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## School Room Experiences.

### A LESSON IN DISCIPLINE.

When I first entered upon my duties as a teacher I had among my pupils two boys from the Orphans' Home. The younger of the two, who was about nine years of age, had, while attending another school, organized a gang for the purpose of driving the teacher from the school.

Of all their misconduct I was duly informed and instructed to use the strap freely. Whether influenced by their advice, or zealous of my authority, or through a determination to maintain order without knowing the proper means, I have been unable to decide, but in the course of nine months I had administered corporal punishment to the younger upon three or four occasions.

Upon the last occasion I had kept him in after four, and when leaving the room after having received his punishment he made an impertinent remark. I called him back, and told him to sit down while I took a few minutes to consider the matter. He ventured to explain that he had work to do at home and that there was no end of trouble in store for him if he was not there to do it. Here, then, was an excellent opportunity to apply the principle of the discipline of consequences. Just keep him there and he would suffer the consequences of being late for his work. The thought then came to me that the trouble was between myself and the boy and we had better settle it, so I permitted him to go without further delay.

During that evening I undertook to solve a problem involving the following factors, *i.e.*, the boy's home surroundings, his disposition, his offence, and his punishment.

The following day we had a confidential talk, which resulted in the question of discipline becoming a question of self-control.

From that day that boy was the best behaved and most industrious pupil in the school.

W. A. B.

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### VERY, VERY NATURAL.

I once had an experience which was, to me, quite laughable. I might say also that it was profitable on account of the insight it gave me into boy nature.

There were in my school two small boys, who professed a great contempt for the girls. Such insignificant creatures were quite beneath their notice—at least so they always pretended.

However, one day I happened to overhear a conversation which took place between the two under my window. Ernest, the younger boy, was offering to tell Allison a secret, on condition that he never—no, never,—breathed it to a living soul. Of course I should have gone out of ear shot, but, being a true daughter of Eve, I