

THE MAYOR A SUICIDE.

Mayor Sigler Cuts His Throat and then Hangs Himself.

The startling announcement echoed through the community shortly after one o'clock last Friday that Mayor Shafer Sigler had committed suicide. Mr. Sigler was at his blacksmith shop on Warren street, and the last anyone seems to have seen of him was about 10 o'clock in the morning. When he did not return to the home for the mid-day meal it was thought he had been detained by urgent work, but after the children had eaten and gone to school Mrs. Sigler went up to the shop to see what was keeping him from his dinner. He was not about his shop, and even his wife can hardly explain why she went to the carpenter shop of John P. Everitt, over the blacksmith shop, in search of him, and there from the rafters swung the lifeless body of her husband. Her cries for help brought assistance, and the body was cut down and Deputy Coroner Jesse Smith assumed charge.

The deliberateness of desperate purpose was in evidence. He had undoubtedly gone to the carpenter shop to take his life, knowing he would be safe from interruption. First he had taken his pocket knife and cut his throat. The pool of blood on the floor at a point ten feet from where his body hung showed that he had stood there for some minutes awaiting unconsciousness. Then he shut the blade, put the bloody knife in his pocket, climbed up on the workbench and adjusted the rope over a beam and jumped off, tearing wide the gaping wound made by the knife. The doctors agree that he had been dead for two hours before the body was discovered.

Shafer Sigler was undoubtedly a sacrifice to worry over his own business and that of his official position—more of the former than the latter. Conflict with Council and inability to bring about local conditions to his liking undoubtedly annoyed him, as responsibilities without experience or special capacity always does. However, he seemed to accept these annoying circumstances of a public character philosophically, and yet as showing the state of mind he complained petulently the day before his death of a bill paid by Council, which he claimed was without legal warrant and would result in the indictment of Council and himself for having signed the warrant. It was a trouble of mind he had picked up and nursed. He attended the Board of Health meeting Thursday night, and was as active and interested as usual.

His greatest worry, according to those closest to him, was over the sale of his property and business. He had entered into a contract to sell and had accepted a small payment to bind the bargain. He sincerely repented that bargain, and sought to be released. Saturday was the day on which he was to give possession, and failing in that there was the threat of a suit in ejectment and the legal methods of enforcing sale. The public will accept this as the real cause of his desperate action.

Shafer Sigler's death is a distinct loss to the community in which he had more prominence than usually falls to the lot of a man of his station. His integrity of life and purpose was recognized, as were his limitations. He was a hard headed, hard working man who saw things straight and who acted within his light, and there is everywhere the expression of sorrow and regret that rings with sincerity. There is no way to explain, or license to criticise, the desperation of a moment that elects oblivion.

He was 58 years of age, and the funeral, one of the saddest in all its aspects the town has known in years, was held from his late home on Tuesday morning, Rev. Martyn officiating, assisted by Rev. Baker Smith, a former pastor. His wife and two children survive.

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NAME: Shafer Sigler

DATE OF DEATH: May 31, 1911