

EDITORIAL NOTES

HOWARD WOLF, author of "The Rubber Barons Fight to the Death" in this issue, is a newspaper man in Akron, O., where rubber is the main subject of human meditation and everyone breathes and lives it. He says of himself:

I was graduated from the local high-school and then began picking up an education in the books of Kit Marlowe, John Ford, François Rabelais, Holinshed, Froissart, Dostoevski, Swift, Sterne, Heine and George Sterling. I worked for a while as a traction employé, a factory hand and a real estate title examiner, and then stumbled into newspaper work. I have been reporter, book reviewer and city editor, and am now an editorial writer and columnist on the Akron *Beacon Journal*. I made "The Best News Stories of 1924" in my first year as a reporter, and my spectacular dam-fooleries in that job included flying in a national balloon race. At the age of twenty-one I ushered into this vale the world's worst critical essay—an appreciation of James Branch Cabell, included with other masterpieces in a symposium called "A Round Table in Poictesme." Now and then I print a poem in a magazine, but of late I begin to realize that my wife is the real poet of the family.



Louvre Studio

Howard Wolf

THE REV. WARREN M. SMALTZ, who contributes "On Being Deaf" to this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

I was born in the Pennsylvania Dutch town of Richland, on March 11, 1895. Because Cleveland was then president, and in order to memorialize the occasion, I have been a Democrat ever since. My boyhood was not altogether unhappy, despite handicaps. At seven I contracted diphtheria, and my grandmother treated the symptoms with the



The Rev. Warren M. Smaltz

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then prevailing "hex" technique of manipulations and incantations. A year of almost total blindness followed. At nine meningitis took away my hearing, and I never expect to regain it, the promises of Christian Science notwithstanding.

Despite my deafness, I was graduated from the local high-school. Subsequently I had to support myself by various jobs, from farming to laboring in an iron foundry, and meanwhile managed to be graduated from the Keystone State Normal School's commercial department, the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Central High-school of Philadelphia. The latter conferred upon me the degrees of B.A. and M.A.

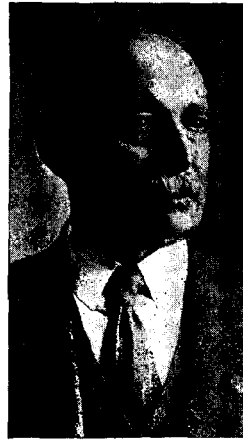
I had a stormy year as head supervisor of boys in the Institution for the Deaf at Mt. Airy, Phila., and quit to get married. The next day I hunted for a job, and got one as a shipping clerk with the Philco Company. I stuck to it for four years, and meanwhile acquired a family that has been one of my chief delights.

Deciding that, whatever the status of the blind might be, there was no Scriptural prohibition against the deaf leading the deaf, I entered the Philadelphia Divinity School to prepare for Holy Orders. I was graduated in 1924 at the head of my class, and was made an S.T.B. In due course I was ordained a deacon, and six months later a priest, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and received the pastorate of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia. I have held that charge to date. •

CAPTAIN JAMES H. COOK, author of "The Art of Fighting Indians" in this issue, is perhaps the greatest of all the surviving Indian fighters. He is also a naturalist of considerable distinction, and has won the esteem of such men as President Henry Fairfield Osborn and Dr. W. K. Gregory of the American Museum of Natural His-

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tory, and of Dr. J. W. Gidley of the United States National Museum. He was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., on August 26, 1858,



Capt. James H. Cook

and received all of his formal education in its public schools. As a young man he became greatly interested in the frontier country, and he devoted more than thirty years of his life to herding, hunting, scouting, and trailing from Mexico to Montana. He was an excellent rider and a first-rate shot. He was badly wounded in one of the battles with the Comanches, and took a distinguished part in the capture of the celebrated Apache chieftain Geronimo. In the latter expedition he won the high commendation of such Indian fighters as Major-General Samuel S. Sumner, Brigadier-General S. W. Fountain, and the illustrious Lieutenant Gatewood. Captain Cook, nevertheless, has always been a friend of the Indians, especially of the Northern Cheyennes, and one of his frequent callers for years past has been the notorious Mahpiyaluta, or Red Cloud, head chief of the Oglala Sioux. With his son Harold James, Captain Cook now maintains a free museum of natural history at Agate, Neb. He is the author of "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," published in 1923.

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