 1903. Lately I have been enjoying a well-earned rest. I should have sung in 'Paris' at Beyreuth, August 21, but my familiarity with German was not sufficient to warrant me in going on with this special engagement."

"What is your favorite grand opera?"

"That is a difficult question to answer, but after a little reflection I must answer—'Tristan and Isolde.'"

"And your favorite song?"

Mr. Castleman bent his brows in thought, and then laughed. "That is even a harder nut to crack," he complained. "However, I think the aria from 'Sigurd' is one of the most beautiful of musical compositions."

"Vocal students in Oregon who have studied hard complain of the tremendous amount of hard work necessary before one can achieve any result in



WILLIAM CASTLEMAN, A FAMOUS AMERICAN TENOR.

grand opera," suggested the reporter. "We neglect to do the disagreeable part of singing," affirmed Mr. Castleman, speaking more earnestly. "Work, work, work—it is more essential to one than a fine voice. We ought to work all the time in opera. A mediocre voice often, very often, accomplishes more than the gifted aspirant with his or her beautiful voice. The proof of it is in the fact that there are now before the public in prominent positions many, many more singers of other races than the Anglo-Saxon; for, in spite of their God-given voices, they are in the minority and to a very great extent they are interested in work it becomes a pleasure to do so, rather than a sacrifice."

"You ask about my own humble experiences? Well, I don't know that I have had any that would be of interest to any one. But as you have been kind enough to interest yourself in me to that extent, I don't know of anything that I might say with more sincerity than to assure you that I have tried and am still trying earnestly to learn the bigger things of an artistic life during my years of study and work. As I go along I try to adapt myself to them as far as possible."

"I originally went to Europe with the idea of returning after a few months of study to continue my work in comic opera; but after study I found myself drifting to grand opera. So are our paths often changed. During my visit to Portland, I wish to say that I have been much pleased with the uniformly good quality of work that it has been my pleasure to hear."

"It's about time to go to that baseball game, I wouldn't miss a ball game for anything," he said, as he looked longed for baseball in Paris."

"The fact was I had so much had luck that I got on my nerves and I would see things on the track every time I came to a crossing, and I got into the habit of slowing up on every curve. That whickered brakeman was on the head-end and used to make fun of me, telling me that I should be cool and collected in time of danger and never see or imagine things unless they really happened. It made me mad, of course, but it didn't cure the habit and I got so that I couldn't sleep for the dream I had."

"As a result I went to sleep for a minute one night on the run up and woke up just in time to see a horse walk out on the track ahead of my engine. I threw her back onto her hind legs, but

it was too late and horse and engine both jumped clear off the right of way into a wheat field.

"My train was a slight. The cars were piled one on top of the other from the tender to the caboose and I thought that the whole crew was killed of course. I climbed out of the engine—she had hit on her feet—and started back to help dig out the bodies."

"Most of the train had been made up of empties and among the lot was a number of wood cars. About half way down there I heard an awful yelling and praying, and as I came around the end of an upturned car I caught sight of my brakie friend of the whickers with his head and shoulders protruding from a big hole smashed in the side of a car."

"For God's sake, man," he called as he caught sight of me, "help me out of this. I'm smothering here. Don't leave me. Stay by me till I die."

"By this time the conductor and another brakeman had come up and between us we got the man out of the hole. Then we pushed him and showed him that he had had a whole car to walk around in and get his breath, if he had not been so scared that he had lost it yelling for some one to let him out."

"That brakeman is a young man, but he is as white from the scare he got that day."

"How did I come to quit? Well, I ran into a farm wagon, killed both horses, smashed the wagon to pieces, broke the farmer's leg and of these things I don't remember. Then I gave up and went to hauling trunks for a living. But every time I see the old brakeman I have to ask him about the accident. Just the way he used to talk to me about coolness in action," and the ex-engineer drove his horse into the shade of a tree and went inside for a drink.

It was too late and horse and engine both jumped clear off the right of way into a wheat field.

## THE UNDOING OF "NIFTY MAC"

THIS little moral story, as all stories should be, is true. It happened in one of the big piano stores in this city, and the corroborating witnesses. Among other seamen there is one whom the elevator boy designates as "Nifty" and the elevator boy designates as "Mac" and his name and he sells many pianos where others fail, but he had a very bad quarter of an hour one day not long ago. This is the way it was:

A large florist who prefers Lew Dockstader to Edouard de Reszke came into the place looking for a patent device for beating ragtime out of a thumpy piano. The rag man, who was dressed in a coat and heavy white gams. He looked good to Mac, and was marked for conquest. Now the particular pride of the establishment is an electric substitute for the "profane" key-organ, "The Holy City" and "Pas Ma La" with equal facility. It looks well and does not smoke cigarettes. A messenger boy might carry it on his head and it fits under the keyboard as if it had grown there. Mac decided that the florist customer needed it and had the money, so he led him thither and pressed the button. The messenger started to exclaim "Mr. Dooley" and while the florist person kept time with his off foot Mac buzzed into his ear the praise which was justly coming to the inanimate willing worker at the "factory." "The advantage of this organ over all others is that it is never out of order, always plays in perfect time and interprets the most difficult selections with the delicacy of some coloring which only the very finest virtuoso attain. King Edward VII has one in his front room and Alphonso XIII is lulled to sleep every night by its strains. It is also admired very highly by James J. Jeffries, and President Smith, of the Mormon church." That is the way Mac buzzed through "Tretty Mollie Shannon," "The Coconut Tree" and "The Goddoler."

The patent-applied-for concert was going splendidly, the florist One was finger-picking the piano and Mac was already making and back his commission. The infernal machine had struck "Tessie" and was making the piano rock for very joy. Mac had the bit in his teeth and was beating all records for rapid-fire monologue. "Other alleged mechanical players are spurious imitations. The Pianoteer and the Olanette are absolutely unmanageable, producing a very inferior quality of music and sure to break down after being operated a short time. Our player is never out of order, always ready for instant use and as you now hear produces the most exquisite harmony. I said, it has no delicate mechanism to get out of."

Just then the Marvelous Device began to "take up" in a most peculiar way. It chased ring-straked arpeggios up and down the keyboard, did a dozen or two lightning accidentals and was impeding a two-finger exercise in the lower register at the loud pedal on. All this in the middle of "Tessie," where none of them should be. "Back up there! What's the matter with the damned thing? I'll be in the noisy ward in a minute if you don't stop up" about the erstwhile delighted "looker," just as the motor broke down and the tumult subsided with half the piano keys hopelessly stuck.

"The Florist Man, by his head, before was haggard, humiliated and angry almost to the point of apoplexy. He mumbled bitter things about the elevator boy tampering with "the goods" and retorted things at the offending ragtime which are forbidden publication. "It never has acted so before and won't again in a hundred years," he managed to get out. "Florist Man, by his head, was not in it and it was plain that he was undone."

"What's your old music box worth?" asked that worthy almost contemptuously. Mac's voice was a husky whisper. "Five fifty, cash."

"Well, it's so cheap and it certainly did wonderful for awhile, so I guess I'll take it. Here's your money. Send it down to my place this afternoon," and he handed the salesman a new five-dollar bill and a well-worn fifty-cent piece. Mac held them in his hand a moment, gaped blankly and then heaved a sigh. The Florist One reached for a red tag which dangled from the mechanical marvel and read thereon the legend, "3500, net."

A. A. G.

## CAMPING AT TROUT LAKE.

Many Portlanders Spend Their Vacations Near Mount Adams.

Many Portlanders are camping at Trout Lake, near Mount Adams. Charles Strube and family have been camping there since May 1 and will remain until late this Fall, when the former will go to Arizona.

Rev. A. J. Montgomery, of the Third Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Henry E. Marcott, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, with their families, and Wilson Benefield and family, are camped on the timber line of Mount Adams where they are studying the glaciers. They expect to make the ascent of Mount Adams before they return. The point where they are camped can only be reached by mule horses as there are but faint trails known only to the guides.

An immense slide, covering many thousands of feet of surface, occurred on the west side of Mount Adams the past week. It appeared to have started well up toward the top and rolled down one side of the mountain. The ministers will also investigate this slide and the cause. It discolored the waters of White Sulphur River and impregnated it with sulphur.

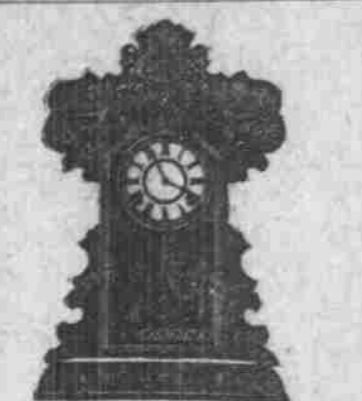
Professor John Toucher, of the St. John school, and his wife, are camped near Trout Lake and expect to remain until the last of the month. He is studying the lava and ice caves which extend over about 10 miles. There are probably 75 people from Portland around the hotel at Trout

# GREAT SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITY

The bargains we offer you this week are, great money-savers, you can't do better. We must keep the stock moving even if we have to sacrifice the profit to do it.



**SPECIAL SALE**  
**DINNER SETS**  
This cut gives you but a poor idea of the excellence of this beautiful 16-piece Cottage Dinner Set. It is white semi-porcelain, fancy patterns and cheap enough at \$4.50, the usual price, but you can have them this week for.....\$2.95



**CLOCKS**  
Handsome oak frame 8-Day Clock. warranted perfect timekeeper. 4-hour strike, cathedral gong, made by Ingraham, regular \$2.75, special for this week.....\$1.85



**NEW MATTING**  
**DIRECT FROM JAPAN**  
We have just received another large shipment of superior Japanese Matting in fancy, tasteful patterns of red or green mixed with white, 180 warps to the yard; exceptional value at the regular price of 25c; for this week only, a yard.....17c

# CARPETS, RUGS, DRAPERIES

We have just received a shipment of carpets. Among them are many exclusive patterns and styles that you will not find elsewhere in Portland. They comprise every desirable color and combination. You are particularly invited to examine the new BODY BRUSSELS patterns which excel in warmth of coloring and artistic design. The price is no more than you will be asked elsewhere for inferior grades. The showing includes everything from the best Wilton Velvets to the inexpensive Ingrain patterns. An examination of our Rugs and Draperies will be well worth your while.

## THE INCREASING POPULARITY OF OUR LIBERAL CREDIT PLAN MERITS YOUR INVESTIGATION.

# H. E. EDWARDS

185-187-189-191 FIRST STREET

Lake. Fishing in the immediate vicinity of Trout Lake is not good, but 10 miles back in the mountains rare sport may be had. A party headed by Charles Strube will start in a few days for Steamboat Lake, a distance of 18 miles from Trout Lake, over the widest country imaginable. Mr. Strube is familiar with the country for 20 miles in every direction, and can make his way through unknown wilderness surrounding Mount Adams. Rev. Mr. Montgomery and Rev. Mr. Marcott are the most persistent mountaineers in the camp and are putting in their vacation in exploring every nook and corner of Mount Adams. They seem never to get tired, and wear out the most hardy men who go along with them.

ished under police protection and from them were collected regular semi-monthly fines, which ultimately found their way into the city treasury. Since the gambling crusade a month ago the fines have not been collected. In other words, one pay-day was missed by the Police Department. The 15 warrants issued yesterday were for the arrest of those gamblers who were formerly on the regular fine list and who are evidently there again. The men for whom warrants were issued yesterday are as follows: Gar-Jener Bros., First and Madison streets; V. Keene, Park and Flanagan; Henry Smith, Grand avenue; J. Wertheimer, 222 Washington street; John Doe Harmon, Third and Couch; A. D. Martini, First and Madison; J. Green, 152

North Sixth; William Bitters, Yamhill street; George Wilson, 237 Washington, and J. Engman, Grand avenue. The only new ones who are accused of opening up games are Sam Edwards, Peter Schrantz, Jr., J. Kuser and Sam Wolf.

## TWO BEAUTIES SACRIFICED.

Two Fine Pianos Slaughtered Account Owners Going Abroad.

Mrs. Lucille Collette, the charming little blond whose artistic playing so thoroughly captivated Portland audiences, is going to Europe for a course of study. Mrs. Collette and little Lucille expect to remain abroad some six years, and her beautiful mahogany Chickering upright grand piano is to be sold by us. The instrument was specially selected for her by one of Portland's most prominent musicians, and is a regular \$500.00 style. It can be secured now for \$400.00, but payments must be made at least \$100.00 cash and \$100.00 every six months.

## NEW FALL FABRICS

FOR GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS TO ORDER

# SEE THEM AT NICOLL THE TAILOR'S

Never heretofore have such exceptionally fine patterns been offered at such remarkably low prices, and if you are looking for a really fine piano at a most substantial saving you will have to see these pianos at once. We are instructed to dispose of them immediately, and the first two callers having the necessary wherewithal will secure them at Eilers Piano House, No. 361 Washington street.

## POKER GAMES ON FINE LIST.

One Pay Day for City Skipped Before Belated Arrests Are Made.

Chief of Police Hunt has awakened to find that there are bad men in Portland who operate poker games in violation of the orders of the law. Sixteen warrants were issued yesterday for alleged gamblers.

## "What Optician Will I Go To?"



With those who have investigated the optical situation, there can be but one answer—go to the Oregon Optical Co. and you can depend upon getting the best service, the lowest prices and the highest grade of spectacles. Examination free.

All the latest weaves and colorings known to the weaver's art in fine foreign and domestic woolsens.

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## OREGON GIRL LEAVES FOR MISSION FIELD



On the passenger list of the steamer Doris, which sailed from San Francisco on Thursday, was the name of Miss Elizabeth Carrothers, who departed for Laos, where she has been assigned as a missionary by the North Pacific Board of Foreign Missions. Miss Carrothers left Portland a week ago last night a bevy of friends seeing her off on the first stage of her long journey. The Doris is expected to reach Honolulu on Thursday of this week, where a stay of a few hours will be made. From there to Japan direct, and from thence to Chinese ports—including Shanghai to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, to which country Laos is tributary. From that city the last stage of the missionary's journey will be made in houseboats on the river Menang. Natives, who walk along the bank of the river, pull the boats forward with ropes. This "progress" is expected to consume six weeks. A number of other missionaries will make the journey together, and if everything goes well the party will reach Luwahn, the capital of Laos, about Thanksgiving.

Miss Carrothers is a native daughter of Oregon, of a pioneer family, and goes direct from the First Presbyterian Church of this city and Mrs. Ford-Warren's Bible class. Previous to a course of some months' study this Spring at the Bible School, New York, Miss Carrothers was a teacher in the Clinton Kelly Public School, on the East side, where she earned a high record. Two years ago she made an excursion tour of Europe and Britain, and, being intelligent and observant to a high degree, returned with an apparently inexhaustible fund of interesting information and a large store of Continental curios.