

Career of an Only Son

Walla Walla, Feb. 14.—Which would a mother prefer to have—a good son dead, or a bad son living?

When a young man, brought up at home in the strictly orthodox New England fashion, becomes a criminal after he has left the family hearthstone to make a livelihood for himself, what is best for him to do? Should he let his gray-haired mother find out the depths to which he has sunk and break her heart, or should he lead her to believe that he was still the upright church-going boy who went out from the pure surroundings of home? If to do the latter involved the necessity of pretending he was dead, should he still do it?

That was the problem which Charles Rich, scion of a wealthy New England house, was called upon to solve. As "Giant Jack" Andrews, leader of convicts in the west, he decided to be the "good son dead."

"I have become an outcast. I have made my own bed, and Giant Jack is not the man to say he won't lie in it. Yet I still love mother so, and it will kill her if she knows. She must never know. Why not write her I am dead?" So mused Charles Rich of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, soon to be behind prison bars and looked on as a desperate outlaw, he deliberated and decided the delicate question. Whether his decision was justifiable or not is a matter of individual opinion.

Born twenty-seven years ago, somewhere in New England, Charles was the only son in the home of Eben Rich. He was doted on by a father and a mother who would have given their lives for him. In the little New England village where Charles was growing into a fine strong boy, he was said to have the finest prospects in the town. Eben Rich was laying the foundation for wealth, and there was no one to inherit it but Charlie, said the villagers. Every week the youth, with hair neatly parted, shoes blackened and sailor suit, spick and span, took his place at Sunday school and church in the family pew. There was no indication then of the future Giant Jack of the Coppel.

At twenty-one Charles Rich was over six feet tall, and broad shouldered. From a little scholar in the boys' class at Sunday school he had become a big boy in the Bible class, and then a teacher. Everywhere he was looked up to and respected, and a career like that of his father was predicted. When he announced a determination to go out into the world and do something for himself, the whole community gave him godspeed. After he had gone the villagers talked about what a success he would make. It was six years ago that Charles Rich shook from his feet the dust of the little New England hamlet and came west.

For five years the young man dropped out of sight of the world. Only his parents knew where he was, and sometimes they were in doubt. Generally they did not know what he was doing, for young Rich had not prospered. Accustomed to the simple methods of the New Englanders, he found the Pacific Coast, with its bewildering hurry, too much for him. He did not become the successful merchant and capitalist his father had hoped. Finally he shipped before the mast.

"I won't have the folks I used to know talking about me because I haven't amounted to anything," said young Rich, so he wrote home that he was prospering. His mother believed him, and prayed nightly for him. Sometimes an inexpensive curiosity from the west that looked wonderful in the little New England town was sent home, and the villagers listened while the father told how the boy was flourishing in California.

But Charles did not return home as the years passed. It was now 1890, and still the letters went east with cheerful regularity, reporting that Charles expected to double his capital and make a fortune if certain investments turned out well. The old folks believed. How were they to know that the writer was swabbing decks on a sailing vessel?

For years after leaving home young Rich did menial work on Pacific coast sailing vessels. He was big and strong and forced himself to be genial with his low associates. Occasionally a gruff tar cursed him for using better grammar than his fellows and trying to "set yersel' up as bein' educated," but this soon died away as the easterper began to come down to the level of the others. Following the mast had been a last resort. When he was about to ship at Tacoma for Donegal Bay, and considered the hardships of a trip to the other side of the world, he hesitated. There was one man missing at roll-call. Rich had deserted.

Charles Rich, deserter, could no longer haunt the ports of Tacoma and San Francisco, so he hurried inland to the trackless timbered depths of Lewis county, Washington, where in obscure lumbering towns where little is known of the outside world, he found the longed-for refuge, and became Charles Rich, logger.

In a garb so rough that his friends in the east would not have known him, he swung the canthook and the ax, but the tedious life of the lonely lumber camp palled on him, and one spring morning in 1901 the lumber camp was a laborer short. The missing man had metamorphosed into Charles Rich, hobo, and had gone east.

He crossed Washington unheeded and unshaven, riding on brakebeams. When these were not available he walked. Drifting into the great wheat belt of Umatilla county, Oregon, to the little town of Athens, on the line of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, leading from Pendleton to the river Snake, he halted, intending to become Charles Rich, harvester. He was now 300 miles from Lewis county.

Until he made a confession to an Examiner correspondent, the part of Charles Rich's life during the period when he changed from Charles Rich, harvester, into Giant Jack Andrews, harvester, was a mystery. Officers had never traced this portion of his career, and he had revealed the secret to no one, fearful lest the gray-haired mother in the east should find out all. For Charles Rich, society boy and heir, man, sailor, deckhand, deserter, woodman, hobo and harvester, loved his old mother fondly all this while. To a representative of the Examiner behind Walla Walla prison bars, he told his story:

"I got to be Jack Andrews in Athens. I was living out in the jungles with a band of harvesters. It used to bother me sometimes as I thought of mother, but I had cast my lot with yegs and dingbats and there was no help for it. We threw all the money we had into our 'treasury,' and when any one wanted anything he couldn't beg, he drew it from the stake. At night we built a camp fire and sat around it like a lot of gypsies. At last the reserve fund gave out, and I saw I would have to work again, and I got a job with Sam Purdy, a big Athens rancher. I was a 'forker' through harvest. When harvest was done I joined a butcher in Athens and from Charles Rich, forker, became Jack Andrews, butcher."

"I soon quit the butcher and took to the road for Walla Walla with my summer's money saved up. There for the first time since I left New England I fell in with wine and women, and the combination soon ate up every cent I had. Disheartened, disgusted, and sick of the city, I saw I would have to get out and work again, so I hiked for Valley Grove, a wheat village north of Walla Walla, where I found work on a threshing crew. I was Jack Andrews, thresher, now. When I had a dozen dollars I hurried back to Walla Walla with the awful temptation on me, and wine and women consumed the dollars in one night."

"In the Salvation Army I found refuge, and they knew me there as 'Jack Andrews, the saved sinner.' I used to speak in meetings some, and because my language was better than the others, and they saw I had been someone once, they took to me. It was easy then to work out what I wanted."

"How long I fought over that question no one can ever know—the question of what to do about mother. I wondered what she would think if she saw me, and I pictured her sorrow."

"Would she love me better dead as she knew me, or alive as I am now, I said to myself. Then I chose the former horn of the dilemma."

"The rest was easy. I had some standing with the Salvation Army and I got Ensign Weir to listen to me. I told him I had a friend, Charles Rich, who had been killed, and at my dictation he wrote the letter. I said my hand was sore and that I couldn't write. This was the letter:

"Walla Walla, Oct. 25, '01.
"Mrs. Eben Rich,
"Lancaster, Pa."

"Madam: I regret to inform you that my friend Charles Rich, whom I believe is your son, was blown up in a thresher explosion near Colfax, September 20. He was an honest, industrious, God-fearing boy, and was doing splendidly when he was killed. The whole country mourns the loss of so good a business man. Sympathetically yours,
"JOHN ANDREWS."

"I was Jack Andrews now, and had gone pretty bad. I knew mother would never know and I didn't care

what happened. To make things doubly sure I wrote to a Congregational minister in Pee Ell named Wasson, telling him the same story about Charles Rich. My mother's love had been the bright spot of my life.

"Going to the Coppel I met the Ostranders by chance. The husband took me to his home. The woman was from Missouri. The moment I came in she turned pale, and when her husband's back was turned whispered to me:

"'Good God, what air you doin' outer here? Ain't you 'fraid of gettin' caught?'

"I did not understand what she was drivin' at but knew I would find out, so I said I wasn't afraid, and let it pass. Then I found she took me for Jesse James, Jr., and I let her think so. It didn't hurt either of us any."

One day Jack Andrews and the Ostranders found themselves threatened with starvation. Taking down the flintlock musket Andrews walked down the bottom, where a steer was feeding. He fired the weapon and the steer fell. Justice was administered in the distant foothill country more quickly than he thought. In three days he was in Walla Walla jail.

The subsequent history of Jack Andrews, prisoner, is well known; how he became leader of the desperate convicts confined in the stout Walla Walla jail; how he led the attack on jailer and sheriff and would have escaped had not Susan Kees, wife of the sheriff, forced the men back at a revolver's point.

The other day Jack Andrews, murderer, was sentenced to expiate his crime of assault behind the same bars where he led the attack. Meanwhile his aged parents have found out their son's duplicity. In their Pennsylvania home they grieve, and the mother who mourned her good son dead now has a greater sorrow.—Examiner.

Plead Guilty.

Butte, Feb. 14.—Alfred Arkorn, who killed John Hannifan, alias Sweeney Hannifan, in Mahoney alley, last October, changed his plea of not guilty when brought into the court for trial this morning, pleaded guilty waived time for sentence and was sentenced to the state prison for 10 years.

Arkorn was charged with murder, but he was allowed to plead guilty to manslaughter with the understand-

ing that the minimum punishment for that offense should be meted out to him.

He is the third defendant to plead guilty to felony within three days. The other two were Johnson and Woods, colored men, who took light punishments for burglary and robbery.

The reason Arkorn was allowed to plead guilty to manslaughter was because the prosecuting attorney was of the opinion that it would be difficult to convict him of murder, on account of the kind of testimony accessible to the state. The court took the same position.

Arkorn shot Hannifan on October 15 of last year in a quarrel in a Mahoney alley hovel, over a notorious woman named Josie Olson. Hannifan was shot in the lungs and died three days after the shooting at the Sisters' hospital, refusing to make an ante-mortem statement. The fatal shot was fired while the men were struggling upon the floor of the hovel and while Hannifan was on top of Arkorn. The house was the domicile of Maggie Winn, and the men and Josie Olson had met there prior to the shooting.

Paid Fortune in Duties.

New York, Feb. 27.—Mrs. Arabella D. Huntington, widow of Collis P. Huntington, has paid \$31,800 in cash as customs duty. Officials who frequently have to haggle with women over the tribute to Uncle Sam declared she was a paragon of travelers.

Mrs. Huntington, who returned from a trip to Europe on the Oceanic with her son, Archer Huntington, and Mrs. Archer Huntington, staggered the young man who, as acting deputy collector, asked her to make a declaration of her purchases abroad.

It was on board the steamer coming up the bay. Young Huntington had the list carefully prepared. The sum total of his mother's purchases abroad was \$75,000, the largest amount declared by a traveler in the port of New York, and probably in the world. The duty was the largest ever paid.

There was a score of large flat trunks, containing rich gowns, bought in Paris, London and Berlin. Most of the tax paid by Mrs. Huntington was 60 per cent. on made-up gowns of linen, silk and woolen. There was a large amount of jewelry and precious stones, on which she paid 60 per cent. On a lot of perfumery 60 per cent. ad-

valorem was paid. Her rugs were taxed at 10 cents per square foot and 40 per cent. on their value.

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