



MR. PEPYS IN THE WEST

*His Opinion of a Piece of Protectionist Camouflage
---and of the Senate---A Morning Mischance*

for a few days; and so I asked him to come to my house and help me "back it," and he agreed to do so. In his office I picked up a Minneapolis paper, and mightily interested to read therein about Mr. Henry Ford, the automobile maker of Michigan, and now he is a candidate for the United States Senate. This is what Mr. Ford thinks about Protective tariffs (or, as Mr. Jorkins prefers to say, Productive tariffs):—

The men who want a high protective tariff are the ones who are trying to get away with poor quality goods or to make a larger profit than they are entitled to.

Mr. Ford says, moreover:—

Nobody should be allowed to hold more land than he can profitably use. I do not believe that anyone should be permitted to hold land out of use.

In regard to the railroads of the

assembled, in 1867, it consisted of seventy-two Senators; now it numbers ninety-six. And of the whole number of more than three hundred Senators since 1867, not more than five, at the most, have been men of any historical importance. They were George Brown, Sir John Abbott, Sir Mackenzie Boell, Sir Oliver Mowat and Sir Richard Cartwright. What others are to be added to the list? None.

There is ample accommodation for newspaper men in the Senate chamber; but none of them think it worth while to attend and listen to the Senators; who, indeed, hold only short sittings, and often take a day off altogether. A salaried employee of the Senate furnishes, free of cost, summaries of the Senate discussions to all the newspaper representatives in Ottawa; but the

Most men (even the man who used to labor under the delusion that he could never save a dollar) can save, or increase their savings, when the necessity of Thrift becomes more vivid to them and stronger than the pull of their customary desires. Now, as never before we are living in days when we are counselled to Thrift, not merely by the Wisdom which at all times gives that counsel, but by Decency and by Patriotic Duty.

United States, Mr. Ford says:—

I do not believe that the people are going to be willing to let the railroads go back into the hands of the crowd that were running them for their own benefit, after the war.

And he sums up his principles and convictions about the proper functions of a Government by saying:—

Whatever will open up greater opportunities for comfortable, happy living for the ordinary man, and teach him and his family how to make the best use of those opportunities, is the proper function of the government. It should not be any part of the government's concern to help men make great profits or to enable men to live and grow rich without serving humanity.

Thoughts on the Senate at Ottawa

Thinking over these utterances of Mr. Henry Ford, I marvelled greatly in my mind thereat, saying to myself that

for any man holding such views and opinions as Mr. Ford's to aspire to a seat in our Canadian Senate would be the height of the ridiculous. It would be, indeed, unthinkable. But then, of course, our Senate is not elected by the people as the Senate of the United States now is. Nor is it even elected by the Provincial Legislatures, as the United States used to be elected by the State Legislatures until 1913, when a change was made by a constitutional amendment, and now the people choose their own Senators.

With us it is different. When a chair becomes vacant in the "upper chamber" at Ottawa, the Government in power appoints somebody to succeed to the vacancy and hold the chair down for the rest of his life.

In the half century which has passed since Confederation, more than three hundred men have been appointed to the Senate. When the Senate first

newspapers very seldom consider any of it worth printing; only rarely, indeed, does the Senate figure in the newspapers, and when it does, it is given only a small modicum of space and of printer's ink. But the country pays for the printing of a Senate Hansard, where all the talk of the Senators, year after year, is embalmed in a long array of portly volumes bound in calf.

The Record of the Senate

"Can you name half a dozen of the present Senators?" I asked Snagsby this evening. And he could not. Nor could I myself. Nor can any average Canadian from Halifax to Victoria. Nor, I make bold to say, has any average Canadian citizen at any time since the first Dominion Day in 1867 ever been able, if he were asked, to give the



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names off-hand of half a dozen Senators. One of the reasons why changes of Government have occurred so seldom in the Dominion is, beyond question, the Senate. The prospect of a life seat in the "upper chamber" has attracted to the Government in power strong supporters in the constituencies; the expectation of becoming a Senator has assisted greatly in party discipline, both

inside and outside the House of Commons.

When a change of Government did take place, and the new Government found its bills thrown out by a hostile party majority in the Senate, there has been talk of Senate reform; but as the older Senators died off, and supporters of the Government were appointed to succeed them that talk has always died down, so that by the time the Government has had a majority in the Senate, no more was heard of it—until the next change of Government, when there has invariably been a repetition of the whole performance.

Once the party in power has been in power long enough to have secured a majority in the Senate, that majority has gone on increasing as the Senators of the opposite party have died off, and the Senate has continued to be (until the next change of Government) "the most docile second chamber in the English-speaking world," as Mr. Porritt has called it, its only function being to say ditto to the party majority in the House of Commons.

Snagsby came in to-night when I had written thus far, and when I told him what I was writing, asked me if I meant to do a book about the Senate. And so I gave over writing, and began to talk of all manner of subjects; and sat up late, not observing how the time was passing.

A Matutinal Misadventure

Oct. 8.—I was not up betimes this morning as is my wont, but somewhat later than usual, by reason of my having sat up so late last night smoking and talking with Snagsby. On looking out of my bedroom window, to see what manner of day 'twas like to be, as it is ever my habit to do upon getting out of bed, I observed the newspaper boy (who was late, too) throwing the morning paper in at the front gate; and so great was my impatience to read the news of the War that I went down as I was (having only my night-cap and my night shirt on) to get the paper.

I opened the door, and was about to pick up the paper, when a sudden plaguey puff of wind carried it beyond my reach. I should then have taken from the stand in the hall an umbrella, or a walking-stick, and drawn the paper in with the crook thereof. But, instead, I resolved to dart out and get it; nor in my haste did I think to fix the catch-lock of the door; and no sooner was I out than the winds, blowing in a sudden gust, brought the door shut with a bang!

So shocked and stunned was I by the suddenness of my horrid plight that I knew not what to do, when I heard a boy on the street call out to the driver of a milke-wagon "Hey, pipe de gent 'wit' his bonnet and kimono on!"

And in the next instant the urchin called out to me, in a tone of alarm, "Say, mister, you better beat it aroun' to de back door! They's two ladies comin'!"

Glancing up the street, I saw that it was, indeed, as he had said. Two young women (on their way to their daily employment I doubt not) were approaching; but, by good fortune, so absorbed were they in their chatter (about the fashions and frills and furbelows and the like, I dare say) that they had not yet observed me; but were like to do any moment.

With a wild glance about me, I first endeavored, but in vain, to wrapp myself up in the morning paper; and then, in my desperation, I fled around the corner of the house; and as I did so, Snagsby, who had heard the front door bang, and had come to see what was the matter, opened it and looked out; and I heard him laughing loudly.

He let me in at the back door, and was still laughing. "It is a mighty good thing, Sam," quoth he, "that this is not a morning in mid-winter; for if you had chosen such a morning to go for a stroll in such attire, you might be froze stiff!" With much more of his chaffing of me.

W. J. H.

OCT. 7.—Up betimes, as I had to see my wife off on an early steamer-train to visit her sister-in-law in Regina. After I had seen her off I looked in at the Royal Alexandra Hotel; where, as it chanced, I met Mr. Jorkins, of Toronto, on his way back from his business visit to Vancouver. He greeted me warmly, and said it had been a pleasure to meet me on his way west in August and talk with me. The which did surprise me not a little at first, that he did say so; but soon I made out from his talk that when he had met me in August he had taken quite seriously things I had said which I meant to be sarcastic; so full was he of his own importance, and the importance of what he was saying, that he imagined I was agreeing with him.

"I am more than ever convinced, Mr. Pepys," quoth he, "as a result of my visit to the West, that the need is great of every possible endeavor being made to check the spirit of hostility in the minds of the common people against the ideas and purposes of us who are planning to make tariff protection still more secure. I have been pondering a great deal, on the train, over the problem of dealing with the West. For one thing, I have made up my mind that the word 'Protection' should never be used in connection with the tariff! We should always use the word 'Productive' instead. What we are working for we should always describe as a Productive tariff."

"Excellent!" quoth I, sarcastically.

"Excellent! I can conceive of no smoother piece of camouflage. It is worthy of Sir John Willison himself."

Mr. Jorkins Feels Flattered

"You flatter me, Mr. Pepys, I assure you!" replied Jorkins, swelling out his chest, and greatly pleased.

"Not at all, Mr. Jorkins, not at all," quoth I. "I spoke only of the smoothness of the camouflage. The trouble is that all the camouflaging of high tariff protectionism becomes transparent in our clear Western air, even when skilled artists are on the job applying the dope."

"Do you really think so?" he exclaimed in an agitated tone. "What you say confirms the apprehensions that have been forcing themselves upon my mind more and more every day I have been in the West. It is plain, and I shall have to tell our organization so, when I return to Toronto, that we must be prepared to spare neither money nor trouble in combating the pestilent economic delusions which, I do fear greatly, have become so firmly rooted in the prairie soil."

"Well, Mr. Jorkins," said I, out of patience, at last, that he should continue to think me one of his protectionist tribe, "you will not do it by saying 'Productive tariff' for 'Protective tariff.' When fiscal legislation is designed with the deliberate intention of extracting money from one man's pocket, and putting it into another man's pocket, you can give it new names, but that will not in the least change its moral character!" And with that I bade him good day.

The Views of Henry Ford

Luncheon with Snagsby, who told me that Mistress Snagsby was going out of town this afternoon to visit her mother