The Psychologist and The Magician— A Psychological Study in Story Form

By Ernest C. Rodwick (1920)

Part I

In the early part of the Twentieth Century (or, to be more definite, in 1910) when the educational world was challenged to unravel the mysteries of what is known as Magic or Black Art, the faculty of Heidelberg University became greatly interested in the subject, and much discussion followed among the learned men as to the utility of investigating such a subject.

Some claimed that in view of the fact that a thorough investigation would necessitate a continued residence of experts in a foreign country, whose time and energies at home could be given to more practical problems, and therefore, of greater benefit to man; that, therefore, they would not entertain the idea of an investigation of this sort. Others thought that even though they had means to squander in such a frivolous research, the game would be found to be not worth the candle.

Herman von Scholtz, Professor of Science, was favorably disposed toward the investigation, he thought they would be amply repaid by adding to the store of scientific knowledge, either from the discovery of new facts, or by the revealing with certainty the trickeries of the art, or by proving or disproving certain psychological theories he had in mind, which theories would account for the abnormal phenomena revealed or seemingly revealed by the Magician. Also, that in view of his interest in the subject, he was willing to exile himself in the wilds of India, if the Directors would bear but half the expense until he should be able to scientifically account for the Magician's art.

With such enthusiasm shown by one of their ablest scientists, the Regents lost no time in electing Doctor von Scholtz to represent the University in the investigation of the Art of India's Magicians.

Von Scholtz was a "big" man, both mentally and physically, muscular, but not fleshy, straight as an arrow; a great scholar, a keen observer.

In youth he was known as "Dare-Devil Scholtz" and his badly scarred features, injured by saber thrusts, bore witness that he was no stranger to punishment.

Von Scholtz decided to "beard the lion in his den" and he immediately set sail for India, the home of the Magicians. Could he have foreseen the difficulty and weird experiences he was destined to encounter, it is probable he would have said, "Let Bill do it."

Professor von Scholtz was considered one of the ablest scientists of Europe, and was well qualified in every way to undertake the hazardous work before him. Arriving at Bombay, and seated on the veranda of the leading hotel of the city, the Professor heard someone call his name. On looking around, he saw George Blake, a young English officer, who had been a few years previously a student at Heidelberg, approaching with outstretched hand, saying: "To what good luck do we owe this pleasure ?"

The Professor, rising, greeted the young officer, and soon made his mission known. "To be brief," said von Scholtz, "I've come to study, to unravel, to explode or to explain, scientifically, if possible, the extraordinary performance of India's magicians; but first, I wish to make the acquaintance and win the confidence of an adept in this line. I cannot afford to waste time with a tyro. I want a real problem to solve, if they are capable of giving me one. You understand what I mean? What is the prospect? What do you know about their magic ?"

"Well," said Blake, cautiously, "there are some magicians here in this city who perform feats, or reveal what seem to be remarkable phenomena, beyond me to explain. The greatest expert among them, or rather the one to whom many go for instruction, gave a performance, here in the city just three days ago. He lives in Northern India. He was to have left the city today. They say he gives a performance in a certain cave, known as Black Cat Cave, up in the

Himalaya Mountains, that members of his own cult cannot follow and keep their sanity. I have heard of some of his followers leaving the cave for very fear before his performance was fairly begun. The Magician himself claims that there is no man living who can go with him from the mouth of the cave to the end and back again, when once he has started his performance.

"If you think this man will interest you I'll phone and find out if he has left the city." "Do be so kind, Mr. Blake," said the Professor. "Time will drag while I wait." Blake hurried to the hotel phone, and having satisfied himself, returned with the information that the great Magician would leave on the 5:15 train for his home in the north, that he could not change his plans, but that he would be delighted to meet Professor von Scholtz.

Blake took out his watch and said, "We have a good half hour to make the train. It is now 4:45." Professor von Scholtz was quick to see his opportunity; he decided to take his baggage with him to the station, so that in case he could not persuade the Magician to stop over in the city another fortnight, he would in that case go with him, if it were even to go half way round the world.

Accordingly, von Scholtz made known his intentions to Blake, who lost no time and soon had a conveyance at the Professor's disposal.

When they arrived at the station, they found the Magician waiting. "Marbado," said Blake, greeting the Magician, "shake hands with Professor von Scholtz, my friend and former instructor, and one of the world's leading psychologists, and I may add" (turning to the Professor) "that Marbado has no peer in India as a magician."

The two distinguished men greeted each other. Professor von Schultz got right down to business and offered to pay Marbado liberally if be would remain in the city another fortnight, that he might have an opportunity to witness his performances.

Marbado could make no alterations in his plans, but instead invited the Professor to go along with him, "Providing," he said, "you are sure your trip will not prove useless, for it is but fair to warn you that any man who will undertake to study me and my work must have nerves of steel and be a stranger to fear. So far, I have been unable to discover such a man."

"You will find me qualified," was von Scholtz's brief reply. The toot of the engine's whistle was the signal for "all aboard." With a farewell to Blake, the two experts boarded the train.

Their tickets showed that Rawal was their destination, about twelve hundred miles northwest, in the Punjab Province. The trip proved uneventful and somewhat tiresome to the Psychologist.

When they reached Rawal, Marbado secured mules and attendants to transport himself and companion and their belongings to the Indus River Trail into the rugged Himalaya Mountains still a day's journey further on.

They reached camp about 6 p.m.

The mouth of the famous cave was about a hundred yards from the camp. Professor von Scholtz felt the need of a good night's rest before permitting himself to witness the art of the Magician, and besides this, he wanted to go through the cave alone the next day to see that there was nothing of a tricky or deceptive nature about the cave or its contents.

The next day he satisfied himself on these points and he felt sure that whatever happened, or seemed to happen, it would be the result of his own thoughts, influenced possibly by the thoughts of the Magician. "Could he fully overcome the suggestions of the Magician?" He was not sure.

Nothing could be decided until the first test came, but of one thing he did feel certain, was that he could walk to the end of the cave and out again, if it were a physical possibility to do so, and this was the supreme test Marbado required and claimed that no man could perform save himself, when his performance once began and during its operation.

After von Scholtz had examined the cave, he swung his hammock near the mouth of it to watch that no one should enter until the Magician and himself should enter together. This was to reduce the possibility of fraud to the minimum.

"Well," said Marbado, approaching the alert scientist, "are you ready for the ordeal ?" "'Ordeal' is a strong word," said von Scholtz. "But I am ready. Have you no other instructions to give?"

"None," said the Magician, "except that you go to the end of this cave and out again regardless of what you will see, hear, feel or think, and regardless of what becomes of me. I assure you, however, that no bodily harm will come to you. The cave will be lighted by our own personal presence, but if you are in any doubt, or suspect any trickery, take your light with you, though you will find it a hinderance, as it will interfere with your vision.

"I'll hold on to it for a while," said the Professor, "and if I find it superfluous, I'll abandon it."

Such was the drift of their conversation as they approached the mouth of the cave. Just as the Magician entered the mouth of the cave, he sprang to one side, to avoid the stroke of a cobra that sprang at him. "These reptiles are most lively at night, Professor," he said, "and we are liable to encounter their den before our performance begins." This was something unexpected, and caused von Scholtz to hesitate for just a moment, when he essayed to jump over the serpent. "Wait, Professor, and take no chances; these reptiles are deadly," and as Marbado spoke, he hurled a rock and crushed the cobra.

The cave was about three miles long, according to von Scholtz's measurements during the day. When the two men were about a hundred yards inside, the cave lit up from some mysterious source to about the intensity of early dawn, so that it was possible for the two men to distinguish each other's features, so von Scholtz finding his torch superfluous, discarded it.

Marbado, still leading the way, again sprang suddenly aside and called to the Professor to look out for the cobra. Von Scholtz saw the floor literally covered with the poisonous snakes. Marbado advised retiring so as to give the cobras a chance to settle for the night, that they themselves could pass on unmolested and without interruption of the exhihition of his art.

The two men then walked to the mouth of the cave and sat until midnight, talking over matters of scientific import, thus giving the cobras, as von Scholtz supposed, a chance to settle back in their den.

This was an adroit move on Marbado's part, as it subtly suggested a simple and natural situation, liable to occur in any rocky region where reptiles abound. Marbado finally arose and said "I think, Professor, the cobras have settled for the night, and if we move cautiously we can get, by without disturbing them; then I can entertain you with my art." So saying Marbado led the way, his companion following.

When the leader had reached that part of the cave where the cobras had checked their progress earlier in the evening, he gave forth an unearthly yell, and fell. The Professor saw that a cobra had fastened itself to Marbado's right hand and from either side of the cave the venomous reptiles issued by the hundreds soon covering the prostrate body until it seemed one writhing mass.

Von Scholtz stood transfixed, horrified, yes, petrified with fear, but as we have noted before, he was not the man to yield for any length of time to any such emotions. He needed time for thought, so he withdrew to a safe distance to think the matter over, there being no time limit set for his task. If this were a natural phenomenon instead of an exhibition of magic, certainly he was justified in withdrawing from the cave, but if, on the other hand, it were but the first trick deftly executed by the Magician, his duty to science and to his own self-respect demanded that he should carry out his part of the program. This was a matter for him alone to decide. Again, if it were a mere trick, how could he ac-

count for the fact that his own senses were making false reports unless he conceded that he was already under the magician's spell? If the things he saw were real, and he attempted to pass further into the cave, his death would be certain and terrible. How should he, how could he, decide?

Von Scholtz looked at his problem from every conceivable angle; he recalled every circumstance of the early evening; the cobra at the entrance of the cave; the natural and suggestive surroundings; their conversation; Marbado's remarks and the killing of the cobra; and his own expectation of seeing Marbado perform his magic after they should have passed the cobra's den. All this convinced him that the Magician's work had already begun, and that he had been caught unawares at the very beginning. With this analysis, he tried to dehypnotize himself; at any rate, upon some such hypothesis he resolved to advance regardless of personal consequences.

As he again approached the prostrate form covered with animated venom, cold perspiration covered his person. He hesitated; there was but one passage; the cave was narrow, and if he advanced, it must be over the body of Marhado covered with the squirming serpents.

"These are not real cobras," said von Scholtz aloud, as if addressing Marbado, "and they have no place in a normal mind." And as he spoke, he walked straight over their yielding bodies, but he screamed with pain as the cobras struck from right and left, but he kept right on going until he had passed over them.

What an experience for a man in his right mind to pass through and still maintain his sanity! The Professor stood for a moment wiping the perspiration from his face while his heart beat like an approaching drum corps. He felt greatly relieved, however, and somewhat triumphant in that he had overcome the first barrier.

Again he proceeded farther into the cave, but he had not gone far when he saw Marbado walking ahead of him, as though nothing unusual had happened to him; he tried to overtake the Magician, but the Hindu maintained his distance without apparent effort.

Suddenly, a wall of rock was seen to stretch across the cave. Marbado passed through an opening, and the wall silently but immediately closed, leaving a solid barrier between the psychologist and the Magician. Von Scholtz knew this was not the end wall of the cave, for he had noticed during the day that it was formed of granite, while this obstructing wall was more of the nature of marble. Von Scholtz walked up to the wall and slapped it with his open hand, then he kicked it; then he picked up a rock and pounded it, but all to no purpose for the wall stood as solid as the mountain itself.

"I see my mistake," said the Professor, throwing away the rock as if disgusted with himself at his blundering. "To try to knock the wall down is to admit that it is there and but adds to its solidity by hammering away at it. The truth is, the wall does not exist as an objective fact. I should have walked on and not slapped, kicked and hammered at it; and I should have looked on it only as a form of thought which the Magician would have me accept as an objective reality, but which I deny." So saying, he closed his eyes and walked straight ahead and passed the apparent obstruction without hindrance, the wall disappearing as mist before the sun.

As von Scholtz hastened on deeper into the cave, he heard the voices of men some distance ahead of him. They seemed to be in distress; he peered into the gloomy distance in front of him and soon descried two men running toward him, pursued by a Bengal tiger. The man in front, in his haste to escape, brushed so close to the Professor that the learned man was knocked off his feet. When he arose, he saw the tiger had caught and was eating the other man, but a few yards from him.

The mangling of the human form was sickening. Instinctively the Professor started to leave the cave, but he did not go far when he began to realize that this was shirking his duty. So, facing about again, he reasserted himself

and leaving the evidence of his senses, advanced toward the scene of carnage. Not without difficulty, however.

Aside from the sight of the ferocious beast and his half-eaten prey, the sound of cracking bones in the ferocious jaws, one sense seeming to corroborate the testimony of the other, a hard proposition to get over. Yet, nevertheless, the scientist said, "These are also illusions," and in saying it showed his faith in his reasoning and advanced. But in doing so, he received a stunning blow from the tiger's paw, managing only to stagger past before he fell, rising as quickly, seeing neither beast nor his prey. They had vanished!

Encouraged by his continued success, he went deeper into the cave, wondering what he would encounter next and whether or not he could keep right on without hesitating and turning back at every fresh obstacle or supposed obstacle encountered.

He was beginning to feel quite confident when his attention was arrested, this time by four men, also about a hundred yards ahead, coming towards him, whose tools and dress indicated that they were miners. They were evidently amused at something, as they chatted and laughed, just as workmen are wont to do when their shift of toil is over. It all seemed so realistic, and after all, just what one might expect under similar conditions. He heard much of their talk and understood some of their coarse jokes. "This surely is not magic," thought the Professor, "but life itself." Still there was nothing like being prepared for surprises. Suddenly the earth trembled! The men stopped joking and looked serious and fear-stricken, and one asked his comrades in whisper "Was that an earthquake?" Almost immediately a still more violent shaking of the earth followed, a large boulder fell from the roof of the cave, crushing two of the workmen. The other two, terror-stricken, came rushing toward von Scholtz, but before reaching him they fell into a chasm that opened in the floor of the cave—this chasm doubtless the result of the earthquake! Their cries as they fell were heart-rending, but were soon hushed by the relentless fingers of Death. "Here is a real phenomenon, unexpected, sudden, unavoidable, and beyond the control of any magician," thought the learned man, "and this immense gap in the floor of the cave makes it a physical impossibility for me to get over it."

To cross the chasm was indeed a perplexity. When the earth had ceased trembling, von Scholtz climbed upon a large rock that had fallen near him and sat upon it for a long time with eyes half closed, his head resting against the side of the cave as if in deep thought. When at last he opened his eyes and climbed down from the rock, he said, "I know I take my life in my hands, but I'll try it." He walked deliberately up to the abyss and looking down, saw far below a fiery mass of molten rock and just above the molten mass he saw upon a ledge of rock the mangled form of one of the unfortunate miners, hanging as though ready to drop into the cauldron below where doubtless his comrade had met his fate. The sight only served to strengthen the testimony of his senses and he withdrew from the scene with a shudder.

He walked a short distance, still in deep thought. Time was passing and he must come to a decision. The thought of retreat was more and more distasteful to him since he had come so far; still he wanted to be sure he was right in distinguishing the real from the unreal. Again he turned toward the chasm, saying: "I must prove my faith in my own course of reasoning." So with a steady tread, he faced again the awful cleft, but as he looked down his courage once more failed him. He grew desperate, censuring himself for his weakness. With a tremendous effort, he set his jaw, clenched his fists, and setting out with a firm tread, this time looking upward, ignoring the sight beneath his feet, walked straight ahead. For an instant he felt a swimming sensation, but only for an instant, for instead of falling, he found the floor of the cave as solid as ever.

Von Scholtz knew he was nearing the end of the cave, so he hastened his steps.

How came that ball of light bounding and rebounding from the back of the cave? There was no time to reason about it for it came toward him with such force as to fell him to the ground so violently that he lay there a long time as one dead. Consciousness returning, however, he arose, and feeling no pain from the fall, walked straight to the end of the cave and placed his hand on the back wall, thus finishing one-half of the arduous and nerve-wracking task he had undertaken in the interests of science.

As von Scholtz faced about, ready to retrace his steps to the mouth of the cave, it was not surprising that he should heave a sigh of relief over the fact that he had accomplished something no man had ever done before. His experience in doing this, however, did not make him feel overconfident in his ability to return without great care and study of each condition he might now encounter. Moreover, he already felt greatly fatigued. He sat down a few moments to rest, inclined to give way to a feeling of drowsiness. He felt hungry, too, though thirst distressed him more.

Part II

As he sat leaning with his head against the wall of the cave, he was consuming a great deal of mental energy by trying to overcome his sense of weariness, and by trying to ignore the demands of physical appetites, and in this situation, he fell asleep.

When he awoke he heard the gentle splashing of water, he arose to investigate and found a spring of water issuing from the wall a few feet from him. His thirst was burning! Should he drink the water? Was this thirst genuine, or was it a false sensation superimposed by the thoughts of the Magician? He must get down to first principles and not be thrown off at a tangent.

The thing he had started out to do was not yet accomplished and all the sensations and appearances that hindered him from returning to the mouth of the cave were to be regarded as false and misleading, but any sensation or appearance that contributed to his well-being, though he knew it to be false, he would use if it were to his advantage to do so; for example: after having calculated the unusual amount of exercise he had made in coming through the rugged cave and the length of time he had been without water, he concluded his thirst was genuine, but having noticed the absence of water in the cave during the previous day, its presence was now an appearance only, and if he drank or seemed to drink, and the seeming water quenched, or seemed to quench his thirst, would this yielding to Marbado's suggested water prevent him from reaching the mouth of the cave? Or, again, if the seeming water appeared to quench his thirst, would not he be less fatigued than if he tried to get along without the water or tried to think he was not thirsty?

Some psychologists hold to the theory that the moment a subject yields to the suggestions of another, he virtually renounces his objective mind and becomes the obedient servant to carry out the will of another.

Von Scholtz accepted this theory with some reservations, namely; (a) that it depended somewhat upon the subject to be influenced; (b) upon the purpose the subject has in being influenced; (c) and upon what mental reservations he keeps while submitting to the suggestions of another.

The learned Professor held that if a subject knows definitely what he wants and is determined to get it at all hazards, that even though he submits to a suggestion unacceptable to reason, so that the objective mind of the subject is set adrift in an abnormal direction, the subjective mind will nevertheless not cease to carry out its own normal purposes during the time the contrary influence is at work.

It would be possible in that case for an individual to act as having two personalities working at cross purposes, the objective mind of the subject being obedient to the will of the suggester and the subjective mind of the subject carrying out his own will. In holding to this theory, Von Scholtz did not underestimate the art,

the skill, or the strength of Marbado. On the contrary, he had reasons aplenty to acknowledge them as potent factors to be weighed carefully before he would drink of the magic water. His mission was not only to convince Marbado that he could get to the end of the cave and out again, but that he was there also to study at first hand from a scientific standpoint Marbado's methods, and if he went out of the cave again as he came in by denying or ignoring the things he saw, he would be very little wiser than when he came in, so that in order to enter into a more thorough study of his subject he must abandon his subjective mind to Marbado's art, enter into the spirit of the occasion and follow the motives of the Magician. To do this he felt the purpose of science would be better served and the real genius of the Magician the better understood.

He was aware, of course, that life or limb, or both, were being jeopardized but in Von Scholtz's estimate, the scientist should devote his life to the finding of the truth, and if it were lost in its pursuit, it had served its purpose. So reasoning, he stooped and drank of the magic water and felt greatly relieved, but in looking about him he found himself in an open country; the cave was not visible to his senses.

To all appearances, the fields were green, the sky blue, the sun shone and the birds sang, the scenery was new, the landscape unfamiliar, the fauns were docile and numerous, and the flowers were beautiful and fragrant, the plumage of the birds brilliant, and their songs remarkable for sweetness.

But where was the cave? He arose to investigate. He had not taken many steps when he noticed behind a clump of bushes a banquet table spread for a feast with a tempting meal upon it. "This will serve my purpose as did the water," said the Professor and he sat down to eat. As he did so, he saw Marbado seated at the opposite side of the table. "Well, comrade," said Von Scholtz, addressing Marbado, "this is very thoughtful of you to spread such a feast in a wilderness of difficulties. It comes in just the nick of time. I was getting a little fagged."

"As a host," said the subtle Hindu, "I have been very neglectful of your comfort. You have been forty-eight hours without your usual necessities, but you seem to be prospering in spite of my neglect; you know the mind works best when the stomach has an occasional rest."

"You are right," replied the Professor. "We Germans are great eaters, but really, I had not thought of my needs until I reached the end of the cave, being so completely taken up with the fascinating study of your art."

Von Scholtz, having finished what he regarded as a feast, looked in the direction of Marbado, but the Magician had vanished.

Von Scholtz was not the man to be distracted from the problem before him. He saw everything, it is true, and noted its qualities for this was part of his mission, but the one great thing he had set out to do was not yet accomplished. Believing himself no longer in the cave, and searching as he thought in the open country for it, we must admit he had passed in a degree under Marbado's influence.

Could he regain the mouth of the cave now that he had submitted his subjective mind to be controlled by Marbado's suggestion? Let us follow him and see where his own subjective mind leads him and see if possible in what way the Magician controls his subjective mind.

After having partaken of the magic water and of the magic meal, we observe Von Scholtz has already lost his objective sense of locality in the fact that he does not know that he is still in the cave but he thinks he is in an open country, and his objective mind, controlled by Marbado, is wandering about in the shadows of the superimposed thought to find his way again into the cave.

Now to find how von Scholtz's subjective mind is working in connection with—and yet independent of—Marbado's influence, we must follow him and note his every act, and when he comes out of his hypnotic trance, or rather when again he is in control of his objective mind, he will tell us in his own words what were the

thoughts and influences that caused him to think, feel, and act in an abnormal way.

We see von Scholtz walking up and down the cave as though in a partial trance, first very steadily, but with hands up and fists closed and a foot and a half apart as if he were holding something such as a wheel which every now and then he would turn slightly to the right, then to the left. His countenance was serene as though he were contented, but soon he looked more serious as he turned the wheel more often, began staggering like a drunken man as he walked along within the cave. But as he neared the mouth of the cave, the contortions of his face, the quick turning to the right, then to the left, his sudden glance up to the roof of the cave and down to its floor denoted that his objective mind was greatly alarmed.

When he reached the mouth of the cave he fell over exhausted into a sound sleep.

While in this condition, Marbado found him and called his attendants to bring a stretcher and carry the Professor to his tent.

Evidently the Professor's subconscious self directed him through the cave to its mouth, while at the same time the Magician was using his influence to baffle the Professor's objective mind, causing the unusual antics of the learned man as he wended his way to his determined goal.

After Von Scholtz was allowed to sleep for some time, Marbado struck two loud raps on a gong to call him to dine. At the second stroke, Von Scholtz opened his eyes, looked around bewildered, took in the situation, then stretched out his hands to Marbado and said: "How did you do it, Marbado, how did you do it ?" The Magician smiled and said: "I might ask you the same question, Professor, how did *you* do it? You went to the end of the cave and out again and I did my best to stop you, but you won. Now tell me how you did it."

Von Scholtz sat silently for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts and said: "Marbado, I would not have missed this experience for a million dollars. It has substantiated some of my theories, but I shall not go into that now. I will relate to you, however, my experience after I partook of your magic hospitality. You know, of course, I lost my bearings as to the whereabouts of the cave and sought my way out. My objective mind being controlled by you, it was absolutely of no service to me. I saw what you would have me see and heard and felt what you would have me hear and feel, but you did not make me swerve from my course, because I had previously charged my own subconsciousness definitely with what I wanted and was determined to get at all hazards. What you did was to influence my objective mind with the experience which I will now relate.

"I was trying to find the cave and get back to its mouth regardless of the mental picture I had of a strange open country. I followed what I thought was a path through the woods and found a lake upon which near a landing was a yacht at anchor. I inspected the yacht and found it in perfect condition and started to sail across the lake in the direction in which I thought the cave lay. A slight breeze was blowing in a favorable direction, the water smooth, so that I saw distinctly the pebbly bottom of the lake. After having sailed for an hour or more, the shore toward which I was sailing appeared much farther away than when I started and the shore I had left behind seemed but a few rods behind the vessel, yet I was travelling at a brisk rate of speed, for the breeze was fast becoming a wind and the bottom of the lake, distinctly seen, was sweeping past at a rapid rate.

"I felt the influence of your mind trying to turn me back to the shore I had left, because the shore was near and easy to reach, while in front of me difficulties multiplied. The wind was turned to a gale; tiny clouds were noticed ahead; the gentle lake was becoming transformed into a turbulent sea but on I sailed, straight ahead. The storm was upon me, great black clouds hurried about as scouts preparing for battle, shutting off the light of the sun that I might not escape, while behind their sombre skirts was concealed the artillery of heaven. A distant peal of thunder

was the signal for action. The lightning's flash revealed ahead a yawning whirlpool toward which I was fast approaching; as if to mock me, it as suddenly withdrew the light and dyed the air an inky blackness. Rain fell in torrents. The thunder rolled on in derision, while the wind laughed diabolically as she snatched the rigging from my vessel, and set me adrift as in a tub, but through all this, my subconscious mind forsook not its assigned position and held me to the vessel, steering straight ahead. It was tossed up and down, side-wise, round and round, this rotary motion becoming more and more apparent even among the warring elements. The winds and waves no longer tossed my frail bark, but it was borne steadily round and round a central point that lay far below me, but toward which I was steadily approaching. The noise of the whirlpool was deafening. As I sank deeper and deeper into the vast funnel I almost regretted my decision in assuming that the magic phenomena were natural, but whether real or imaginary, I seemed to have lost control of the craft in which I was sailing.

"I found it too late to recede from the mental attitude I had taken. There was nothing to do but to face the awful consequences of my chosen method of research. Swiftly and more swiftly I was whirled around the vortex when suddenly the noise of the whirlpool ceased for a second and nothing could have stopped its hungry bellow save food for its insatiable maw which I and my vessel furnished and which were swallowed in one gulp. I met my doom, or at least thought I had, but instead of blank forgetfulness, as I had expected, I found myself still conscious in the water and as I stretched out my hands as if to swim, I felt something hard and clutched it with all the desperation of a drowning man.

"It soon dawned on me that I was not in the water at all, but in a submarine in which I found myself giving orders to its crew as if it were my accustomed duty. The vessel was completely under my control, delving to the bottom of the sea or rising at will to its surface by manipulating a series of levers placed conveniently at hand.

"I saw in the distance as I arose to the surface an enemy battleship appearing. I submerged my craft, steered to the leeward of the vessel and gave a command, 'Fire.' At the report of the explosion I saw a great smoke arise from my target and the vessel parted in two and sank. I sailed boldly forward and spied another vessel coming toward me, but before I could fire or submerge, I saw a flash from the enemy's vessel and almost instantly I felt the rude shock and heard a loud explosion as my submarine went to pieces. I thought surely my end had come, but being still conscious, I decided to open my eyes in order to note what the bottom of the sea looked like, and as soon as I had opened them, I was greatly surprised and chagrined to find myself in your tent."

Marbado arose and, taking the Professor's hand and pressing it warmly, replied: "You surely had a right to be surprised, Professor, but hardly to be chagrined. You have met my condition and won. If there is to be any chagrin, it shall be mine."

Then taking a Medal of Distinction from his own breast, he pinned it on the Professor's.