

on a camping holiday, of a man you would trust your daughter with anywhere. That was Gene Tunney on arrival.

Dinner was served. There were some thirty guests. Distinguished men, most of them. It was impossible not to smile.

"This could only happen in London." That must have been said a dozen times.

The King was toasted. Every one stood while the band played "God Save the King." Then the President of the United States was toasted. The band, somewhat perplexed, played "Ol' Man River," but English phlegm proved supreme. No one moved until the music was over.

For the "Highbrow." After that an obvious concession was made to Tunney's highbrow tendencies. A soprano was announced, who sang Arditì's "Waltz." Tunny smiled. George Graves gave her an encore.

The soprano then sang, "What would I if my fate were my own." This brough a particularly lively response from Sir Godfrey Thomas, who has had so much to do with the Prince of Wales' affairs.

Subsequently Lord Decies proposed the health of the guest of honour. He spoke of Tunney's "great mental intellect." He said, which seemed a little improbable, that every man's ambition was to be heavy-weight champion of the world. He also hoped that Mr. Tunney, who was a great gentleman, would have much success in his chosen field of literature.

The young Marquis of Clydesdale followed. It was a fine, modest speech, attractively delivered. It had the homage of the amateur to the master.

Then Tunney rose. He smiled. He seemed shy, yet, paradoxically, at ease. "When I left America," he said, in a soft, almost Southern accent, "I wanted a rest from the roar of the crowd, the harassment of photographers, and the persistency of reporters. That is why I came to Europe. But, gentlemen, I underestimated Europe."

The Perfect Phrase. Every one gasped. Here was the perfect phrase, here was the orator to whom words were music. Here was the speaker who had knocked language cold and claimed his championship over its dead body.

"I don't know why you make this fuss over me," he said. "What is boxing? The ability to co-ordinate mind and muscle at a critical moment—that is all. Yet you receive me with all this acclaim. If I had been a great painter I would have been met by a couple of long-haired men and shorthaired women. Had

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OSKAR LOERKE schreibt über das Werk:

Wie auf Sturmwinden bin ich durch dieses Buch hindurchgeritten, überall erfrischt, glücklich, tief lebendig.

Ich gratuliere zum poetischen Flug, zum Wirklichkeitsernst und zum seraphischen, zum Bänkelsang wie zur Moritat, zu Orgelpfeifen, Walzer und Choral, zu Hohe- lied und Jahrmarktschau. Sieghaft, herrlich!