

# HEIFETZ HERE; 'MARCOSSON' BARES SECRET

## He's to Play at Armory Tonight, But That's Not It!

By "Marcosson Jr."

JASCHA can draw a better violin-bow than I, but we have one thing in common—we both lose at poker.

"Mrs. George Richards and Elizabeth will bear me out in this because three learned it about three minutes after Jascha and his party reached town last night. Elizabeth might have suspected it before, because she once dined in a party which included Jascha. (Last name is Helfetz, you know.)

But I wasn't expecting to discuss "three bullets" and "a set of threes" and that sort of thing, when I bumped into the chap who has slipped into Paganini's mantle without a shiver. You know how it is when you approach a notable. You have read Isaac Marcosson's "How to Interview," you have devoured a musical encyclopaedia, you have corralled the 25 adjectives that all critics employ, and then—

Somebody begins to discuss the poker hand that Jascha tried to "stretch" on the way to Duluth from Minneapolis! Now, of course, Marcosson would have referred to Chapter Two of his "H. to I." and suggested a line of approach to lead the discussion away from aces and deuces—but who wants to be led away from 'em?

It seems that Charlie Drake and Mother Helfetz—Charlie handles the sordid commercialism of an artistic tour and Mother Helfetz just naturally mothers Jascha—well, those two lured Jascha into friendly play. He "bluffed." And did it not so well as he fiddles. So he lost.

Well, I sort of interrupted the narrative with something about "how it feels to be famous," employing a couple of those 25 adjectives I had with me, but it was futile. Mother Helfetz had the violin in its case under her arm—she actually fondles that thing, if you know what I mean—and Jascha was more interested in the snow and Elizabeth's plans for a sleighride than he was in virtuosi or violins. Understand me, I do not speak disparagingly or lightly. But you didn't see Elizabeth, and Jascha did.

So, if plans don't go awry, he and some other Duluthians may find themselves in a sleigh tonight or tomorrow behind a half-squad of horses. There's the matter of those horses. As you are aware, they are a sine qua non, so to speak, in the matter of a sleighride. Likewise, they are in the minority since the advent of the gas era and consequently a sort of luxury. One hires them between the hours of 10 and 2, say, provided he furnishes four or five kinds of insurance, safe-conducts and other little requirements. But I understand that these preliminary negotiations have been arranged, so the sleighride may take place to-

## ACTOR-SINGER



Who Appears at the Lyceum Friday and Saturday.

night, after the recital at the Armory.

That's what I started to write about, that recital. That was the chief reason Mrs. Richards wheeled Elizabeth and me to the Mammoth cave, into which Duluth's trains creep, to greet him. Anyway, Jascha is to play at the Armory tonight, with a chap named Chotzinoff at the piano, and, from what I understand, you might as well pass up Niagara on a honeymoon as to miss hearing Jascha—for he's an eighth wonder, they tell me, and Niagara's only the seventh!

He's not pretentious about it, either. He's just a chap of some 18 years, who has been playing since he was three. Plaudits have built him a pedestal but he won't stand on it, preferring to be sane and human. And so he finds ten hundred times as much fun in his profession as some of the long-haired ones. Yet he can read "Peter Ibbetson" and like it. At least, he said he did, and he almost finished the thing, until that game on the train.

However, there's little use of my telling you a lot more. I might use those 25 adjectives easily. But on second thought I think they may come in handy tomorrow; besides Jascha side-stepped them when I tried to use them "to" him, so why use them "on" him?

P. S.—Charlie Drake confided to me later that Jascha lost only 90 cents on the train. He fiddles better than I, but as a poker-player—