

# THE CORNER OF COTTONWOOD



LET me tell you the story of the queerest counterfeiter I ever had to do with, and it all happened here in California," said a well-known United States Secret Service man in the St. Francis Hotel one night last week.

"Up in the northern end of the State there is a creek which is about dry at this season of the year. Perhaps the creek wouldn't get even a hair line on the map, except that it happens to mark the line where Tehama County and Siskiyou County and Shasta County and foothills commence. In California such geographical significance is fit provocation for a town, and the town is there. On the Shasta side of the line stands Cottonwood. I have been there four times; once to buy a ranch, once to survey an imaginary railroad and twice I have dropped off there to pack a week's grub on horses and go bear-hunting. Of course, I am not really a rancher. I would not know the first steps in surveying a railroad, and if I met a bear I bear would probably be the one who would do the hunting. As a matter of fact I was on a still hunt for the source of a stream of counterfeit five-dollar pieces, which so annoyed merchants and bankers of Tehama, Shasta and Siskiyou counties not very long ago, that they were continually coming to our office. I traced the flow of the "queer" half-eagles from Red Bluff north to Cottonwood, and from Yreka south to Cottonwood, and then I spent a week in that burg with two good assistants.

"Finally, I got on the trail of a set of tough fellows who were moving about in the Yalio Ballo Mountains to the northwest, and I followed their fer six weeks. Often I came upon their camp while the breakfast ashes were still smoking, and once I was pushed to find a piece of a calico dress. But somehow the gang managed to keep away from me and I think they finally escaped into Oregon. They must have been the guilty ones, for the bogus five-dollar pieces were bobbing up, but that doesn't matter, for that isn't the story of Tip Monkman.

"I was about to make my final sally into the mountains. I was posing as a bear-hunter at this time, and I dropped into a store in Cottonwood to get a pair of heavy shoes. I put the shoes on and paid the clerk five dollars which he asked. Just then an old fellow with a long beard came in. He bought a pair of shoes exactly like mine and as he turned to go out I saw him dig into his corduroys and count out four silver dollars for the clerk.

"Why do you stick him for \$4 when you charged me only \$5?" I inquired. The clerk laughed. "That's old Tip Monkman," he said. "When he comes in to buy we always charge him a dollar more than anybody else because if the price happens to be \$2 or more one of his dollars is sure to be bad."

"The clerk handed me the four silver pieces which Tip Monkman had paid him for the shoes. The moment the last dollar touched my hand I could tell by the greasy feel that Uncle Sam never coined it.

"Do you mean that the old man is a counterfeiter?" "I mean," he said, "that I've worked in this store four years, that old Tip does most of his trading here, and that every time we don't charge him a dollar more than the price we find we've got only a bum dollar where a good one ought to be."

"Right here I forgot the gold collars of the Yalio Ballo Mountains and took up the trail of Tip Monkman. I found that he lived by himself on a little goat ranch on the dry creek, five miles from Cottonwood. Next afternoon saw me at the goat ranch trying to buy out the old man. He wouldn't sell, but he would let a nervous wreck from the city camp on his place for a week. Before I had been there twenty-four hours I had examined every cranny of his cabin, his old barn and his chicken-house and had found nothing that looked like a die or a melting pot. But he had told me that he sometimes got a few colors out of a quartz claim up the



hill and I waited patiently for him to lead me to it. It took me four days to get him up to his mine, which consisted of a short tunnel and a stove. I swung a pick with him all morning. When he went down the hill to fry some bacon for noon dinner I got busy in the stop and found something loose dirt stopped the mouth of a pocket where old Tip Monkman had cached more than three hundred lead dollars. Not a sign of his coining outfit could I find, and when I heard him coming back with our dinner, I thought I had better not hunt any longer, but force a showdown and make him tell me all about it. Madge, he stepped into the tunnel I covered him with my revolver. He put up his hands obediently, but he didn't get excited as a counterfeiter might be expected to do.

"You've found out about my money," he said, "and you're going to steal it from me."

"I am an officer of the Federal Government," I answered, "and I arrest you for counterfeiting."

"Are they really counterfeit dollars?" he moaned. Then the old fellow sat down on the damp floor of the tunnel and cried like a baby. When he could speak again he said in a tone that made me shove my gun in my pocket: "Stranger, so help me God, I'd rather see my box this minute than to have them dollars bogus, but you're smarter than me and I guess you know, though that never occurred to me. My girl Madge give me them five hundred silver dollars eight years ago. Madge was a good girl, and a lot like her mammy, but the wrong kind of a man got her in love with him up in Siskiyou and she left home without notice. Her mammy died after that and I never saw Madge until she showed up here one night. I'm must sure the man was waiting for her out there in the woods, because she couldn't hardly have carried that sack all alone. She kissed me, pointed to the sack, and then she turned and ran off in the dark while I was still too surprised to grab hold of her. I never saw or heard of Madge from that day to this. I opened the sack and found it was full of silver dollars. I never knew if she meant me to save them for her or what. I didn't touch one of them for four years. Then times got pretty hard with me and I said to myself I would borrow a little from Madge. I just sort of let her help me out. When I could scare up two or three dollars I'd borrow one or two dollars out of Madge's sack and go to town to get supplies. You say them dollars is counterfeit? Well—

"The old man took a stick of dynamite, shoved the end into the pocket where the bogus money lay, attached a fuse, lighted it and jerked me out of the tunnel. Before we reached the cabin there was an explosion, and I guess some of those bogus coins were driven into trees a quarter of a mile away. Tip Monkman opened his shirt and drew out the faded tintype of a girl of 14. He choked up every time he tried to speak. I got on my horse and dug out for Cottonwood. Perhaps you've been hunting up in the Yalio Ballo country? It's pretty wild up there and it isn't any wonder that the pointers who were making the bad five-dollar pieces kept out of my reach."

# FUNNY FELLOWS COMING TO ENTERTAIN READERS OF THE SUNDAY CALL

PECK'S BAD BOY is coming to town. Incidentally his Pa is coming, too. But it is the advent of the boy himself which is the big news.

Peck's Bad Boy. Consider a bit. It has been said without contradiction that Peck's Bad Boy has caused more wholesome, genuine fun in the world than any other youngster who has gained a reputation outside the family circle. A weary world has gratefully acknowledged its indebtedness to the Bad Boy for a million hearty laughs. Nearly everybody who has graduated from knickerbockers and pinafores remembers the original escapades of Peck's Bad Boy and how they came to be written. Worldly wise, big-hearted, keen-witted Governor Peck of Wisconsin had a wife whom he adored. She was a confirmed invalid. Governor Peck, who wielded a sparkling pen, spent a large portion of his time in devising means to keep the invalid light-hearted by keeping a laugh upon her lips. How well he succeeded in his efforts the whole world came to know. He invented Peck's Bad Boy, and presently people in every civilized land were sharing with the invalid wife the honest fun of his pranks. Peck's Bad Boy was not really bad; he was merely an animated bundle of innocent mischief. His jokes were without limit and they were excruciatingly funny. They were so funny, in fact, that his victims had to join in the laugh when it was all over.

Peck's Bad Boy became so famous



speedily become the most popular boy in the State.

Believing that a really funny comic supplement is a happy adjunct to a Sunday newspaper, the Sunday Call

come familiar with the Adventures of Peck's Bad Boy, which next Sunday becomes a regular feature of the Sunday Call's comic supplement, we think you will agree that for real, zipping fun, the Bad Boy is the mustard.

But this is not all. Sometimes good things do not come singly, and this is one of those times. Another most interesting character who will come to town with the Bad Boy is an irresistible little Indian. He is little "Growling Bird of Windego Land." He is on most excellent terms with the lynxes and bears and wolves, and Aundak, the crow, is one of his best friends. The series in which this little Indian in his paint and feathers is the chief figure is unique. It is a new and very fetching idea in a comic supplement. Little Growling Bird and the strange happenings in which he is pictured are highly amusing rather than uproariously funny. Brief paragraphs in which the story is tersely told accompany the pictures and increase their interest. Nephew and uncle alike will find something in this series which will absorb him. And beasts and birds of the forest play a very important part. Often they speak with little Growling Bird. Sometimes they would trick him, but he is much too clever for them. The moment you see this quaint little Indian and his people and friends you will like them all. And, week by week, your interest will grow.

Again, this is not all. There are some other good things, which make the constellation about these bright particular stars. Wait until next Sunday and see them for yourself. See, indeed, if the new comic supplement of the Sunday Call is not the funniest, most interesting and most wholesome that you have ever seen. Watch for it next Sunday.



and so true a friend to millions of people with a love for wholesome amusement that there was international regret when Governor Peck ceased to write the stories of his exploits, his pranks, the penalties which he paid for his fun. People said: "Alas, shall we never find Peck's Bad Boy again?"

Now they are to be answered. Yes, they shall find the boy again. He is coming to San Francisco. He arrives next Sunday. He has found new life and new inspiration in the fertile brain and facile pencil of Walt McDougall, the noted artist. Peck's Bad Boy is coming to dominate the comic supplement of the Sunday Call. When you have seen a few of Walt McDougall's series; depicting in color the new and extremely funny pranks of this typical American youngster, you will gladly admit the high value of Walt McDougall's inspiration and you will include this new-old bad boy in the list of your closest friends. He will win every heart in the household. The sleepest boy, the tardiest girl, and even grandpa, who loves to lie abed in the morning, will begin to come down to Sunday morning breakfast on time—because Peck's Bad Boy will be there. Through a series of a dozen bright pictures depicting a mischievous though harmless adventure, the whole family will follow him with a smile and a laugh that will keep the heart warm all day. Peck's Bad Boy, the newest young citizen of California, will

has been at pains to secure for its readers the funniest thing obtainable. When you, be you man, woman or wideawake youngster, have be-



He hears a new boy is coming to town.

He hears it is Peck's Bad Boy."

When he caught sight of the Bad Boy.

# Where the Men have no Thighs



IF you pick up a textbook on physiology it will tell you that a man's legs taper gradually from his body to his feet, but California can show a whole community of men whose nether limbs are enough to make the physiologist sit up and wonder if he hasn't made a bad mistake," said F. W. Westcott, the mining man, as he settled himself on the Oakland boat. "I have just spent a week in a district where the men have legs that do not taper, or if there is any difference in the circumference of thigh and ankle, the ankle would probably have the best of it. It is a fact that when one of those fellows steps in a squirrel hole he sinks down to his hip. It's a peculiar story and an interesting one—let me begin at the beginning."

"Down at the southern end of the State lies the great Ranch of the Two Flags, owned by Harry Chandler, General H. G. Otis and other Los Angeles people, which extends for many miles on both sides of the California-Mexico line. They raise enormous pumpkins and enormous Indians down there, but mostly they raise cattle, and the cowboys who handle those cattle are the fellows I am talking about. Now the real-thing cowboy is common enough in many of our Western States, but the cowboys of the Ranch of the Two Flags are peculiar, both by breeding and by training. They, or their fathers, hailed from the long-horn country in Texas originally, but they've undergone important changes, and not the least interesting one is physiological. They are the gentlemen of no thighs. Put them in tight pants and turn them loose on the Orpheum stage and their shapes would make the biggest hit that Manager John Morrissey ever saw. But it would be necessary to cover up any open gas pipe that happened to be sticking up through the floor, for one of these cowboys might get a leg down it and injure himself.

"I reached a ranchhouse on the Two Flags range one evening at dusk. Newt Tyler, the head cow-puncher, asked me to get down and stay overnight and I was glad enough to do it. His men were cooking supper over an open-air fire close to the shack. A cowboy held a long-handled frying-pan full of strips of bacon over the blaze. He was squatting on his heels. When the bacon was golden brown, he turned and ambled with it to the board which served as a table, without ever raising from his haunches. A dozen other cowboys were sitting on their heels around the board. When the potatoes and bread came on they fell to, every man sitting flat on his heels. Newt Tyler noticed that I was having difficulty in getting into the popular position and he asked one of his men if there was not a chair around the house. No chair could be found, but one of the boys remembered that there was a cracker-box at the stable a hundred yards away and he would get it. But he didn't walk after it. He jumped on a horse that was tethered to a post, galloped to the stable and presently galloped back with the box. I want to tell you that that fellow who was doing the cooking got the supper, ate his part of it, washed the dishes and smoked a couple of pipes of tobacco without ever raising from his seat on his heels and all the time balancing on the toes of his boots. Now I tried to get into that position before the cracker-box arrived and had so much difficulty in maintaining it for two minutes that I got very much interested. In fact, I found that my plump thighs prevented me from resting upon my heels at all. I simply couldn't do it.

"When those cowboys got up to stir around and turn in I saw a funny sight. For a fact, they wobbled and actually staggered when they walked. As for being able to run, I fancy that a two-year-old baby could keep out of their reach. I noticed that every man's overalls flapped about his thighs like a wet flag about a pole. Their thighs were about the size of my wrist, and that is not exaggerating the fact very greatly.

"By and by I learned all about these strange cowboys who haven't any



thighs and who, when not hanging in their saddles, are sitting on their heels, and who can hardly walk. Their work is to blame for it all. One doesn't realize the meaning of the term 'magnificent distances' until he has been on these great Southern California cattle ranches. Why, if a cowboy is sent to look after a bunch of cattle on the other end of the ranch it may mean that he will have to ride a couple of days before he sights the cattle at all. These men are always riding. They verify live in the saddle. They are never out of it except to eat and sleep. And they've been at that kind of thing all their lives. I met middle-aged men who probably had not walked a hundred miles in all their lives if every step they ever took was added in. As soon as a boy is big enough to hold a rein he is tossed into a saddle and taught to ride, and in most cases, he spends the rest of his life in the saddle. His chest broadens out from his life in the open air and the exposure in all kinds of weather. His arms grow strong and muscular from handling the riata. But his legs are neglected. They never serve any purpose except to hang down on opposite sides of his horse and the leg muscles do not develop. While his legs grow to be almost as long as the legs of the average man, they have no strength, and if a cowboy's horse got away from him and he had to walk half a mile he would probably be exhausted.

With weak legs it is no wonder that these cowboys do not stand on their feet when they can avoid it, and with no thighs, it is the most natural thing in the world for them to sit back on their heels, which they do for hours at a time not only without discomfort, but with as much comfort as the average man finds in a rocking chair.

"Newt Tyler is a splendid cowpuncher, and when he was made boss of the gang one of the owners of the Ranch of the Two Flags who knew him well, sent down a folding steamer chair, thinking that as it was light and would take up little room in the grub wagon, Newt could carry it about from camp to camp on the range and would find it nice to sit in before the campfire at night. Obeying to the note which arrived with it, Newt Tyler threw the chair into his grubwagon, and that summer he hauled it seven or eight hundred miles around the ranch. In October the man who had sent the chair visited the ranch and rode up to the camp where Newt was spending the night. He did not see the folding chair beside the fire and he asked about it. Newt Tyler raised up from his comfortable seat on his heels and pulled the chair out of the wagon in its original wrappings. He had faithfully hauled the thing around for six months without ever unwrapping it. That chair stands in the ranchhouse today, and it is used—whenever one of the owners happened to run down from Los Angeles.

"Another peculiar thing about these cowboys is that they never seem to mind the terrific heat of that region. When was there I lost several pounds each year in excessive perspiration, but the one time I saw cowboy mop his brow with his sleeve was after he had thrust his face into a little stream to drink.