

ENDS HIS LIFE
SWEARING HE
DIDN'T KILL WIFE

Husband of Murdered Woman Had Been Questioned Twice by Police—Couldn't Stand Suspicion.

New York, June 23. — After William Shaw had been finger-printed and again had been interrogated in the investigation of the murder of his wife a week ago, in an office near their home at East Ninety-fourth street and the Long Island Railroad at Canarsie, he returned to the home he had shunned since the death of his wife and wrote a note saying: "I cannot stand the strain and the suspicions. By the help of God I swear I am innocent, and did not kill my wife." He then committed suicide.

It appeared that Shaw, who was about the same age as his wife, sixty-seven years, had spent several hours in the efforts to destroy himself either on Saturday night or the early hours of yesterday. His bed had been occupied, but whether he had slept in it could not be determined. He had first stabbed himself in the breast, making only superficial wounds, and these had left crimson stains on the bed, as did other wounds made with a razor on his throat.

Finally Shaw strangled himself by making a noose and attaching it to the bedpost, while his body lay stretched on the floor.

Shaw and his wife were employed as caretakers of the lumber and stone yard of George Krier, and their home was a two-story house within this yard, to which entrance from the street was gained through the office. The woman's body was found in the office at ten o'clock on Saturday night, June 11. There were four slight scalp wounds on her head, and a fifth blow, supposed to have been struck with an iron bar found near the body, had fractured her skull.

The handle of the office safe had been broken off. Mrs. Shaw, about four o'clock in the afternoon, had gone to a market. She was seen on her way back within a block of her home by a neighbor's daughter at 8:30 o'clock. It was thought Mrs. Shaw on returning had intercepted robbers at work on the safe in the office and had been attacked by them.

There had never been any charge made against Shaw, though he had been questioned frequently by the police, and on Saturday some suspicious circumstances had caused his re-examination, but he was not told of the nature of them. It was said there were discrepancies in some of his statements. It was also found that the safe had contained only a few dollars and that the windows of the office had apparently been opened or broken from the inside. But there was no known motive to direct suspicion at Shaw, and he steadily denied any knowledge of how his wife lost her life.


He admitted he was in the yard, watching for the return of his wife, at about the time she was attacked, but had heard no disturbance in the office. Since the murder Shaw had gone to live with a neighbor, and had not been to his old rooms until he went there to take his life.

The Shaws had been married forty-three years. A marriage certificate, dated Jan. 14, 1878, was found in his room. It had been signed by the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Sill, at that time rector of St. Chrysostom's Chapel of Trinity parish, Seventh avenue and Thirty-ninth street. The name of Mrs. Shaw was given as Jane Anne Hill of 348 West Thirty-ninth street. Shaw's address was given as "Greenpoint."

The couple had lived at the Canarsie address for eleven years. The police said that one of the peculiarities of Shaw was in his reply to their question as to his former places of residence and occupations, which always brought the answer "Greenpoint."

The police were unable to find a relative of the aged couple. Shaw's body was taken to the morgue.

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SALE OPENS TODAY

RUN OVER BY SHIP.

Man Survived Experience to Tell About His Sensations.

Many men have been run over by a wagon or a carriage and survived; some men have been run over by a motor-car and lived to tell the tale, and one man, at least, has been run over by a man-of-war. That is what happened to Mr. Harry C. Johnson when he fell from the jib-boom of the U.S.S. Annapolis.

"The next thing I remember after falling," he says in the Wide World Magazine, "is striking the water on my back with my hands and feet in the air. The great surging cutter, striking me on the top of the head, rolled over me and passed on. Up to that time I had had literally no time to think. Opening my eyes under the water, I found myself directly beneath the ship, half on my back and half on my side, with that

black hulk above me moving at express speed.

"My first thought was to swim clear. In spite of my efforts, however, the suction drew me back against the ship, from the bottom of which I quickly bounced off like a cork.

For what seemed hours I lay beneath the ship, striving to escape the powerful suction. All the time the swish of the propeller, drawing nearer and nearer, and the thumping of the propeller shaft, turning over and over in the shaft alley, drummed in my ears and considerably increased my apprehensions. At last I reached the stern and was sucked helplessly toward that whirling propeller. My body was wrenched from head to toe. Everything grew black before my eyes, and I felt myself going down—down—down!

"Hitherto I had not thought of breathing. Now the effort to hold my breath and the desire to exhale maddened me,

and I tore at the water frantically in a desperate effort to reach the surface. My bursting lungs seemed to lose all their power, and I exhaled. A million bubbles rolled over my face and eyes on their way down to the surface. I did not dare to inhale. I held my breath through sheer will power, but it was torture. But there is a limit even to will power, and at length almost involuntarily I inhaled deeply. Instead of the choking salt water, a rush of sweet, fresh air filled my lungs. I opened my eyes, afraid that I was suffering from a delusion. My head was above the water!

"After the first shock of the blow from the propeller, my wounds did not bother me; in fact, but for a dull ache I should have not known that I was injured. Having breathed my fill of air, I glanced about me. Straight ahead, about a hundred yards away, floated a copper life buoy—one of those big affairs, lighted up with phosphorus, that are

carried by all men-of-war. Being a good swimmer, I immediately set out for it. When I got to it I was quite exhausted, owing to the shock and to the amount of blood that I had lost. But I clung desperately to the life buoy, until I was picked up by one of the lifeboats that had set out from the ship after I had fallen overboard."

A BRITISH CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Toronto Globe.)

Constantinople is fast becoming a British city, writes an "American Government Official" in The New York Times. Nominally control is interlarded, but everyone acquainted with the situation knows that the British really run the whole show.

The British, he says, have taken hold of the job with their usual thoroughness and have settled down to be comfortable, just as they did when the war sta-

lized on the western front. The best houses in Constantinople have been commandeered for officers' quarters. "Five o'clock" tea is all the rage on the Grand Rue, and tea and whiskey and sora are replacing Turkish coffee and douzco. British military police, with shining brass buttons and conspicuous arm-bands, direct traffic at the busy corners, and if a Russian "jazz" place remains open after midnight it is a British policeman who closes it up and levies the penalty.

The zeal with which British investors are seeking concessions shows, he says, that they expect continued protection for their interests. Even the small storekeepers realize how the wind is blowing, and are learning the English language.

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By "BUD" FISHER

