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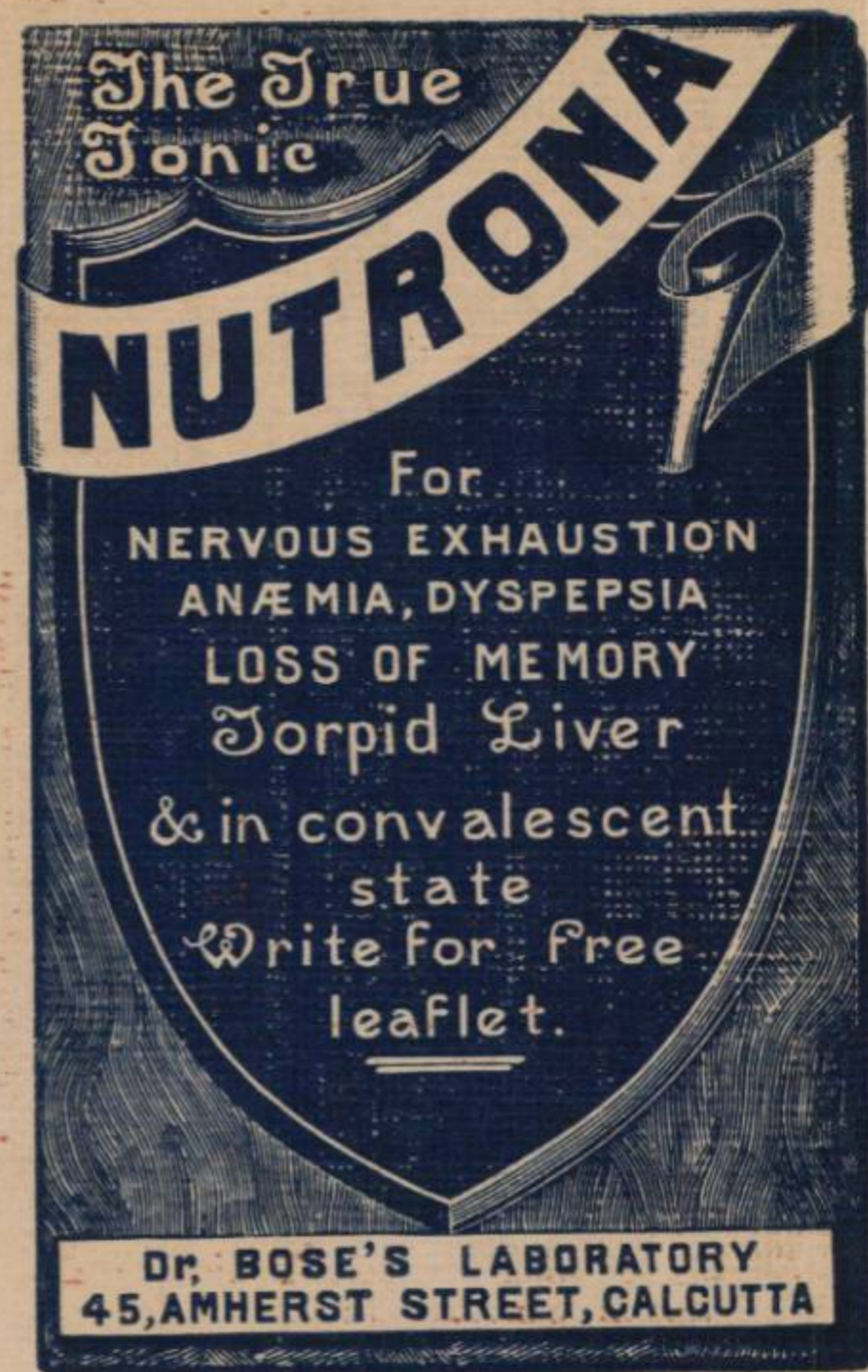
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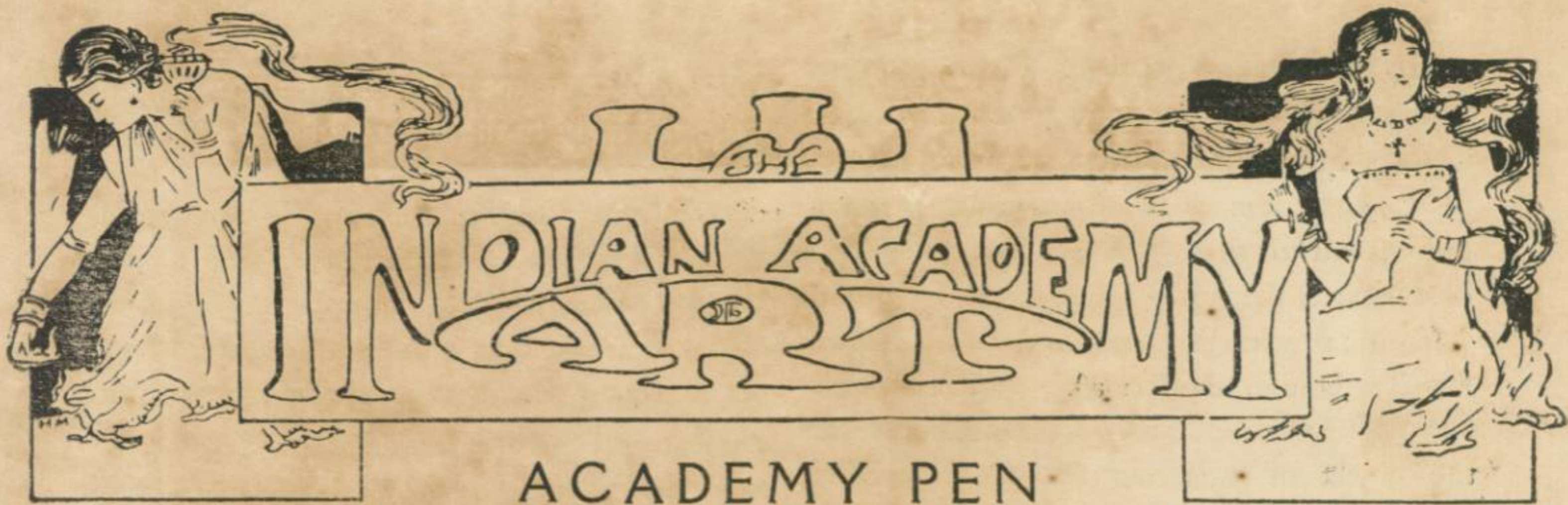
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*"Dark cloud! thou must pass away
To let in the flood of Light."*

FROM the very dawn of human civilisation, one thing has stood out very clearly that man has refused to live by bread alone. He has tried with all the ardour and enthusiasm of a devotee to penetrate into the mysteries of life surrounding him every where. In doing so he has discovered many ways and means to reach his destination, till at last either consciously or unconsciously he has developed various systems to help him in his onward march. He has opened his eyes to look outside if any answer may come from the diversity of creation: he has closed his eyes to look within to find that true knowledge can only be attained by self-realisation. And when he has fully realised the discovery that his heart has become full with the richness of some great truth his mouth has begun to speak so that the message may not cease to exist with him. He has, at the same time, done his best to communicate the truth which he considered to be of some service to humanity. Thus through the process of time he has helped to build up an elaborate system of education for the benefit of the whole human race.

We cannot possibly trace the history of civilisation within the narrow compass which lies at our disposal; only we should like to point out that India before all the countries of the world has been the first to convince her people that self preservation, however strong a fact it may be in life, is not the true goal of existence. India has taught the world that if we are to attain any higher order of knowledge we must rise above the mere facts of existence and enter into the spirit of things, we may neglect the form

but we are to regard the substance with all the attention it deserves; in fine, she has taught with every earnestness that the only culture worth acquiring is the culture of ideas and the gradual diffusion of those ideas, when they are fully comprehended. We may say here that we are often accused of talking rather glibly on the subject of our glorious past, our critics point out "what earthly use is there in recalling the days that are no more? They are dead to all intents and purposes, and apparently it is of no utility to brood over the past." This may be partially true but as the past is linked with the present and has a potent influence upon the future it cannot be ignored by any means. We can even, draw from the evidence of the past that India has always been chary of identifying death with annihilation. The old times may be dead but in that death we find the promise and potency of the life of the present and the future, it is only a change from one order of things to another, the past cannot be forgotten for it never fails to give us many lessons, if we only know how to learn them.

Our contention is amply borne out by the study of Arts as existed in ancient India. Even by a casual study of the little that time has spared to us, we do not fail to notice that Art played a conspicuous part as a ready medium of conveying the noblest ideas to the people at large from the highest to the humblest in the land. Poetry has given the greatest prominence to majesty of character, the eternal struggle of good and evil which arises in the human breast. Painting has not satisfied itself by merely

giving the image of some beautiful forms which are subject to decay ; rather offered itself as a powerful contrivance of expressing the deepest emotions of humanity, and the profound truth that all Nature is one. Music has inspired the noble impulses of love and worship ; proclaiming eloquently the harmony which is behind all discord. And sculpture has been so manipulated that it may not be the object of satisfying the æsthetic taste of a distinguished coterie of archeologists merely, on the contrary, it has been so construed and designed that it may appeal straight to the hearts of the masses, even if they be uninitiated in the higher forms of Art. In short, we only want to emphasise the fact that Indian art in all its manifold ramifications, has always stood for spirituality and the solution of the mystery of Life. No body can accuse it of poverty of ideas nor lack of imagination.

In this connection our thoughts naturally turn to the Pujas which signify the worship of Shakti or the Mighty Energy pervading the whole Universe. This idea has been transformed most poetically into the worship of the Benignant Mother, with her ten arms pointing towards the ten directions, to protect her children—the created beings—from the ravages of Evil which may come from all quarters. With Ganesha representing Intellect, Lakshmi standing for Fortune, Kartic for Valour and Saraswati for Fine Arts. Do we not find here a brilliant example of the use sculpture can very properly render in the matter of popular education and at the same time act as a potent influence in the promulgation of an idea which stands good for all times? The sanctity and strength associated with Motherhood stand revealed and who can say that an idea like this has not materially helped to weave the healthy fabric of society? This is only one instance amongst a host of its kind, proclaiming in stones and clay eloquent sermons of no mean consequence.

Highly impressed with the educative

value of Art we made a bold venture to give wide publicity to the works of the present-day artists of our country and have also tried in our own humble way to foster a spirit of love and reverence towards æsthetic culture. Our present number, the last issue of the current year and the most important of all our publications, is offered to the public, and with it we come to the close of our first year's struggle. When we look back on the day the plan of this magazine was laid before the public and compare notes with the present,—the encouragement which we have received at the hands of our numerous constituents and patrons and a still larger circle of kind and enthusiastic sympathisers, we think, it would not be unseemly egotism on our part, if a sense of satisfaction prompts us to heave a sigh of relief. Our supporters are entitled to our best thanks, but at the same time we may be permitted to observe that in encouraging our new undertaking, started under trying circumstances, with no precedent of its kind, and having no beaten track to follow—they deserve the hearty thanks of our countrymen for doing full justice to the artistic spirit of the East. We do not know how far we have been able to put up before the art loving public a high class Journal to reach a commendable level nor do we know how far we have been able to satisfy the fine æsthetic taste of our critics and readers, but we may say from the kind consideration we have received from our countrymen that we have some hopes for the future to stand our trial. It is no use disguising the fact that our country in passing through a travail of transition needs the sincere service of her people, and if we have been able to do what little lies in our power to do, we may close the present year with the humble prayer—"May He who has controlled the destiny of our Motherland through centuries and enabled it to survive the ravages of time from decay and death, help us to proceed forward with His mercy as our Guide and His Grace as our Light."

ART AND LIFE

BY PRAMATHA CHAUDHURI, M.A., BAR.-AT-LAW.

THE word Art has already been incorporated in our spoken language and it is gradually entering into our literature. Many of us have an idea that there is no word either in Bengalee or Sanscrit, which has the same significance as the word Art has in English. The Sanscrit word Silpa—which in Bengalee literature stood for art—does not any longer satisfy our literary conscience. We know that it means craft, and people are reluctant to use the same word for both craft and art. To confound the artist with the artisan is a blunder we are not permitted to perpetrate. The artist's work is not considered in these modern days as a kind of superior handicraft, but as an intellectual production of the same order as poetry and philosophy. A work of art to us is either something all compact of imagination, or else an idea embodied in paint or stone.

But if we only look back into the past, we cannot help discovering that the present divorce between craft and art is of quite a recent origin. The artist has been evolved out of the artisan, and it is the artisan's handiwork which is the basis of all our so-called fine arts. Both philology and history bear unimpeachable testimony to the truth of the above fact.

It is a matter of common knowledge that both painting and sculpture, the principal arts of to-day, first appeared as hand-maidens to architecture, which was not only the greatest but the unique art of the past. Pictures were painted at first on the walls of

temples, and statues formed part of their columns and friezes. And in ancient days the architect was a master-mason, and the painters and sculptors working with him and under him were all artisans and nothing but artisans. All the masterpieces of architecture all over the world were built by the class of people whom we now consider to belong to the lower rank of artists.

It is a well-known fact of European history that painting and sculpture began to separate themselves from architecture and assert their independence as the result of that great artistic movement in Italy known as the Renaissance. But even at that period some of the greatest of the Italian artists painted their immortal pictures on the walls of churches. Raphael, Michel Angelo and Titian are the three greatest wall-painters in the world. It need hardly be pointed out that they had all to submit to the limitations imposed by the nature of the work, and to subordinate their handiwork, both in design and treatment to the exigencies of architecture. So we may infer that the Italian Renaissance did not bring about a complete separation between the artist and the artisan.

If we study the lives of the Italian painters we are agreeably surprised to discover that some of the supreme artists of the world were at the same time unrivalled craftsmen. Raphael was a firstclass goldsmith, and Leonardo da Vinci was a master of every craft known at that time. Nobody can understand the real character and full value

of Renaissance art, who ignores the fact that it was not an isolated activity confined to a small group of men of extraordinary genius, but was intimately associated with the artistic activities of the people. That gave it vitality, that gave it greatness. Let me here quote a description of the surroundings of an artist's life in Florence during the Renaissance, which will show the nature of the multifarious artistic activities which a man like Leonardo summed up in himself.

At one end was the famous cook shop, still standing within the last fifty years, where all the painters and craftsmen went to get their dinner. There Squarcione, goldsmith and painter, one day to be Verocchio's master, stood side by side with Filippo Lippi and talked of the skill of Fra Angelico's young pupil, the lad, Benozzo Gozzoli; while Rossellino and Andrea della Robbia discussed with gesticulating thumbs the merits of marble and terra-cotta, and Andrea's last effect in glazing. His uncle Luca, could not leave his Cantoria—his wide-browed singing maidens, and his boys with pipes and Taboors—the pendant work to that of Donatello for the Duomo, the pendant and the rival. Who knew if he, Luca, might not even excel him, though he was the greatest master in the world? And in their midst stood the artist who regarded himself as the greatest of all, their famous cook, their host, ladling out to each his portion of *minestra* steaming from the pot. All was shifting colour and movement and noise—purposeful noise and movement—nor did the din flag unless it were when a street singer, perhaps the popular "Rhy-

ming Barber," Burchiello, came in acclaimed by a nickname, in striped jerkin and breeches, his cithern slung round his neck, and sang some of the Tuscan *Beone*, the drinking-songs; or else city songs, or May-day songs, the age-old *Ballate*, the dance-measures of the country-side set to trenchant stories in rhyme. Everyone, cook and all, would join the chorus; some, after their stoup of good red wine, would dance, and there were jokes and there were kisses—for the flower-girls came in from the Campagna with fresh roses and sweet herbs for the mouth; and then, as the great bell boomed the hour, back to work through the blue and golden blaze of the square, with zest and no repining, for love-making was but an episode, and work was the background of life, interwoven with every part of it. (*The Renaissance—By Edith Sicel*)

The one invariable and persistent criticism of Neo-Bengalee art is, that it is a hot-house flower which cannot be acclimatised in our country. That it lacks in the freshness and vigour of life, is to my mind entirely due to the fact that it does not draw its inspiration from the artistic life of the people. And the only means of giving it life is to bring it into close relationship with the extant crafts of India. How that is to be done, is a problem to be solved not by a literary man like myself, but by the artists themselves. No great art can be born in any country amongst any people except from the joy of life coupled with the joy of work.

THE PHANTASY OF LOVE.

BY NITISH CHANDRA LAHIRI, M.A., B.L.

"I've lit my tall white candles and placed them by the bed,
Two by her little dancing feet, two by her head ;
Ah, feet that dance not, eyes that see not, Love for ever dead."

The thunder-roll of Memory !

Thoughts, myriads of thoughts, untold fancies, shroud of my unforgotten dead, dreams of my lost, ever-lost Love, all wove around my lonesome soul their misty, gloom-enveloping spells.

Throb! Throb! Throb! Such was the ceaseless, the voice-less song of my bewildered, world-shattered heart, as I threw myself on the shining sandy beach, whereon the claspings waves of the fretful sea made moanful music. An infinite desire possessed and subdued my soul—a dreamful, unconstrained longing for my Love, who was no more.

All around the universe Mother Nature proclaimed her peace,—in the gentle murmur of the moon-silvered waves, in the grey hush over the mossy slopes of the misty mountains. But—within the depths of my being, there raged a monster storm, darkening even the very face of eternity. Ah! no rest, no peace, the same unquiet breast—

That neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away !

Heart of gold for angels framed, sweet lips, by the smiles of first love adorned,—where are they? Gone to their God, or to other lives and other loves?

The gentle breezes of the dewy, moon-blanching night wafted their mocking murmurs against my hot cheeks and throbbing temples. A cry of infinite woe shivered from out of the depths of my soul, and tingled to the responseless sky above and the echo of Her name lingered on the hill-sides and haunted my ears, like some phantom voice of other days.

Ah, God, for me was there no oblivion, but only the hell-hounds of remembrance? Come, O stars! come in your myriads, come in your countless scores and blind the ghastly eyes of memory from within me. Ah, I feel the gentle touch of your opiate wand, Spirit of Night!

Hark, whence that rushing sound? Is it but the love-lilt of the evening waves over the shingly shore, mingling with the glorious voice of the west-wind softly sighing around that lonely, dream-enshadowed ruin?

And there—there—in the distance, what is that approaching shape? Spare me, oh spare me, spirit of my Mother Earth, from the heart-less mockery of that lifeless phantom! Life-less? No, there She stood, hallowed and hallowing all around her with her fair presence, robed in human hues,—

‘slight as some cloud
That catchest but the palest tinge of day
When evening yields to night;’

her soft cheek propped against her arm resting on an overhanging ledge, the cool night breezes playing gently over her white shoulders. There was that same twinkle of unconquered joy in her long-lashed, dream-enchanted eyes, the same unplumbed depths therein as in the days of yore. Half-asleep and half awake, I approached nearer,—still nearer. There were her lovely lips—lips, like the twin petals of a half closed rose-bud, fresh, red, inviting.

‘Ah! they bend nearer—
Sweet lips, this way!’

Then her voice, her own earthly voice, gently, softly stole upon my nerveless being, quivering with the same silvery notes that had erstwhile wrought their never-ending, bitter-sweet spells around my lonesome heart.

“My faint spirit” said I, “was musing, dreaming of your looks, my Love, panting for you, even as the hind at noon for the brooks.”

“Friend of my earthly days,” said she, “what would you have? Why weary your world-crossed soul with fancy-fraught yearnings, vain longings for that which may not be?”

“Oh, heart of my heart, in the midst of a sea of tears, in the depths of a world of heart-rending, I spent my love-shorn days. My fault is grave. But what fault can my heart discern, what man-made rules can it entangle itself with, when you, my divinity, are the end and aim of all my earthly quests?”

“Love, love, love, the eternal cry of love; prate you of love? Know you not what it is?”

Shade of my earthly joys, was this then my own gentle Love?

“Fool, ardent fool,” she continued, “the quest of love is but the quest of self. What idealism is that, what religion, that can so encourage men to be wholly self-poised, self-sufficient and self-centred, ignoring, all the while, the unity, the one-ness of things. Forget, I tell you, forget love and you forget self, the dire cause mark you, of the world’s ruin.”

“The religion of love”, I checked her hastily, “the religion of love is the religion

of God. What man but has felt its potent spells and moulded his deeds by its heaven-sent message ?”

“ Listen,” she replied calmly, “ once when was untaught, uninitiated, I too had felt its insidious thrills—nay, vain and blind that I was, I had almost deified it, even as you do, forgetting, ignoring all other things. But disillusion, like the canker in the rose, came and taught me another and a harder, though a more inspiring lesson.

“ Ah, friend of my early youth, what is Love ? Why pause for the reply ? Idealise it as much as your fancy will allow ; feel, intensely feel all its longings, yearnings, hopes and fears, dreams and disappointments. What then ? Is a human being less a human being and more of the angelic kind therefor ? Nay, nay, child of Mother of Earth, humanness and earthliness are but other names for egoism. Human love is but a self-kindled passion, ill permitting, nay even deterring like all passions centred in self, the mighty expanse of the soul into Infinity, which, know you, is the end and aim of all things.”

Terror of terrors, was this my Life's Love, discoursing on 'high philosophy' with the unimpassioned zeal of the gods over their Nectar and Nepenthe ?

“ Listen again,” she continued, “ I have lived and learnt, felt and found the utter inefficiency of love.

What is love, I ask you once again, it is but the purest concentration of human egoism, the very quintessence of self-worship. The lover, self-deluded and vain, sees in his beloved but the reflection of his own being and adores the image that his self-concentred fancy constructs within him.”

“ But,” I hastily interposed, “ to me, my love, my divine love, it is the highest manifestation of selflessness. The lover forgets—”

“ Yes, forgets all, but his beloved and himself. Call you such a passion selflessness ? In its fulfilment love centres round two souls, in its disappointment it recedes into itself. It is all but a part of earth's earth-bespattering earthliness.”

“ But wherefore, then, the finer glow, the higher sentiment that emanate from love and glorify life's surroundings ? That surely is not sordid selfishness.”

“ Bad alchemist, that you are, can you not comprehend what that symbolises ? In its very concentration every passion undergoes a subtle change and assumes an aspect different from its pettier forms. The higher glow, as you choose to term it, is but an illusion, a vain unsubstantial illusion that proceed from the mind, in its misdirected effort to rise from and above itself. Nature is ever prodigal in her gifts and therefore smiles even at frail human attempts which achieve nothing. And hence the finer glow.

“ It is an all-abiding of Nature that all creatures including man, must rise from and above itself ; and man must strive after his higher manhood, that which comprehends all ; must merge his soul in everything, instead of pursuing a course of selfish isolation and artificial estrangement from his kind. And Love,—what is the love of a man for a woman, but the raising of barriers round two human souls, that shut off the light and refuse the warmth of the general feeling of mankind ?

“Love-marriages! It would best be seem to call them love-tangles. Of all earthly unions they are the least happy and the most selfish. At first there may possibly occur an imagined correspondence between the aims and ideals of the two, but later, dissimilarities, hitherto ignored or even non-existent, crop up and develop in the individual progress of either. What then is the result—disenchantment, a state of incompatibility, base suspicions and earth-grown affections—all accentuated by the recollection of the imagined ideals of old,

“Your poets and philosophers, in their self-centred craving after earthly immortality, have idealised love as the master passion, as the greatest among the great motive-forces of the world. But is the world any the better for these outbursts of individual feeling? Who was it that profited by your Byron’s Titanic strife “of passion against Eternal Law,” by the shattering of his soul against the rock of self-engendered emotions? Poets are the slaves of their own imagination, the children of morbid introspection; philosophers are but the victims of their own intellect, and of their intense self-consciousness. ‘Self-swelled their feelings ebb and sway; even as those of the rest of humanity. And they too, in their search after the higher life, succeed only in giving free play to their characteristic ideas and emotions and thus they, too, deify egoism into love.

“And your warriors and those whose names are fondly treasured in your puny annals,—what have they achieved? They have but reddened the face of the Earth, in their quest of love, with blood fresh-drawn from virgin hearts; they have washed those ruby stains therefrom, with the burning tears of women. Antony of Rome, Alexander of Greece, Ravana of Lanka, Jahangir of Hindustan—high-souled heroes all, emblems of mortal sovereignty, types of mortal love,—what a sad and sordid tale do they relate?

“Once again, hearken unto my words. The end and aim of all progress is freedom, the freedom of the human soul from all the petty thralls of earth-born yearnings. What freedom can there be if man blindly and in a glad spirit, wears fetter of steel and clogs of iron? Love is, indeed, a master-passion; it is a tyrant and man its slave, in that it, forgetful of the kindlier claims of universal sympathy demands, like an all-devouring devil, sacrifices, which for a higher cause would be far worthier. Tell me, O friend of my earthly days, whose was the nobler and the least selfish sacrifice—that of Joan of Arc or that of Sappho of yore or Oenone of Troy?

“The higher cause that man should strive after is self-obliviousness, not that self-extinction, which, in escaping from itself only concentrates with far greater force on another, but that which is susceptible and responsive to the genial influences of the whole upon the individual, and of the unit upon the totality. Thus and thereby only can Nature’s great ideal of freedom be realised.

“*Vanitas Vanitatum*, delude not yourself, friend of my earthly youth. Your gods are but the gods of clay with earthen limbs and earth-sodden hearts. In nature there are no mere dualities; but all is plurality; no mere strife after self, but an eternal cry after universality. Forget, once again, I beseech you, forget love and you forget ME and egoism. Why live upon the frail smiles of an earth-born love, when the great woman, the

Woman in Nature stands showering her 'countless smile' upon you, ever-ready to receive you within the blissful fold of her limitless embrace?"

She ceased. And all around there was the same all-pervading peace—the same soul-subduing hush over the gray hill-slopes, the same ceaseless roll of the murmurous waves. The nectar of her words sank deep into my soul and I felt the gentle approach of calmness over my impassioned, tumult-beridden soul.

Ah, My Love, My Love Divine—

'Thou consummation of all mortal hope,
Thou glorious prize of blindly working will'

Where was she?

THE ARTIST

BY R. RAGHUNATH ROW.

HE sat there in a corner of the hall, the artist, all-day-long with a wistful look in his eyes, sad with the gloom of the gathering rain-clouds, fashioning in his own thought, the Image of Beauty, the idol of his worship,

And slowly and slowly as the rainbow formed in the sky and he beheld its delicate soft-coloured curve, his eyes shone with life, and he exclaimed almost in a rhapsody of delight, "Come, my dream-queen come! show thy beloved face once more, only once more and hold up for a moment the delicate veils of thy dream-world"

And as the crystal rain-drops fell one by one, he wondered and kept telling to himself "her soul must be pure even as these rain-drops are"

The rain had ceased and the setting sun cast its magic of light over the rain-bedewed earth, and as he walked past his way among the crowds of the world, they all looked at his God-like figure with his thick black hair, and soul-filled eyes and kept asking to themselves, "how came he to be so beautiful?"

But he was gliding in a cloud of dreams, lost in his self-created image of beauty and oblivious of all else in the world; and as he looked at every beautiful face with an eager gaze, the query seemed to be half-expressed in his eyes, "are you the dream-maiden who haunts my life with her face.....are you the beloved queen of my dreams, my own pure, beautiful, spotless queen?".....

And the vulgar folk mocked and sneered at him, and winked to each other mischievously at his back as they talked among themselves, "Ah! he is only a flirt.....he is a flirt.".....

INDIAN MUSIC

By LALA KANNOOMAL, M.A., *Judge.*

INDIAN music occupies a very high place among the musical systems of the world for its exquisite beauty, all-capturing fascination, soft, and delicate melody, varied, and rich expression, and nicety, and subtlety of technique. To a Hindu, it is a talisman to exercise the spirit of the Karma—an open sesame to fling open the treasures of bliss divine—a safe and enduring bridge to cross from this world of suffering and misery to the realms of bliss celestial, life everlasting and peace never ending. Wafted away on the currents of musical sounds, his soul soars to the sphere of harmonies divine and merges into the ecstasies of bliss that comes alone from the direct communion with that Almighty Spirit, which is the *ne plus ultra* of all existence—the ultimate bed rock of all these varied phenomena—the inexhaustible fount of eternal knowledge and eternal bliss. A Hindu approaches the Goddess of Music as a pious, earnest and devoted votary caring little for his worldly success, and not as an interested professional artist who seeks her secrets to better his material prospects. Surdas, Tulsidas, Haridas, are the great examples before him. They were the men who, through the instrumentality of music saw the vision divine and reached the final goal of human evolution. Indian music has been emanated from the souls of divine beings and perfect and holy sages. They have vouchsafed it to the humanity of this world-cycle as a gift, by virtue of which the frail suffering mankind

may hold communion with God and secure emancipation from the relentless and ever revolving wheel of birth and death.

The essence of music lies in the rhythm ; and the rhythm on which the sensory exciting effects of hearing finally rest, is the fundamental quality of neuro-muscular tissue. The chief physiological functions of the body, like the circulation and the respiration, are definitely rhythmical. Not only this, our senses insist on imparting a rhythmic grouping even to an absolutely uniform succession of sensations. Rhythm is certainly deeply impressed on our organisms. The result is that whatever lends itself to the neuro-muscular rhythmical tendency of our organisms, whatever tends still further to heighten and develop that rhythmical tendency, exerts upon us a very decidedly stimulating and exciting influence.

Music stimulates neuro-muscular system, exercises influence on heart, respiration and various viscera and function, affects the skin increasing perspiration and acts on other senses. It plays an important part in sexual selection and stimulates erotic impulses. Its ethical effects are well-known, while its therapeutic effects in healing maladies have been proved beyond a shadow of doubt.

Why music is a pleasurable sensation is explained as follows :—

“Pleasure is a condition of slight and diffused stimulation in which the heart

and breathing are faintly excited. The neuro-muscular system receives additional tone, the viscera gently stirred, the skin activity increased and certain combinations of musical notes and intervals act as a physiological stimulus in producing these effects."

"The roots of the auditory nerves are probably more widely distributed and have more extensive connections than those of any other nerve. The intricate connections of these nerves are still only being unravelled: This points to an explanation of how music penetrates to the very root of our being influenced by associational paths, reflex mechanisms both cerebral and somatic, so that there is scarcely a function of the body that may not be affected by the rhythmical pulsations, melodic progressions and harmonic combinations of musical tones." (Mekendrick's works).

The efficacy of musical sounds has thus been demonstrated not only on the ground of physiological stimulants but also on anatomical considerations.

There are seven primary notes in Indian Music, briefly called Kharaj, Rishab, Gandhar, Madhyam, Pancham, Dhaivata, Nishada, denoted by letters S, R, G, M, P, D and N respectively. These notes form the warp and woof of the charming and variegated web of Indian Music. There are six major tunes called Ragas arising from the combinations of these seven notes in a particular manner. The names of these Ragas are Bhairav, Malkosh, Hindol, Dipak, Sri Raga and Megh-Malar. Each of these Ragas produces five sub-tunes called Ragnis which are all dominated with the central notes of their Ragas. By a further combination of the Ragas and the Ragnis are produced numberless minor tunes, each individual in its expression but dominated

by the notes of the Ragnis from which they have sprung. It will thus be seen that while the principal Ragas and Ragnis are only thirty-six, the number of their offspring is legion. The peculiarity about these Ragas and Ragnis is this that they are recommended to be sung only in their prescribed season and time; for each there is a particular season and particular hour of the day or the night when it ought to be sung. In the light of a scientific examination this rule would appear to be fully justified. It is based upon the knowledge of sound vibrations, which require suitable environments for their harmonious expression in the outside world. The effects of the varying degrees of light and darkness upon certain combinations of sound vibrations are different. For different combinations of sound vibrations there must be different hours of the night or the day, which are most suitable for their outward expression. The subject is most interesting and awaits research at the hands of our modern Scientists.

There are few things in Art, Religion or Philosophy which Oriental Imagination has not personified. Accordingly each Raga or Ragni has been personified with a wealth of detail and a delicacy of expression. I am quoting here the personified descriptions of Malkosha Raga and Nut and Sindhwi Ragnis, which have been illustrated here by beautiful pictures.

Malkosha is a Young man fond of the company of youth-inebriated women and has a camphor like white complexion. He is generally dressed in purple or crimson garments, wears a necklace of fine pearls and holds in his hand a flower or a stick made of flowers. From the musical point of view, the predominant note in Malkosha is Madhyama and it is sung in the last quarter of the night in winter. The two notes

avoided in this Raga are Rishab and Panchama. It is said to have emanated from the throat of Mahadeva. The effect of this Raga is to excite erotic sentiments of love-union.

Nat Ragni is a young woman of golden lustre and fascinating appearance. She is dressed in crimson garments and adorned with beautiful ornaments. She is an acrobat and is seen with her hand resting on a fine horse. From the musical point of view, the predominant note of Nat Ragni is Madhyama, or Kharaj according to some musicians. It is sung in the last quarter of the day in Summer. Its effect is to excite erotic sentiment,

Sindhwi Ragnee is an exceedingly beautiful young woman, dressed in vermillion garments. Her ears are adorned with flower ornaments and she is occupied in worshipping God Mahadeva. From musical point of view the predominant note is Kharaj. It is sung in the first quarter of the day in Spring and its effect is to excite erotic sentiment in love separation.

Similar are the description of other Ragas and Ragnis. They are very beautiful and charming in fancy. To one who has any acquaintance with the Indian science of Poetry called Sahitya, they reveal a world of significance. It is through them that a predominant sentiment of a Raga or

Ragni is determined and it is through them that a clue to the subject most appropriate for singing a Raga or Ragni is found out.

Hindu Psychologists have classified feelings into nine main varieties. They are the Erotic sentiment (Sringar Rasa), the Heroic sentiment (Vir Rasa), the Odious sentiment (Vibhatsa Rasa), the Furious sentiment (Raudra Rasa), the Comic sentiment (Hasya Rasa), the Marvellous sentiment (Adbhut Rasa), the Terrible sentiment (Bhayanak Rasa), the Pathetic sentiment (Karuna Rasa), and the Tranquil sentiment (Shanti Rasa).

The object of the Ragas and Ragnis is to produce these sentiments but this object can be served only when the secrets of each Raga or Ragni are discovered by studying their intimate relation with these feelings; and this can be done by studying the personified descriptions of these Ragas and Ragni in the light of the Hindu Science of Sahitya which has been neglected by the present day musicians; and the result is that the main object for which the Indian music was built up and skilfully elaborated by the genius of Hindu music experts has been lost sight of. In order to remedy this defect, the study of Hindu Sahitya which is so intimately connected with Hindu Music should be revived. I have explained this subject at length in my work on Hindu Music in Hindi.

FINE ARTS

BY ATUL BOSE, *Artist.*

“THE fundamental characteristics of the common properties of Fine Arts are that they exist independently of direct practical necessity or utility, that their enjoyment is purely æsthetic and that enjoyment must be disinterested without any concern with practical significance and value.”

The above idea asserted in my last essay is not readily accepted, so I think it requires a bit close study and analysis. Of course, the word ‘disinterested’ is used in the sense that pleasures enjoyed from a piece of art do not nourish one’s body nor add to his riches, that they do not gratify the recipient by the sense of superiority over others and that they are not exclusively enjoyed by any individual. It is quite evident that the beauty of Mona Lisa can not be monopolized, but is always admired by all visitors for all generations. The individual possessor of a picture may be proud of the ownership but this sentiment of pride is wholly independent of his artistic pleasure. Similarly music and poetry composed centuries ago are still enjoyed with no less apprehension. Moreover, we exclude the pleasures of smell and taste from those of Fine Arts only because we naturally hold the opinion that æsthetic enjoyment is disinterested. Why are these arts of savours and scents not placed in the same rank to the arts of form, colour and sound? In

Japan however, there is a recognised fine art of arranging perfumes; so in deference to Japanese modes we can at least say of taste only. We must admit that the pleasures of taste can not be the pleasure of Fine Arts, because their enjoyment is too closely associated with the most indispensable personal utilities. To pass from these lower to higher pleasures, consider the delight of a person at the signs and manifestations of love from his object of love. Why do we not call that artistic pleasure either? Why, in order to receive artistic delight of that kind, are we compelled to go to the theatre and see them exhibited in favour of a third person who is not really their object anymore than ourselves? This is no doubt for the difference between Art and Nature. Love is felt *really* in our Nature with all its passions, hopes and fears while it is only *displayed* in Art but not really felt at all. In this sphere of art, along with the reality and spontaneity of display, there disappear all those elements of interested pleasures—the elements of personal exultations, the pride of exclusive possession and all other emotions which, in short, can be summed up in the lover’s single word ‘MINE.’

Thus from the lowest to the highest point of view, we observe that the elements of personal advantage or monopoly in human gratifications seem to exclude them from the

Kingdom of fine arts, so the pleasures of fine art can be safely taken as disinterested, i.e. not concerned with the ideas of utility. There are some who raise an objection here which we cannot leave ignored ; they urge that the person enjoying a piece of art is not free from self-interest as he seems to be, and that in the act of artistic contemplation his experiences are enhanced and so he gains something in fact ; for instance while witnessing a play, a large part of his enjoyments consist in identifying himself with the lover or the hero. All this is true no doubt, but they must be aware that everyone of the spectators can enjoy equally and that satisfactions of ego are not these indirect and sympathetic satisfactions, but only those which are direct and incommunicable. So we can now come to the conclusion that the special qualities of pleasure felt and communicated by doing things in one way rather than another, independently of direct utility, are the common essential characteristics of the whole range of Fine Arts.

Now, let us take Fine Arts by groups and have a comparative study of them. Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music and Poetry are by common consent the five principal Fine Arts as practised among the civilised communities of men. The kind of relations between these arts as ascertained by great thinkers in their individual ways can not be possibly all quoted here. In thought it is possible to group these five arts in many a different orders. We can deal only with the three kinds of grouping by three great thinkers—Comte, Hegel and Lotz.

Comte ascertains the kind of relations between the arts by inquiring which is the most simple and limited in its effect, which next simple, which another degree less and so on. This progressive complexity yields

in the following order :—Architecture, the most simplest of all because both of the kinds of effects it produces and of the material conditions and limitations under which it works ; Sculpture next ; Painting third ; then Music ; and Poetry highest as the most complex and comprehensive of all arts, both in its own special effects and its resources for partly calling up the effects of all other arts.

A somewhat similar grouping was adopted by Hegel though from the consideration of a wholly different set of relations. His thoughts summed up run thus :—In certain ages and among certain races man has only imperfect ideas to express where the material elements predominate over the spiritual ; the characteristic of this art is Symbolic art ; and such an art is Architecture. In other ages when the ideas are clearer and where the material and the spiritual elements are in equilibrium, thoroughly realised ideas are expressed in thoroughly adequate and lucid form ; this mode of expression is called classic and Classic art is Sculpture. Later on, the ideas grow more powerful and consequently the spiritual elements predominate. The characteristic art of such an age is in which thought, passion, sentiment etc. emerge in freedom, dealing with material form as masters ; this is the romantic mode of expression, and the Romantic arts are Painting, Music and Poetry.

Lotz fixed his attention on the relative degrees of independence which the various arts enjoy—their independence, that is, from the necessity of either imitating facts of nature or ministering to practical uses. So in his grouping Music comes first because it has neither to imitate any natural facts nor to serve any practical end ; Architecture

next, because though it is tied to practical purposes and material conditions, yet it is free from the task of imitation and pleases the eye by pure form, light and shade, and the rest ; then as art tied to the task of imitation, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry taken in order according to their comprehensiveness.

There are also some other subordinate and auxiliary arts to the above five principal

Fine Arts such as, Dancing, (*subordinate to Music though different in kind*) Acting, (*auxiliary to Poetry*) Pottery, Embroidery, Jewellery etc. etc. To classify and place them in some order is a problem which I venture not to solve. The truth is, all classifications are intended to be final and to serve instead of any other. Moreover, the relations between these several arts are much too complex for final and satisfactory classifications.



A PEEP INTO THE PAST

BY PROF. A. VIDYABHUSHAN.

IT is a patent fact that most of the art of the west is based on imitations of the past, but can we make bold to say that our art has reached most of its achievements through hints from nature herself? Of course, no one will deny that in art as in other things nothing is absolutely original. And so in giving our artist credit for all the inspiration he has shown himself capable of drawing from nature, we must recognize the fact that in the evolution of art on Indian soil there are evident traces of valuable suggestion from each country that it came under various circumstances in contact with. One cannot always be quite sure as to the origin of the naturalistic base, but usually there is no doubt as to what is obviously of native origin.

Though not an art connoisseur myself, I am not unaware that a good number of our artists is still hovering between the new schools and the old. I can say with confidence that the majority appear to have quite gone over to the western mode of execution and interpretation, much to the regret of some admirers of the purely native style. Let art be a reflection of its own time as well as of all time, let it try to express the universal in the terms of today and art is bound to be real; and our art can be no exception to the rule. True, our art cannot be expected to get over the irresistible influence of modern occidental thought

and expression now pouring into our country changing its very civilization. The orient and the occident must needs blend. And there is a point always where they meet. And it would be the business of the artist to find this more readily and truly than the diplomatist. Of course we have too much regard for our native classical mode ever wholly to abandon it. India, no less than other nations, has her roots in the past; and some of our artists there always must be, who can and will portray the life and times of old India. Their works are of historic as well as of æsthetic interest; While the artists of the modern schools find little inspiration in the past. They are as purely modern in theme as in style. Another tendency quite marked is the desire to be decorative. This, in itself, art critics may not object to. It must not also be forgotten that in its origin the motive of our art was decorative; and through all time many of our best art products have been of this order. To study the history of the art of India, one must first of all have a glimpse into what gave rise to almost all other modes of art. It was architecture "the dominant art of India" from which evolved most others as accessories. It was architecture that tickled the imagination of the artist 'to produce a statue or a picture for its own sake, as a thing of beauty by itself.' Of course there were images which were designed to be worshipped, but they were so intended mainly

for the purposes of religion and not of art. The influence of religion and mythology is evident upon all arts including minor decorative arts. Often we speak of styles which are certainly the artistic characteristics of a nation at a particular age. These styles may sometimes be original or borrowed from other people to a certain extent.

The well-known scholar Vincent A. Smith speaks of six leading styles of Brahminical temple architecture, four Northern and two Southern. The northern Styles according to him are—(1) the Indo-Aryan; (2) the Gupta; (3) the Kasmiri; (4) and the Nepalese. The Southern styles are (5) the Dravidian, and (6) the Chalukyan.

In India, as in Egypt, isolated columns and pillars seem to have had their root in subterranean excavations for purposes of architecture; of these many an instance can be seen at Ellora, in the temple of Indra. These pillars are much shorter than those of Egypt; their bases and capitals occupy a large portion of the height of the column, and the corona is less accurately traced. In cases where we Indians cut out the rock for the purposes of decoration and sculptured it over with various ornaments, the column assumes a lighter appearance and the principle of an order of architecture can be traced. The excavated temples of our country are numerous and extensive; the principal ones are those of Elephanta, Salsette and Vellore or Ellora. Besides these excavated temples there are several others of various forms deserving notice. These may be classed under three heads—(1) those composed of square or oblong enclosures, (2) temples in the form of a cross.

(3) temples of a circular form.

Of the first class of temples the largest is that of Seringham, near Trichinopoly. Of

the second class of temples, the most remarkable is the great temple in the city of Benares, while of temples of circular form, the temple of Jagannath is considered the most ancient in India.

Perhaps no specimen of Indian architecture has been found earlier than 300 B. C. Broadly speaking, architecture of India may be classed as Hindu, Buddhist, Jain, or Muhammadan. These are so styled because of the religion professed by the ruling power in India during the time they prevailed.

In many striking points does Indian architecture resemble that of Egypt. Temples cut out of solid rock and ornamented with statues have been found both in India and Egypt. They bear remarkable resemblances with each other. The principal remains of Buddhist architecture are the cave-temples of Elephanta and Salsette, of Ellora and Carli and those of Behar and Orissa. There are also Buddhist temples in Ceylon, Burmah and Java consisting of a series of terraces which rise above one another in a pyramidal shape. The Jains also built temples richly ornamented and marked by great elegance and lightness of structure.

These may be described as consisting of a dome in the centre which is surrounded by others supported on sculpture columns. The *cupolas* have their ceilings hollow and not solid. These *cupolas* or concave coverings are either segments of a sphere, of a spheroid or of any similar figure. Being built of stone, they are of a very strong structure, even more so than the arch, in as much as the tendency of each part to fall is counteracted, not only by those above and below it, but also by those on each side. These *cupolas* are panelled and decorated with

scroll-work and foliage elaborately designed. Other than the Buddhist and Jain temples may be mentioned those consisting of *Vimana* or inner sanctuary. This resembles a four-sided pyramid rising very high and is formed of a number of steps or terraces.

These terraces have figures and sculpture and a small dome on the top. There were generally rectangular courts before the entrance which were flanked by *gopuras* or pyramidal gate towers. Halls of various sizes numbering from four to a thousand were built in the enclosures surrounding the

Hindu temples, of which Tanjore and Bareilly temples are the finest specimens of this mode of Indian architecture.

The Muhammadans introduced the arch and various forms of Saracenic or Moorish architecture which were mixed up with the chief phases of the previous styles of India. Another new style akin to that of Arabia, North Africa and Spain visited India as a result of Saracenic rule over those countries. This style deserves particular mention in so far as at least the pointed and horse-shoe arches in square panels etc.

ART & ARTIST

The Character of Indian Art-Crafts

N. A. Khundkar B. A., LL. B. (cantab) Bar-at-Law, dwelling upon the character of Indian Art-crafts observes, "The assimilative power of the Indian people is very great, and Indian Art has proved itself receptive of every foreign influence with which it has ever been brought into contact. It is for this reason that some maintain that there is nothing original in Indian Art. But Dravidian, Greek, Persian and European elements have in time been welded into a tradition distinctively Indian, which has been kept alive in the hands of hereditary craftsmen organised in caste guilds and supported by popular taste as well as by the favour of princes. The merest touch of their fingers trained for three thousand years to the same manipulations, is sufficient to transform whatever foreign work is placed for imitation in their hands into something rich and strange and characteristically Indian."

Swami Vivekananda on Art

The "Prabuddha Bharata" reports a dialogue on Art between the late Swami Vivekananda, a great religious teacher, and a Bengali painter who practises the European style of painting. The Swami explained the inner core of Art as follows.

"Art has its origin in the expression of some idea in whatever man produces. Where there is no expression of idea, however much there may be a blaze of external colours and manipulation, cannot be styled true art. The articles of every day use like vessels, utensils, cups and saucers should thus be produced as expressing an idea. In the Paris Exhibition I saw a wonderful figure

carved in marble. In explanation of the figure, the following words were written underneath—Art unveiling Nature—that is how Art sees the inner beauty by drawing away with its own hands the covering veils of Nature. The figure is carved in such a way as to indicate that the beauty of Nature has not yet become wholly manifest ; but the beauty of the little that has become manifest is such that the artist has become bewitched by seeing it"

Picture Restoring

Many people think that a picture and the canvas it is painted on are one, and that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. This is not the correct view of the thing is justified by the art of picture restoring widely practised in England and other European countries. Between the layers of colour and the canvas or panel, the painter first of all puts on a ground of chalk or plaster. This makes it possible for a fresco even to be transferred from a wall to a canvas. The method, though looks very simple requires special aptitude, long training, and infinite patience. A sheet of gauze is pasted to the front of the picture laying it face downwards on the table. The rotten old canvas is then moistened with hot water and removed bit by bit. In the case of panel painting the wood is first planed away and then scraped with a razor until every particle has been removed and the ground of painting is reached. All that remains to be done is to mount the picture on a new canvas or panel, and remove the gauze.

Secret of a queen painted as Spanish nun.

Through a chance discovery in the garret of a ducal palace in Madrid, a three hundred-year-old romance of wonderful Velasquez has been revealed. Hidden for three centuries as a picture of a nun, this portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain, the first wife of king Philip IV., has just been restored in London. The portrait was on private view until September 12 at the Victoria Galleries, Westminster. In the disguised picture practically nothing but the face and hands of the original was left uncovered, and the secret was first guessed at, owing to the paint peeling away from the nun's hood when there was revealed the the fringe of a lace collar.

"I have received a letter from the agents of the owner of the picture in Barcelona," said Mr. W. M. Power to a "Daily chronicle" representative, "thanking me for my restoration of the portrait. This work, which has been of a difficult character, has occupied my personal care and attention for over six months. There is no doubt that the portrait is genuine Velasquez. It has a strange history.

"Princess Isabella of Bourlion was married to Philip in 1615, and in 1624 was staying in the convent, of the nuns belonging to the order of Descalzos. As a mark of the kindness she there received she presented the nuns with this Velasquez portrait of herself. Later Isabella wished to enter the convent, but the Pope would not consent. The inmates of the convent were bitterly disappointed, and took their own action in the matter. They called in a painter, and secretly instructed him to paint out the Queen's court dress and the lace handkerchief in her hand and to present her in the complete garb of a professed nun. All this was done, and in addition, a chair was

converted into a table, showing an open book with a crucifix standing in the background.

"For over three hundred years the disguise was successful, until an antiquarian of Barcelona recently discovered the picture. He had received an order for a good portrait of Saint Therese; the founder of the order of Descalzos, and bought it to please his customer. There are eight Velasquez portraits of Queen Isabella, the present picture being one of the two known to be missing."

Moghul Painting.

"Moghul painting forms a brief but brilliant episode in the history of Indian art. It rises under the patronage of Akbar, flourishes under Jahangir, grows over-ripe under Shah Jahan, barely survives through the long reign of Aurangzeb, and in the eighteenth century still produces occasional works of merit. In form and spirit it is widely divergent from Hindu art, resembling the contemporary Rajput painting only in the fact that the paintings are executed on paper and are usually of port-folio size. Rajput painting is an art of feeling and ideas, essentially of a religious inspiration and interprets the experiences of the popular life in the sense of a spritual drama, using the language of the village and the home, and however exquisite, rarely making a parade of skill. Moghul painting is a courtly art, purely secular in outlook, profoundly interested in individual character, and primarily of historical interest: it rarely departs from its essential theme of portraiture. It differs from Persian art in the fact that the former is mainly an art of book illustration with romantic interest, while the Moghul painting mainly creates portfolio pictures, each complete in itself, and representing actual persons or events—in the words ascribed to Akbar's son Daniyal—

“ what we have ourselves seen and heard.” This interest in representation makes the Moghul painting on the whole a slighter art than that of the Rajput Schools : but in the analysis of personality it is far stronger, and in individual works this penetration of the individual human soul lifts the art of representation far above the plane of mere similitude to one of pure intuition and of spiritual vision.”

Dr. A. COOMARSWAMY.

K. Mukherjee Esq.

We are glad that another promising figure in the person of Mr. Kushal Kumar Mukherjee has been added to our contributor's list. Mr. Mukherjee has just returned from England after a long stay of seven years there ; studying all the while the intricate techniques of art under English experts. His poster designs—some of which have been shown to us—are really very fine ; and it is perhaps, not too much to say that in this branch of art at least he will have very few rivals in this country. His first contribution—“ A study from

life ” which is published in our present number will amply illustrate the skill of the painter and we invite our readers to judge for themselves the merit of this rising artist by looking at the picture referred to.

Ourselves.

With the present issue we come to a happy end of our first year's endeavours. And the thoughts of gratitude come uppermost in our mind in regard to those who have actively helped to make the Indian Academy of Art as much a success as possible. We embarked upon this arduous work with every hope of getting regular supplies of paper and printing materials, though it soon proved to be otherwise. This unavoidably prevented us from being strictly regular, and sorry, as we are, for our inconsistencies we may be permitted to say that they were largely due to circumstances over which we had no control. We have, however, taken every precaution against such unhappy recurrence and are quite confident that our future will run in brighter lines.

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

Academy Supplement—“ Only a word ” by H. Mazumdar.

If ever anything has afforded the painter, the poet and the musician the richest topic of interest, it is unquestionably the legend of the Jumna and the groves of Brindaban. The theme can never be worn threadbare, so long it is touched by the magic personality of a gifted artist. The painting before us is of that order.

Srimati Radha while returning from her bath in the Jumna, with a pitcher full of water, is reminded by the green grass on the bank, the clear blue water of the gently flowing river and the new leaves of the adjoining groves of the colour of her unforgettable lover Sri Krishna, which eventually leads her to think of Krishna with an absorbed attention. Thus she paces slowly practically forgetful of her situation, her heart being with Krishna all the time. Lo! “ Radha ” calls the ever loving Swain, or is it the echo of heart resounded through the banks and the groves? The sound strikes the inmost corner of her mind. She half inclines her head in surprise to find Krishna by her side. “ Only a word ” has he uttered and no more, but what infinite meaning is there : it is the response to the sincere call of the faithful, it is the response to the call of the one to whom no sacrifice is too dear to gain His Love, it is the response to the one who wants to walk in Love’s Light with Him as the guide and none else.—Srimati’s heart is filled with unbounded thankfulness. She has no words to speak, her eyes only do justice to her feelings, her lips being mute.

The artist has exquisitely brought out in the beautiful face of Radha the conflict of joy at the unlooked-for but much-desired appearance of Krishna and the pang of apprehended separation. In the demeanour of Krishna an unimitable expression of benignity prevails consonant with his eagerness to listen to the sincere call of his loving devotee. The artist is careful to avoid giving any undue prominence to Krishna, as may appear superficially, for who does not know that it was the Gracious will of Krishna himself to give the first place to his devotee? His place he wilfully chose as the next. Therein lies the beauty of the idea which has charmed all India so many hundreds of years, and thanks to the artist for his clever treatment of such a noble subject which is so dear to the Indian heart.

Praying for the Child—by J. Roy.

We have in this painting a remarkable touch of pathos with an Indian setting, but with an appeal extending to the world at large. A poor woman after a day’s hard labour touches the head of her child and begins to pray. Her feeble frame seems to prevent her from undergoing any hard toil, but she does not care for her own comforts, her sole interest is concentrated on that child alone, and nothing is too



ASHRU-KUMVA.
From an oil painting By A. Shaha.

much for her to suffer for the sake of her child. She is glad with all the intensity of a mother's affection when she sees her child happy and her sufferings assume altogether a new colour, when she thinks with her maternal softness of heart that they are undergone for the interests of her child. In the fulness of her heart, a prayer springs forth to the Almighty God who has given her this sacred charge, when the shades of evening are deepening around, and the night advances when no man nor woman can work any longer, she prays that let hers be the lot of suffering but let her child be spared the sorrow of bearing the bitter trials of the world ; let Gracious God give her every strength of a mother's heart to bear every thing for her son's happiness.

The artist has done everything to give an adequate expression of a mother's feeling under the particular circumstances and his brush has done him good service in the delineation of a painting full of noble sentiment.

Ashru Kumva.—(The Vase of Tears) by A. Shaha.

“Oh call me not, oh maiden dear, to the bank of the stream, there have I no need to go, My vase is full, yea, full to the brim with tears, oh! sad tears! To the Jumna I shall not go ; associations are there, oh! happy associations of a time gone by to rend my heart in twain.”

Such in fine, is the gist of the lovely poem of Bengal, and it has offered a touching theme to the beautiful painting before us. The artist has nicely drawn the figure of Srimati Radha with her countenance full of dark despair on account of the absence of Sri Krishna, her Divine lover. Nothing has any charm for the distracted Radha whether the surrounding scene or the adjoining stream. Her friends call her to the banks but she replies that she has no need to go thither. The tears which have flowed so freely from the sad eyes deploring the absence of Krishna, have filled the vase, thereby sparing her the trouble of filling it with the river water. But she fears to go to the Jumna for a different reason and for a powerful one, she apprehends her presence by the side of the Jumna will painfully remind her of the happy meetings with Krishna and so she prefers to remain where she is lest the associations of ideas may be too much for her broken heart to bear.

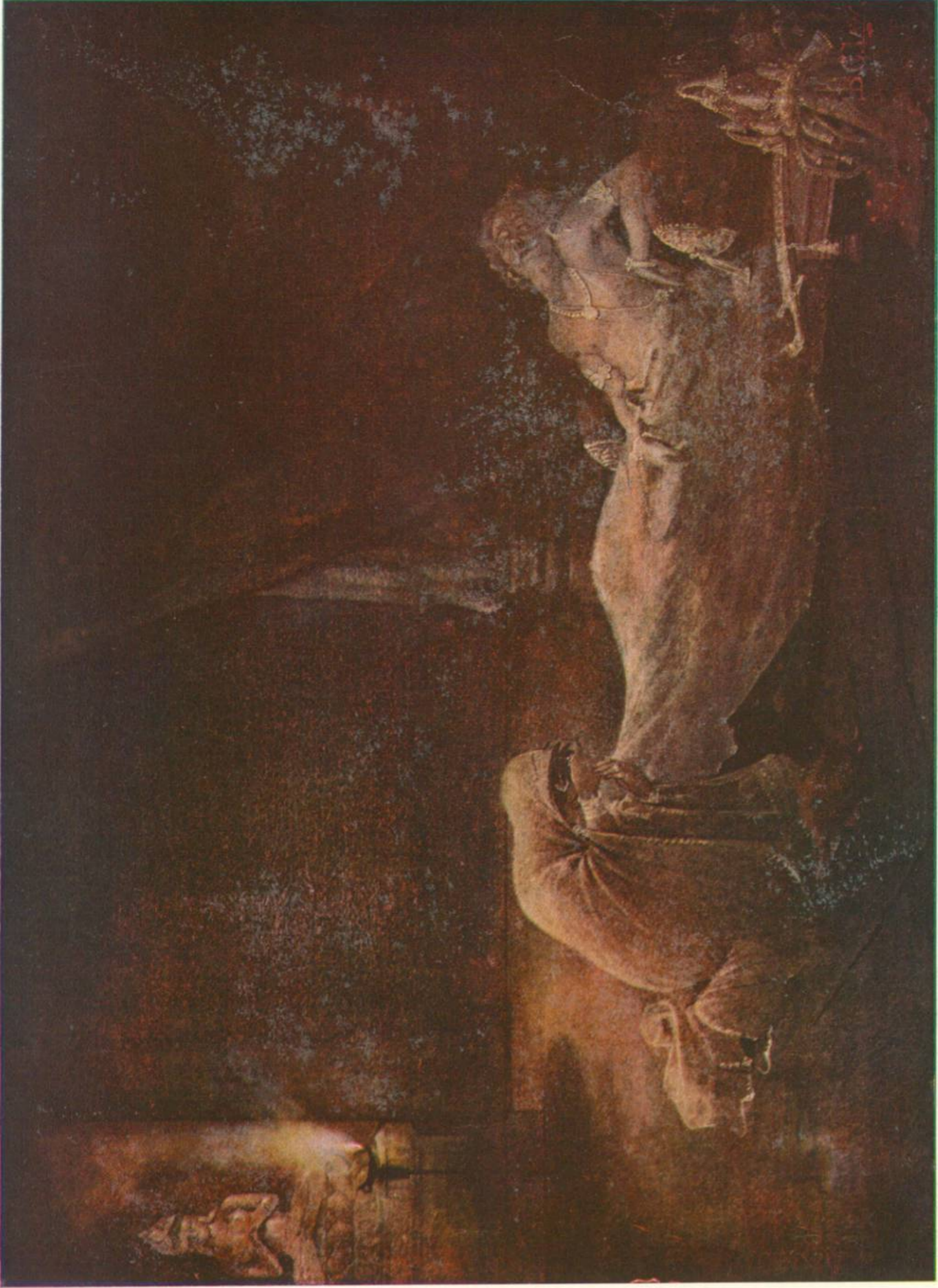
The songs of Radha and Krishna never fail to appeal to the poetic heart of India but when the songs are translated into a painting their value is increased ten-fold through the aid of the artist's harmony of colour and the easy brush work which we have in the present picture.

The Snake Charmer—by B. V. Talim.

Mr. Talim has insured his fame as a sculptor of no mean repute, but his present work does much to give an additional proof of his talents. His execution is so minutely true to life and the anatomical niceties appear in such clear relief that it seems to be a puzzle how the sculptor has been able to bring out the result of his keen observations so marvellously well. The piece is characteristically Indian in form, and gives an exact representation of the appearance of a snake charmer while he blows his instrument in playing with the snake. Mr. Talim's strength is his



SNAKE-CHARMER
From a Plaster By B. V. Talim (Bombay)



LAST DAYS OF DASHARATHA
By B. C. Law, (water colour.)



avoidance of "worn out shibboleths of art, and reliance upon the living facts of the living world around him. One feels that his types are found in the Bazar not in the Library. And this is the right way of progress."

Last days of Dasaratha—by B. C. Law.

The message of Ram Chandra's banishment and disappearance from the borders of the kingdom has at last reached the ears of the old King Dasaratha. He feels totally unnerved, and the tragic situation is deeply accentuated by the heart-rending utterances of grief by the inconsolable Kausalya. Unable to bear the strain, even the stout heart of the old warrior breaks down, and the King falls into a swoon to add to the grief of the queen.

The well-known episode is taken from the Ramayana, and we have little hesitation to say that Mr. Law is at his best in giving expression to the feelings of King Dasaratha and Kausalya as they might have been under such pathetic circumstances.

King Edward VII—by Mrs. Sumatibai B. Talim.

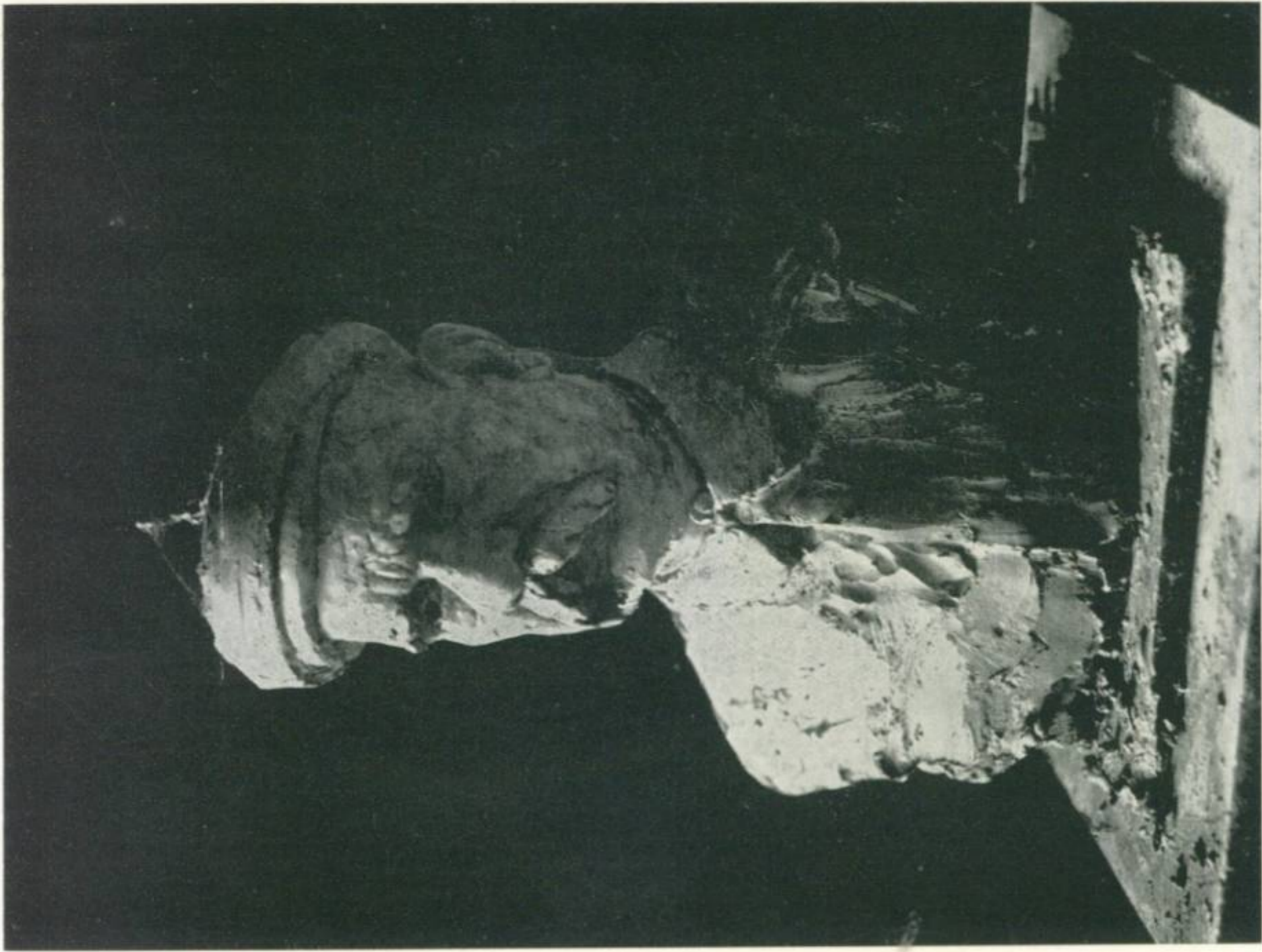
This is a picture of a fine needle work which looks exactly as though it were painted in oils. The different shades are skilfully worked out ; and the general expression of the face has helped to make it an exact likeness of the late King. It would be no exaggeration to say that the work speaks much for the æsthetic taste of the lady who has so kindly lent her picture for publication. If the lady had taken up her brush and colour she would have undoubtedly done ample justice to the spirit of Art which she has manifested in her needle work. Her contribution testifies that the ladies are also taking a keen interest in the domain of Art, which is as it should be. We have every confidence that within a short time a larger number of contributions from them will be forthcoming to enable us to prove that Indian ladies are not in any way lagging behind in furthering the interest of a cultured movement.

Evening glow—

The picture is a happy proof of the artist's reverent attitude towards Nature, which seems to pervade his mind and pencil. The reddish tints of the setting sun fall upon the dark shades of the evening creating an exquisite scene of natural grandeur and beauty. The calm waters of the murmuring stream gliding with sunset or fading into twilight add an additional glow which the artist is careful enough to reproduce on his canvas without any touch of affectation anywhere.

Truth locked out—by M. A. Rahaman Chughtai.

Through many trials and much hardship and sacrifice, the seeker of truth has at last been able to face the dear object, which it has been her mission to fulfil. To her utter grief she finds her in chains : the ignorant man, subject to mortality and so unable to check her speed unknowingly binds her hands, so that the hold of truth may be checked if not her speed. What a sad commentary on the much vaunted wisdom of man, his mortality abetting his iniquity !



A RAPID STUDY
By V. V. Wagh (Bombay)



KING EDWARD VII
From a needle work by Sumatibat B. Talim.





TRUTH LOCKED OUT

By M. A. Rahman Chughtai (Lahore)

Water Colour

But nothing deters the votary, nor daunts her unconquerable purpose. She is prepared to embrace Truth in spite of her bondage, being convinced it is temporary. She is prepared to adore Truth's short lasting bondage for the benefit of those who are the authors of the misdeed. Only she dreads, if ever she has dreaded anything acting in the Light of Truth—lest she may lose truth from her close embrace which has cost her so dearly, and for which she has yearned so long.

The artist has, in this allegorical picture, given ample proof of imagination and a skilful use of art to a poetic end.

A Study in Charcoal—by Atul Bose.

This fine specimen represents a bold sketch in charcoal by Mr. Bose. One cannot but admire the manliness of the artist who has chosen a buoyant youth for his sitter. The work is tinged with vigour and strength and speaks much for the artist's talent.

Before the storm—By B. P. Banerjee.

Some beautiful touches of colour stand out in clear outline in this landscape. The still appearance of the large trees, the meadows and the surrounding scenery enables the picture to represent the lulling aspects of the usual calm before a storm. The outstanding feature of the painting is its fidelity to Nature. The painter is the oldest of the modern artists of Bengal, and so the publication of this picture offers us a happy opportunity of conveying our heartiest congratulations to him. He took to his artistic vocation at a time, when it was looked upon with studied indifference ; but his unflagging energy and staunch devotion to his ideal helped him to remove all impediments, and now in the evening of his life he has achieved full mastery over his brush as is evident from the present picture.

The Conflict—By H. Mazumdar.

“ Oh ! what invisible chains tie me down ! Am I to be prevented thus ? Have I not conquered strong men and quelled proud hearts ? what spells have I failed to work to extend my invisible course ? Satiated with my conquest, Oh, Virtue ! I sought to preside over thy temple so that foolish men may pay homage to me and me alone. But what do I hear ? Ah, me ! it is the inner prompting of my heart, so long have I laid it asleep, but now it sounds deep, I cannot stifle it any longer. Oh, I hear, I hear—“ Thou shalt not win nor shalt thou speed unto the Gate, till thou hast cast off thy weapons of sensuality and assumed a different role.” Oh, Virtue ! will it be thus, but I feel an unquenchable yearning, I cannot resist it, thy silent protest sharpens it all the more, I must go unto thee. Open thine gate then, hospitable Deity ! and I shall be thy votary, even thy humblest hand maid shall I be, to get a glimpse of thee—my new life's star. Oh, the very weapons are my bars, take them, take them, they are dedicated unto thee and thee alone, do with them as you please, only listen to the prayer of one who weeps and shall never rest till she has sought thee ”

Thus the corroded heart of a repentant soul cried when with satiation the inner soul of womanhood awoke for its true realisation. The call came, it was the reclama-



THE INDIAN ACADEMY OF ART.

BEFORE THE STORM
From an Oil Painting
BY B. P. BENERJEE.

tion of the human soul, and with it the heart-stirring conflict.

In presenting this painting before the art-loving public, the artist has given us an exquisite picture of dramatic intensity and striking situation which can be brought out on the canvas.

A Rapid Study—by V. V. Wagh

This is a life size sketch of Sir Bhala Chandra of Bombay, done by the artist in two hour's time. The style and method of working are so high that even if the point of rapidity is left out of consideration they will bear ample testimony to the skill of the sculptor. But when such a veritable work of art is produced by the labour of two short hours only it surely stands out as a wonder and perplexity. We congratulate Mr. Wagh upon his brilliant achievement and thank him for kindly lending us the picture for publication.

A Camera Sketch—by Dhani Ram

This is a photographic representation of a familiar scene, and much credit is due to the photographer for giving a very clear picture by means of his instrument. The green verdure and the grazing cattle are brought out very distinctly and they add a particular grace to the charming scene.

Allurement—by Inayat Ulla

This picture proves to what extent a painting on silk can be carried to a high order of excellence, having for its subject a young man as yet free from the vices of the world standing his trial against the temptation of drinking a cup of wine, offered to him by a wily woman.

The subject is apparently allegorical, the young man of course, stands for innocence, and the woman with the cup represents the dark snare of the world. Hence, the light green keeps in tune with unaffected virtue and the deep blue is made to represent vice and its consequence. The picture suggests the idea of Maya trying to capture the independence of the soul ; but at the same time, gives prominence to the fact that illusion fades before truth, and Maya has to stand condemned if one has the strong inclination to assert the independence of the soul.

A Study—by H. Roy Choudhury A. R. C. A.

This a fine portrait study in bronze and Mr. Chaudhury has shown his characteristic skill in bringing out the graceful feature of the lady in a most impressive manner.

A study of Nude from life.—by K. Mukherjee

In this charcoal sketch we find a noble endeavour on the part of the artist to study the anatomical accuracies and the contrast of light and shade. He has fully realised that without drawing a painting is nothing but a vulgar craft and tried, with considerable success, to show it in his picture.

A Himalyan Brook—by P. Majumdar

In this delightful picture the beauty and grandeur of a rippling rivulet gliding through the slopes of the Himalayan range are vividly brought out. The sky is



AFTER THE DAY'S TOIL

A Camera Sketch By Dhant Ram.

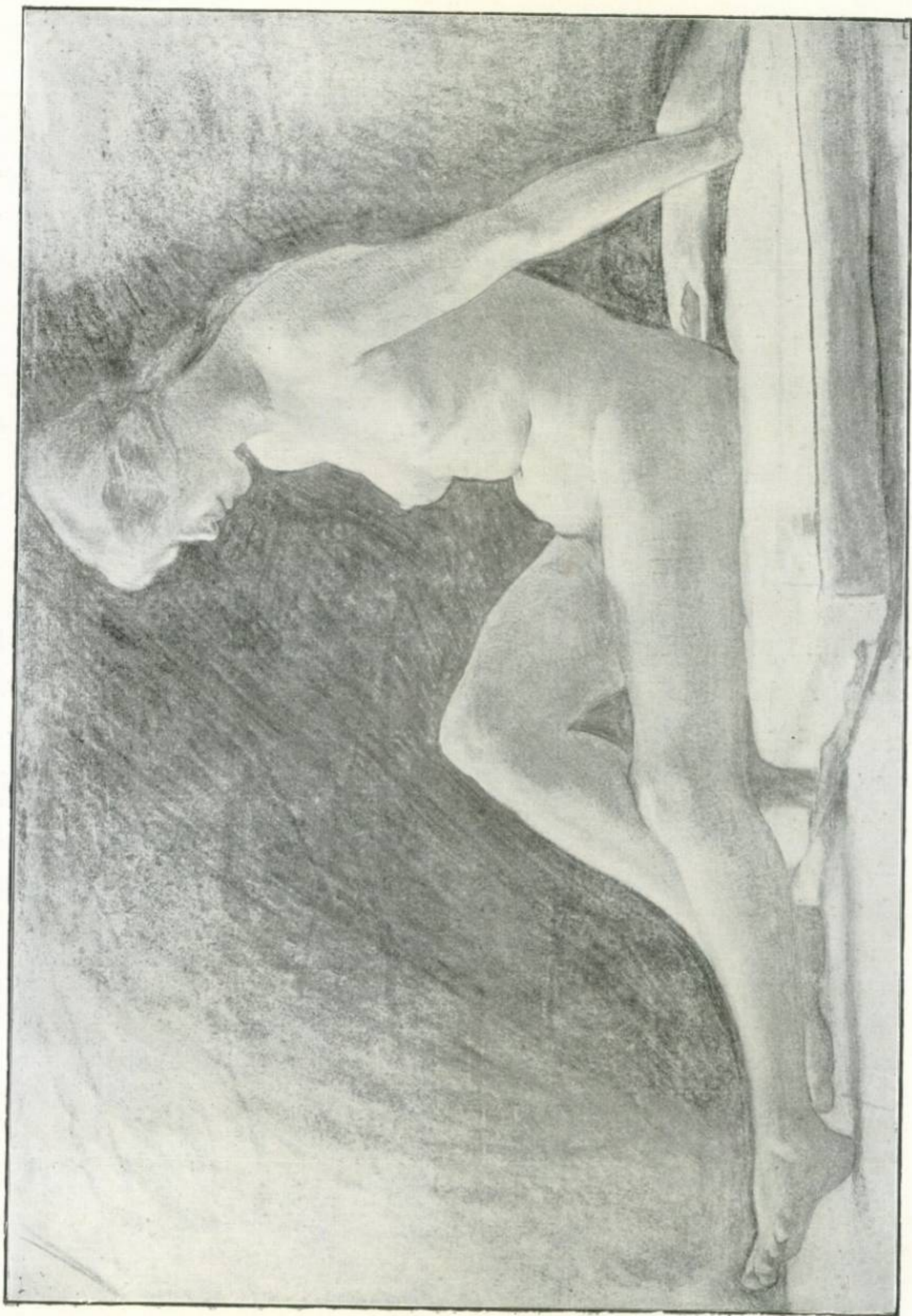




ALLUREMENT
From a water colour on silk
By Inyatulla, (Kasur.)



A PORTRAIT IN BRONZE
By H. ROY CHOWDHURY, A.R.C.A.



A STUDY OF NUDE FROM LIFE
BY K. MUKHERJEE (LONDON)



A HIMALAYAN BROOK
From a Water Colour By P. Majumdar.



wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood and the green trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them. The study of atmospheric effect and the green verdure shows the talent of the artist as well as his genuine love of nature.

Sunset—By M. Ata-ul Rahaman B. A.

This photo proves in an admirable manner the skill of mechanical contrivance. It was taken at Anasagar Lake, Ajmere, in the evening when the sun's rays were playing with the stray clouds of a recent shower before going to repose behind the range of mountains in the back ground. The photo is remarkably clear which speaks much for the photographer's promptitude in open-air exposure.

Entranced—by J. Roy.

Snatching a little time from the usual work of the day, the pious man takes to his small drum to which is attached a number of little cymbals. He slowly beats the drum, to a measure, the sound drowns the noise outside and the tinkling of the cymbals produces a harmonious melody. The man's heart is awakened by the music, he is absorbed, he begins to feel that there is a harmony in this world of bustle and life, till at last he has conceived that his heart is at one with the harmony of the Universe. He forgets the world outside, he has gone deep into the inner harmony of things discordant. He broods and meditates till he is entranced with the consciousness of a joy inexpressible.

The artist has very happily painted the features of a spiritually inclined Indian and the glow of his devotion. The picture is very lively in the expression of an enraptured joy in the countenance of the musician, at the discovery of a noble and consoling idea. There is little doubt that the painting is a true representation of the thoughtful tendency of the East.

Mugdha—by H. Mazumdar

It cannot be denied that even a noble thing like Art becomes monotonous and dull, if not characterised by a variety of treatment. Mr. Mazumdar seems to have realised this truth and has happily given us a pleasing picture of domestic life.

A young lady has just finished her toilet and has added thereby an additional glow of beauty to her already existing charms. She takes out a mirror and looks into it as if to find out whether her lover would be delighted with all that she has put upon herself. A sense of satisfaction overtakes her and she looks more and more into the mirror till at last she herself feels charmed and fascinated with her own delicacies. This lovely idea is indicated by the artist in a manner that the picture produces a delightful and agreeable effect in the mind.



SUNSET
By Ata-ul-Rahaman B. A. (Lahore)
Photograph.





"MUGHDA"
From an oil painting By H. Mazumdar



Wash the Palette, wash the Palette,
Now is the Artist's cry.
Half a minute, Half a minute,
W'll make it clean and dry.

Red is a bloody colour and so we have introduced a little Mauve to make it artistic! May God bless us!

Our horoscope says we are one year old! but it seems we began life only the other day. This is how a child becomes the father of man!

Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "All good paintings crack." Because goodness cannot remain concealed under the coatings of colour.

"What is an 'Aerial Perspective' Sir?" asked an art student to his master.

"It is a straight line which separates the modern School of Art from the rest," was the master's reply.

Customer: "You have painted me with grey hairs which I have not."

Artist: "That's only out of respect to you, Sir. Grey hairs are always respected you know!"

"Familiarity breeds contempt." This is the reason why an oil painting when looked at from near appears clumsy and awkward but from a distance it's all lovely and beautiful!

Model: "Please sir, excuse me. I won't come to your studio from to-morrow."

Artist: "Why, are you offended?"

Model: "You promised to paint me in bright colours but now I find you're using me for clay-modelling—a dirty thing which I can't bear!"

"Do you think my artistic prospect will be ruined by marriage?"

Friendly critic: "I don't think so if you do not depend on the income of your art."

"Is Poetry a Fine Art?" enquired the young poet.

"Certainly, otherwise Michael Angelo would not have been called the Homer of Painting," replied the artist.

Master: "It is the saddest mistake you have made by choosing an artist's profession!"

Student: "But I can correct the mistake, Sir."

Master: "How?"

Student: "By calling me an amateur henceforth."

Irate customer: "I asked you to paint me in a standing posture—why have you made me seated?"

Artist: "I thought, Sir, that my painting would last for a century and it would be very trouble some for you to remain standing for such a length of time; so I've provided a seat for you."

Mrs. Thoughtful: "Oh, dear, I can't help thinking that your father was an artist."

Mr. Thoughtless: "Did you learn it from my solicitors?"

Mrs. Thoughtful: "No, never. I have found it out myself. If your father were not an artist how could you be one? People say—Artists are born and not made."

"How much will you charge to photograph me and my wife together?" asked a newly married youth to a Photographer.

"Twenty rupees, Sir," was the reply.

"And how much for my wife alone?"

"The same, Sir."

"There, my dear," said the youth to his wife, "see how costly you are."

Patron: "It has been my life's mission to encourage Art by all means."

Artist: "But you reject my pictures whenever they are brought to you."

Patron: "That's because to give you an impetus for better work."

Art critic: "I have seen your pictures, they are nicely done. I hope you will prosper in future."

Artist: "Thank you, Sir. I have already prospered; I have married a millionaire's daughter and given up the art line!"

"Thanks to the artistic spirit of our country, quite a large number of Master Artists are produced every year!"

"Who are they, please?"

"Don't you know? The M. A.s of our Universities!"

Woe to the man who has'nt seen,
This 'First and Foremost' Art Magazine!
And thanks to those who have read,
The witty jokes from artist's head;
Those who advanced rupees Eight,
They are heroes and heroines great:
Our Year-end greetings happy and bright,
To one and all—A merry Good Night!

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