

Real "Bad Man From Bodie"

HOW GEORGE DALEY "JUMPED" THE STANDARD MINE AND HELD IT FOR THREE DAYS, INCIDENTALLY CRIPPLING THE WHOLE TOWN, AND HOW WHEN THEY HAD STARVED HIM OUT, THEY PAID HIM HONOR INSTEAD OF HANGING HIM

By Maud Grange

TUCKED away in the hills of Mono county is Bodie, with scarce 800 inhabitants. It is a peaceful, respectable little town now, but time was when it contained 12,000 erring and excitable souls. Then "a bad man from Bodie" was a synonym for wickedness and daredevilry, throughout the state, and Bodie, knowing this, was proud and tried to live up to its reputation.

It succeeded. Nowhere this side of the Rocky mountains were there more wanton killings. Nowhere were there more reckless displays of daring. It was a happy hearted time. If men died with great suddenness they also lived to the full every hour of their lives. Money was plentiful, for the mines were panning out and paying well. The numerous dance halls and gambling halls could be relied on to furnish ample excitement, and when this palled there were always shooting scrapes, lynchings, funerals, and then more shooting scrapes.

Perhaps the most memorable affair was one in which George Daley, superintendent of the Noon Day mine, was the hero. For three days he held the whole town at bay single handed, but in the end he had to give up. Then, after fighting three days to get him, they were too proud of him to do what in that day was justice. Instead she sent him forth to spread her "bad man from Bodie" reputation far and wide.

The trouble began, as so many troubles do begin, in the greed for gold. As superintendent of the Noon Day mine Daley earned a good salary, but this failed to satisfy him. What he yearned for was a mine of his own—and a good one. They probably called it by another name in those days, but he was burning with "tho get rich quick fever." On New Year's eve, 1875, he jumped the Standard claim. Now, while claim jumping was always a serious matter in those days, it was generally considered a private affair to be settled between the disputants. But Bodie was drunk and in its holiday mood claim jumping struck it as being particularly mean. Bodie unanimously started for the Standard mine to wipe out George Daley.

Wiping out George Daley, however, wasn't quite as easy as it had at first appeared. He had barricaded the mouth of a tunnel, and with a couple of six shooters made approach unpleasant, to say the least.

Valiant but wavery Bodie came on, firing into the air just by way of showing what it meant to do later and loudly challenging Daley to fight it out in the open. Daley answered with a very profane defiance and then waited until the mob had reached his barricade.

He was a clean shot and the range was short. Had he borne his fellow townsmen any ill will the mortality would have been frightful. As it was he shot merely to disable, not to kill.

When the first bullets took effect in sundry arms and shoulders, the good-natured, maudlin yelling ceased and was succeeded by howls of genuine rage. The crowd surged forward, its shots popping harmlessly against the barricade, while each bullet from Daley's guns produced instant and painful result. Hands were outstretched to tear away the obstruction, only to drop helplessly disabled. Partially sobered now and thoroughly enraged, Bodie retreated out of range. Seated in a semicircle on the snow, casualties were counted and bullet holes plugged. When the amateur hospital work was finished the perforated 20—they numbered at least 20—were urged to return home by their unharmed fellows, but with profane emphasis they refused. Wounds or no wounds they would stick it out. George Daley richly deserved lynching and it was their duty.

"If we can't do nothing else," as one of the dauntless disabled put it, "we can help the rest of you by whooping like h—!"

At that the whole hospital corps vented an ear spitting and most terrifying yell, but it singularly failed of its purpose. Bullet holes in the fleshy parts of the pistol arm, when properly plugged, are not particularly dangerous, but there be more pleasant things, and bullet holes seemed the sole reward of valor that night.

"Besides," argued a cautious combatant, "Daley, he can see us out here in the moonlight plain enough, but in that dark tunnel we couldn't see him, even if he was fool enough to get from behind his cursed rocks, which he ain't by a darned sight."

The truth of this was undeniable and yet the vindictive wounded clamored that to give up now would be to shame the town.

"Bodie done up by one man, and him sober!" shouted one who was not, with thick tongued eloquence. "What'd California think of us? Gentlemen, for the fair name of our town, for the fair name of our state we just everlastingly got to hold an inquest over George Daley!"

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BODIE IN WINTER, AS IT LOOKS TODAY

he indulged in a few profitable reflections on the unprofitable nature of claim jumping. From the cold, dark tunnel the camp fires seemed to wink and beckon. "What's the use?" they said in dumb show. "What's the use?" the upturned bottles gurglingly begged. Daley shut his teeth hard, turned up the collar of his coat and leaned back against the wall, grimly waiting for morning.

At the first gleam of dawn such of the besiegers as were not incapacitated by the long night of merry making made ready for another attack on the one man garrison.

The strain of watching had not spoiled Daley's aim and the result was that of the night before. Another score added to the ranks of the wounded was the sole gain.

The MAKING of Ten Million CIGAR BOXES

By H. A. Crafts

AMONG the millions of cigar smokers in the United States how many smokers know anything about where, how and of what materials cigar boxes are made?

Perhaps not one in a thousand; perhaps not one in ten thousand; yet it is not so important that they should know; it is only interesting and may possibly be as interesting to the general reader as to the professional smoker.

The cigar trade of the United States consumes about \$6,000,000 worth of cigar boxes in a year. Pennsylvania leads the country in the annual output of cigar box making, the latest available statistics showing \$1,553,005 worth in a single year.

New York state comes next with an annual output of \$1,527,217 worth. The Pacific coast also manufactures cigar boxes. San Francisco also has two factories, Los Angeles one and Portland, Ore., one. One of the San Francisco cigar box factories is run by a Chinaman.

scarce and high priced. In the early history of cigar box making in San Francisco it could be bought here at \$55 per thousand feet; now it cost \$95 per thousand feet.

Today California redwood is used in the manufacture of cigar boxes on the coast. In the larger cigar box factory of San Francisco, 25 per cent of the boxes are made of redwood.

Then there is the veneer stuff and the imitation wood. The first named consists of a poplar or bass wood base veneered with cedar; the second consists of poplar and bass wood stained to look like cedar.

Of course the veneered stuff is cheaper than pure cedar, and the imitation wood is cheaper than the veneered material.

shaping machine and those pieces which are to be stamped are run through a printing press.

Then they are ready for nailing. The ends and sides are first nailed and then the tops and bottoms are nailed on by another machine.

The nailing machines are fed with nails by automatic action. Just the right number of nails being forthcoming at a stroke to nail one corner of a box. One stroke does the business for each of the four corners and one stroke each for top and bottom.

The top is held only at one edge and sometimes by a single name, for the cloth hinge is yet to be put on. This is on the front; the hinge goes on the back.

The hinge is made of a strip of cheese cloth glued on the edge of the box and afterward it is covered over with a strip of paper trimming.

When the glue, with which the hinge has been fastened, is dry, the box is ready for the labels and other ornamental things.

As a usual thing the entire inside of the cigar box is lined with paper and paper flaps, and then the embossed labels are pasted on.

Virginia and Tennessee furnish the largest supplies of cedar and poplar for cigar box material. A single lumbering concern owns thousands of acres of timber land in those states.

The business has built up towns and villages and the concern turns out annually 15,000,000 square feet of veneered stuff and stained poplar.

The machines for slicing the veneer cost from \$40,000 to \$15,000 each and

much of the other machinery used is proportionately expensive.

But the Spanish cedar traffic between San Francisco and Mexico and Central America is just as interesting as any part of the history of cigar box making and much more romantic.

The lumber is picked up all along the southern coast, because those slow going southerners have not yet had sufficient enterprise to build railroad lines between the regular seaports and the timber regions, either of the coast belt or interior.

So the Spanish cedar logs have to be loaded on the vessels off shore, and the task is a slow and a difficult one.

divided itself into three squads and lots were drawn for the first watch. While one squad remained on duty the others breakfasted and freshened up.

As the days dragged by the unfairness of it tugged at Bodie's conscience and the gameness of Daley warmed Bodie's big and erratic heart. Yet, give up? Admit itself beaten by one man? The pride of the town rebelled and the uneven fight went on—went on until the afternoon of the third day.

Then a bowed and broken thing, which bore scarcely a trace of humanity, stumbled from the tunnel.

"Aw, h—l, kill me, boys," it said, "and

ceal his emotion.

"There was sure something wrong with Daley. His courage filled the whole place where his common sense ought to have been. When I looked back to see how near the Apaches were there he was still riding toward 'em!"

There was silence among his auditors, for they knew what it meant to be taken alive by the Apaches. "But not without a fight, boys. He was game to the last. With his gun in his left hand he made a couple of good Indians, and when they put that out of 's business, too, so he couldn't aim straight, he went for 'em with his knife, wounded as he was, and tried to cut his way through the gang. These they shot his horse from under him—" Daley's friend paused, "I guess that's about all."

"When them painted devils finally made off, Jim and me rode back and we buried—what was left. Poor George! He was the foolishest and best and bravest bad man that ever came from Bodie."

Which was fitting epitaph for George Daley.

to a stream they are banked and afterward rolled into the water and driven down to the sea in the current.

In loading Spanish cedar logs off shore a log is lifted by a gang of men and carried down to the very water's edge. Then the men pause for the incoming comber and just when it is rushing break they take the log and rush right through the oncoming roller to calm water. Then the log is taken in charge by two strong and skillful swimmers, who, swimming by the side of the log, paddle it out to the waiting schooner.

At the vessel's side the log is seized by the crew and lifted on board and stowed away below, while the two swimmers turn about and swim back to the shore for another log. This process is kept up until the schooner receives a full cargo and weighs anchor for the homeward voyage.

It is sometimes the case that a schooner in consequence of shallow water is compelled to lay off shore for a distance of two miles, and the labor involved in loading logs under such conditions may well be imagined.

These schooners carry from 800 to 2,000 logs, according both to the size of the logs and the capacity of the vessel.