

OS 1

FAO:= PROFESSOR MANN,
THE WARBURG INSTITUTE,
WOBURN SQUARE,
LONDON.



Sent (returned anonymously to
Prof. Mann. Prob. connected with
York Coll OSI.
Place them Pro tem
WTR

✓ $= \Psi_0(U) 400$

π	80
ν	400 (?)
e	100
α	1
μ	40
i	10
$\int$	200
	<u>831</u>

Fiat	φ	500	$\Phi\varphi = 500$
	$\int$	10	$\Omega W(\bar{O}) = 800$
	α	1	
	T	300	
		<u>811</u>	

φ	500 (?)
α	1
λ	30
λ	30
0	70
$\int$	200 (?)
	<u>831</u>

I	10
A	1
Ω	800 (P)
	<u>811</u>

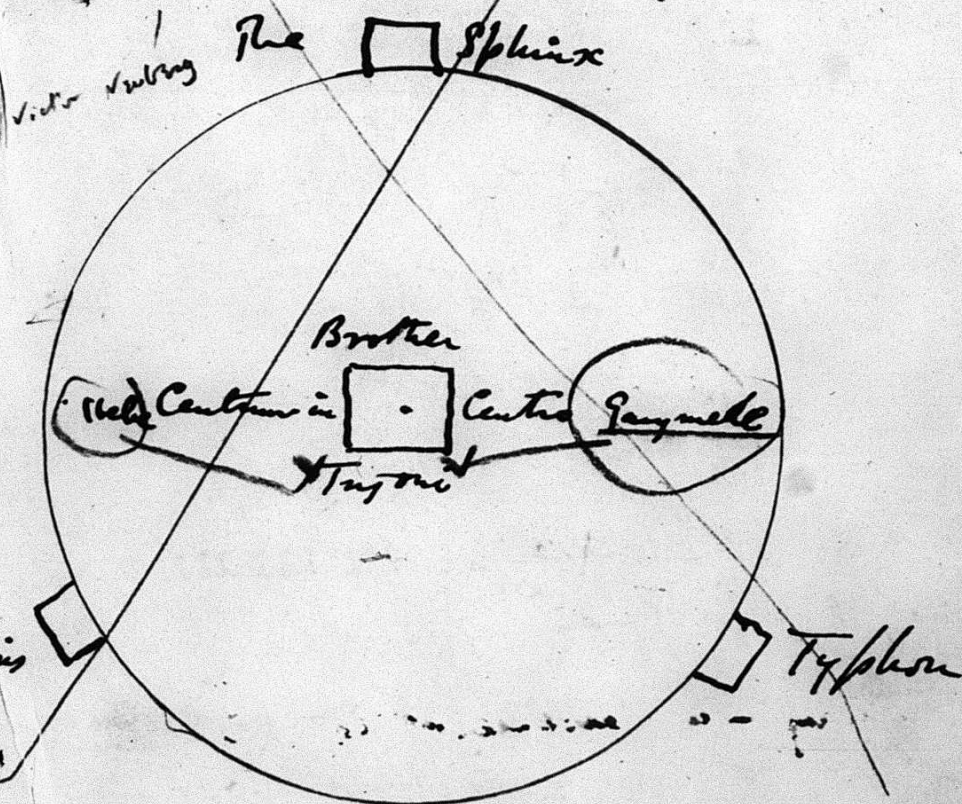
$$811 + 20 = 831$$

$\S$	10	god
$\S$	6	van
$\S$	4	Daleth
	<u>20</u>	
$\S$	<u><u>24 = 20</u></u>	

Please study this letter, and these explanatory figures, very carefully, and meditate upon them, until you have fully assimilated not only the matter under immediate consideration, but the general method of Qabalistic research and construction. Note how new cognate ideas arise to enrich the Formulae.

Considerations for a ceremony to invoke Jupiter

- ⊙ The Sphinx Soror o.c.s. The Green Robe Violin
- ♀ Brother Hermannus G.R. The Purple Robe Wand Raffles with
- ♀ Brother Typhon K.R. The Red Robe Sword K.M. Wand.
- Centrum - Centro Tyomi Tra.P. The Black Robe
- ♀ Hilde Miss Hayes The Rainbow robe } Cupbearers.
- ⊕ Gajmede Finov. The dancer's robe }
- ⊙



Orloves in Lima

Pan fights the bitch with it
also Hymn to Rose spine

The nesters of
Pantominta
Pantominta
When the hounds of Whim

The Entry into the Temple.

- I. The Master of the Temple alone. He performeth that rite which he alone understandeth.
 - II at his knock 122 the Mother of Heaven joins him, and they perform the rite of the abyss.
 - III. at her knock 227 Brother Exempt Adepts joins them, and performs the Act of Homage and takes the Oath.
 - IV. at Bro E. a's knock 111 Bro. C. G. admits the probationers. The Choragos leads them in threefold circumambulation, saluting; and begins the adorations.
 - V at the knock of the Choragos 111 111 111 C. G. admits strangers. E. a. is standing before veil as a guard to concealed M. T. & M. H. Bro E. a. can go to door, hooded, to admit, while C. G. guards. Choragos & other probationers shepherd the strangers. All being seated, C. G. goes to throne and switches off light.
- Sequitur ut supra scripti.

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Medical Story.

Cat No 1.

Typed Nov 25, '29

WNI-305

2 *Carlin*

1. The Mysterious Malady (1915)
2. The Rite of Saturn (1910) Publ. in The Equinox Vol VI
3. Considerations for a Ceremony to invoke Jupiter
4. Eulogium upon Jeanne d'Arc. (1917)
not in A. 11 hand

1915

W. H. Dyer

~~My diary~~ The Hysterical Malady
The case is certainly a puzzle.....

I wonder if my old diaries would throw any light upon it. Often I have thought that if only our intelligence were super-subtle as it should be, we could detect and check - every disorder at the outset. I have always advocated thin annual examinations, even for the healthiest persons. The dentist admits already that it is only common sense to do as much for the teeth. Why then not for those ^{even} more delicate organs, the heart, the kidneys, and the brain?

I met Anne in '04. I'll start there, & make extracts for my case-book.
Extracts, 1904.

" Jan 13. Two years since I qualified, and the horizon absolutely black. The rent of this house in Newnham Street eats up my capital; but I have aspired to be a consulting physician, and I'll go through with it. If it weren't for

any U.C.H. job, though, a month would see me
strawing.

Jan 24. A real patient. A Brightic, too;
I can keep him going for three years, with
luck. Like finding money!

P.S. One swallow doesn't make a
summer.

Feb 3. No luck with appointments. Jealousy,
of course. Amazing that medicine, which of
all studies should make men benevolent
and broadminded should breed practitioners
full of hatred, envy, malice and all uncharitableness.
Petty! Petty! Petty!

Feb 8. My Brightic has committed suicide.
Was ever such rotten luck? Lord knows
when I shall ever see another, and
there are thousands of them that don't

know it men; and if they came to me I could
prevent the disease from ever taking hold.

Feb. 9. ^{which I had specified in January.} The subject attracts me hugely, and
with the merest appealing increase of humanity, there's plenty of room!
March 12. It's a regular conspiracy at the

hospital: Hemming and Flint, it appears, have
sworn revenge upon me for some imaginary
insult - more likely envy, plain black envy.

How can men (!) of science (!) be so small?

March 20. The best luck in the world - I wonder
- or the worst! It's certainly too good to be
true - and yet it can't be false, or there's
no worth in my judgment or in human nature.

Lady Anna Cleveland! Oh no! I'm dreaming!

March 21. I'm not dreaming - but I think I'm
saying mad. I called this afternoon, and not
only was she gracious as during that wonderful
waltz, but I felt the same sub-current in
her voice. We laugh at the quacks with

their 'magnetism' - but what is it? / to smelling.

And I've never been 'in love' - am I 'in love' now?

I'd better see a doctor !!!

March 28. What a damnable week! And now comes a note "I am back from Brighton. It has been cheerfully dull. Won't you call and cheer me up one afternoon?"

March 29. I simply don't propose on such a short acquaintance. The most beautiful girl in London, and one of its heiresses! And I but a struggling physician, on the brink of bankruptcy. Yet I know inwardly that she wants me as I want her. Oh God! Oh God! if it be only true!

... How the devil does one propose?

March 30. One doesn't propose; it happens. I don't trust myself to write, and it is

to sacred. (Oh scientific, critical, cynical spirit, where are you flown?) We sat, looking at each other across the tea-table, incapable of speech; - moment later, we were in each others' arms. Don't ask me how!

June 12. Back from Lyons. London promises a most brilliant season. The new house has been admirably decorated. To think I should be in Cavendish Square, with a whole house, within three years! And London has suddenly discovered that I am The Doctor. I can see myself Physician-in-Waiting to His Majesty and V.C.B. within five years!

August 10. Anna grows more adorable every day. But I'm overworked with patients, and bored with dinners and dances. We start to-night for the shooting - all day and every day in the leather is what I want!

October 3. Back to the old grind! But with
Anna life is all pure happiness: I wonder
my patients never notice how my thoughts
stray. But they're all self-hypnotized;
I'm the fashionable doctor, and their health
doesn't matter! "

This is the last entry. I seem to have forgotten
all my old habits - life has been such an
even flow of success that I have had nothing
to write down! Yet things have not been
altogether smooth; to say the truth. The
infernal jealousy of my brother (!) physicians
has been annoying. It was certainly Hughes
who prevented me being called in at this
Nightingale's fatal illness. I believe I could
have saved him - and possibly England.
The political crisis has become serious indeed.
Anna wants me to stand for Parliament.

No, thank you! If they wish me a peer, well
and good; but to squabble with those low
brutes in the Commons — Not I!

Well, this is indeed distressing! None of it
throws the smallest light on Anna's state
of health. Perhaps I am fanciful; but it
is worrying me to death. Possibly to put
down the symptoms in black and white
will clear my mind. Very likely it is some
transitory trouble; but I have the gravest
fears. No case has ever so bewildered me!
And I will enter up my daily observations from
to-day ~~August~~ ^{June} 18, 1911.

Anna's symptoms.

- (1.) I noticed a certain coldness in her manner
about Easter, but it passed quickly, only to
return, however, at intervals.

(2.) She has formed the habit of writing almost daily to her aunt, whom she formerly neglected. But this is surely a trifle!

(3.) She has grown very irritable in small matters, especially before dinner. Yes: - I don't like irritability; her temper has always been angelic. Query - can she be -
Oh, impossible!

Ree! was ever a slightest indictment? Yet I 'feel it in my bones', to use the strange old peasants' phrase that there is something seriously wrong. Enough of this for to-day!

June

Aug. 19. I must analyse closely the psychology of Anna's behaviour. I went upstairs at 5 o'clock to tea. She came rather effusively to greet me, commented on my appearing fagged out, made me 'cosy', and showed a dozen little

attention upon me. She even got out my big
black pipe, and lit it for me — this as a
rule I am not supposed to smoke in the
drawing-room. It sounds ideal — well on the way
to Darby and Joan! Yet there was something
false in it all. I don't mean exactly that she
was deceiving me, but that she was under
some constraint or impatience. So strongly did
I feel this suppressed irritability on her part
that were I not a man of such absurdly
equable temper it would surely have
communicated itself to me.

June 20. 2 A.M. I am so disturbed that I cannot
sleep, and have come down to the study to
write these notes. It is a slight thing in
itself, but to what may it not point?
We had dined with Lord Chillingham, and

famille, and returned rather late, Anna
went to her escritoire, scribbled a note,
and gave it to Francis - dear old boy
he has been with her since she was in
long clothes - for the post. But in his
manner of taking the letter and the
very peculiar intonation of his formal "yes,
my lady!" I divined a secret understanding.
Whatever may be afoot, Francis knows of it!

July 1. There has been nothing worthy notice in
the last week, but I observe a growing
uneasiness in Anna - a trace of some
anxiety. She keeps on wishing the season
were over - and at the same time it
seems to have Aunt Lydell in the house.
Which, as Enchil says, is absurd!

I'm damned if I'll put up with Aunt Lybil,
especially since Anna may be on the verge of
nervous breakdown ^{She wrote it by accident!} - I can't see that he it?

There's nothing in the world to cause it. If it
were myself, now! That old fool the Grand
Duke Fedor walked out of my consulting-
room this afternoon, just because I told
him that he drank too hard - as he
does, and worse! After all, I have a secure
fortune, & can afford to be honest now
and then, even with Grand Dukes!

July 3. Anna burst into tears this afternoon,
and though I coaxed her with all my skill
she would not tell me the cause. She
stretched herself to lie upon my breast,
though; whatever may be wrong, I never

doubt her love.

Later. There is certainly some devilry about.

The whole evening - Anna went out to the City bras to dinner - the telephone has been ringing. When I go to the instrument, the exchange denies that they have called me. I shall write a strong letter to the P. M. G. - or is it that the girl has orders to deny the call on hearing a man's voice at the phone? Hm!

Later. I have asked Francis about the phone. He answers that he never heard it ring, but with such trepidation and change of voice that I am sure he is lying.

Later yet. I have solved the mystery - and

it grows deeper. At the next call I sprang to
the instrument, and saw with my own eyes
that the bell was not being struck. Yet
all the while I could hear it! An instrument
has then been installed secretly in some
other part of the house. Why? In God's name,
why? —

I shall certainly tell no one of these things.
Whatever may be wrong, no scandal! My wife's
good name is dearer to me than the
world.

July 4. Two infernal annoyances to-day,
though they have nothing to do with Anna.

1. Sir George Blaggs at lunch tells me
that the Credit Lyonnais is involved

in some political scandal in France & may
close its doors at any moment - something about
the Russian loans. And I had quietly
pocketed away over $2\frac{1}{4}$ million sterling there!
a serious blow indeed should I lose that, for
I am more than doubtful as to the safety of the
bulk of my fortune.

2. A point-blank refusal, conveyed very
politely at tea-time by that young
fool Radley, to make me a peer. This
after the tens of thousands I have poured into
their dirty party funds!

Anna is certainly more disturbed and
irritable than ever. This may be partly
sympathy with my own annoyance - I hope
so. Yet I thought I had successfully

concealed my worries from her.

July 6. Aunt Sybil has arrived without a word of warning. Damn! However, I'll pretend to like it; I'm sure, if it does Anna good, all right. I don't mind suffering in a good cause!

Later.. Hooray! she's only staying two nights!

July 7.

The telephone nuisance recommenced this afternoon - Anna was out. Rather curious that it never plays this game when she's in. Ergo, it depends on her to connect & disconnect it. I spoke to Henry about it. Result, amazing. The young ass burst into tears, or nearly,

and promised it shouldn't occur again.
Then he blamed the exchange! Rather
funny logic, eh? There's something damned
deep behind all this! Henry must be in it,
too, anyhow, whatever it is. Really, I
am beginning to be worried.

July 14. The Royal Society have refused to allow
me to read my paper on Lesions of the
Corpora Quadrigemina in relation to
Diabetes. There I trace the influence
of that scoundrel Bryant. I shall send
it - with just one biting comment - to the
Lancet for publication. Bryant! a
man who hardly knows the colour
from the collar-bone - I could buy him

body and soul ten times over with what I make
in a day. And he works against me in the
dark! P.S. Anna is certainly worse to-day.

Her fits of temper are really intolerable. But
that I am convinced it is only illness, I could
find it in me to be angry. Poor girl! I wrote
to God I knew. However bad it may be, I
would rather know. I'd call in Sir Simon
Farr, but - well, they talk, they talk.

July 15. ^{- it is disgrace. I feared it.} The secret is out. I came upstairs rather
quietly, to hear Anna at the telephone
saying "He's down stairs. It's quite safe. Trust
me. Nine o'clock, then; my black dress. Yes,
I'll tell him." Tell whom? I opened the
door quickly and quietly; Anna was

reading on the other side, at the other end
of the room from the phone! I began to believe
the Eastern stories of women's cunning!

However, I'll make sure. I said to her that
I was called away to Edinburgh on an important
consultation & must catch the dining-car
train. James packed my bag; ~~Anna~~ Anna drove
with me to Euston in the Rolls-Royce. She
was intensely affectionate, pretended to be
terribly upset at parting from me - she devil!
- and made sure I was safely in the
train. She forgot it stopped at
Willesden! I slipped out, tucked back
to town, got a detective, and
set him to work. I spent the next

Two nights at the Ritz - and a grand
old shaking-back to bachelor days it
was! I ran into Jimmy Sinclair that very
evening at the Empire; and we made the
old town think the Germans had carried
out their silly threat to bombard us with
Zeppelins!

July 18. Back from - Edinburgh! The cat was
nearly out of the bag, last night. It cost me
a price to prove to a very worthy guardian
of the peace that I was not 'd. and d.'.
Anna overjoyed to see me, and I to see
Anna. I hugged her altogether. The
detective said there was no shadow
of ground for suspecting her activities,
though he hinted that if I kept him

on indefinitely — thank you, I know that
story!

Well, thank God she's true. I must have
heard her words wrongly. ~~and~~ yet —
moral error I could have forgiven; perhaps
that were better than the physical or
(worse!) mental trouble which I must now
conclude to be the cause of her strange
actions.

July 31. I am happy again. Anna seems
perfectly herself once more. Please God
it may last!

August 24. Scotland — the very words a
tonic. The grouse are plentiful and
strong on the wing. I think his shooting
better than ever. But the ~~best~~

glibbies are a truly lot. Old Hannah's
temper is quite spoilt. And they have
an infernal trick of whispering to each
other - quite new - puts me off my birds.
But I don't believe (in missing half they say
I am. Dogs are not what they used to be;
or else some fools' putting up a joke on
me.

Sept 7. There is certainly something entirely wrong
with Anne. She is constantly in tears, and
no efforts of mine can draw a word from her.
Her irritability, too, is more pronounced than ever.
This is particularly curious, for there is something
I might almost call abominably self-satisfied in
her secret relations with the servants. It seems
to me that there is a hidden meaning in
every word and glance - but of what.

and me I am entirely at a loss to divine. It is
at least evident that I am the only one
left out of the secret.

Sept 2. I am sick of the mystery that surrounds
me. I shall go straight back to London.

Sept 5. Bills! Well, I suppose we have been
living extravagantly, but we can afford
it, damn it! If these fools knew the
vast sums I have laid by in bonds
and bonds all over the world these past
ten years, they'd never ask for payment this
century. Now what shall I do? Shall I
pay the fools, or shall I keep my secret?
No letter, a thousand times!

Later. Anna has given me a cheque.
One day soon I will surprise her with the
list of my holdings - how happy she will
be when she knows that I could fight
Westminster or Bedford to a finish,

and run out!

Sept 6. Anna's behavior grows more and more extraordinary. I very much distrust Fanchette, who is now-a-days constantly in the room, even when I am there, on some trivial pretext. I am convinced that something is going on behind my back, and that all the servants are in the plot.

Later. I took an opportunity to examine Anna's eyes very closely. The pupils are equal, and the accommodation slow to act, but not very specially abnormal. However, secretiveness and loss of appetite, combined with the really very intense irritability, can only mean one thing. God help me!

Sept 8. The more I think it over, the more certain I am that Anna has become — that I should like to say it! — a slave to morphine. Almost I accuse myself. I search my conduct anxiously — have I done anything to make her unhappy,

anything that might drive her to such a cheerful
solace? My conscience, humbly yet firmly,
answers: No.

Sept 12. There is no longer any doubt in my mind.
Everything is explained. No doubt the servants
are all in league with her. I shall discharge
them en bloc, shut ^{up} the house, and take
Anna abroad. There is an excellent
Specialist in Lausanne.

Later. As I suspected, Anna is furious
at my decision. She urges a thousand reasons
against it - my practice, and so on - all
in very good sense, but I can trace the
real feeling beneath her words. In the midst
of the storm, she calmed quite suddenly, and
yielded gladly - quite her own sweet self.
But there again I trace the action of the drug;

she evidently feared to arouse suspicion, or thought that she could contrive to deceive me.

Sept 13. 7. A.M. Last night she made desperate love to me - an obvious trick. About ~~one~~ this morning, finding she could not sleep, (another symptom, perhaps) she asked me for a hypnotic. (Perhaps this too was a blind.) I laid her out with a big dose of veronal, and while she slept, went over her body with a magnifying glass for marks of the syringe. There were none; she evidently takes it by the mouth, or in some other way.

Sept 20. Lausanne. Dr Galmer is an imbecile; tells me he does not believe she has any such tendency. He dwells on cunning of the day-friend! It baffles even

the experts. He told me I was looking tired and worried, and so I ought to be, with this appalling tragedy to face. He could at least see how thin and pale poor Anna looked. We may very likely winter at St Moritz.

Sept 24. Things are going well financially at any rate: I have banked half a million sterling with the Crédit Générail, and invested as much more in the French Rente. But what is money when the only person on earth one loves is attacked by the most terrible of diseases? I am the most miserable man on earth.

Sept 28. ~~M~~ (Venice) By heaven, an idea! I will keep her from the dunnage, and I see ~~now~~ how to do it.

Sept 29. All is in order. I have engaged a steam yacht: Anna and I are to go out to Campo Santo in a gondola; the yacht is to spill us with her wash, rescue us, and take us out to sea for a month. However she cruels the morphine, the salt water will spoil it! At least I shall be able to observe her under privation. But I shall wait a week, and lull her suspicious first.

Oct. 8. (at sea.) The plan succeeded admirably. I wonder, though, whether the drug was morphine or some other. She shows none of the symptoms of privation, but her nerves are evidently shattered. She seems

dominated by some dreadful fear.

Oct 9. I believe she is getting morphia after all. I caught her just before lunch in earnest conversation with the captain. They changed their manner quite noticeably on perceiving my approach. Anna is magnetic enough, God knows; like that strange Countess Tarnowska, she has the power of forcing anyone to do her will.

Later. Undoubtedly the story has got round the ship. I see the men whispering together; they cast pitying glances at her.

Oct 10. She knows I know. She is doing all in her power to hide that symptomatic irritability; but it is useless. Daily she grows thin pale and haggard; the drug is doing its horrible work too well. What

have I done, oh my God, to deserve this
chastisement? I never took much stock in
religion, but I have been a pretty straight
sort of a chap. Yet I could not be worse
punished had I committed the "Unpardonable
Sin" - whatever that may be!

Oct 11. The captain is certainly an accomplice.
Likely enough he is a drug-peddler himself; all
these Italians have come beastly vice or
other.

It is a strange thing; this illness of Anna
has set me to thinking about my "soul".
(What is a soul?) I am constantly
hearing - that is, of course, recollecting -
the words "The soul that sinneth it shall
die" I don't recall them consciously; I can
only suppose I heard them as a boy at

chapel, or possibly from that old black and
Raynes at Oxford. Yet they literally haunt
me; I could almost swear I hear the sailors
saying them at me. It shows how Anna's
condition has set my own nerves on edge.

Oct-14. Pretending I was trying a mere experiment,
I tested Anna by psycho-analysis. She
reacted normally to the words 'drug' 'needle'
'morphine' & some others cognate which I
slipped into the list, but violently to
'enemy', 'black', 'murder', 'poison', 'knife',
and 'danger'. Freud would assume that she
was in fear of danger ~~from~~ ^{of} being stabbed
or poisoned by some enemy, possibly a
coloured man of some kind. If so,
this is an insane fear; I hope to
God - I must have offended God beyond

pardon if it be so - But this is not the case.
There is no insanity in her family, so far as I
know, though I believe her grandfather drank
himself to death. But then so did most of
those intemperate Early Victorians!

Oct 75. Experiment continued. She reacts in the
most emphatically violent manner to the
words 'insanity', 'delusion', and the like.
The worst of all calamities has fallen upon
me - it is no more than I deserve, but
Oh my God, have mercy upon me a
miserable sinner! - my wife is mad.
She knows it, clearly, and dreads that
I may have discovered it. Poor, poor
Anna!

9. about and
Oct 76. I have told the captain to put in at

Marseille. Anna must have the best
advice that Science can give her. Besides,
this is a small vessel, and I feel at the
mercy of a storm, with all this culture aboard.
I shall not be happy till it is safely in
the vaults of my bank in Paris. Thank
God the danger of a European war is over
for awhile.

Oct 20. A magnificent dinner chez Basso
to celebrate our safe arrival! Anna seems
much better; it is quite the happy hours of
honey moon again. Yet the shadow of this
awful disaster hangs over me all the time
- poor Baby! I hope she does not know.
Let her slide easily into dementia, if it
must be, rather than endure the horrors
of aggravated and unbalanced
consciousness which accompany the

spours of madness! Some infernal idiot keeps
Later. It is difficult to concentrate in thoughts. Some infernal idiot keeps
a moping up the man in the next room, who is evidently out. Damn!
Oct 21. Went to a priest this morning. Something

kept me from telling him the real trouble
which weighs upon me like Olympos on the
Titans. He, on the other hand, was a shallow
stupid fool; could do no more than rate
me for a 'heretic' asses!

Later. The mail has come from England. They
have filled my post-at-the Hospital. It was
only to be expected; in my absence there was
no way to check the conspiracy of Bryant
and Flint and the rest of the accursed gang.
I showed Anna the letter, told her she must
use her family influence. She merely
burst into tears - at dinner, too, before
fifty people. alas! it is only one more

evidence of the great calamity.

Oct 22. I have been out all night seeking distraction - and finding it, in a way - in the lowest quarters of the town. It has done me good; I can face Fate for the moment.

Later. A most extraordinary thing has occurred. Walking down the Cannabière, a Frenchman - a very obvious Frenchman, I will swear to it, no make-believe - called in my ear as he passed "We'll get you yet! We'll get you yet! We'll get you yet!" and the accent was perfect English, and the tone that of my own father, dead these twenty years!

It sounds a foolish fancy, and I should have dismissed it as such, but that it happens to fit in very curiously with certain very serious matters that I have been

Extremely careful not to mention in these notes.
But now I see - I never did till now - how
this whole business is linked up with Anna's
terrible illness.

I won't think further of this - perhaps I have
the key at last.

Later. Good God! can such things be possible?

I have the answer to the whole damned
riddle in the one word - Flint!

Very good: to my land; I know what to do.

With my wealth it will be easy to -
well, I won't write what, even here.

November 2. The banquet is for to-morrow night.

Oh! I'll unmask the villainy! Flint Anna's
lover all these years! Half London in
the plot to drive me mad! Anna's

own madness circulated to drag me further
into the coils! And why, in God's name, why?

Oh - I dare not - oh God, thou knowest
I dare not - write the reason. None alone
knowest my secret guilt, ~~that~~ though I am
of all men the most damned, I must
admit myself most worthy of damnation.

The devil himself must have prompted me
to the one means of my salvation: I am
known at nearly every bank in the whole
world as their nearest depositor. Besides,
there is nearly a ton of gold in the big
Pauhand - and Karl is faithful, even
if all the rest have betrayed me. He
will know how to throw the hounds off
the scent. Since I picked him up in
Unter den Linden, in fact, I must be

he is the devil himself! / owe much to his promptings.

Oh God! eternal fire of hell! / do not blame Karl, even, or Satan, or whoever he may be.
Mea culpa! mee maxime culpa! / have committed the unpardonable Sin!

— — —
POISONS
CRAZED ~~KITTS~~ WIFE
AND FRIENDS AT FEAST

London Nov 3. Fashionable London was thrown into amagagement this evening by a series of tragic events. It appears that Dr Simpson of 30 8 B

Camendish Square on his return from ~~the~~ a trip to the Continent had invited a number of friends, social and professional, to ~~meet~~ ^{dine with} him and his beautiful and fascinating wife, nee Lady Anna Cleveland. After the dinner was ended, the doctor rose to propose healths in the English fashion, but

instead of doing so, denounced the entire company as being in a conspiracy to ruin him, his wife and Sir Hyl. Thint the eminent surgeon being 'slated as guilty soul-mates at the head of the confederacy. He further announced to the astounded guests that they were all poisoned, and rushed from the room, intending to do a clean get-away. The chauffeur, however, Karl Bannmann, a level-headed German lad, drove the madman to the nearest police-station where after a violent struggle he was overpowered. He announced himself as the richest man in the world, and offered the sergeant in charge millions of pounds sterling to release him. The station doctor pronounced him to be suffering from acute religious mania, with delusions of ^{grandeur and of} persecution. At the house the frightened servants hastily summoned aid, but it unfortunately proved too late, the maniac having understood his work too well, had administered enormous doses of aconite, the deadliest known alkaloid, in the coffee. Not only

Lieut. Hugh Flint and Lady Anna Simpson, but the
entire party are dead. The corpses still await
identification. New York Evening Telegram.

(Dec 13, 1915)

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