

YEHUDI MENUHIN — the celebrated violinist — came of age the other day. His twenty-first birthday was celebrated quietly among the members of his family. His first public reappearance in New York, after years of retirement on his ranch in California, was made on the occasion for a great demonstration of admiration on the part of a vast musical audience.

The occasion was memorable because of Menuhin's playing of the "Lost Concerto" by Robert Schumann. It will be remembered that this composition was originally written by the composer for Joachim, about six months before Schumann became insane. It has never before been published nor performed publicly. The present American Government decreed that the first performance must be given in Germany, and it was Yehudi Menuhin who rendered it for the first time upon any platform outside of that country.

Menuhin's art has thrilled audiences throughout the world. At the time he made his first appearance, when eight years old at the Manhattan Opera House in New York, in 1926, he continued to dispense delight to thousands upon thousands who were privileged to listen to

A Great Artist Comes of Age

forms the music to his own satisfaction, applause is of no consequence to him; if he does not, applause cannot give him any pleasure.

Years ago—it is already possible to write "years ago" — in Minneapolis, when he was performing the Brahms Concerto for violin, and forgot a passage in the music, instead of faking the forgotten bars, he stopped, walked over to the conductor and whispered: "I wouldn't bluff Brahms," which phrase when repeated to the audience by the conductor, raised a storm of applause. The orchestra began the movement again, the forgotten phrase returned to Yehudi's memory and he played that Concerto as he had never played before. The point of the anecdote is this:

a master of his art throughout his life is due primarily to the wisdom and perspicacity of his parents. His father, Moshe Menuhin, came to America from Palestine and established himself as a Hebrew teacher in New York and later in San Francisco. A great lover of the Hebrew language and devoted to his people's traditions, as may be gathered from the names which he gave to his three children, Yehudi, Hephzibah and Yaltah, Moshe Menuhin taught his children Hebrew which is as familiar to them as the many languages they acquired during their peregrinations over the world.

The mother, Marutha, is apparently one of those wise mothers, able to control children by giving them a great deal of freedom and at the same time keeping them to their tasks, which are no more a burden but a source of delight. Blessed with such gifted children as she has been, Yehudi the violinist, Hephzibah an outstanding pianist, and fifteen-year-old Yaltah, also a gifted pianist, Mrs. Menuhin boasts of the fact that her daughter, Hephzibah, who appeared with her brother in Paris, London and New York, and was acclaimed everywhere as a master of the keyboard, can bake bread and cook the entire dinner on the cook's night out.

None of the three children ever attended school, but received their training at the hands of private instructors in the various branches of knowledge. The family always keep

together, travelling wherever Yehudi may have his engagements and thereby maintaining the ideal family life to which they have been accustomed from their infancy. The mother declared that none of her children ever had a meal in a public dining room. The tremendous temptation to enrich themselves by the reputation of their son and daughter has been successfully suppressed by the elder Menuhins, whose chief ambition seems to be the perfection of their children's genius in the branches of art for which they

The musical world in America recently celebrated the twenty-first birthday of the brilliant young violinist of world fame. It was made the occasion of a concert by Menuhin, at which he played the "Lost Concerto," by Robert Schumann

showed themselves so eminently fitted.

The Menuhin Trio.

The Menuhin family is quite unique in the great galaxy of Jewish musicians in their consciousness of their Jewish affiliations and in their sensible modesty regarding their own great achievements.

To them, art is a real mistress whose behests must be followed. When he was ten years old, Yehudi was asked how it was that he never displayed any stage nervousness when facing thousands of people. He could not, of course, give an articulate answer at that time, except to say that when he plays he is entirely forgetful of the presence of anybody around him, and added: "I only want to make them happy and to sing to them."

For two years, the family lived in retirement on their California ranch in Los Gatos and accepted no engagement to appear in public in spite of the numerous offers made to them by concert managers and organizations. Hephzibah, who is now seventeen, and who made glorious successes with her piano playing in this country and other lands, does not wish to make this her career, but plays just for her own amusement. All the three children love home sports, indulge in tap dancing and tennis playing and, according to the testimony of many an interviewer, show none of the signs of genius usually associated with queerness and uncouthness.



Yehudi Menuhin has turned twenty-one

divine tones which he is able to extract from the strings of the violin. We here remember his performances in this country a few years ago.

There is a remarkable self-possession which characterises Yehudi's manner on the concert stage. He is concerned only with his relation to the music, and not to the audience. If he per-

the violinist was considering chiefly his relation to the music, and to nothing else. "I wouldn't bluff Brahms"—or Beethoven, or Bach, or Mozart, or Schubert or Schumann, or any composer whose music is in his repertoire.

The Wisdom of His Parents.

That Yehudi Menuhin has maintained his artistic career and will apparently continue as