

# Whitla Family, Mrs. Boyle, and Scenes Connected With the Kidnaping

WHITLA FAMILY GROUP, BILLY, HIS MOTHER, SISTER, AND FATHER.



WHITLA HOME.

## MRS. BOYLE CHARMS ALL WHO MEET HER

Court and Interviewers Captivated and Robbed of True Judgment.

### HER EARLY LIFE OF COMMON SORT

Growing Out of It, She Entered on Wayward, Devious Career.

(Continued from First Page.)

scrutiny for the revelation of the cause than any other in the writer's experience. The tell-tale was a use of powder and lip-rouse more skillful than that of great actresses. The sides of the lips were uncolored. But the bow of the upper lip and the sharp line of the lower, just at the middle, were only touched with red. The complexion, naturally clear and softly pink, was helped with powder only on the nose and ears. The composite was so pastel-like, so luminous with fine color and white, that the mind instinctively recalled the great Gainsborough painting of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

Fascinating Eyes of Deep Blue. But the light of the countenance shined from the eyes. They are set so far forward that the balls seem a little too large. The iris is of so deep a blue that, as in the paintings of Henner, it appears slightly to give tone to the white. These are eyes that look out unalterably. They smile more readily than the lips. Never put to use in the manner of the cheap coquette, their apparent frankness works a greater change in one's attitude than all the archness of the coquette could ever work. One of the news services spoke of her as "using her eyes on the jury."

In the sense of rolling them toward particular jurors and assuming pitiful looks, nothing could be further from the truth. Helen Boyle was altogether too clever for that.

So radiant a beauty—and this woman is both beautiful and radiant—could not fall of its effect on practically all men. Half the correspondents present in the court came ultimately to deny most of the evidence offered against her. Yet in the same room with these reporters, sitting with them at the hotel dinner table, were the police officials of Cleveland who swore on their oaths that, as she was taken, the American duchess used language so vulgar and foul that the court would not have it repeated to the jury.

In the interview these qualities were all accentuated. The one impression is that of a fine picture. The other is that of muscle, wit, and comeliness exhaled from a notably distinctive personality.

Wrests Harmony From the Old Piano.

Mrs. Boyle stopped on the stair of the academy, when all the crowd of townspeople was waiting and met the writer with a light laugh.

"Another reporter?" she queried. "I am forbidden to talk of the case, as you know." There was just an instant of pause and the woman went on: "I suspect you would not care to talk with me about anything else."

The reporter's mind ran hurriedly over the list of her accomplishments—an ability to speak four languages and read seven; the fruit of years of training at the piano; an intelligent elocution which makes her speech almost, if not quite, as pure and clear as that of a certain leading actress recently seen here in Shakespeare. Then she suggested: "There is a piano in this school room. Will you play a little for me?"

There was a questioning look at the deputy and then a light laugh. "I haven't had much time to practice," answered the lady. And a minute later there sounded from an old-fashioned "square" an improvised series of arpeggios which ended with E-flat as the dominant. Then came a nocturne of Chopin, not played as the reporter had once heard Paderewski play it, but yet performed with such devious confidence and so vigorously shaded as largely to redeem the wiry, clanging tones of the instrument.

She Talks Freely at Last.

All three in the party laughed when the pianist finished with a little run in the bass—tum, tum, tum, tum. Then



"HOSPITAL," THE GRANGER APARTMENT IN CLEVELAND, WHERE BILLY WAS DETAINED



MRS. JAMES BOYLE.



CANDY STORE, WHERE MONEY WAS LEFT.

the young girl suited her step to that of the two men and started toward the window. There were the usual questions of an interview—the groping of the reporter before he finds his opportunity. But sooner than he had hoped there came a gentle flow of sentences, a protest persuasive in spite of the sordid revelations of a close examination of the woman's record, and a complete understanding of little "Billy" Whitla's persistent references to "Nurse," and, it may be, even of "Jimmy" Boyle's entire sacrifice of himself for her.

"You will not give me any more names, will you? You will call me Mrs. Boyle, I know. I haven't bleached my hair. Do you think any one would seek to color her hair to make it like mine? And I am the wife of James Boyle. I am not and never was Ann McDermott. Please do not ask me who I was before I became Mr. Boyle's wife. And do not think altogether badly of me when I am gone. It's so easy to be unkind to a woman, and all the world seems to like to be when once she is in disgrace. And that piano"—with a deprecatory lift of her hand as though she were helping it out of the door—"you will make allowance for it, I know."

Much more was said, but the substance of it must be given later. The reporter would have you see now that slight figure of a young woman not unlike that of a great Russian actress who plays "Hedda" (tabler), hear that voice, as once he heard another much like it called "The Voice of Reason," and catch some faint impression of the pity of it all, the dreadful, wretched, heart-aching pity of it, as you reflect that practically every word of those terse sentences must stand, if it stand at all, against proof which would satisfy any jury in the world.

All Her Life Peculiarly American.

Who is this woman, and what is the influence that has brought her to this shame?

Her birth and her opportunities have been peculiarly American. Her parents were William and Kate Farquhar McDermott, a Chicago freeman, and his good wife. Her girlhood was that of nine school-children out of every ten—clothes sufficiently warm, food abundant and wholesome, play with her mates in the streets and vacant lots, and always progress, progress, progress!

At eighteen she had power of mind and education beyond either mother or father. She had also a need for fine clothes and costly pleasures beyond either. No doubt she had long before weared of the pinch and strain in money matters at home. At any rate, as a girl just growing into her present beauty, she set out to earn money for herself and became secretary to a Chicago business man.

Money became "easier" in the McDermott family in the course of about a year. Anna, or Helen, was accordingly taken from her office and sent to Mount Convent in Wisconsin. There she was to study music; with the sisters and develop, if she could, the promise of her school days. In the year that Anna remained at Mount Convent her head seems to have been turned. At any rate, she went back to Chicago at the end of the term, and then, at the age of twenty, entered upon her "career."

Pictures taken of her at about this period in her life would seem to be inadequate, precisely as are those taken in the course of the past year. Her hair, apparently, was black. Her eyes seem larger. Her slenderness is more marked. And none of her girlhood or maidenhood portraits indicate her smile.

In Chicago she came upon Frank Parker, a young business man. What their relations soon became is conjectured but not known. At any rate, the two left together for Kansas City, where neither was known. A private detective agency has discovered what it believes to be sufficient proof that in the meantime, February 14, 1905, the girl had been married to Edward Schaefer

by Father H. J. Peters. The priest declined to appear at the trial in Mercer, however, and a brother summoned to testify by the defense steadfastly refused to say whether such a marriage had occurred or not.

As Mrs. and Mr. Parker, the former secretary and the young business man came across James Boyle. The three immediately became friends. Together they "floated" Mrs. Parker's first scheme to make money.

An advertisement had appeared announcing that a profitable restaurant could be bought for \$500 cash and notes to cover the remainder of the purchase price. Parker and his wife agreed to the terms of the sale. It was Mrs. Parker who obviated the need for the cash payment. They had \$500 on time deposit in the Bank of Commerce in Chicago, she said, and would lose the interest if they withdrew it without thirty days' notice. The proprietor agreed to wait if they procured a property-owner in Kansas City to sign their bond. They did. They found a certain James Benson, who was only a young plumber, James Boyle.

The restaurant was theirs precisely five days. For the sake of ready money Mrs. Parker took in as cashier a check for \$300 signed by Boyle, and sent it to the bank with the day's receipts for deposit. The check was cashed. Within twenty-four hours it was found to be "bad," as the perforated stamp indicated, and the two were arrested for forgery.

Threads Maze Of Financial Labyrinth.

The trial was long. Mrs. Parker convinced the jury that she had not been a party to any fraud which might have been committed. Parker, under the protection of an attorney named Jesse James, and said to be a son of the notorious highwayman, obtained continuance after continuance and was finally released for lack of evidence.

The three next turned to the Holmes Brothers Loan Company, of Kansas City. One of the firm called to negotiate the loan they asked. Parker remained in the kitchen, cut of sight, while the woman, dressed in black, sat on a couch crying as Mr. Holmes explained that she was a widow, well connected, and temporarily out of funds. She was humiliated, she said, to give a chattel mortgage on her home, but had decided to do so, although she needed the money only for a short time. Not only did Mr. Holmes advance her \$300, but he declined to accept a mortgage. With this money the three set off for St. Louis.

Boyle, who may have been somewhat of an incumbrance, crossed the river and became a plumber in East St. Louis. The Parkers inserted an advertisement in the St. Louis papers for a housemaid with good references. There were, of course, many replies. Turning away all the applicants, Mrs. Parker made copies of the recommendations and inserted in them a list of her own accomplishments. She could teach music. She spoke French, German, and Italian as well as English, and could read Spanish, Portuguese, and Norwegian. Whether she could do all this or not is not known. But the writer, when standing beside her at the piano, learned conclusively that she understood colloquial German and French.

"That is well done," he said in German. "Oh, no. Only a little well done," was the answer in French.

Housemaid Makes Rich Head.

Surely, a housemaid with such abilities did not have to look long for work. As "Clara Stratton" she entered the home of H. Chouteau Dyer, in St. Louis. There also she stayed five days. According to the Dyers she then left with jewels valued at \$5,000.

The Parkers were separated in St. Louis in January, 1908. Under the name

of Minor, the man was convicted of forgery and sent to the penitentiary at Jefferson City. His putative wife was nearly distracted. She believed that with money enough she could obtain his release. But there was no money to be had. So she turned to James Boyle, across the river, and became his wife.

The life there was not pleasant. Mrs. Boyle's wardrobe needed replenishing and her husband did not have the means to buy even the necessities to which she had become accustomed. They disappeared in the summer and were next come upon in Springfield, Ill.

There Mr. and Mrs. Boyle were arrested for burglary, but were released. The police trail leads from Springfield to Wheeling, W. Va., and then on to Columbus, Ohio. By that route they arrived in Boyle's old home, in Sharon, on Thanksgiving Day, 1908. It becomes necessary now to recount the history of Boyle and to indicate the life which he took this woman in the thriving little industrial city in western Pennsylvania.

Frank H. Buhl, Big Man of Sharon.

Sharon is the creation of Frank H. Buhl. Here is a man really big. In Detroit he had inherited a business as an iron founder. But seeing the advantage of operating nearer to the ore beds, he removed the business to Sharon and founded the old Sharon Iron Works. The future of this settlement was then problematic. It lay between the two growing cities of Erie and Newcastle and owed such standing as it had to the old Erie canal and several small works which had been erected near by.

Buhl first builded and then sold the Sharon Iron Works to the Republic Iron and Steel Company. Next he builded the National Steel Works and sold them to the Carnegie Steel Company for \$200,000. Finally he builded the Sharon Steel Company and sold its plant to the United States Steel Corporation for a price said to have been \$4,000,000. This last enterprise in three years was the making of Sharon. It took, and today it takes in trainloads of ore and sends out trainloads of wire nails.

Among the young women of Sharon were the two daughters of Henry Parker. One of them became Mrs. Buhl and is now a matron of unusually fine presence and sweet personality. The other is Mrs. James P. Whitla. The Buhls are childless. The Whitlas have two children, a daughter of thirteen and little "Billy," aged eight. With their three brothers, Mrs. Buhl and Mrs. Whitla inherited more than substantial fortunes. So that in the Whitla connections there are said to be more than \$20,000,000 held in excellent security.

Buhl Marked Wherever He Goes.

Mr. Buhl, who is now about fifty-six, continues to be the first figure in the city. Its 20,000 inhabitants, counting the residents of nearby settlements, know him as a saturnine, self-contained, forcible captain of industry. He walks the streets when in Sharon with his hands behind his back, and rarely greets anyone and is rarely greeted in return. "Whenever he goes in Mercer county, or in the large city of Youngstown, Ohio, which is only fourteen miles away, he is a marked man. If it be that he has not only the virtues but the vices of big men he must by very force of his success gratify the latter somewhere else.

In Sharon the small mountain upon which he has erected the great stone mansion he calls home is known as Buhl Hill. Over its brow runs State street and the three imposing residences on that Fifth avenue of Sharon are his, that of the Parkers, and that of the Whitlas. Not far away stands the hospital donated to the borough by Mr. Buhl and named from his father, Christian H. Buhl. At the foot of the hill is the F. H. Buhl Club, with a library of 50,000 volumes, a gymnasium excellently equipped, a music room, a kinder-

garten, and recreation rooms for all of \$250,000. To these should be added a park of ten acres recently given, and an armory erected at a cost of \$30,000.

About four blocks from the Buhl, Whitla, and Parker homes lives an elderly Irish woman, Katherine Boyle. She has five sons—"One named for the good St. John, one for the good St. Thomas, one for the good St. James, one for the good St. Joseph, and one for the good St. Michael," as she puts it. Only one of these boys is a "dom fool" who is named for the good St. James.

James Boyle Long a Wanderer.

Somehow he began badly. As a youth he was arrested for burglary and convicted, but sentence was suspended. Then he and Mike opened a plumbing shop and "Jimmy" wrecked it. From that day he has been a wanderer. And while he was away the other boys were straightening into good business men.

Their uncle, John Boyle, is the chief bashful face of Sharon. But he is not far ahead of Thomas, John, and Harry Parker, the brothers to Mrs. Buhl and Mrs. Whitla. So when old John Boyle went to the Parkers and undertook to lease the Shenango House—the fourth hotel of Sharon, and named from the river which flows beside it—the prospect five lesser met with a hearty welcome. He got the hotel. He managed it well. The panic of 1907 came and he fell behind in his rent, from \$3,000 to \$5,000, but the debt was passed until such time as John Boyle could repay it. The debt was paid and soon afterward John Boyle left, leaving three of his nephews with steady work and good business prospects in running the hotel.

The James who came back to Sharon last Thanksgiving Day was not the James who had gone away. He was a broader man, physically, and his face had a more surprising resemblance to the late Senator Gorman. The same full lips, the same strange formation of the cheeks, which gave the face the expression of a set, mild smile; the same soft hair, touched with gray and reaching smoothly back from the forehead, marking the face. If none of these things were taken after arrest and confinement—and dissipation.

Boyles Welcome James' Pretty Wife.

Of course James and his wife were heartily welcomed by old Mrs. Boyle. "It looked like the beginning of a new life for my Jimmie, it did," explains old Mrs. Boyle in her honest, Irish fashion.

And such a creature as his wife! Her like had never been seen on that side of Buhl Hill. Even in November the windows in the neighborhood were left open to hear the music from the Boyle house. In the Roman Catholic Church hardly a woman (and no man) failed to turn to look at the lovely young woman in her fashionable clothes, with an arm around each of two nephews, following the service as though she had known it all her life—though there are those in Sharon who say that Mrs. Boyle was reared in a Presbyterian church like the Scotch-Irish woman she is. "Jimmie" was proud enough. But he was not so proud or so hopeful as his mother.

In about three months trouble came. Though Mrs. James Boyle had so many clothes that she was the marvel of all the women on the street—a society woman who lives in a next door, the wife of a steam-fitter who lived on the other side, and a general old lady who sells homemade candy still a door beyond, all told the writer of it—she felt that her attire was positively shabby.

Suspicion Enters Boyle Home.

Worse yet, good old Mrs. Boyle saw letters come to the house for "Jimmie's" wife addressed to Mrs. Parker, or Mrs. "Yorke" which was the name Parker

had once borne, or to Mrs. "Minor," which is another name Parker has borne. A boy was caught carrying a message to the postoffice asking for letters addressed to Mrs. Minor. Then Mrs. Boyle, the mother, grew apprehensive for her son.

"Just show me your marriage certificate, Helen," she said kindly. "Just show it to me once. And if you are my Jimmy's wife in earnest and all rights I'll shield you from the whole world."

The story of Mrs. James Boyle's answer comes from several sources and all agree. With the gentle smile all the reporters in Mercer know so well, she met Mother Boyle's kindness with her own.

"Dear Mother Boyle," she said. "Dear Mother Boyle. You are so old-fashioned. People don't have marriage certificates any more. Indeed, they don't."

And so young Mrs. Boyle stayed on, bewildering the neighborhood, filling the air with music, and waiting for Jimmy to provide her with more clothes, while Mother Boyle did all the housework, and sewed at the gowns of her daughter-in-law that they might look as well as possible.

There is evidence enough that Helen Boyle was at this time looking into the kidnaping of little Edward Cudahy, in 1903. Papers were sent for and received. The account of the acquittal of Fat Crowe was found in the house. Indeed, some of the letters afterward sent to the Whitlas correspond almost to the word with some that went to Mr. Cudahy while his little son was held. In any event, on March 12 "Jimmie"

CANNON UNDER WHICH \$10,000 WAS CONCEALED, THE KIDNAPERS FAILED TO CALL FOR THE MONEY.

## LOGICAL PREY SEEN IN THE WHITLA BOY

His Family Is Richest and Most Conspicuous in Community.

### LAD'S WAYS KNOWN TO THE BOYLES

Families Live Near Together.

Woman's Quick Wit Saw Chance.

and his wife left, ostensibly for Denver. Actually James Boyle was seen by boyhood friends more than once after that day and entertained them with characteristic "Chuck" Conners stories on side streets in Sharon. On the morning of the 18th of March last he hired a sorrel mare and buggy, and took up his watch near the rear of the Whitla house, literally within a stone's throw of the back door.

The plan seems the better laid the more one studies it on the scene. "Billy" was the favorite child of the rich Buhl connection. The wealth behind that connection is fabulous. The child's father was the leading attorney of the county and loved his son only more than the Buhls and the Parkers loved him. There was money enough there for all "Jimmie" Boyle's needs and his wife's. Finally, "Billy" Whitla was accustomed to slip out the back door of the Whitla home and run to school by a side street. He could be caught up, carried away, and the alarm not given until the news went to the parents by the abductor's own plan.

What happened that day is known of us all. How "Billy" went another route to school on his bicycle. How a man called for him to keep him from being quarantined for smallpox. How

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

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