

**Wife of Millionaire Philadel-
phian Confesses, Pleading
Justification; Says He Was
Trying to Murder Her.**

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(United Press Local Wire.)

Philadelphia, Dec. 10.—Mrs. Marie Clapp, wife of Herbert Clapp, a millionaire, who was mysteriously wounded at his home last night, today confessed that she shot her husband to save her life.

"But I didn't want to kill him," she said. "I shot him before I thought I didn't want to kill him."

When she became a little more quiet she told of the circumstances leading up to the shooting.

"I only wanted to fix him so he could not hurt me," said Mrs. Clapp, as she preface to the story. "He attacked me first, and I wanted to protect myself. I didn't want to kill him."

"The trouble, she said, started Sunday night."

"Last night," Mrs. Clapp continued, "I went to the Majestic hotel to buy newspapers. I was dressed in a loose tea gown. When I returned my husband reviled me for appearing in such a dress. I left him and went to my room and took a glass of whisky and morphine."

"Full of Whisky and Morphine."

"Mrs. Clapp drank four big glasses of whisky and took 12 grains of morphine. Later he walked up to the side of my bed and without speaking struck me in the face. When I attempted to rise he seized my throat with his hands and he said 'You have had your fill of breath, you nearly got me, then he released me, but heaped insulting names upon me. He leaped over me and struck me again. Then he struck back."

"He walked slowly to his side of the

"I ran to the other side of the bed and he followed. I dodged him and ran back. He climbed over the bed and was met in the center of the room between the bed and the bureau. He pointed the revolver at me and I grabbed his hands, tugging at his fingers with all my strength. The gun went off, the bullet entering the ceiling. Then he broke away from me and stepped backward.

Shot Through His Neck

"I'll get you this time," he screamed and I'll get you right."

But he would kill me, and I wanted to protect myself. I lunged forward and seized the revolver, managed to wrench it from my husband's hands. I stepped back, aimed the weapon at him and pulled the trigger. The bullet passed clear through his neck.

"I was frantic. I cleaned the floor wiping up the little pool of blood. I pasted a postal card over the hole the bullet made in a mirror when it left the back of his neck."

but finally answered the summons of the police.

Clapp will probably recover. He is very bitter against his wife, saying he intends to press the charge of "attack with intent to kill" which has been lodged against her.

Wife Murderer to Hang.

Perth, Ont., Dec. 14.—Unless granted a reprieve, Rufus Weedmark, convicted last October of the murder of his wife, will pay the death penalty for his crime tomorrow. In a drunken quarrel Weedmark choked his wife to death. The feature of the trial was the evidence given by the murderer's 14-year-old daughter, who was an eye-witness to the tragedy.

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