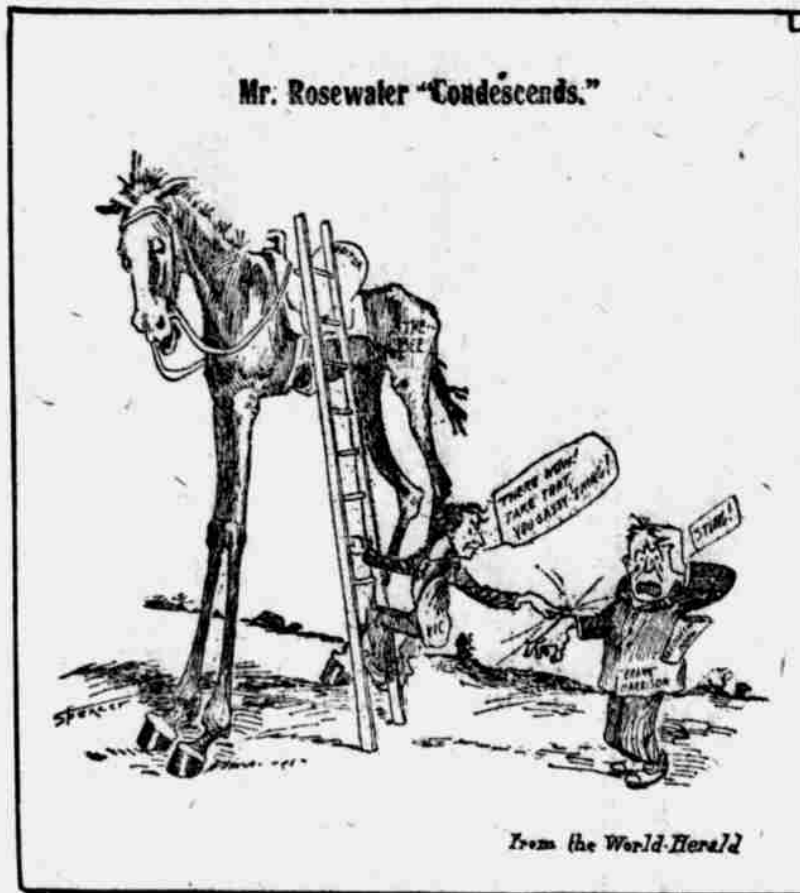


How it Feels to Be Cartooned---Told from Experience



From the World-Herald

The "True Inwardness" of Last Night's Taft Banquet.

From the World-Herald

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Nebraska.

HOW does it feel to be cartooned?
Well, that depends upon the cartoon, and also upon whether it is a first experience or you have become used to it by repetition of the offense. The cartoon may produce in the subject either a feeling of elation or of disgust.

If it is a good cartoon laid on a broad foundation of humor, and the point is well made, it should arouse no resentment. A person ought to be able to take a joke—and a cartoon is supposed to be a joke perpetrated in picture—when the joke is on him as when it is on the other fellow. If the cartoon is a distortion breathing malice or deliberate misrepresentation in every line, why, it stimulates a desire to get sight of the artist and have a brick handy about the time he comes within hitting distance. But the ambition to retaliate on the cartoonist will fade away when you realize that he is just working at his profession and probably drawing pictures as he is told to draw them, possibly having the ideas supplied to him to be elaborated on the drawing board.

With the single exception of Mr. Bryan, who unquestionably holds the record for having been the target for more cartoons than any other person on earth, I believe I have figured in a larger number of such pictorial portrayals than anyone else now living in Nebraska. This honor, or disgrace, whichever way it is viewed, is due to the persistent practice of personal politics pursued by the opposition in this city and state by which I, as was my father before me, have been singled out personally to take the burden of every campaign instead of the candidates whom I may be favoring. Never an election passes in which a stranger judging by the cartoons might not easily be led to imagine that I was running for at least one, if not every, office on the ticket, although I have never sought election to public office of any kind. Perhaps it is sheer vanity that has impelled me to save the cartoons in which a pretended likeness of myself figures—if so, I admit the charge—but the collection makes an interesting record of past politics and current history, more interesting to me, no doubt, than to anyone else. I have now nearly 100 of these drawings in my possession, and more a-coming every little while.

Memorable First Cartoon.

Yes, I remember the appearance of my first cartoon. It was just a little one, but the artist "hit it off," as it were. I had been on the ground at the legislature of 1901 in Lincoln somewhat actively engaged in supervising the job of electing two United States senators, assisted by, or assisting, a number of similarly self-sacrificing patriots with like purposes, among them then District Judge "Ben" Baker. The judge and I offered the cartoonist just the sort of contrasts that he revels in. I measure five feet four and a half inches, which is below the average, and weigh around 125 pounds, while "Ben" is large of height and girth and tips the scales quite generously. I have a head of hair that makes me get my money's worth whenever I patronize the barber shop, while "Ben" combs his cranium with a washrag and, except for the small space occupied by an invisible fringe near the neck, keeps a roller skating rink for flies all the year round. I do not use tobacco in any form, while "Ben's" most constant companion is a big black cigar, so you can readily see what the cartoonist did to us. There is "Ben" with feet on terra firma as against me perched high on a soap box placed on a chair, and then just able to get my mouth on a level with his ear. "Ben" has his cigar at a rakish tilt and wears clothes that bespeak the man of the world, while I am made to look like an immature boy just out of college—it might have been kindergarten.

Of course, I was all puffed up by that cartoon. I thought I must be beginning to amount to something to attract that much attention. I showed it, without attempting to conceal my pride, to friends and acquaintances. I even felt complimented by being associated with such a great man as Judge Baker and to be able to rise as high as he did, even though I had to pile a soap box on top of a chair to do so.

Working on a Famous Toga.

Out of the senatorial campaign of 1906 grew a series of cartoons in which I figured, sometimes in



the foreground and sometimes in the background. In these I was exhibited as working on a toga for "My Pa," and to emphasize the relationship of father and son I was thrust back into youthful apparel with knickerbockers, Buster Brown collar and butterfly necktie, which were entirely foreign to my regular costume. I was depicted as industriously sewing this mantle together, as trying to protect it from mutilation by political enemies and of carrying it through the different stages and vicissitudes of the contest, finally tearfully bringing it home in tatters at the conclusion of the convention try-out.

The preliminary campaign for the support of Nebraska in the republican national convention in 1908 brought me more or less into the thick of it, and at the same time into the cartoon limelight. Then, as now, Mr. Taft was the candidate with whom I had enlisted, while the opposition likewise started out behind Senator La Follette, and later, when they found they were losing ground, tried to shift to former President Roosevelt. The personalities of the campaign could not be kept out, nor the artists' pencil withstand the temptation offered. Then the republican party became an infant with lusty lungs, with a tag suspended by a string around its neck labeled "Republican Reform," which infant I had kidnaped and made away with despite the frantic efforts of several self-styled reformers to retain possession of the child. At the next turn I had boarded a lumbering old automobile, inscribed, "Nebraska G. O. P.," in which I continued to carry the kidnaped youngster along

with me, unceremoniously bumping obstacles in the path.

An interchange of correspondence with the custodian of the La Follette boom gave occasion for what I consider one of the cleverest cartoons that has been perpetrated upon me. In my open letter I said something about "condescending" to reply to persistent attacks previously ignored, and so I was portrayed as coming down from my high horse by step-ladder route to deliver the political enemy a stinging slap on the wrist. The equine with its elongated legs must have drawn its inspiration from the wooden horse of Troy sung by the Greek poets, and, while the portrait likenesses would scarce be recognizable without the name imprinted, the execution was not so deficient as to obliterate a good idea altogether.

Drilling Delegates for Taft.

As the delegates were elected and instructed for Taft, I became a schoolmaster drilling them in a chorus with a fiail in one hand, representing the machine threatening political castigation to those who did not respond right. The state convention finally completed the work by commissioning me, along with others, as one of the delegates-at-large under instructions that made it a solid Taft delegation from Nebraska. I then suddenly in the cartoonist's mind became the whole republican party, with the elephant sticking his head out of my pocket, and the "Thank you" telegram from Mr. Taft displayed, to say nothing of other emblematic ornamentation intended to epitomize the interests

charged by the democrats with contributing to the result. In culmination came the presentation by me to Mr. Taft, at the banquet he attended here in Omaha shortly afterward, of the Nebraska G. O. P., a miniature elephant carefully bound up in testimony of "Delivering the goods."

Turning Tables on the Tariff.

After the tickets were in the field and I became one of the managers on behalf of the republican candidates with special charge of the publicity work in the west, it goes without saying that I continued to be a mark for my cartoonist friends. An incident, or rather an accident, of the campaign by which, during my absence, one of the editorial writers on The Bee failed to recognize a quotation by Mr. Bryan from the tariff plank of the republican platform and proceeded to dress it down with characteristic ridicule, gave an opening that could not be passed up. I had no more to do with it, nor was I justly to be held personally responsible for it, any more than Senator Hitchcock for the anti-G. A. R. editorial in the World-Herald, which he has been periodically explaining, but that did not prevent the "break" being put upon me as one of the Taft campaign factotums and the changes rung upon it on the stump by Mr. Bryan himself and in the democratic newspapers. Chairman Mack of the democratic national committee put his corps of professional medicine mixers at work on it, and the cartoons they evolved and syndicated appeared in newspapers, big and little, from one end of the country to the other. It was a good stunt and in-

jected a little harmless ginger into the campaign just at a moment it threatened to become acrimonious and did no one any great damage.

The political contest of the following year produced more repetition than variety in the picture game. The sacred G. O. P. elephant continued to follow me like a doleful animal and go through all the different motions according to my direction. The election turned out a republican triumph, swinging Nebraska back into the republican column, but that did not stop my appearing as one of the drivers of "the Rosewater-Hayward machine," with the exclamation, "We won, Bill, but we can't stand many such victories."

The political battle of two years ago, and of last year as well, added the usual quota to my cartoon collection. The machine reappears with its customary transformation of drivers and passengers. "Ben" Baker steering this time, and Governor Aldrich and Senator Burkett riding behind. Edgar Howard was cast for companion piece in some of them, which went to the extremes of personal mendacity.

The Impending Presidential Contest.

The present presidential campaign has been on for more than six months and already brought its early crop. The occasion of the visit of President Taft to Nebraska last October followed the publication of a letter by Governor Aldrich addressed to Ross Hammond, declaring himself unreservedly for La Follette, produced picture plays that elicited considerable comment. In one of them I am exhibited in the act of "gagging" the governor. The latter is represented as a parrot, so far as body and beak go, but with his well-known facial features. I have climbed up a long ladder in order to tie his mouth shut with the remark, "You talk too much," while fading away in the distance is a succession of exclamations, "Polly wants La Follette." The second chapter shows Ross Hammond with a pair of tweezers pulling tail feathers out of the parrot, who is fluttering and turning fiercely on his tormentor, the gag slipping off while the parrot exclaims, "That's a personal insult," and once more incessantly repeats, "Polly wants La Follette." The governor appears again in still another cartoon sitting by the roadside as a dislodged passenger from the Taft machine, on which I am still permitted to sit with the driver.

My appearance in away-from-home newspapers, except as already noted, has been chiefly in the form of pen and ink portraits with, as a rule, rather doubtful likenesses. The Chicago Record-Herald once gave me a large part of a page along with a humorous sketch of doings at the republican national campaign headquarters, written by Richard Henry Little, in which I was dubbed "the man with the incandescent smile." The New York Herald artist has also contributed a snapshot taken along with others during an Associated Press meeting, in which it would take an incandescent light to find the trace of a smile. Good, bad and indifferent, however, or completely devoid of resemblance, they give the experience of being cartooned—of being held up to the public eye with personal characteristics distorted to make the point or draw the laugh, and in time to cauterize whatever sensitive spots a man may have.

HOW WOULD IT DO?

How would it do for Taft to say at this juncture: "The wise custom which limits the president to two terms regards the substance and not the form. If I am nominated and elected this year, under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." Or is this also copyrighted?—St. Louis City Journal.

