SHOT HIMSELF AT CRY OF "LYNCH!"

Charles Robinson, a Barber, Had Just Killed Mrs. Josephine Whales and Crowd Wanted to Punish Him.

"I'LL KILL MYSELF BEFORE YOU CAN HANG ME," HE SAID

The Woman Had Repulsed Him and Chased Him Out of the House Before He Fired at Her.

Charles Robinson, a barber, shot and killed Mrs. Josephine Whales this afternoon in front of No. 247 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and then turned the weapon and killed himself.

Robinson, who was a barber, twenty-seven years old, lived in the same house with the woman, who was thirty-five years old, at No. 243 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. Mrs. Whales had three children and it was understood by some that her husband had deserted her and by others that she was a widow.

It is known, however, that Robinson was in love with her and paid assiduous attention. He was repulsed a number of times, and on several occasions she had him arrested and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

He went to her rooms again to-day and she chased him to the street. On the street she followed him a few doors, threatening him with arrest. Several neighbors gathered, and they were denouncing Robinson, when he drew his revolver and shot Mrs. Whales three times. She was killed instantly. The crowd leaped on Robinson and were crying:

"Lynch him, lynch him!" when he said:

"No, I'll shoot myself before you can hang me," and while he was speaking he got the revolver to his left temple and fired one shot. He dropped to the sidewalk lifeless.

When Policeman Kennedy arrived the crowd was kicking the body of Robinson about the sidewalk, and he had to use his club vigorously to make a clearing. He called an ambulance from the Harlem Hospital, but the doctor refused to take the bodies, saying both were dead.

All of Mrs. Whales's children were at school when the shooting occurred. When they returned home and were told that their mother had been murdered the scene was pathetic. Neighbors took charge of them.

FIRED A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD

John F. Clancy, Saloon-Keeper, Kills Himself in Bathroom at His Home—Bullet Also Broke Mirror.

John F. Clancy, a widely-known liquor dealer, died in Flower Hospital this afternoon from the effects of a self-inflicted bullet wound. He fired the shot into his head at his home, No. 245 East Fifty-second street, and death followed in half an hour.

Clancy was a member of the firm of Hennessy & Clancy, owning saloons at Forty-eighth street and Eighth avenue and Fifty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. His business was apparently prosperous.

Clancy went to the bathroom of his residence, a three-story brownstone structure, this afternoon, and a few minutes later his wife and a servant heard the report of a pistol.

A policeman found Mrs. Clancy in a dead faint and the servant in hysterics. In the bathroom he found Clancy with a .38-calibre revolver in his hand. He had shot himself in the right temple. The bullet had gone clear through his head and smashed a mirror on the wall. The suicide was forty years old.

FRAGNER IS DISBARRED.

Appellate Division Acts in Case of Convicted Lawyer.

Albert M. Fragner, the Brooklyn lawyer, who was sent to Sing Sing for six years and six months several weeks ago for stealing the property of the Karner sisters, one of whom he married, was formally disbarred by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn to-day.

Fragner's conviction carried disbarment with it, but the action of the Appellate Division was necessary to complete the matter.

FOUGHT HIS WIFE TO TAKE POISON

Payton Wyeth Roughly Thrust Her Aside and Forced Her to See Him Drink Deadly Cyanide of Rotassium.

HE FELL TO FLOOR AND DIED IN THREE MINUTES.

Suicide Was a Member of a Well-Known Family Who Became Despondent Over Reverses in Insurance Business.

Payton Wyeth, an insurance man of this city and Philadelphia and a member of the well-known family of drug manufacturers of that name, committed suicide in the presence of his wife in his apartments at No. 333 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, to-day.

Mrs. Wyeth made a desperate effort to save her husband, but was roughly thrust aside and obliged to watch the man as he tossed off a glass of water in which he had mixed cyanide of potassium. He died within three minutes after taking the poison.

Wyeth was thirty-three years old and had been for many years the assistant general manager of the Greenwich Fire Insurance Company in Philadelphia. After the Baltimore fire, in which this company was hard hit, there was a reorganization and Wyeth lost his place. This worried him and within a few weeks he had nervous prostration. He secured a place with the Union Fire Insurance Company, and came to this city, taking an apartment on Ryerson street, Brooklyn. He went back to Philadelphia in May, but returned here on June 1 and took the Lafayette avenue apartment.

Wyeth's nervousness increased, and his wife had him placed in care of Dr. Quinn, of No. 314 Greene avenue, Brooklyn. Early to-day he was in such bad shape and talked so despondingly of the future that his wife watched him carefully. She was afraid he might attempt to do himself some violence, and she removed everything with which he could hurt himself.

Wyeth was an amateur photographer, and among his various drugs he had a box of cyanide of potassium. Once when Mrs. Wyeth's back was turned he got this poison out and mixed it in water. Mrs. Wyeth turned around just in time to see him raising the draught to his lips. She jumped at him and attempted to brush the glass aside, but she was no match for the desperate man. Roughly thrusting her away from him, he called out a final good-by and drank the poison. Almost immediately he fell to the floor in great agony, and before a physician could be summoned he was dead.

HANGED HIMSELF TO TREE IN WOODS

Suicide, Who Was Not Quite Dead When Found, Had Destroyed All Marks of Identification on His Clothing.

After destroying all marks of identification on his clothing, a middle-aged man, fairly well-dressed, hanged himself to a tree in the woods at the foot of McAdoo avenue, Jersey City, early to-day.

He was not quite dead when found by William L. Call, of No. 55 West Side avenue, a watchman, but doctors summoned could not save him.

The man's hat, which lay on the ground, gave the only possible clue on which the police could work. This was a black derby, on the band of which was the name "Dinsy" and under that the words "Maker, N. Y."

The suicide was of medium height and weight, dark complexion and hair, and sandy mustache. He wore a black cutaway coat and vest and plaid trousers.

His body was taken to the morgue.

DISORDER IN POLAND DENIED.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 3.—The authorities here officially deny the reports of continued disorder in Poland.

SCHOOLGIRL TRIES TO END HER LIFE

Because Her Parents Had Reproved Her for Keeping Late Hours Little Mary Dressler Takes Carbolic Acid.

Because she had been reproved for going to Coney Island in company with young men and keeping late hours, Mary Dressler, a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl, attempted to commit suicide today by taking carbolic acid in a lot near her home. The girl lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dressler, in West New York.

She is bright and attractive and has many admirers. She was fond of going to Coney Island and other resorts and her young friends were always willing to accompany her to these places. Her parents objected to her being away from home so much on account of her youth, and especially to her staying out to a late hour of the night.

After having been rebuked to-day for not heeding their remonstrances, the girl went to a neighboring drug store and purchased a bottle of carbolic acid. She went into a lot near her home and drank the poison, and was soon afterward found writhing on the ground by some children.

The children ran to her home and told her parents and they brought her to the house and sent for Dr. Benson, who administered antidotes. There is hope that the girl's life may be saved, although her condition is precarious. Dr. Benson says that had the solution been stronger the quantity she took would have undoubtedly proved fatal.

ENDS HIS LIFE WITH POISON.

William Cotter, sixty years old, a laborer, who lived with his sister, Mrs. Broderick, on the top floor of No. 100 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, ended his life to-day by drinking six ounces of carbolic acid.

Cotter was seized last night with a sudden fit of despondency. He declared his intention to commit suicide, but his sister laughed at him and endeavored to cheer him up.

When she returned from her marketing to-day she found him dying on the floor, an empty bottle that had contained carbolic acid in his hands. He died before an ambulance could be summoned.

WOMAN SHOOTS HERSELF TWICE

Rena Taro, Housekeeper of Detective-Sergeant Alexander Chanler, Dying from Wounds She Inflicted with His Pistol.

George Garbutts, the hallboy in the Washington apartment house at No. 318 West Fifty-first street, heard two shots in the front apartment on the ground floor to-day, and as he started to investigate Detective Sergeant Alexander Chanler, of the Tenderloin station, dashed out in the hall only partially dressed.

"Call up Police Headquarters and get an ambulance!" shouted Chanler. "My housekeeper has shot herself!"

The woman is Rena Taro, a half-breed Japanese, twenty-nine years old. She was to have appeared in the West Side Police Court to-day to answer to a charge of stealing $75 from K. Oskin, a Japanese of No. 76 Cherry street, last Saturday night, and Chanler says that she told him she would rather die than go to court.

Chanler and his housekeeper had lived in the Washington for several months. They had nothing to do with the other tenants. It was known that Chanler was a detective, but the impression was that he was attached to a private agency.

He told Capt. Hayes, of the West Forty-seventh street station, to-day that the woman had made no threat to him to kill herself. He had informed her yesterday that he was going to move—and that she would have to find another position before the 15th of the month.

According to his story to Capt. Hayes he was in the bathroom of the flat today when the Taro woman shot herself. Before going to the bathroom he placed his police revolver on a chair alongside the bed. In passing through the room the woman saw it and in Chanler's opinion her determination to kill herself was formed right there.

When Chanler heard the shots he ran into the bedroom. The woman was lying across his bed with the smoking revolver in her hand. She had shot herself twice in the left breast.

After giving the alarm Chanler went back and asked her why she had shot herself. He says she told him that she was ashamed to go to court and that she preferred to die rather than endure the disgrace.

The charge against her was preferred by Oskin yesterday. He said in court that he went to the Tenderloin Saturday night, met the woman and when he left her he found himself $75 short. He secured a summons for her and she was ordered to appear to-day for examination. She set up in defense that the Japanese let her have the money for safe keeping.

The Taro woman is prepossessing, the child of a Japanese father and a German mother. Her wounds will probably kill her.

NO MYSTERY IN HER DEATH.

Young Manicure Died Suddenly from Bright's Disease.

The police of the West Sixty-eighth street station have made a thorough investigation of the circumstances surrounding the death of Estelle Mestguishe, a young manicure, who died suddenly at the apartment hotel at No. 430 Columbus avenue. There is no mystery in the case, they say, the young woman having died from Bright's disease as the autopsy showed.

At first it was reported that groans had been heard from the bathroom when Miss Mestguishe was stricken, and that shortly thereafter a mysterious man left the apartment. The police say there is no truth in this report, and that the "mysterious man" was a lifelong friend of the dead woman.