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**An Amazing Dinner.** Tunney captures London. "Damned Liar." Authors proclaim a Pugilist. A dinner took place last night which could only have happened in London. What is more, it may never happen again.

Harry Preston, the unofficial king of English boxing, had arranged a dinner for Gene Tunney, the retired heavy-weight champion of the world. In respect of Tunney's literary aspirations, his guests were carefully selected.

By 8.15 Arnold Bennett was there, frankly amused. Gilbert Frankau held forth, over the cocktails, on any and every subject. Sir John Lavery seemed quiet. Hugh Walpole, rather less oracular than formerly, looked more commercial and less artistic than usual.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett seemed to be holding his brief in reserve. George Graves was lively, but so was C. B. Cochran. Young Lord Plunkett paired off with the young boxing Marquis of Clydesdale. Jeffery Farnol was in high spirits, but then boxing was his meat even before dinner.

Lord Decies, as the heavy-weight income tax champion, shared with Lord Dalziel an air of senior responsibility.

The only drawback was that Tunney had not turned up.

But at 8.25 he arrived—large, kindly, deferential but not crushed.

*Tunney's Greeting.* "How do you, sir?", was his response to each introduction. His black tie, in contrast to the white tie of the guests, was not immaculate. His dinner jacket failed to hide his shoulder muscles. He was not quite the "intellectual" of the newspaper reports, no. This first impression was that of a mountain guide who ought to be something better, of a man you would trust your sons with