

CHIPMAN SCHOOL IS OPENED

Interesting Services Monday Night Last Enjoyed

Description of the Fine New Structure--Speeches by Commissioner of Agriculture, Senator King, T. B. Kidner and Others--The Senator's Offer.

Hon. L. P. Farris arrived in this city Tuesday night to attend a meeting of the government.

Mr. Farris said he had just come from Chipman where he attended the opening of a splendid new school building which has just been completed. The building is of wood, about 90 feet long by 45 wide, and two stories in height. It is finished throughout in the best possible way, with hard wood floors, paneled walls and ceilings, no plaster work being visible. The bright and cheery appearance of the rooms was favorably commented upon by the numerous visitors on Monday and Tuesday. The heating and ventilation are well provided for, and plenty of space is provided for classrooms and offices.

A fine room is allotted for a library and accommodation for manual training and household science is also provided, and school garden is to be laid out in the spring.

At the public opening Monday night Senator King presided and gave some interesting details of the circumstances leading up to the provision of the new building.

Hon. Mr. Farris then spoke and paid particular attention to the new subjects of the school work in which, he said, the members of the board of education were much interested.

He was followed by T. B. Kidner, superintendent of manual training, who dealt with the advantages of that and household science, in a comprehensive address.

Inspector Steeves spoke on the subject of Consolidation of Schools and the necessity of school gardening and instruction in agriculture.

Rev. Mr. Cacko, of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Baptist church, also spoke.

Solos were sung by Miss Crandall, Mr. Kidner and Geo. H. King and Squire Daigle gave selections on his gramophone, while the audience were gathered. At the conclusion of the meeting Senator King announced, amidst great applause, that he would present to the school the necessary equipment for the manual training room as soon as Mr. Kidner could send them a suitable teacher.

On Tuesday morning the school opened with a large attendance of pupils. After the opening exercises, several of the visitors addressed the children and the rest of the morning was spent in drill and practice in marching and assembly in the hall and class rooms.

Chipman is to be congratulated upon this latest evidence of progress and prosperity.

SOME DRAWBACKS OF THE LAND OF THE FREE

(Julius Chamberlain in Brooklyn Eagle.)

One of the most interesting men I know anywhere is the Rev. Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain. As a traveler in all parts of the world he has observed, as a student of human life, he has sincerely striven to solve a score of social problems, and to make the use expected of his wide experience, he has given out in the pulpit and in the press, the best that was in him. He is a practical Christian—one of a kind that the world cannot do without. I remember him first when he was preaching in the Gleason Avenue Presbyterian church in the '80s. He had adopted a theory about pulpits that I have always held to be the true one, namely, that the church-goer has a right to be interested in what the parson says. The day has passed in which men can be lured to church to listen to platitudes that involve no mental strain upon the speaker or the hearer. It is the charm of men like Dr. Hillis, Dr. MacArthur and Dr. Chamberlain that they interest their congregations.

Never was I more impressed with this fact than when I listened to Dr. Chamberlain at the Authors Club on Thursday night. He was talking about the immigration question and he took the viewpoint of the new-comer from the better lands of Europe. Of course the down-trodden Pole or Russian Jew does better his condition when he comes here, because his lot in the land of his nativity is the worst that can be imagined. But, as the clever doctor pointed out, we should be glad to welcome the skilled artisan from Belgium, France, Germany or England. The solemn truth is that very few of them come, and of those that do come to our shores many return to their native soil, and for reasons that Dr. Chamberlain has taken the trouble to ascertain.

Being a practical philanthropist, Dr. Chamberlain tries to study the motives that actuate the hearts of men. When he finds a skilled workman, for example, returning with his family to Europe he steps up to him and asks:

"Why are you going back?"

"Because this country is not exactly what it is painted by the emigration agents in Europe," is the reply.

"Surely, the United States government is not responsible for any misrepresentation?"

"No; except indirectly," is the reply. "Throughout Europe, in every hamlet and city, the grocerman, postman and railway clerk is a steamship agent. There is a commission on every ticket that can be sold. If your consuls attended to their business, they could check this abuse of your hospitality and put a damper upon the wholesale and indiscriminate transportation of the undesirable, not to say obnoxious classes, that are shipped across the sea—principally because they are likely to become a charge at home."

"The skilled workman finds this country all that he anticipated, does he not?" asked the American.

"No, indeed. He does find somewhat better wages; but the cost of living is so far in excess that he cannot save money. Take my case. I am an expert furniture maker. I was assured that there was urgent demand for high-class artisans in my trade. I came over and was advised to go to Grand Rapids. I went there. What did I find? Everything made by machinery! I have a horror of turned wood furniture. But, said I, if this is what the Americans want, it is not for me to hold to my European ideals. I soon secured work. I was placed at a the—just imagine making furniture that is unattractive to the body or attractive

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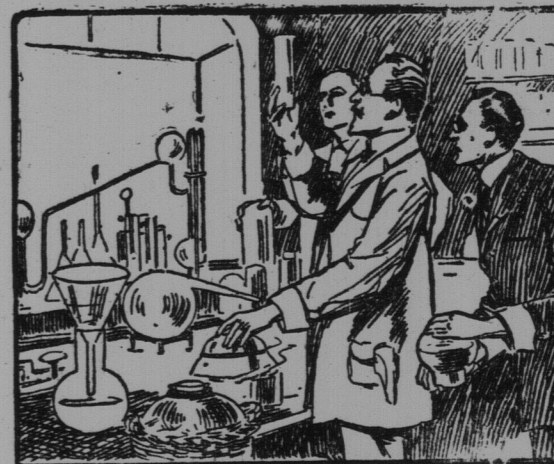
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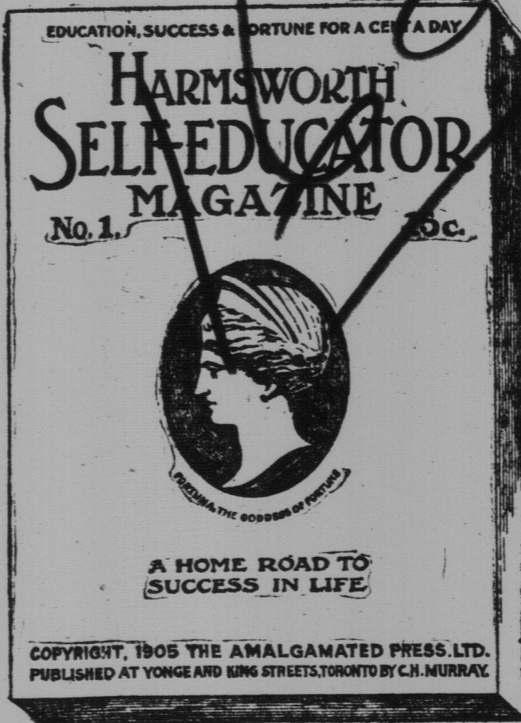
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THE ARTIST.

to the eye upon a lathe! Working by the piece I earned from \$15 to \$18 per week, which was more than most of the men in my department received. In my native city, in Belgium, sixty francs was the best I could do, and it seemed to me that I had decidedly bettered my condition, although I could not take that pride in my work, so essential to advancement therein. But, what did I find in the way of living? Rents were twice as high, and the accommodations no better. In the cities, the Americans have more comforts than any people of the world; but in the small Western towns the conditions are reversed. I know nothing about the conditions in Ireland, where, I have heard the working classes live in wretched dwellings; but in Belgium, the artisan class is well housed. They have comforts to which the American workman, speaking of him as I have seen him in the best types of so-called industrial centres, is ignorant.

"At Grand Rapids, for example, meals were cheaper, but I paid more for American flour, ground at Minneapolis, than the same flour sent from here, cost in Belgium! When I tried to get an explanation I was told that this strange anomaly

was due to something you call a 'protective tariff'! I don't understand what it means. Are you interested in benefiting the nations of Europe? It may be philanthropy, but it isn't statesmanship! Everything else that I had to buy was similarly affected—except—meats. Take clothing, if you choose. One buys a black woolen suit in Brussels or Antwerp for twenty to twenty-five francs—a suit quite fit to wear to church. Here the same thing costs three times as much. My \$10 there goes farther than \$18 here! The boasted opportunities in the United States are mythical!"

Therefore when we speak of the great benefits we are conferring upon the skilled workmen of Europe by asking them to come to us, we are "talking through our hats." The benefits to unskilled labor—men ready to go into agriculture—the unmistakable.

"Why do foreign workmen prefer our Eastern cities to our Western towns?" asked Dr. Chamberlain of the highly intelligent artisan.

"Because they can live more cheaply in New York than in the country or the smaller cities of the Middle West," was the prompt reply. "Think, too, what the galleries and museums of New York mean to the man who has been raised in France or Belgium or, for that matter, in any of the art centres of the Continent! He may not be comfortable, but, unless he frequents the wine shops, he can spend his Sundays to great advantage. He has, beside, the Riverside Park, than which there is not a finer place to take the air anywhere. He may have to live in a crowded tenement the rest of the week, but Sunday is a day of genuine delight to him. Yes, the City of New York for me, if I must live in America. But, after all is said, Belgium is best. Its government is gentle. Votes are not bought and sold; politics is not a trade. I shall go back to my wood-carving and my hand-made furniture with entire satisfaction. No Grand Rapids for me!"

This is all very interesting to me, because it presents an entirely new phase of the immigration question and the entire credit for having discovered it belongs to the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. What I have set down does not pretend to be a first-hand transcript of his highly charming talks with this Belgian workman. It is the merest outline.

It is information of a kind that ought to give pause to one-sided Congressmen who see only one side of a very large subject.

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