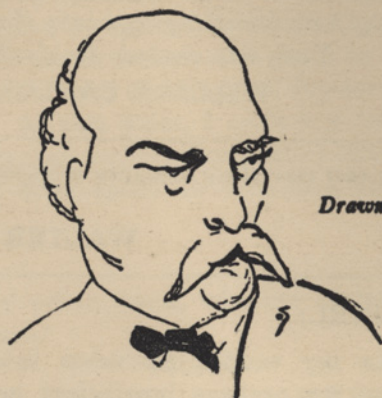


Walter S. Hankel



Drawn by Peggy Baird

## HOMAGE TO WALTER S. HANKEL

There are a few happy sprites in our time who render the whole problem of art quite simple. Thanks to possession of almost supernatural powers they evade easily the stumbling blocks of others. Their work is fraught with such conviction, with such inevitability that we can do nothing but listen and cry: "Maestro!"

At an early period in the life of Walter S. Hankel, the talent for editorial work, nay the editorial genius, was unusually pronounced. Seldom has this art been given its due among the seven or several. Nor had any recognized the astounding possibilities in this field for a truly formidable intellect, before he came. . . . As I look over the miserable, warted faces (so like those in the subway!) of all the other noted editors of the land, I am drenched with a vague revulsion.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

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**D**EAR MR. HANKEL:—What's the use of idling over Mencken & Co.? I never heard of Mencken as an influence in American letters save as one who came from behind to inform us that we have a language. It's a service the dictionary makers should reward him for, not we. His real influence, now that he has his Mercury, is perhaps not so much with letters as diseases of the blood.

The only person I know who reads Mencken (or is it Nathan?) and speaks pleasantly of him, is a slow-paying customer of mine. . . . a smart, uptodate, cloacal sort of guy with