

## THE INFLUENCE OF PERSONAL HABITS OF PARENTS ON CHILDREN

By MRS. MAKEPEACE LONG

Habits make up so large a part of life that no work can be more important for parents than that of making efficient the factors responsible for the activities of children in habit formation.

There are psychological laws and principles that should be understood by all parents as the basic background for establishing a desirable environment for their children. May we say that the body and mind of the child at the beginning of life are not a matter of chance, but have been inherited from his ancestors. During every moment after birth the child's actions are governed to some extent by inborn forces. This does not mean that the child does not choose his own action. He most assuredly does, but there is a real reason for his choice.

If a child does well or poorly, there is a definite cause. Therefore the life and well being of every individual child are matters of deepest concern. Parents knowing the hereditary equipment of their children should use this knowledge in their training, and should bear in mind that character training is like all other forms of training; it needs a firm foundation, and habit is the great foundation. Moral habits, then, should be formed long before there is much capacity for reasoning.

Since parents are guides in the character development of their children, the parents' attitude, their ideals of morality, of justice, of personal cleanliness, their regard for truthfulness, their practice of patience, sympathy and cooperation should all be patterned and practiced according to the highest standards.

Very often we hear the expression, "That child is a chip off the old block." Is the old block a good one or a bad one? The writer thinks of this chip as a reflex imitator. As Kirkpatrick would say, "The chip has a tendency to repeat what has been perceived, especially the sounds and movements made by others of the same species." All of which means that children do as their parents do. The writer says also that imitation is an instinct and is due to habit. Children learn by doing. They also learn by seeing and hearing.

There is an oft repeated question, "Am I proud of my children?", a question which children have the privilege of reversing and asking, "Am I proud of my parents?" Let us look all about us and take inventory of ourselves. Can we answer the child's question from the standpoint of healthful living of cleanliness of body and character, of love toward our fellowman of protection of body and property?

We as Negro parents must realize that

## ECHOES FROM WILSON CLUBS

By MRS. NORMA E. DARDEN

Miss Mae D. Holmes was a guest speaker over the Sunday Evening Darden Hour, Radio Station WGTM, Wilson, N. C. Miss Holmes is superintendent of the State Training School for Negro Girls, located at Rocky Mount.

In an efficient and pleasing manner, Miss Holmes outlined the work, achievements and aims of the institution.

The Emma C. Clement Missionary Society of the St. John A. M. E. Zion Church is a member of the City Federation. The society recently sponsored a 13 year old girl in a vocal recital. The young girl, Miss Mattie Dortch Hatcher of Goldsboro, has a voice of great promise and thrilled the large audience. She was accompanied by Mrs. Thelma Johnson, a brilliant pianist, who has supervision of the music in the Goldsboro schools.

Mrs. Norma E. Darden is President of the wide-awake Missionary Society.

The Ladies' Civic Club of Wilson has adopted the name of the former Federated Club which was active 15 years ago. The new club is made up of many of the old members and is known as the Mary McLeod Bethune Club and has its year book off the press.

The club has done splendid community work as well as service beyond the local community. Mrs. Mazie Wells is the President. During the holidays cheer was carried to the County Sanatorium, the State Sanatorium and to many widows and sick persons.

Miss Ada Battle is president of the City Federation and is working diligently to bring as many organizations in as possible.

the comfort, the inspiration, the security, the spirituality of our children do not begin in the church or the school; but all these have their beginning in the home. Here it is that all habits worth holding on to, have their beginning. Such little habits of reverence and truthfulness as praying at mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep." and

"Father, we thank Thee for this food."

Memorizing such gems as: "Politeness is to do and say, The kindest thing in the kindest way"; committing Bible verses as, "Love one another"; going to Sunday School and learning the Golden Text, and many others are still tried and true trustworthy formulas for developing excellent habits in the character training of our children. They are first-aid treatment for the ills and emergencies of a long, happy and successful life for both parents and children.

## A SLAVE GIRL'S DREAM

By KATHERINE HOWZE ROBINSON

I cringed beneath the driver's whip  
As cursed words escaped his lip,  
"Back to thy work, thou beastly slave!  
Cease not to even dig a grave  
For those who die a sorrowing death  
With prayers of freedom on their  
breath."

On piled the blows' unceasing thread,  
Until at last I lay as dead—  
Unconscious there in blissful sleep,  
Unmindful, crushed beneath the deep  
Oppression of another race.  
My bare back bled, but on my face  
A gleam of hope still hovered there,  
And in my heart this solemn prayer:  
"Dear Father, in some future time,  
Some better day, some fairer clime,  
Lead Negro girls into their own  
In fields where others long have gone.  
Let music warble from their throats;  
Replace their groans with joyful notes  
That issue forth from grateful lips  
And nimble, sprightly fingertips.  
Endow them with the power of speech,  
Wisdom, their fellowmen to teach,  
Rhythm smooth in rhythmic feet,  
Poetic utterances sweet.  
Despite their suffering and wrong,  
Imbue within their hearts a song  
Of patriotism loud and clear;  
And may they serve their country dear  
In peace or war, with ne'er a thought  
Of sorrows that the years have wrought."

And in my languid slumber there  
Came answer to my fervent prayer;  
For in my feverish, tortured brain  
There was a vibrant, swelling strain.  
'Twas nineteen hundred forty-five—  
Before my unbelieving eyes  
Sat Marion Anderson enthroned,  
And close beside her Lena Horne.  
The ivories trembled to the beat—  
Scott's fingers played for Dunham's feet;  
As rhythmically on she swayed,  
Encensed with melody, Hazel played.  
A platform filled my wond'ring view,  
And silver words came pouring thru  
My eager ears, now quite in tune  
For Thomasina Johnson and Bethune;  
And there in academic gown  
Stood noble Charlotte Hawkins Brown.  
The Muses shed their lyric light  
On Margaret Walker's genius bright;  
And from her pen's poetic end  
Rhythm with deep pathos did blend—  
"Let My People Live," quoth she,  
A plea for Negro liberty.  
The sound of bugles rent the air  
I could not move, I could but stare—  
Before me there in colors true  
Were girls in uniforms of blue;  
And in the army's khaki brown  
Battalions marched about the town.  
As crowning glory 'round her burst,  
Emerged an angel Red Cross nurse.

Up crept the slave with grateful stare,  
"Dear God, Thou answereth my prayer!"