

I been a famous litterateur my welcome would have been left to posterity."

His hearers listened in wonderment. The legend had come true. Tunney "the pug" was a thinker, a philosopher, with all the kindly contempt that thinkers and philosophers have for the excitements of the mob.

He recalled his fights, how he fought on simply to show that his first victory over Dempsey was not a fluke. He denounced the "killer" as a menace to boxing, and said that the only joy in a fight was while the other man was your physical and intellectual equal.

"Why have I given it up?" he asked. "Because I have passed my best. Yet the painter still thinks his masterpiece is to come. The author, no matter how long he has written, still sees his greatest novel in the future. The business man hopes to achieve his outstanding financial coup in the future. Boxing held no future for me—so I gave it up, but I am grateful for the money, it has given me for my modest needs."

After such a speech, after such a triumph of sincerity that carried all before it, no other speaker had a chance.

Yet Arnold Bennett added a graceful touch: "A friend of mine asked me to dinner to-night. I said I was already contracted to dine with Harry Preston, with Gene Tunney as the principal guest. He said, 'You are a damned liar. You are boasting.'"

Towards midnight the party broke up, but Tunney, the thinker, the embodiment of "He man" decency, had scored one of the greatest knock-outs of his life.

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