

MAYOR WHO CAUSED SECOND JOHNSTOWN FLOOD CHUCKLES AS JOKE STARTS NEW POISON RUM WAR

"Fighting Joe" Cauffiel Jolted Apathetic Dry Agents Into Action by Telling Saloonmen to Sell Real Beer During Convention

"IF YOU KEEP WITHIN LAW" WAS JOKER CONCEALED IN WORD THAT ROUSED U. S.

Battling Politician Defies Foes With Revolver He Got From T. R.; Wife Lets Him Run Things and Satisfies Herself With Having His Meals Ready on Time

"FIGHTING JOE" CAUFFIEL, bootleg-baiter and militant mayor! Billy Sunday of politics, perpetrator of a hoax that set 100,000,000 heads of the Nation wagging. Don Quixote with tongue in his cheek, finger at his nose, spiritual brother to the Knights of the Colossal Wink, wielder of the redoubtable and janny coker.

He gave saloonkeepers and brewers of Johnstown, Pa., who "could comply with the law" the privilege to sell old-fashioned beer and ale to the thirsty—and heaped coals of fire on their heads.

He played upon the gullibility of his "wet" enemies, and loosed a devastating avalanche upon them.

That's his rough, amiable, violent way. He is Mayor of Johnstown for his second term. Ten years ago he resurrected the Blue Laws of 1794, and enforced them with an emphasis that was more than disconcerting to even law-abiding citizens. And increased his enemies.

Not so long ago an attempt was made upon his life. A bullet went smashing through the window of his second-story real estate office on Franklin street. It missed him, but only by a hair.

Gun Roosevelt Gave Him Ready for Assassins

"Now, I am fortified," he says grimly, and fishes out of his desk a tremendous Colt. "Teddy Roosevelt gave me that."

Today he is under a six months' jail sentence. "If they don't get me one way, my enemies try another." And he can smile about it, but his very eyebrows bristle with righteous indignation.

And this warrior among his Pennsylvania mountains has a son who "doesn't like politics at all"; three daughters who look upon it as a merry kind of game, and a gentle, unobtrusive little wife who feels that the best help she can give her ardent husband is "three square meals a day."

"I come from a family of pioneers and fighters," says His Honor with exuberant pride. "My great-grandfather and his three sons were killed fighting Indians. My great-grandmother was the first woman to cross the Alleghenies. I'm Scotch-Irish for a foundation, and 100 per cent American after that. And I have a family Bible in my possession that's 400 years old. It belonged to honest fighting ancestors, and I've been fighting in this town for the last twenty-three years."

On all sides of the busy little town swell hills, rugged, but gay in the sunshine. As they have withstood the raging elements, so the little town itself has risen above the tragedy of its death-dealing flood in 1889—so does the Honorable Joe withstand his ancient enemies. His six feet and inches, which carry his head above the average citizen on the street, his severe and heavy jaw, his large and rugged hands, his undiminished energy, express something of the strength of the everlasting mountains that frame his little bee-hive of a city.

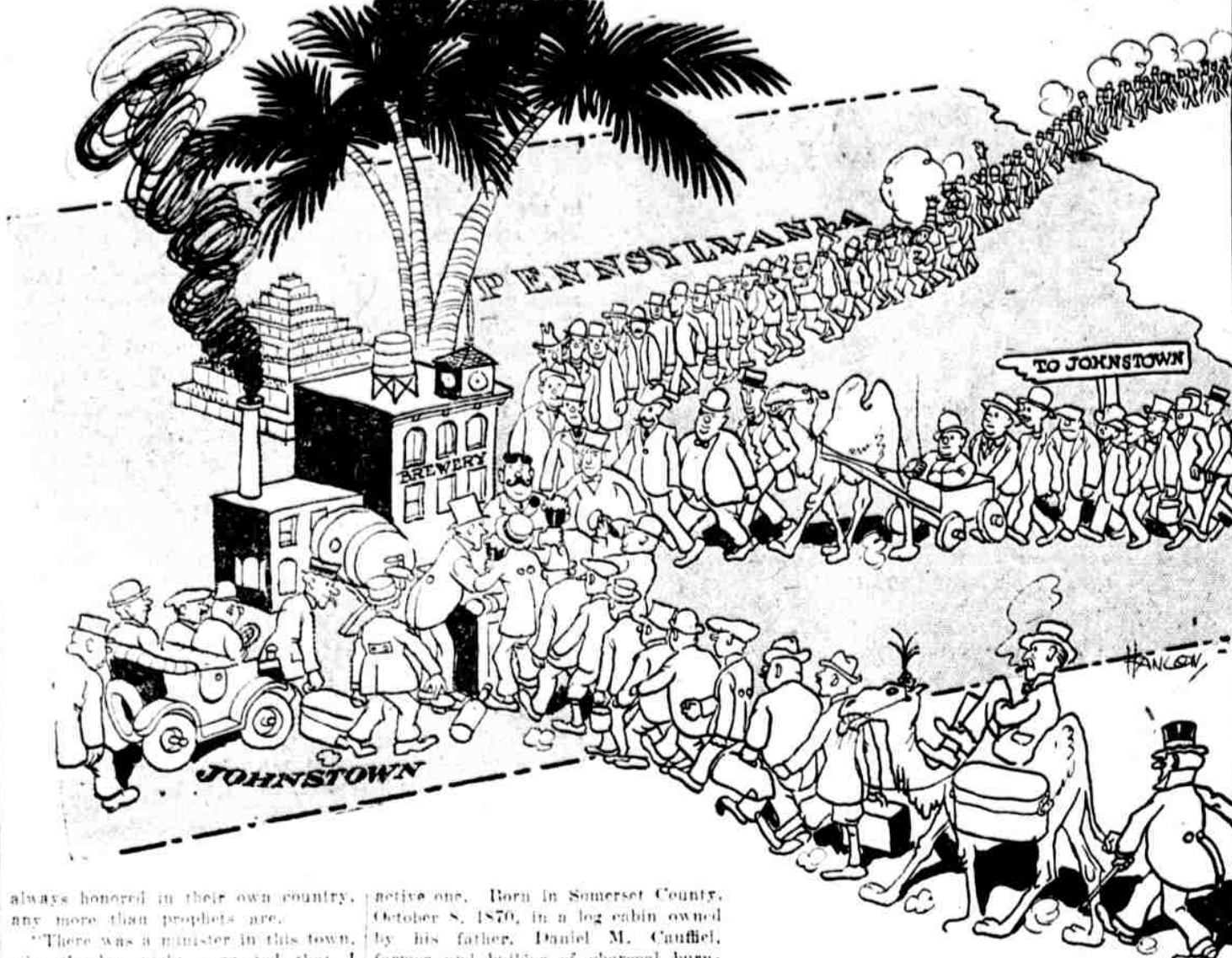
"I hate this liquor trafficking worse than blazes! And the folks who can't learn to live within the law had better get out of Johnstown."

Wants Capable Men to Enforce the Laws

Mayor Cauffiel, whose pleas rush upon him faster often than his lips can express them, whose dramatic energy swells to such an extent that he forgets he is only within his city office and not on a public rostrum, pounds his flat-topped desk with a hand and eloquently cries:

"We need law and order men who will enforce the laws!" That's been his trouble in Johnstown, he insists. "This is a city of church people. And I can't understand why I don't get more help. It's my corrupt political enemies. Bad liquor has been flowing all over the place. And the enforcement officers have been apathetic."

"I'm heartily opposed to liquor—the way it's been abused. Beer and ale on a 3 per cent basis is a beverage—but any one who sells enough of the stuff to make a man drunk ought to be run out of town. You can't close up saloons, if you release beer. Maybe



always honored in their own country, any more than prophets are.

"There was a minister in this town, who Sunday night suggested that I might have seen him in the forests of my home, but that they weren't in anybody else's forests," contributed the Mayor, with a hard look in his eyes. "But I'm telling you that no man who preaches in the pulpit ought to slander a man who is fighting for what's right like that. I want to tell you that he hadn't any call to drag my family into this fight. I consider what he said a reflection on my wife. And I want to tell him and the world that my home is as clean as a sheet, and I can assure you that all my furniture at least, is paid for."

The youngest Mayor walked up and down, puffing arrogantly at his cigar. "Expecting liquor is the cause of the most, if not quite all of the miseries of our people. It ravages have filled the jails, asylums and penitentiaries of our State. Liquor dealers have combined forces with the political bosses and exploiters of the people's rights to defeat every progressive measure demanded by the people."

Me. Cauffiel married Miss Brinton Sellers, daughter of Fred and Rebecca Sellers, in June, 1888. They have three small girls—Margaretta, Mary H. Eleanor—and one son.

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Helped Minister Pray for Down and Outer

"Why I remember Bert Haverly. The poor fellow was down and out, and I grabbed hold of him and tried to force him to sign the pledge. He was a Methodist—I'm a Presbyterian—and I took him over to my parson and I told that parson to pray for Bert. The parson did, and then Bert begged that I pray for him. And I did. And I tell you the place never heard such prayers as were raised that day. 'It's terrible this poison is!'

"It's terrible this poison is!'

Entire Country Gasped and Then Had Good Laugh

The Mayor chuckled over that, and the inhabitants of Johnstown chuckled.



over the possibility of ending their troubled nerves and unaccustomed throats with the real stuff. They were fed up with the fifty-seven different varieties of poison masquerading as strong drink—it is said that Johnstown has about every variety of foreigner on the list, and that each variety makes its own particular brand of poison and sells it. Well, the men folks swarmed the saloons. They wanted "Cauffiel's real beer," and they got it for one day. State Prohibition Director Davis hurried to Johnstown, removed the former agent, O. R. Stuffer, and appointed C. T. Sprague in his place. And for a day again Johnstown was home-free.

"But they are getting their poison again," said the Mayor in his office in City Hall yesterday. "You can't take a man who wasn't good enough as a preacher to keep his job, and make him over into a prohibition agent," he added, with arch allusion to the Rev. John T. D.

But the Mayor hasn't given up hope. He's going to make Johnstown dry yet. There are some folks in that drinking city, who whisper that "Fighting Joe" wasn't really trying to pull a hoax at all. That he blundered into a very effective bit of self-advertising. But, naturally, public officials are in for that sort of criticism. They are not



Mayor and Mrs. Cauffiel and their children

wanted to close Johnstown tight for the convention that's here now. Ten thousand P. O. S. of A.'s. I didn't want them to kill themselves with rot. I didn't want the brewer's big horse to roll over them. I wanted them to have a good time. I didn't want them to commit suicide. And I thought of that hour."

The day Mayor Cauffiel was visited in his office the streets of his city were festooned with flags and pennants. Thousands of visitors paraded the streets and bands blared intermittently.

"I'm going to address the convention in a little while," said the Mayor. "You might come and listen. I'm a lawyer. I wouldn't write a real speech. You know, I work about twenty-four hours every day."

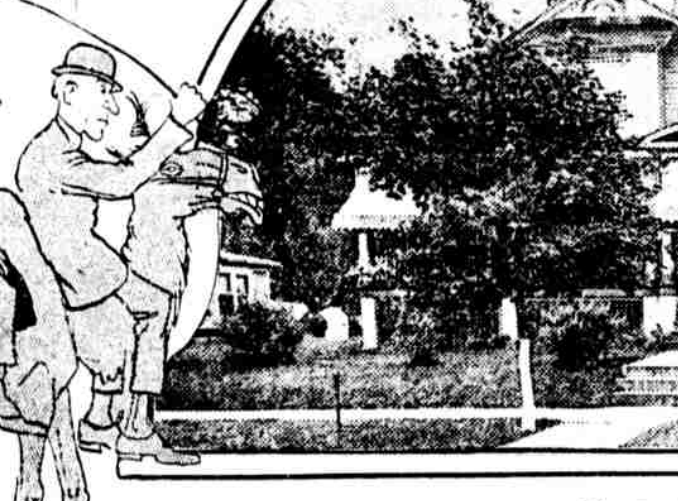
The Mayor has a growing business—a number of businesses, besides that of being Mayor. His life has been a very

active one. Born in Somerset County, October 8, 1870, in a log cabin owned by his father, Daniel M. Cauffiel, farmer and builder of charcoal burners, young Cauffiel attended public schools. Later he took a two-year normal school course. When he was twenty-one he opened up his real estate office, which has pushed along with success. Now he is assisted in the business by his son, Monte, who will be a junior at Haverford College in the fall.

Since the opening of his real estate office the Mayor has organized a banking business which is successful. He has operated mines in Ohio, Arizona and New Mexico.

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The Cauffiel home

greater portion of his time at home. But when he gets there he wants to be comfortable. And he is. One simply has to look at Mrs. Cauffiel to know that. She is the "good old sentiment" mother whose children idolize her—and she is a merry, chubby kind of mother. When she stands or sits, her children quite naturally drape themselves about her because they love her so much.

Mayor Has His Ideals and Loves a Fight, Too

"The Mayor is such an enthusiastic fighter that there is opposition in his mind almost constantly, the casual observer would feel, the ideal for which he stands. There is no indecision about them. One is impressed by their sincerity, and yet one is conscious that they are the ideals one is accustomed to hear on the lips of every politician from Portland, Me., all the way around the world to Portland, Me., again.

"They are the 'good old sentiment'—nothing especially new about them, and perhaps that is why Mayor Cauffiel believes in them so steadfastly.

"I have what you call my thirteen points—not fourteen," said the Mayor, grinning. "They are my own patriotic laborer's dozen. I stand for white supremacy," he submitted his first point, and because they seemed to be no answer to such a stand, he continued:

"I believe in the protection of our pure womanhood. I believe in just laws and liberty; in the closer relationship between capital and labor; in the prevention of unwarranted strikes by foreign labor agitators. We have too many aliens around us, and my next point is to urge the limitation of immigration. He paused for a moment, looked severely at the two persons in the little room with him, and then puffed out his lips. "That's my eleventh point. Besides we must have law and order men who will enforce same. And last of all, but not the least, we want Americanism; we have no room for others but Americans in our country."

Mr. Cauffiel read his points from a slip of paper, which he had drawn from his pocket. He sat down again in his chair. He pulled out a cigar, lighted it. "Here," he said, with an affability that bordered on cheerfulness, "have a cigar. Have one? I have plenty. I made them extra last night. How so busy, I haven't had time to prepare a speech for this convention."

"Yes, I imagine I help the Mayor best by just giving him three good thumping meals a day—and sometimes four."

The Mayor is too busy to spend the

of his city of 30,000 souls. He stood up amidst a deal of applause—a veritable giant among the men who seemed so little on the broad stage. He was in a tight black suit—dressed tastefully, but informally.

"I've never embarrassed when I speak in public," he had said before. And he wasn't. He looked over the thickly crowded auditorium with a good-natured grin lighting up his eyes. "One can't say that Mayor Cauffiel is eloquent—but he carries the tone of deep sincerity about him, and profound strength. He began haltingly to inform his audience that he did not come to them as Mayor.

"I come to you only as an American citizen," he said, and then more sternly, "I stand for American principles and American rights. I stand for the audience, intrigued, listened carefully.

"What we need today," cried the Mayor, his men of honor, men with moral courage. The trouble is there are too many good men in this world who really don't care what happens to the world. Things confront us today which we have never been confronted before with!"

It is no amazing thing that a man who apparently has such a paucity of senatorial ideas can really be such an effective Mayor. He used phrases like "God's own country," "obstacles to progress," "we view with alarm," "separate the church from the State" in a manner and with an irrelevance which is associated with the least distinctive of political stump speakers. And yet the audience applauded thunderously.

Like most political speakers, too, after each emphatic point, he stretched forward his great head, squared his massive jaw, looked gravely around at the press. Furthermore, I believe in the purest Americanism; in the prevention of unwarranted strikes by foreign labor agitators. We have too many aliens around us, and my next point is to urge the limitation of immigration. He paused for a moment, looked severely at the two persons in the little room with him, and then puffed out his lips. "That's my eleventh point. Besides we must have law and order men who will enforce same. And last of all, but not the least, we want Americanism; we have no room for others but Americans in our country."

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Makes Drastic Threat to All His Persecutors

"The affair" discovered by Mr. Cauffiel was a risky party, which he supposed to have taken place at the Hotel Fort Stanwix, by members of the Cambria County bar as a testimonial to newly elected and retiring judges. He intimates at that time that one Judge of the Supreme Court of the State and seven Judges of the lower court were present.

"I go to jail," said the Mayor succinctly. "I have plenty of company."

In 1914 Mr. Cauffiel ran as an independent candidate for nomination for the office of Mayor of the State. He failed in that attempt.

But it did not decrease his interest in the welfare of the community. That interest he will never lose, any more than he will ever lose his interest in food.

"I haven't time for hobbies," he said. "I haven't time to do anything but look after the thriving business of this city and my own personal matters."

"Two, he doesn't play golf—but he gets his exercise what with rushing about trying to solve municipal problems. Once in City Hall, the officials have the profoundest respect for him. They go further than that—they like him. He is "His Honor the Mayor" and they speak of him, but they think of him as Joe, with the crowd's light on his cheeks and the incessant twinkle in his eyes.

He is not only full of well-to-do ideas, but he is a substantial fellow—a man who can be depended upon in a fight to the last lick for whatever he believes to be just, a man of his word.

Is Like J. Ham Except the Scenery

"That's the reason the bootleggers, the saloonkeepers, the brewers, fear him. He has threatened to run them out of town if they don't stop releasing poison—and there's no doubt but what he's going to do it.

Strangely enough, Mayor Cauffiel suggests former Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, because in many ways he is different and in many ways so like "Fighting Joe" hasn't the metallic color, the carefully pressed suit, the spats, the pink chin whiskers. He stands at the other pole in that respect. But his effect on his audience and his constituents seems to be about the same as J. Ham's. Both are full of political humor, perhaps both realize it. At any rate, both can sway crowds in a manner scarcely credible, with their hawk-eyed, long, dry behind-the-ear oratorical phrases.

In the end, both are honest in their convictions. Both have energy and enthusiasm enough to fight to the bitter end.

"Fighting Joe" is a man of action, first of all, and lined up doubtless on the side of the everlasting angels.