

THE MUSIC WORLD. Brilliant Start Toward Endowing a Scholarship in the Pennsylvania College for Women.

MRS. MARIE DECCA'S RECITAL. An Indiscretion of Those Who Had the Printed Programme and Advertising in Charge.

ITEMS THAT CAME UNDER THE SEA. A Letter From Milan That Will Interest Lovers of Art Divine Bevelata.

Mrs. Marie Decca's song recital at Carnegie Hall, Allegheny, last Thursday evening, called out an audience which in numbers and in social standing augured well for the ultimate success of the effort to endow a scholarship in the Pennsylvania College for Women with the proceeds of this and like entertainments to follow.

Upon such an occasion it was the case of had last to place in the hands of that various numbers were bracketed about the little notes about how heinger had studied this one with the composer, had sung that one for an enthusiastic somebody, would now show how her voice could sound like a "Swedish nightingale," and so on.

It would be a sorry day for art if the dignified simplicity and reserve which artists of general standing are wont to preserve in their masters should give place to the blarney and self-trumping that now characterizes circus and variety performers only.

It is not a Frenchman, though the song "La Fontaine" is in French, that the "Galle species." Let's well-known, but it is commonly known as the "Swiss Echo Song," and had no German quality about it, being sung in English.

These proprieties and inaccuracies, which most of all to be regretted, because of their strong tendency to give a totally false impression as to Mrs. Decca's artistic rank and abilities. Her singing last week markedly added to the high estimation she has already won here in this country.

These technical qualities do not constitute the chief charm of Marie Decca's performance. She uses them but as means toward the end of artistic and characteristic expression. She has a lovely voice, clear and ringing in the line of "prima donna ballad singing."

Mrs. Decca may feel assured that a warm welcome always will be extended to her upon her next visit, meretricious advertising and programme notices cannot make it warmer.

Among the DISPATCH'S London cablegrams last night came the following musical paragraphs: Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's Wagner concert at the Royal Albert Hall, in a performance which has been well attended, showing that the panic caused by the widespread prevalence of influenza is passing away.

Paris will observe the centenary of the birth of Rossini will be celebrated throughout Italy and generally on the Continent. A committee headed by the composer, including Marchetti, Ferrini, and Pavesi, has been formed in Rome to carry out the arrangements for the centenary. It has decided to mark the occasion by the publication of the composer's correspondence.

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AN OLD STONE HOUSE

To Like Memories of Great Men Cling Like the Ivy on Its Walls. HOMESTEAD OF THE JOHNSTONS, An Air of Antique Splendor About It and Its Aged Occupant.

THE LAST OF A MOST NOTED FAMILY (CONTINUED FROM THE DISPATCH.)

Standing at the base of two ridges by which it is protected on three sides with the front facing the Loyalhanna and exposed to a beautiful valley, the great old-fashioned house stands to-day just as it was built. Its walls are nearly three feet thick. There are no hallways in it. The rooms are large with fairly high ceilings and a wood fireplace take up a liberal share of each apartment.

An Interior of Antique Splendor. Everything in the place is antique but elegant and dignified and glass are conspicuous in the furnishings and without an effort to appear grand there is a touch of oriental splendor on every piece that gives the entire place. All the houses were rudely constructed of logs, just one story high. The Johnston house was like all the rest, except that it was a trifle larger. In it the Governor, seven brothers and two sisters were born.

The old forge, the iron mill and all the log houses have disappeared, and the place is now marked only by a stone house and a milestone. The stone house is the Johnston homestead, and has been since it was built 82 years ago. The milestones has outlived its mission. It formerly told some story to the travelers on the Pittsburgh and Stovetown pike, the overland route from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia and the East, but for years it has been dumb. The dust of time has blurred and blotted out its lettering, but the good it has done protects it.

By it one cannot tell whether he is going east or west and it gives no encouragement or information to the traveler. It is a mile stone though, and leans back from the pike exposing its smooth, plain front reminding one of a hand board turned the wrong way or a politician who has just been decapitated by his friends. It is making a poor, magnificent bluff.

A Rare Old-Fashioned Mansion. But there is no bluff about the old Johnston homestead. It is a rare old-fashioned mansion. In it the late Governor Johnston was raised. From it he went to school. Under its great broad, generous roof presidents and men of great affairs have gathered to eat and drink and from it grew up a family of giants, intellectually and physically. Governor Johnston was a big man in every sense. He was six feet three inches tall. In appearance he resembled his son, the late Dick Johnston. Two of his brothers measured six feet four inches while five others were six feet two inches.

One of them, Mrs. Barclay, the mother of the late Thomas Barclay, a former Westmoreland county banker, is now dead. The other, Ann Elizabeth, is still living at Kingston. With her, is her brother, Colonel J. W. Johnston. He is the last of the eight great Johnston boys.

He is 73 years old. His hair is white as slacked time, but his cheeks glow with health and his tall, dignified form stands as a sturdy oak. He was a Mexican soldier, as were all his brothers, and he, with all the others, served in the late war. He rather enjoys telling how he was recruited instead of promoted during the rebellion.

When I entered the army, the Colonel said to me, "You are a regular soldier, but you are not a regular soldier." He was a fighter and he wanted a command. He proposed to me that I go home and raise a regiment of men. I will command a brigade commander and allow him to take my regiment. I did so, but when I returned I did not get the brigade. He got my regiment, however. I was made Lieutenant Colonel under my old chaplain. God save me from ever going to war again with the custody of the United States Marshal and chair.

The military records of all the Johnstons are good. The Governor was a fighter when he went to school, and it is said that on account of his fighting he was occasionally sent to Greensburg, where, with such men as Henry D. Foster, United States Senator, and E. J. Keenan, all dead, finished his education. He read law with Colonel John B. Alexander, and shortly after his admission to the bar he went to Kittanning, Pa., to practice. From Armstrong county he was first sent to the Legislature. He was then a Democrat. He was afterward sent to the Senate and was chosen Speaker of the body. While at the head of the State Senate he quarreled with the party and joined the Whigs. About that time Governor Shunk, a Democrat, resigned and Johnston, under the Constitution of 1858, assumed the gubernatorial chair. A year later he was the candidate of the Whig party and was elected, defeating William Bigler, Democrat, by 300 votes. Three years later he was elected Governor by nearly 8,000 votes.

It was a Democrat when my brother was Governor, Colonel Johnston said the other day. "Of course I voted for him, but it was a mighty bitter pill." The Johnstons are born Democrats, but

IN THE MUSIC HALLS.

Jerome K. Jerome Tells of His First and Second Visits to Them. THE FIRST WORKED A REFORM. A Battle at Billingsgate Between a Performer and an Auditor.

MADE FAMOUS BY A TONGUE-LASHING (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

My first appearance at a music hall was in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and six—well, I would rather not mention the exact date. It was 14 that the time. It was during the Christmas holidays and my aunt had given me 3 shillings to go and see Phelps—I think it was Phelps—in "Coriolanus"—I think it was "Coriolanus." Anyhow, I was to see a high-class and improving entertainment. I know my dear mother wished to see him before consenting to the arrangement, so as to be able to form her own opinion as to whether he was a fit and proper companion for me; and, accordingly, he was invited to tea. He came, and made a most favorable impression upon both my mother and my aunt. He had a way of talking about the whole of a subject, and he was so early in life, and the duties of youth toward those placed in authority over it, that won for him much esteem in grown-up circles. Every year, whenever to-day they cite Skesagon to a quality early period of his career.

My aunt, indeed, was so much pleased with him that she gave him 2 shillings toward his own expenses ("sprung half a dollar" was how he put it when we got out). He secured the quaint old inn near the Agricultural Hall, and purchased some big cigars. A huge card in the window claimed for these that they were "the most satisfactory tobacco in London."

It was a rare old-fashioned mansion. In it the late Governor Johnston was raised. From it he went to school. Under its great broad, generous roof presidents and men of great affairs have gathered to eat and drink and from it grew up a family of giants, intellectually and physically. Governor Johnston was a big man in every sense. He was six feet three inches tall. In appearance he resembled his son, the late Dick Johnston. Two of his brothers measured six feet four inches while five others were six feet two inches.

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TO LET—500 CASH FOR A STONE FRONT HOUSE, On one of the finest ASPHALT PAVED AVENUES In the East End. This is a new two-story and mansard brick house, with stone front; has parlor, dining room and kitchen, fine laundry with automatic water, gas, electric, and hot water. In a beautiful and fashionable part of the East End, convenient to the city, and near the city. Price only \$5,000. J. R. LARKIN & CO., 122 Fifth Avenue, Tel. 123-7222

BLACK & BAIRD, NO. 95 FOURTH AVENUE, Tel. 29-2, 2, 10, 13, 14. FOR SALE! Stone and Brick Dwelling ON FORBES AVENUE NEAR CRAIG STREET. A new three-story brick dwelling of nine rooms, hall, bathroom, two w. c.'s, hot and cold water, both gas, slate and hardwood floors, tile in bathroom, the pantry, china cabinet, cedar closets, electric light and bells, speaking tubes, elegant chandeliers, artistic glass door and window, good dry ceiling, laundry, front and rear porches. Lot 25 by 100 ft. Nice lawn, stone walks. Only two squares from grand entrance to Schenley Park, and near Duquesne electric and Pittsburgh cable lines. \$1,000 cash; balance quarterly or yearly payments, as desired. Possession April 1, 1922. BLACK & BAIRD, 95 FOURTH AVE.

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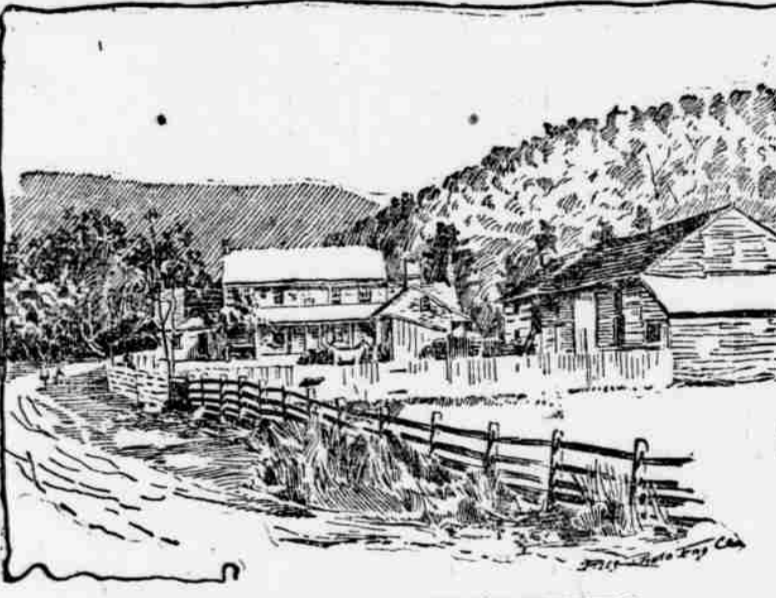
STANTON AVENUE, NEAR HILAND, \$9,000. New modern brick house of nine rooms, bath, range, heater, cabinet, hardwood and tile in bathroom, the pantry, china cabinet, speaking tubes, electric light and bells, speaking tubes, elegant chandeliers, artistic glass door and window, good dry ceiling, laundry, front and rear porches. Lot 25 by 100 ft. Nice lawn, stone walks. Only two squares from grand entrance to Schenley Park, and near Duquesne electric and Pittsburgh cable lines. \$1,000 cash; balance quarterly or yearly payments, as desired. Possession April 1, 1922. BLACK & BAIRD, 95 FOURTH AVE.

CHOICE WOOD ST. PROPERTY. Two large four-story warehouses SOUTH-EAST CORNER WOOD STREET AND SECOND AVENUE, fronting 48 feet on Wood street. Will rent separately or together. CHAMBERS GLASS CO., Westinghouse Building, Corner Penn Avenue and Ninth Street, Tel. 12-120

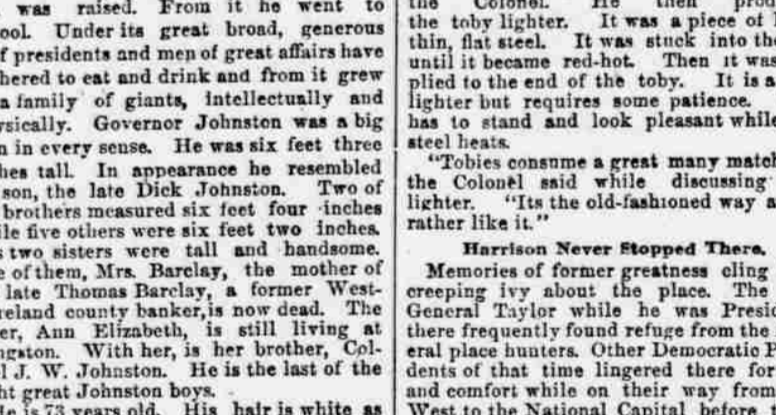
OWNER GONE SOUTH. Real Estate Agents, 8 Sixth Avenue, corner Wood street. The buying and selling of real estate is a very desirable home a specialty. If you wish to buy or sell houses or lots call to see us. Tel. 4-2222

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Squirrel Hill Property. Nine acres between Fifth and Forbes at Tel. 29-7222. J. H. COLEMAN & CO., 6212 PENN AVENUE, E. E. Tel. 201-7222. \$15,000, EAST END. On proposed electric road to Homewood Cemetery. Adjoining property held at \$4,500 per acre. This is a bargain for a few days only.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.



Colonel J. W. Johnston.



Jerome K. Jerome.