

Georgette, Not Georges, Rules Roost in Carpentier Home

BY HENRY L. FARRELL

NEW YORK, April 22.—"Chorge—CHORGE."

"Oui, oui, un minot, m'cher."

"Un minot, no no, too sweet."

Thus cracks the domestic whip over Georges Carpentier.

Maybe the handsome Georges is the heavyweight champion of Europe, maybe he did give Joe Beckett passports to the Land of Nod in one punch, maybe he has enough stuff to rock the throne of Dempsey—nevertheless, he's second in his own house.

The beautiful young Georgette, his bride of a little over a month, who hasn't one-third the size of her illustrious spouse, rules the household.

"Georges, he used to be his own boss but the madame—she even tells him what to wear," Leon Wilson, his trainer, masseur, valet and interpreter, was saying as he selected the outfit for the day from the closet containing 12 suits of clothes, 32 pairs of shoes, a dozen hats, 25 silk shirts and a few other things.

"It is not the proper wear for afternoon, but since the madame—"

in a sort of soliloquy he mused.

Wears 'Em of Course.

"What does George do with all those clothes?" asked one of the two newspapermen decorating the upholstery in the elaborately appointed hotel apartment of the French gods of Pistiana.

"He wears them," a perfectly obvious answer that caused a slight chuckle at the London joke.

"You see it is like this," unimpressed of the interruption, "George he makes at least three changes a day, sometimes more, so it takes a big wardrobe."

"I used to lay out George's clothes but since he's married—"

The door opened and in walked Georges himself forcing his attendant to cease unburdening himself of the "bitter fruit" that Hymen had dished out for him.

Descamps then bowed suavely in from another door and began an illustrated lecture in French English, English French and doughboy slang on why Willie Meehan, twice the victor over Jack Dempsey would not last two ticks of a double-time watch against Georges.

Georges seconded every motion and corrected the technique of the illustrations several times, otherwise enjoying the performance immensely.

When it comes to "talking shop," Georges and his astute manager can compare American verve and "gude."

"They were all attention while one of the scribes was countering with an argument that Willie Meehan against Dempsey was the best exemplification of the old tradition that 'accident will happen.'"

The door on the other side of the room opened and in front of a guest of the most effectual perfume, in except the young madame.

The Madame Enters.

What transpired is best related in regular talk for the lady of the house knows only two batches of English—"How you do?" and "Goo By."

"George," she said with a coo and coy smile.

Georges didn't register interest. "George—George—GEORGE," she went on with an increasing crescendo that ended in a bang of vocal thunder and a staccato of tiny feet pounded on the floor.

"Oh, yes, yes, my dear, in a min-

ute," merely turning to her.

"One minute nothing," she must have been saying. "How do you get that way. When I call you, hop to it!"

And Georges hopped and trailed her into the room.

The witnesses exchanged significant glances. Descamps stopped with his arm upraised where it was about to illustrate a punch that would knock 50 pounds off Willie Meehan. Wilson shrugged his shoulders with an air of "oh hell!" and the scribes tried to figure it out.

"He may pull off that lamb stut in public but when he gets her in there I bet he tells her a few things," one of the pen pushers reasoned.

"The taxi's waitin' for Mr. and Mrs. Carpentier," the bell boy announced from the hall. The trio departed.

She Doesn't Like Boxing.

That gave Wilson another chance. "The madame doesn't like boxing," he said as he smoothed a hint of a wrinkle in a heavy silk cravat.

By the way, they're saying a lot of things about the madame that aren't so—"

"What's that?" both scribes at once.

"Well, it wasn't a childhood romance and it wasn't a war romance and it wasn't a cabaret romance. George met the madame about 15 months ago. She was a nice girl. She never sang or danced in a show. George never hung around that kind of girls. He could have if he wanted to. Lots of the girls in Paris wrote to him, they tried to kiss him and lots of 'em wanted to marry him. But he wasn't after that kind."

"Isn't the madame more than 17 years old, Wilson?"

"I don't know. Someone told her"

the American girls keep their age a secret. But as I was saying the madame won't go to see him box. She doesn't like the game—"

"But she said coming up on the boat that she didn't object to her husband's profession, and that he could fight if he wanted to," one of the scribes interrupted.

"Yes, oh yes, that's all right. You heard George say he would retire after the Dempsey fight," Wilson said with emphasis. "That doesn't mean either that he doesn't want to fight any more. If the madame doesn't want him to fight he won't want to himself, see? That's why she said he could fight if he wanted to."

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