

THE VIRGINIA TEACHER

Published monthly, except August and September, by the State Teachers College at Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Entered as second-class matter March 13, 1920, at the postoffice at Harrisonburg, Virginia, under the act of March 3, 1879.



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EDUCATIONAL COMMENT

"A WORKMAN THAT NEEDED NOT TO BE ASHAMED"

"In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere."

The definitions of Art are numerous; its manifestations are endless. But *one thing is certain*. The *work of art* bears the indelible stamp of sincerity and truth.

The *true* artist cannot do his work in any other way. His whole nature rebels against deception and falsehood, for in his finished work he faces his own soul.

Who, then, is the artist? Is he alone the painter who spreads the paint upon the canvas, or the sculptor of ancient Greece? No, not these alone; but likewise the craftsman who made your old colonial chair with such loving care that it has come down through the years to give you joy and comfort; and the blacksmith who strikes his iron and shoes your horse with a loving touch; and the mother who selects colors and furnishings with painstaking regard and arranges them, not on canvas, but in the composition of a home of refined taste and beauty; and the daughter who by careful selection of material and color makes her dress an expression of the refinement within and an

influence for good without. And might we not find him in the structural iron worker, who in the height above labored with such pride, regardless of whether the inspector cared or not, to the end that his rivets would hold fast, and never be the cause of loosening beam and loss of life.

There was an old soap maker who didn't live long after another bought his good name and cheapened it. And there was also that old cobbler who made shoes *by the Grace of God*.

We acquaint children with the principles of Art and the history of their development. But have we grasped as we should our great opportunity, that of infusing the children with that *indescribable something* which demands of *ourselves* at all times the best that we can do; that desire to meet and satisfy a demand from the watcher within, rather than from the watcher without?

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride,
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

Might we not acquaint the young with this spiritual demand which is the motive in all true art, a demand which it is a joy to satisfy and a pain to withstand?

This spirit as an underlying motive in all work would make every task a delight and every product an art achievement. The influence of such a spiritual demand is simply incalculable. Thus might we hope to emulate the great craftsmen of old, "in the work of whose hands was their prayer." And then might all say with Stevenson, "*I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.*"—C. VALENTINE KIRBY, in *Graphic Arts Magazine*.

The purpose of every alumnae association should be, to substitute organized alumnae loyalty for unorganized good will and to secure the maximum of efficiency for every ounce of alumna effort invested.

The Alumnae body is a conservator—a balance wheel.