

"You bet it is, Danny," I said. "But go on."

"I'm going to," he declared. "I've got to make you see, Dan, what has been going on in this cavern—aye, and for years before in the brain of the Chief. You know what happens when you ionize a gas?"

"You turn it into a conductor of electricity," I suggested.

"Crude, crude," said Dan, "and I wish for the sake of brevity your description would serve. You make it, as a matter of fact, an electrolyte, bringing it into a dissociated condition of oppositely charged positive and negative ions. These little fellows, the ions, hop over to their opposite poles, making what's called an electric current. Well, you can ionize this aithon. I've seen it done to-night. I've also seen its quite distinctive spectrum. It ionizes comparatively easily. That would make you think aithon had some atomic system as we understand it now."

He broke off again to pace up and down the cave for a moment or two in silence.

"Let us imagine," he went on—"imagine the sun to be the positively charged nucleus of the hydrogen atom, and say—leaving out the remainder of the solar planets for the sake of convenience—that the earth is the single electron. Never mind the failure of the comparison as regards relative mass. Bring the mass of the sun down to the size of the nucleus of the hydrogen atom, and say that we could see its electron, the earth. Do you get me?"

"I get you, Dan," said I.

"Well? Have you nothing to ask me?"

"No," I said slowly. "Not a thing."

Dan looked at me with great pity.

"I embark on entirely unscientific analogies to meet the deficiencies of your education, and you reward me so," said he. "What about you, Milliken?"

"I'd ask you if the moon came into it at all," Milliken said with a grin at me.

"There is balm in Gilead!" said Dan. "That's the notion. On the principle of 'little fleas with lesser fleas'—how do we know that the electron, so called, is not like the earth, a minute system in itself?—held, it is true, by the nucleus? It has been proved beyond cavil in the laboratory next door that this new gas has mass—yet its atomic weight is demonstrably lighter than hydrogen—seven times less. Are we not brought to the conclusion, then, that beyond and within the present known system of the atom there is another, infinitely more minute in unit, and that that which we now know as the electron is to those units merely what the atom is to its electrons?"

Dan was still walking up and down the cave, but now he was shaking his loose change in his cupped hands, the old trick when excited. He turned to us with his eyes a gleam.

"For the last year or two," he went on, "much of my experimenting has been to discover why electrons varied in behaviour. The electrons of different radio-active substances, though nominally of the same mass and character, often failed to behave similarly in like experiments. I wondered why—why? I begin to think that with the discovery of this aithon we fringe on the cause. We may be on the point of solving that phenomenon which, for lack of a better name, we have called these many years the ether—that mysterious, supposedly intangible medium to which, through its conduction of the sun's energy, we owe our very life!"

II

"The ether!" cried Danny. "There's a thought to fire the imagination! What if it should arrive that we find the ether to be our standard for measuring matter? What if it should prove that the ether is composed of particles of matter infinitely smaller than

the electron as we now understand it? Proof of that would be far to upset our present ideas with regard to radiation, energy, light—eh, Jimmy?—eh, Milliken? Upset them—or else illuminate them still further!”

It would be unfair to Dan if I attempted to record his development of the theme as if in his own words. Looking back on what I've already written from memory of what Dan said, it doesn't seem at all up to the standard of his talk. I couldn't better it if I rewrote it, so it must stand. The subject is one on which I have but the slightest knowledge, and much that Dan said that night was completely over my head and Milliken's.

When I ask Dan, a very busy man nowadays, even to read what I have written of our conversation that night in the cave, he laughs and says that what I imagine he said will do well enough. If anyone wants accuracy there are plenty of text-books. So I have to give what garbled and hazy version of theory and discovery I must.

It appears that the discovery of the new gas by the Chief of the League came only as additional evidence of facts he had proved in years of secret experiment. The finding of the aithon—except in so far as the secretion and amount of it is concerned—surprised the Master very little. He had proved long before to his own satisfaction a fact that Dan had faint glimmerings of: that the atom with its system of nucleus and attendant electrons was the smallest unit of matter.

Isaac Newton, more than two centuries ago, put forward the hypothesis that light was simply the radiation of minute particles of matter from a glowing body—an idea, according to Dan, which modern scientists still valued as a startling suggestion from the old boy which anticipated later discovery. The scientists valued it, though they discarded it in favour of the wave or transverse vibration of the ether theory.

Light and energy, as far as I follow the reasoning, were inseparable. The light from the sun may come in waves, but waves cannot occur in a void. Matter of some sort is needed for the transmission of vibrations. The medium lying in space between the earth and the sun would therefore be matter. When the shipwrecked mariner put two watch glasses together with water between them, and focussed the sun's rays on his tinder, setting it alight—what did he concentrate? Light or energy? Newton would have said particles of matter. Maxwell or Hertz may have explained it on the electro-magnetic theory. But that, as Doc Peets of Wolfville would say, “is however.”

When hydrogen is bombarded by *alpha* particles, as shown by Rutherford in 1919, the heavier helium atom (minus its two electrons) sometimes has a head-on collision with a lighter hydrogen atom. The latter is repelled in the same direction as that travelled by the *alpha* particle, but, having smaller mass and greater velocity than its repellent, travels further through the hydrogen gas than the particle that banged it could. These H-particles might possibly collide with other hydrogen atoms and so keep the ball rolling, as it were.

From similar phenomena in his own observation, the Chief was led to discard in part the later theory of light, and to go back to the Newton idea. He worked on the assumption that the heat of the sun, and its light, was transmitted through the material ether as varying forces of kinetic energy by a progression on the same principle as the H-particles were pellated through the hydrogen. Light came, not so much in waves as in particles at varying speeds, and the spectroscope registered not so much waves or vibrations but these particles at varying speeds. Beyond the power of the spectroscope's register lay the greatest force of all—or almost the greatest—the ultra-violet rays of the modern scientist. The tangibility, so to word it, of the ether, and its constant in-

terposition of its atoms in the path of the high velocity particles thrown off by the sun, gradually diminished the force of the particles and probably changed their character, thus saving the earth from the destruction inevitable if this mighty energy had reached it unhindered and unchanged. The ether, roughly speaking, acted on the majority of the particles like the plant that reduces the voltage of electricity for domestic uses. Though on the course of the long journey from the sun, through such a dense atomic blanket, more particles had collision than was the case with the *alpha* particles in hydrogen (since *alpha* particles travel only from 5,000 to 10,000 miles a second, while the *u-v* particles, with an infinitely greater range and greater voyage, started off with an immeasurably greater speed than the old conception of light speed: 185,000 miles per second) a countless number of the *u-v* particles won through. The cases of the *alpha* particles in hydrogen and the *u-v* particles in the ether were analogous in so far as both were heavier than the atoms on which they impinged, the *u-v* particles, however, being infinitely smaller than *alpha* particles.

As with all the series of rays thrown off by radio-active minerals which can be deflected in their flight by electric or magnetic fields, so it was discovered that these unseen rays from the sun could be shepherded—and not only shepherded, but *concentrated*. But in the first experiments with the rays from radium, where the highly important *alpha* particles were neglected for the more showy and more penetrating *beta* and *gamma* rays, beyond the ultra-violet rays in the new science was a varying ray less showy but infinitely more astonishing in its effects—the Neutral-tint ray.

In trying to explain the source of the energy contained in radium, the scientists of the early 'twenties pinned their belief on the more demonstrable and feasible theory that the energy was inherent—thus discarding the apparently merely romantic notion that the source of its energy was cosmical. It was said, since

could not be proved otherwise by any known experiment, that the rate or progress of radiation from these new elements could not be speeded up, and that radio-activity could not be created, though it could be induced for a short period of life in certain compounds and elements brought into proximity with radio-active substances.

In experimenting, however, on radium bromide with the concentrated Neutral-tint rays from the sun, the Chief discovered that the salts became supercharged with energy, and threw off not only the previously known rays of the *alpha*, *beta* and *gamma* type at increased speeds, but other rays of a different nature, still unnamed at the time of writing.

Uranium—supposed by the experimenters of the early 'twenties to be the parent of radium—also was subjected to the new rays, and in a day or two had thrown off an appreciable Uranium X emanation, which crystallized into pure ionium, apparently missing two transition periods. The ionium threw off all the new rays seen in the treated radium bromide, and in a few hours it also deposited a film on its container. That film reacted chemically as pure radium! Thus, into a few poor days of human life, the Chief packed the work which normally occupies nature over eight thousand million years!

The ultimate result of his treatment of the radium was its reduction through the various known stages to polonium and lead. The uranium and other radio-active elements were, in relation to the intense radio-activity of the sun, just what elements capable of induced radio-activity were to radium. The radio-active elements were only substances peculiarly adapted for storing and throwing off the energy of the Neutral-tint and other radiations of the sun.

The decision of the earlier experimenters, neither that the rate of radiation from active substances, nor that radio-activity could

be produced artificially, was upset by these discoveries of the Chief and by his later experiments on non-active substances. With a weak concentration of the *N-t* ray on Boron, which was of the normal atomic weight 11, he succeeded in producing a Boron which was isotropic at 10. In the process, a zinc-sulphide screen, carefully insulated from the *N-t* ray, scintillated to the passage of electrons thrown from the Boron. With other elements, non-active normally, he found on subjecting them to the *N-t* rays that he could produce sub-rays very little different from the ordinary rays of radium.

So far, the experiments of the Chief had been made with the selection and concentration of the actual rays from the sun, and he set himself, since the new rays were demonstrably electrical in character, to the production of an artificial ray with the same powers. He succeeded. And in succeeding he discovered that the power of the ray was controllable in a way not possible when he had been reflecting the natural rays through the regularly spaced molecules of crystals. Here he came on an element of danger, for with his cathode of a special and still secret substance, he developed a power far beyond that of the natural rays. He found towards the highest power of his projector that he could energize the atoms of different elements to such an extent that he feared to exert the full power of the rays. But with middle variations of the power he was able to alter the atomic structure of any element and bring an actual chemical change.

He had, in fact, discovered the secret of transmutation!

Here was a mighty power! He subjected both actinium and thorium to a carefully calculated degree of his ray, making them when they reached the state D, expel *alpha* instead of *beta* particles—and the result was *gold!* It was an isotope of gold, no doubt, but it was perfectly stable, and to the ordinary reaction a gold that would pass in the markets of the world.

With this power in his hand, the Chief of the League of the Covenant was practically omnipotent. He had fathomed the deepest secret of nature and science. If he could make gold of that which was gradually resolving into lead by the slow processes of nature, he was also able by the touching of a screw to turn gold into lead. So far from upsetting the basic principles of radioactivity as understood by his scientific confrères, his work in the main went to support and confirm all their theories and generalizations—except that none had believed the power to effect the changes was attainable. But the apex of his power was that he could unshackle the energy of the atom—yet even he dreaded the full exertion of this power, lest once begun he could not stop the process. The consequence of unloosing that power might readily mean the destruction of the earth or even of the universe.

III

Long into the night Danny talked to us, enfolding mystery on mystery, and the further he went the deeper grew the amazement of Milliken and myself. Our little comrade held us enthralled. He seemed at times to grow in stature, and his voice, normally slight and a trifle stammering, became almost sonorous. He never faltered.

Thread on thread he gathered the various scientific issues that had bewildered us, and he wove them into a close pattern. The power that was in the hand of the Chief was capable of the most astounding variation. The anæsthetizing gas, for example, the real composition of which is still a secret, though it is something akin to nitrogen, if infinitely more stable, was controlled, as we had believed. A ray of the *N-t* series was directed at it, and the atoms of the gas thrown into magnetic swirls, tractating one after the other to a central nodality. Where this nodality moved, the atoms followed in a state of high activity, always struggling to

reach the magnetic centre. The explanation of the tarnish of the gold, as far as I can remember, was something after this fashion: That the *N-t* ray controlling the gas was of such a character that it was inclined to rob the gold atom of something over a hundred positive charges, turning a slight outer skin to an isotope of copper, which was then affectable by the anæsthetic gas.

Another of the *N-t* rays, properly graded, had an effect on the electric current of internal-combustion engines—or indeed on any electrical current—which so changed the character of the current used for firing the gasoline vapour that a spark could not be produced between the points of the plugs. The intermittent recovery of the *Merlin* engines when we were sent down that day off Madeira was due, we were told, to the difficulty of keeping the ray on the engine as we hovered down, but for later use the ray was given a wider scatter, so to speak, and the trouble of aiming was obviated. Danny's cage would have been of little value, as the ray was intended primarily for the electrons passing through the engine's electrical circuit. Even the passing of a high-tension current through the cage would not have arrested the ray. It had enough power to pass beyond the cage.

"There it is, Jimmy," Danny concluded an explanation that had thoroughly absorbed both Milliken and myself till the break of day.

"That's the power that is behind the League of the Covenant. If the Chief chooses, he can upset the currency values right through the world. He can wipe out the stocks of gold and silver, or by reversal of the process he can produce the metals so cheaply that they will become valueless. Think of the chaos he could create! He could melt warships, destroy guns, reduce machinery to powder—the power beyond! Thank God the knowledge came to one of a spirit so benign!"

"Thank God indeed," I echoed with a queer feeling of rever-

ence. "Any man smaller of mind than he would have used his power for his own enrichment. It's a terrible power!"

"A terrible power," Dan agreed, ablaze with enthusiasm, "but properly used, what a power for good! The fall of Man, Jimmy, came from his use of the knowledge he had, not to think upwards and to ennoble himself, but to gratify the beast in him. That's what the Master dreads. Through all the history of science, each new discovery has been prostituted for the support of material, and even evil, purposes. Take radium. It was immediately pinned on for the creation of an industry—and what did they do with it when they got it. They illuminated gun-sights for the destruction of human beings! In the European War the price of radium went up a hundredfold, and the people who discovered it and might have turned it to helping humanity could not get enough of it for their experiments.

"The Chief will give his knowledge to the world—but he must have a guarantee that it won't be used for war. The power he will give, properly developed, can lead to the manumission of mankind. So far, Jimmy, man has been struggling along on the grudging supply of energy that nature allowed him—and his greatest need has been for energy. The Chief points the way to unlimited, boundless energy—but it must be used for man's ennoblement, and for that only. Before the secret shall be prostituted to mean ends, the Chief will destroy the earth—aye, and world beyond. And he is right!"

Dan stopped his pacing about to throw out a hand with an impressive gesture.

"I'm not given to emotional utterance," he said slowly, "or to religious allusions, either—you know that, Jimmy Boon. But I will say that the airship of the League is justly and aptly named. It is truly the *Ark of the Covenant*—the ark of that new Covenant which will free man from the hard struggle for existence,

for because of that it is the very casket of arcana essentially holy."

Here was a different Dan Lamont. Our little comrade, although I never doubted the depths in him—even when I fooled with him in an ordinary childish rough and tumble—thrilled me in a way of which I never could have imagined him capable. Milliken, too, was affected. He sat on his bed, stockstill, and watched Dan open-eyed.

"I don't know how you feel, Jimmy—or you, old Milliken," Danny went on, "but I'm bound to tell you that I'm with the Master and the League of the Covenant heart and soul. He has trusted me. He has laid bare the innermost secrets of his power, such secrets that none else will hear—and I swear here and now that the Chief has not trusted me in vain! I'm with him. And if he were to die to-morrow, before the accomplishment of his task, the realization of his big dream—I'm here to say that it would be my great honour to carry out his idea to the very end—God helping me. So there it is, Jimmy—there is it, Milliken. I'm turning my coat, if you like—deserting. I'm crossing to the other side!"

For a minute or two Milliken and I sat in silence, and we both looked on the ground. Then Dan came over to us, suddenly the dear, lovable boy again—almost a kid.

"Do you blame me, fellows?" he pleaded. "Do you, Jimmy?—you, Milliken?"

Well—for answer I did what I've never done before or since—hugged a man. I got up to my feet and squeezed the little fellow in my arms.

Milliken, less emotional, perhaps, just wrung Danny's hand. But my mechanic was black in the face—so I gauge that if his method of expression was different, his feelings were very similar to my own.

CHAPTER THREE: *The World at Bay*

I

FROM the day, in the middle of June, of our capture by the League, until that night when Dan Lamont partially revealed the secret power of the organization, and declared his adherence to the cause of the raiders, a month had elapsed. Throughout that period the League had been very active. We saw the great airships depart and return successfully several times, and we heard that Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, Berne, and some of the manufacturing cities of France and Britain had been raided.

From newspapers picked up in several of these towns it became apparent that the whole world was in a turmoil. None of the plans made for the destruction of the airships showed the slightest sign of success. Hordes of aeroplanes had been sent up against the airships, only to be sent down before they could approach within attacking distance. Nor were anti-aircraft guns of any value. The ship had such a power of stealthy approach and swift descent, that she was nestling over the buildings of the cities before the artillery could come into action, and the get-away was made so quickly that she was out of sight by the time the guns opened fire.

In each raid the ledgers and account books of banks and bond-houses were destroyed, together with heaps of securities representing millions of dollars, and the chaos that ensued in business was terrible. Public confidence was completely undermined, and business all over the world was at a standstill. Now there was no abstraction of gold from the banks and treasuries. The only

dola to the *Ark of the Covenant*—I, and they had seen the spectrum of the new gas aithon. They had seen proof after proof of the new force discovered by the Chief. And as he played with his instruments, so he played with the emotions of these grave scientists. He had them marvelling. He had them boyishly interested and keen to help him with his experiments.

For these men the question of whether there was to be peace on the earth or not was for the moment forgotten. To them the new discoveries were all, and their possible effect on a stubborn world was as nothing.

"It is beautiful, Torrance," Sir Walter Rutherglen had said, and had put his arm round the Chief's shoulders as round a loved brother. "It is beautiful. I congratulate you with all my heart. You have made tyros of us all—eh, Boddy?—eh, Lamont?"

"Absolute plodders, Rutherglen—hewers of wood and drawers of water," Boddy had agreed warmly. "The most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Don't you agree, Lamont?"

"I have seen it before," Dan had replied, "but I haven't lost the thrill yet. A revelation!"

"Dot's der word, Lamond," a Dutch physicist, one Harpenkuypt, had agreed. "Id is indeed a revelation. Oh, peaudiful! Peaudiful! Pud, Dorrance, my very goot friend, you will show us der effect of your ray on golt, eh? You bromised."

"Yes, I should like to see that," Sir Walter Rutherglen had exclaimed, and added hastily. "But not as a proof, my dear Torrance. We do not need that, I fancy. Just as an interesting experiment."

So they now stood in a group, these men of science, round the frail little man in the shabby black suit, in the grounds behind the White House. In a wide circle further off stood the statesmen of the nations, not quite sure what was going to happen, but deeply interested.

Above the gathering was poised the *Ark of the Covenant*, and from it ran down thick armoured cables for electricity. These connected up to one of the box-like ray-projectors which sat, oddly enough, on a plain deal chair, such as might have come out of a kitchen.

A little distance away, on a sheet of lead, a block of pure gold was set, one of the ingots taken from the Bank of England in April. It had been brought down from the airship.

Little Thetford was working at the box, and Dan was helping him, both flushed with excitement, and curiously alike with their fair hair and their terrier-like eagerness.

The Chief finished his explanation, and the scientists stood back, nodding to each other gravely.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked the Chief.

"Just a moment, Torrance," said Professor Boddy. "We haven't an electroscope here—and a fluorescent screen would be of little use in this light. Now, what might one use to detect these subsidiary rays? Ah!"

He broke off and walked over to where a young foreign military attaché stood, in a gorgeously tasselled uniform.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Professor mildly, "but that tassel on your lanyard, cord, sash—whatever you call it—it seems to me to be silk?"

"I think it is," said the astonished attaché.

The Professor took out a pocket-knife, very much blackened by tobacco.

"I'd like to have it, please," he said simply, and held out the knife.

"But—but—it will ruin it!" blurted the attaché.

"Pooh! Tut! It won't hurt it, young man. I merely want to see the effect of the subsidiary rays. Your mother will sew it on again for you!"

And with the greatest nonchalance the Professor snipped the long tassel from the soldier's shoulder-knot.

"Excellent! Excellent!" breathed Professor Boddy. "Now, go ahead, Torrance. I'll electrify the tassel with my tobacco pouch."

"It won't work, Boddy," said the Chief. "Negative charges will predominate in this experiment."

"Let me see, now. Gold—lead. Why, of course they must," the professor muttered. "Bless my soul! How stupid of me!" He crossed to the red-faced attaché. "Young man," he said, "here's your tassel! I don't really need it."

The demonstration might have been likely to degenerate into a comic interlude, but the unamused acceptance of their confrère's eccentricity by the men of science rescued it from such a fate. Professor Boddy was taken quite seriously.

The Chief raised his hand to the airship and turned an indicator screw on the projector. There was something of a crackle from the box—and that seemed to be all.

But, lo! On the sheet of lead the ingot of gold was paling! It appeared to quiver for an instant, silver-like in colour, then it suddenly fell into fluid that ran in bright splashes about the sheet, greying as it ran.

Rutherglen, watching the change through a little angle-shaped instrument provided him by the Chief, gave a gasp.

"The green bar of thallium, by gad!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Rutherglen," the Chief said calmly, "but not thallium now. *Lead!*"

He turned back the screw, then held up his hand to the airship.

The scientists crowded over to the leaden sheet, followed by the politicians, and Rutherglen stooped to pick up one of the small blobs of now solid metal. It was hot, and he tossed it about from one hand to the other. Others followed his example.

"Lead it is, by gad!" said Sir Walter tensely.

"Yes, lead!"

"Wonderful!" said the German scientist, Steinmetz. "Bud id in no way broves dot der League of dis Covenand has der absolute bower you suggesd!"

"I agree with Professor Steinmetz," said a precise little Japanese, with envy peeping out through his politeness. "The power of the League is not yet proved."

"Nonsense!" said Rutherglen brusquely. "Think of that ray on a battleship!"

"You shall have ample proof, gentlemen," said the Chief softly.

Once more he held up his hand and waved it to the airship. The *Ark of the Covenant* came lower, and the gondola came down from it.

"May I trouble you all to come back to the ship?" asked the Chief.

"What's up, Danny?" I whispered. "What is the Chief going to do?"

"Nothing," said Dan. "Mathematical details."

He gripped my arm and shepherded me with the rest into the gondola. Once aboard the ship, the scientists trooped into the Chief's cabin, and disposed themselves about the place.

"Gentlemen," said the Chief, "I keep back nothing but the nature of the cathode producing the rays, and certain details the secrecy of which I must preserve. I ask you, Sir Walter, and the rest of you, to examine these papers."

No word was spoken in the cabin for the next hour. Sir Walter sat at the table, and when he had finished with one paper he handed it on, and took another from the Chief. Now and again some man would sigh or grunt over a point grasped, but

these slips of paper, apparently torn from a child's writing-book, riveted their attention.

At last, the Master held only one single sheet. Sir Walter disposed of the preceding one, and held out his hand.

The handsome old Englishman took one glance at it, frowned deeply, then figured a little on a scrap of paper by his side. Red suffused his face as he stood up and held out his big white hand to the Chief.

"Yes, by gad, Torrance," he half-whispered. "Yes! It makes the brain reel—but, yes!"

The paper passed from hand to hand until at last it came to Steinmetz and the Jap. When they looked up, Rutherglen spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "the game is up! The League of the Covenant has won! David Torrance, I congratulate you as a scientist on the most marvellous single-handed piece of research that the world has ever seen, and as a man on the greatest discovery that has ever helped mankind to raise itself from the mire!"

He turned to the gathering.

"Gentlemen, we must be unanimous in expressing our view to the conference. Are we agreed?"

"Id is inevitable," grunted Steinmetz. "David Dorrance, I salute you! We are sgool-children combared with you. Hoch!"

"Do you return with us to the conference, Torrance?" Sir Walter asked gently, for it was evident that the little Chief was almost spent.

"No, Rutherglen, no. Lamont and Seton will speak for me. I shall see you by and by."

They trooped out to descend from the airship, and as I reached the door last of all, I turned almost instinctively. I had just time to run back and catch the Master before he fell.

IV

For the next three days Seton faced the conference alone. In vain did the delegates throw themselves against the stone wall of the big man's imperturbability. They would have pared down the scheme of disarmament set out by the Chief, but Seton was inflexible, perhaps all the more inflexible because his leader lay unconscious in the cabin of the *Ark of the Covenant*.

None of the delegates knew that the Chief of the League could not appear. They thought that he was by his instruments in his airship, ready to enforce the will of the League. Only the President, Lord Almeric, Sir Walter Rutherglen, and Kirsteen, outside those attached to the League, knew the real state of affairs, and in the conference the three men, with the Earl of Dunfour, steadily supported Seton. Kirsteen sat by the side of her father, as did Dan Lamont, once he had stated the scientific case for the League.

Steadily, point by point, Seton fought his battle, winning all along the line. And when the last paragraph of the scheme of disarmament had been agreed to, he set out further points concerning the League of the Covenant.

One of the ships of the League, with all her instruments intact, was to be handed over to an international board, and she was to be used only for enforcing on recalcitrant nations the rulings of the New League of Nations for Peace. She was to be permanently berthed in Washington.

In the hands of an international science board, presided over by Dan Lamont, as nominee of the League of the Covenant, the discoveries of the Chief were to be made public under sufficient guarantees that the power they embodied could not be misused.

The members of the League were to be immune from any prosecution on the score of the operations of the League. They