

# MURDERED WIFE AND BROOKLINE POLICEMAN

## Henry F. Boles, a Laborer, Frenzied from Liquor, Committed Double Tragedy in His Home.



**J. McMurray  
 the Officer.**

**Went to Make  
 Arrest.**

**Shot as He Broke  
 Down the Door.**

**Once Saved Life  
 Of His Slayer.**

Frenzied by liquor, Henry F. Boles, a laborer, 35 years old, shot and instantly killed his wife, Mary Ann Boles, in the kitchen of their home on the third floor of the dwelling house, 88 Boylston st, Brookline, about 5:35 last evening.

Then locking himself in the house with the dead woman he waited, pistol in hand, until the arrival of the police. As soon as patrolman Joseph McMurray arrived and pushed in the panel of the bedroom door, Boles pushed the revolver out through the aperture and fired a fatal shot at the officer. The shot took effect in the upper part of the left lung, fracturing the collar bone and causing death 15 minutes later.

Officer McMurray leaves a wife and six children, the eldest 14 years old and the youngest a baby.

Mrs Boles is spoken of as being a very patient woman and one who had suffered much at the hands of her husband.

Less than five years ago Boles and his wife were married in Brookline and lived together only a short time when he took to drinking heavily and they separated. Since then they have lived together off and on, people who know them saying that the husband was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor.

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Continued from the First Page.

About three months ago the couple hired a three-room tenement on the top floor at 88 Boylston st. Boles had secured work as a laborer on the streets of the town and for a while they appeared to be getting along happily. About two weeks ago, the neighbors say, Boles started in drinking again and brawls became frequent in the little tenement. Several times the police have been called to the place, but Boles always quieted down and escaped arrest.

## Sitting at the Table When Shot.

Saturday Boles reported for work in a drunken condition and was discharged. Since then he continued drinking heavily. Just what happened in the house previous to the shooting is not known, as Boles was in such a condition after the tragedy that he was unable to make a statement, and even when placed in a cell he did not seem to realize the enormity of his crime.

When arrested he was barefooted and wore only an undershirt and a pair of trousers. It is evident that the quarrel that resulted in the shooting of the wife started in the kitchen, as the table was set for supper, a portion of a boiled ham and some bread and butter being on the table. Beside the table there were in the kitchen a stove and three chairs, one with the back broken off.

It was probable that Mrs Boles was sitting at the table when the fatal shot was fired, as the table was smeared with blood. She was shot in the top of the head, the bullet evidently taking a direct downward course. From the chair the woman fell backward and lay with her head nearly in the corner of the kitchen when found by the police. Death must have been instantaneous.

Boles fired two shots at his wife, but what became of the other bullet is not known. The officers made an examination of the room, but could find no trace of it, and there is no superficial evidence that the bullet entered the woman's body.

A pathetic feature of the tragedy is the predicament of three little children of Patrick Rowan, who with his wife occupies the three rooms in the rear on the same floor, where the Boles lived. Mr Rowan was away at work, and Mrs Rowan had gone out, leaving the house in the care of her 11-year-old daughter Mollie, who had to take care of her two little sisters, Winifred, 5 years old, and Annie, a baby.

## Little Girl Gave the Alarm.

Noise and curses coming from the rooms occupied by the Boles were nothing new to Mollie, and she did not mind it very much until she heard the firing of the revolver. Then she became thoroughly frightened and, leaving the baby in the care of Winifred, she ran down the stairs and into the street. She could see officer McMurray from the door and ran down to him, imploring him to come to the house, as someone had been killed.

McMurray lost no time in getting to the house, and almost as soon as he reached there Sergt Joseph J. O'Connell, Sergt Mealy and special officer Still arrived. McMurray went up the stairs, followed by the other officers and, arriving at the landing on the third floor, he rapped on both the kitchen door and the door leading into the chamber.

There was no response, and the officer put his shoulder to the door and gave it a shove. The upper left-hand panel gave way under his weight, and before he had time to recover himself Boles, who it seems was standing just inside the door, pushed the revolver through the hole and fired a shot. At the time Sergt O'Connell was standing on McMurray's right, with Still on the other side, while Sergt Mealy was in the rear.

Sergt O'Connell thought the bullet had passed between himself and McMurray when suddenly McMurray sank to his knees, shouting, "My God, I'm done for." Blood gushed from beneath his collar and his fellow officers carried him quickly to the street, and summoning the patrol wagon sent him to the station. Dr Shanahan and Dr Blanchard were called and did all in their power to save the officer's life, but without avail, and he died in about 15 minutes in the guardroom of the station house.

In the meantime the other officers had a problem on their hands as how to get at Boles. It called for much bravery and personal sacrifice, but the men went right up and throwing themselves against the door in a body, burst it in and in a twinkling had seized Boles and overpowered him. At the time he held the revolver in his hand and the officers are unable to account for his not attempting to shoot at them again.

## Told by Little Mollie Rowan.

He was handcuffed and without much ceremony was hustled into the patrol wagon and sent to the station. He was able to give his name and residence, but when questioned by the lieutenant in charge his answers were enough to indicate that he was still under the influence of liquor. He was searched and locked up.

In the meantime the body of the unfortunate officer had been removed to the undertaking rooms of William H. McManus on Washington st and later the body of Mrs Boles was taken to the waitrooms of J. J. O'Day on Boylston st, almost directly across the street from her home. Medical Examiner Cutts will make an autopsy on the bodies this morning.

Little Mollie Rowan, who notified the patrolman to come to the house, was seen last night in the kitchen of her home. She was very nervous and excited over the events of the early evening and gave way to tears frequently. She said:

"My mother went out, leaving me to take care of the baby. For some time I had heard loud talking in Mrs Boles' rooms, and was frightened when I heard the revolver fired. I hardly knew what to do at first, but then I thought that some one might be killed, and I gave the baby to sister and ran out for a policeman.

"Mr McMurray was down in the village, and I ran up to him and told him there was bother up in the house, and asked him if he wouldn't please come up and see what the matter was. I just had time to get up the stairs ahead of him and get in my house when I heard another shot, and then I heard the policeman cry out that he had been shot.

"I didn't dare to leave the house again, and I locked the entry door and sat over in the corner with the baby until mother came in. I knew Mrs Boles and liked her very much, as she was always kind to me and my sisters."

## Lay in a Pool of Blood.

Mrs Susan McSweeney, who runs the little grocery store on Boylston st just above the scene of the tragedy, was better acquainted with the Boleses than any person in the vicinity. She knew them when they were married and had followed them through all their tribulations. Before marriage, Mrs Boles' name was McNichols.

Just before the shooting some child who lives in the vicinity ran into Mrs McSweeney's store and told her there was a quarrel in the Boles house. She was waiting on a customer at the time and started for the house as soon afterward as possible. She arrived almost as soon as the unfortunate McMurray, and he, knowing her for years, exclaimed: "Susie, what are you doing here? This is no place for you and you had better go home."

Mrs McSweeney went downstairs and was just on the landing when she heard the shot fired that killed McMurray.

What became of the keys of the doors leading into the hall, the police could not ascertain. No trace of them could be found, and the police had to burst in the other doors to gain access to the kitchen, where Mrs Boles lay in a pool of blood. With the exception of the Fitchen, everything about the house was in good order. The two chambers were tidy, the beds being made and there being every indication that the murdered woman had been a tidy housekeeper.

Boles has three or four brothers, two of whom live in Brookline, and another who is a bartender in Roxbury. One of the brothers came to the house last night, but refused to say anything about his brother or the incidents leading up to the tragedy.

## Owed His Life to Man He Killed.

It is a rather strange circumstance that Boles owed his life to the man he

ruthlessly killed. A little more than three years ago Boles jumped into Leverett pond, a short distance from the village square. Learning that a man was drowning McMurray hastened to the spot and jumped in, rescuing him.

McMurray, who was a day officer, had about completed his tour of duty, and the night officer who was to relieve him was on the way from the station house.

McMurray was about 43 years old, and had been a member of the Brookline police force about 15 years. He was a familiar figure in the Village-so district. He was one of the bravest men in the department, a man who never considered the cost of his own life when that of another was endangered. It is a well-known fact that he has stopped more runaway horses than any other man in the town. Over six feet in height, with high cheek bones, he presented the appearance of a typical rough hero.

Despite the wonted sternness of countenance while on duty, a big sympathetic heart beat under his blue coat, and many incidents proving this fact are common talk about the town. He was an expert horseman, and his tall, gaunt figure was never shown to better advantage than when he was mounted on horseback. It was only a few days ago that residents of the town who knew him best had occasion to see him on horseback for the last time. He had arrested a drunken coachman, who was endangering his own life as well as all in his path. McMurray took him into custody, and after placing him in the wagon, he mounted the man's horse and rode him to the station.

## As Honest as He Was Brave.

McMurray always carried a handsome pocket knife which was presented to him in recognition of his bravery in capturing a vicious bull that belonged to a well-known resident of the upper part of the town. The bull had got loose and was racing madly up and down the street. McMurray happened along and securing a rope he started after the animal. He threw the rope over the bull's horns, and after a fierce struggle finally subdued him.

One of the most commendable features of his life as a police officer, in the estimation of his superiors, was his strict adherence to the truth when testifying on the witness stand. Time and again McMurray, who never put a case in court unless he was sure of its ground, lost the decision because he refused to stretch a point in his favor.

An incident of this kind was made evident not long ago when he had a boy in court for alleged crap-shooting. The officer testified that he had seen a crowd of boys gathered together and bending down apparently to the same object. But because he could not say that he saw this boy shake dice the defendant was discharged. The judge complimented the officer and expressed his doubts of the boy's innocence.

On Dec 6, 1894, McMurray saved a boy named Hartly Chamberlain from drowning in Leverett pond, and in recognition of his brave act he was presented with a handsome gold watch valued at \$125 and a purse of \$20, both of which were the result of a testimonial started by J. Murray Forbes, who witnessed the rescue. The presentation, which was made by Mr Forbes, took place in the courtroom when all his brother officers were gathered about.

In September, 1899, it was due to McMurray's prompt action that little Susie Hickey was saved from being crushed under a car on Boylston st, Brookline. The tot was crossing the street and was directly in the path of the swiftly moving car. McMurray, who was riding on the front platform, swung himself over the fender, and just as the car was about to pass over the little body he grasped the child by the clothing and drew her back into safety. He sustained a sprained wrist as a result of his experience.

McMurray's one-hobby was high-bred dogs. He had been a dog fancier for many years, and at various times had some of the finest specimens to be found in the country. He was never seen on the street without a dog and became noted, not alone in Brookline, but elsewhere, as the officer with a dog.

Boles will be arraigned in the district court at Brookline this morning on the charge of murder.