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OUR ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

The timely address by Mr. Pope to the members of the Rotary Club on "Our Measures of Value" with special reference to the varying value of the dollar has been much appreciated. Mr. Pope is peculiarly fitted to deal with this rather intricate and abstruse subject, for he has the faculty not only common with experts of being able to make his subject not only plain and understandable but absorbingly interesting. As our report—which was only part of his address—showed, Mr. Pope traced the causes of variation in the purchasing value of a dollar, and explained just why it was that we could get only about fifty cents worth of purchases for it now compared with pre-war days. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that our financial position might be worse. Sir Thomas White made the gratifying statement the other day that this country's financial position is much better than that of any other belligerent. Between the outbreak of war and the present time the Dominion has increased its gold holdings from \$91,000,000 to \$120,000,000, and the banks have increased

theirs by \$37,000,000. The Dominion note circulation in 1914 was \$112,000,000. It has been expanded to \$319,000,000. Thus our gold reserve is 36 per cent. of the total Government note issues. The Government has also securities for 51 per cent. of the issue making a total of 88 per cent. behind the issue of notes. In December, 1918 Britain's percentage of gold to notes was 25 per cent., and the other European countries were almost altogether on a paper basis. The United States held 65 per cent. gold and Japan 82 per cent. Both of these countries made enormous sales of commodities—receiving gold in payment, the United States during its period of neutrality obtaining about two billions in the yellow metal, and Japan never at any time being much engaged militarily. Our note issue per capita is about the same as in the United States and from one-half to one-tenth of what it is among all the other belligerents—excepting Britain. There is no question whatever of the soundness of our monetary position.

A LIBERAL EDITOR'S VIEW.

Sir Robert Borden has made the announcement we anticipated when through Sir Thomas White he intimated that he was returning to resume his position and had no intention of accepting any Imperial appointments, whether to represent the Empire at Washington or otherwise. At the same time Sir Robert states that he must first finish the work he has to do at the Peace Conference. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. John W. Dufour, editor of the Manitoba Free Press, the most important Liberal newspaper west of the Lakes—who has just returned from Paris, where he represented the Canadian Press—has similar patience with the narrow criticism heard in Toronto concerning the presence of Sir Robert Borden at the Peace Conference. Those who say that the Canadian delegates have no real influence at the Conference, and that they would be well advised to contract themselves out of the society of Na-

tions are reluctant to face the realities of the situation. Mr. Dufour is right in saying that there is no domestic question that can be weighed in the same balance with the issues that await settlement in Paris. The future status of Canada and the other self-governing dominions within the Empire is at stake. He is right also in insisting on the high reputation of Sir Robert abroad and on his power to "get things done." It was Sir Robert's protest which brought the French delegates to realize the necessity of speeding up the peace terms; and it was at his instance that second place was given to the League of Nations. Let the terms of peace be signed as early as possible; if agreement be reached in time on the League of Nations good and well—it may be incorporated, but do not hang up the peace treaty waiting for congress or any other legislature to agree to the international enactment of an ideal.

A MARKED DISTINCTION.

At the instance of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the editor of the weekly publication "Editor and Publisher," is visiting England to investigate the newspaper system of that country on both its editorial and business sides. What has impressed the visitor most is the reticence and lack of boastfulness on the part of the British press and public. He writes to the Daily Mail that he has been three months in England, and never once read or heard any one claim that Britain was instrumental in winning the war. He has read and heard credit being given to Allies and overseas dominions—but he has yet to read or hear credit being taken by the British for having done anything unusual. He then recalls some of the achievements of the British, and asks were ever the finer national British characteristics better displayed to the world than by this self-forgetfulness in the hour of her greatest triumph?

Contrast this with President Wilson's recent oration at Boston, when he claimed among other things that America was the only disinterested nation; Americans were not like other soldiers; they had a vision—they had a dream, and they were fighting in a dream, and fighting in a dream they turned the whole tide of battle, and it never came back. As a matter of cold fact, the Americans did very little fighting; what they did was done bravely though no one else detected anything dreamy about their operations. All this self-praise by the elected head of the American Republic is distasteful to the majority of thinking Americans. The New York Sun dismisses the claims of the President as "a mawkish vision" and says the nation went into the war at the eleventh hour to save themselves and the Allies. Let it rest at that.

Trapped in a Sunken Submarine

Tons of water pressed down on the hatch. How could he escape? Recollection of an old physics lesson saved him from death.

By Joseph Brinker In the Popular Science Monthly.

This is the story of a restless English schoolboy who listened wearily as his teacher talked Boyle's Law and Archimede's Principle. What was Boyle or the laws that gasses and liquids under pressure obey to him.

The time came, ten years later, when they meant life or death to him. It happened during the war, when he was one of the crew of a British submarine.

His boat was lying idly on the surface of the water. All the officers and crew except himself were enjoying a holiday ashore. He went below to work in the engine-room, and left the conning-tower hatch open. Then something happened—the young man never knew just what—and the boat lurched down by the bow.

He thought of the conning-tower hatch, and rushed forward to close it. But the water was already pouring in with such force that he was unable to accomplish his purpose. He returned aft to the engine-room, and locked himself in by means of a water-tight door which separated the boat into two compartments.

He was safe temporarily, but the other half of the boat was filling with water, and the submarine was sinking lower and lower.

The engine-room was in complete darkness, due to the short-circuiting of the electric system. Everything touched shocked him.

The salt water on the storage batteries generated suffocating chlorine gas. He rushed blindly at the engine room hatch and tried to force it open. But his strength was no match for the pressure of the water outside; and even if he had been able to open it he would have been no better off, for the water would have rushed in and drowned him before he could possibly get out.

Realizing that his last chance was gone, he grew quite calm, and, as is the custom of dying folk, reviewed things he had done and those he ought not to have done while here on earth.

As he came to that day in school when he unwillingly learned of pressure, he stopped. Water, gas, pressure—what about them?

Then he remembered that, in the case of a body submerged in water the combined force of the gas within and the strength of the body material must equal the force of the water without, or the water would crush the body in. Just so—the combined force of the air in the submarine and the steel of the hatch equalled the force of the water pressing down on it. If he could make the force of the air in the boat equal to the pressure of the water on the boat, then the hatch would be relieved of the strain of holding off the water, and would be easily lifted.

How could he increase the force of the air? Then he thought of Boyle's Law, which he had been forced to memorize on that long-ago school-day—the volume of a gas varies inversely with its pressure. If he decreased the volume of the gas in the submarine, he might increase the pressure enough to make it equal that of the water. This, then, the hatch would be in equilibrium and consequently easily moved.

His next problem was how to decrease the volume of the air. There was only one way to do this—by letting the water in. If he did that he would be taking a last desperate chance or he did not know how much compression the air needed before it would exert a force equal to that of the water outside. If this failed him he would drown without a doubt.

He decided to take the chance. Scrambling in the dark, he opened the bilge-valve and let the water in. As it rept up about his waist he philosophically decided that he would much rather drown than suffocate, anyway. But when it reached his waist he grew somewhat nervous and thought he'd better try the hatch.

He pushed against it, and it opened slightly; but it slammed shut again, crushing his fingers for the pressure of air was not yet enough to resist the water without the aid of the hatch.

Nursing his injured fingers, he waited stoically until the water in the engine-room reached the hatch coaming. Then, with just his head above water, his eardrums strained from the compressed air, he made a final attempt to raise the unwilling hatch. His patience, bravery, and coolness were rewarded. At last the air was compressed enough to equal the force of the water, and the hatch moved easily.

After helping him thus far, physics decided to see him through. The compressed air in the submarine revelled the water which was trying hard to pour in and drown him. The air shot upward with great force, taking the air along with it to the surface of the water leaving him there, breathless.

After he had righted himself, he shaken the water from his eyes, he looked about and saw, a little distance away, a friendly destroyer, which soon picked him up.

Such an experience must surely prove on any man a great respect for school teachers—and fate.

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SAFETY OR VICTORY.

Jellicoe at Jutland.

Mr. A. H. Pollen, the eminent naval historian and critic, in the Weekly Dispatch, commenting on Lord Jellicoe's account of his handling of the battle fleet at Jutland, drew attention to—

"The singular contrast presented by Lord Jellicoe's and Admiral Denny's conduct. The latter seemed from the beginning to be fighting for victory; the former seemed to be occupied solely with the safety of his fleet.

"In the course of forty pages...no (Lord Jellicoe) gives reasons, some strategical, some technical, why, in his judgment, it was altogether wrong to run the risk of materially reducing the strength of the Grand Fleet in a battle with the Germans; why, in fact, he did not intend to fight if it meant serious risks. In his account of his action he shows how at every moment this consideration guided his every move.

Mr. Pollen says that the effect of Lord Jellicoe's method of deployment at 6.16 p. m., "was to take the whole fleet... out of action altogether." At a later period of the battle, when faced by a German destroyer attack, he a second time "promptly turned his fleet away, thus opening the range to the Germans by nearly 2,000 yards. Contact was never recovered."

Mr. Pollen concludes: "Victory was thrown away on May 31 by deployment and refusal to face the torpedoes.

"What will the verdict of history be upon these events and the man responsible for them? Well, it will be an impartial and an impersonal verdict, for the man is clearly above and beyond criticism. He has told his story with such unparalleled frankness, he has thrown himself so completely on the generosity of his readers, that no harsh word or epithet can ever be employed against him. If he was wrong his error has cost this country and Europe an incalculable price. But he has given all his reasons for his actions, and if he is condemned it will be out of his own mouth."—London Daily Mail.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. Louson

A PLACE CALLED HOME

You love to live in Paris
 Jack wants to visit Rome.
 But I shall hit the highroad
 For a place called Home.

I used to hate the farming
 When I was just a boy,
 And wanted to go forever
 From the state of Illinois.

But I have been in Flanders
 Where land was ploughed instead
 With shells, and in the furrows
 Shone a little pool of red.

I used to feel that father,
 Was pretty hard on me;
 That mother might have understood
 The longing to be free.

But when you've been through fighting
 And gas, and bomb, and shot,
 You know a fellow's people
 Mean a devil of a lot.

So you can stay in Paris
 And Jack can visit Rome.
 But I shall hit the highroad
 For a place called—Home.

—Nan Reed in Leslie's.



THE "DEEP BREATHING" ENGINE

Undoubtedly the most important respect in which the light weight, high speed, high duty vehicle engine of today excels the heavy, slow speed engine, of low weight efficiency, produced a half dozen or so years ago is that the former is a "deep breathing engine," and the latter is not. The ideal engine, in this respect, is the one that can take into each cylinder, during each cycle, the full weight of mixture which the cylinder will hold at atmospheric pressure and temperature and do this no matter how fast it runs. No engine ever built will actually accomplish this, but many recent engines go a long way toward doing it and run to very high speeds before their "breathing" begins to become "shallow," the weight of charge taken becomes much less than normal and pulling power markedly falls off. "Deep breathing" has been secured by reducing the resistance to the escape of the exhaust gases and to the entrance of the fresh gas, in other words, by adopting valves of extremely large areas lifted from their seats very quickly and to an adequate distance, by making use of intake and exhaust piping of liberal area, smooth interior surface and freedom from unnecessary bends and by making the

path of the charge entering the cylinders and the exhaust leaving them, as direct as possible. Engines with four valves per cylinder are engines that are sought to be made "deep breathing" in order that the utmost output may be gotten out of a cylinder of given volume and weight. Hardly had designers succeeded in improving the respiratory qualities of engines, as above outlined, when new conditions arose to complete the situation. Commercial gasoline, becomes so involatile that only at a rather high temperature could it be retained in combustible mixture with air. But if, in order thus to secure effective vaporization, engines must be fed heated and considerably pre-expanded mixture, they cease to be "deep breathing engines" for they cease to inhale cylinderfuls of the utmost weight that the piston displacement ought to hold and they operate more like engines at great altitudes, with considerably reduced output. In a word, if we don't heat the mixture hot enough, the heavy "cond" of the fuel pass through unburned in the exhaust or deposit in the lubricating oil, and if we raise its temperature high enough to insure a dry mixture, the output of the engine is likely materially to be reduced, through the restriction of charge weight caused by pre-expansion.

Questions of general interest to motorists will be answered in this column, space permitting. Address: Albert L. Clough, care of this office.

The Atlantic Fleet.

New Haven Register:—"Some one of these mornings the world will wake up to read of a transatlantic flight, for

which so many contestants, and press agents are busily preparing. The night has passed out of the realm of a possibility into that of probability with the advance in aviation made possible by the war."

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| 27.50 | 18.50 | 16.50 |
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