

Georgette, Not Georges, Rules Roost in Carpenter Home

BY HENRY L. FARRELL

NEW YORK, April 22.—"Chorus
CHORGE."

"Oui, ou, un minoot, m'cher."

"Un minoot, no, no, too sweet."

Thus cracks the domestic whip

over Georges Carpenter.

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

me what to do," says Leon Wilson,

his trainer, maseur, and inter-

preter, was saying as he selected

the outfit for the day from the

closet containing 12 suits of clothes,

12 pairs of shoes, a dozen hats, 25

silk shirts and a few other things.

"It is not the proper wear for

afternoon," said the madame—

in a sort of sullenly he mused.

Wears 'Em of Course:

"What does Georges do with all

those clothes?" asked one of the

two newspapermen "decorating the

upholstery in the elaborately ap-

pointed hotel apartment of the

French gods of romance."

He wears them, a perfectly

obvious answer that caused a slight

chuckle at the London joke.

"You see it is like this," unmind-

ful 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 him-

self forcing his attendant to cease

unburdening himself of the "bitter

fruit" that Hymen had dished out

for him.

Georges then bowed snively in

from another door and began an ill-

illustrated lecture in French English-

ishly French and doughtboy

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 im-

mensely.

When it comes to "talking shop,"

Georges and his astute manager can

"comprez Amerikan veree gude."

The manager, who was one of the scribes was countering with an argument that Willie Meehan

against Dempsey was the best ex-

emplification of the old tradition

that "accident will happen."

The door on the other side of the

room opened and in front of a gust

of the perfume, in

stept 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

a 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 trafiled her into the room.

The witnesses exchanged significant glances. Deschner 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 lame suit in public but when he gets home in there I'll tell her a few things," one of the pen pushers reasoned.

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

She Doesn't Like Boxing.

That's Wilson's opinion, 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 cabaret romance and it wasn't a cabaret romance."

George met the madam about 18 months ago. She was a nice girl. She never sang or danced in a show. George never hung around that kind of girls. He never had a girl friend to lots of 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 doesn't care 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 fight after that 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."

EFFICIENCY SYSTEM FOR AERIAL MAIL SERVICE

An efficiency system has been established for the air mail service which is expected to insure prompt departure of mail planes on schedule time, maintenance of a speed of 80 miles an hour and the reduction of damage to planes and motors to a minimum. The system provides for the classifications of aerolets, with increases in salary rating determined by the flying record of the pilot.

Rating will be made quarterly, and salary increases granted will be maintained as long as a division holds its class.

WOMEN ON THE BENCH

In Washington, D. C. recently there was a most unusual social event. For probably the first time in American history one woman judge—Magistrate Jeanne, a white-haired, 60-year-old woman, recently appointed to the juvenile court of the District of Columbia, gave a luncheon in honor of Magistrate Jean Norris of New York City.

See yourself again in the South Bend movies. Orpheum theater: second request, showing at both performances, Friday evening.

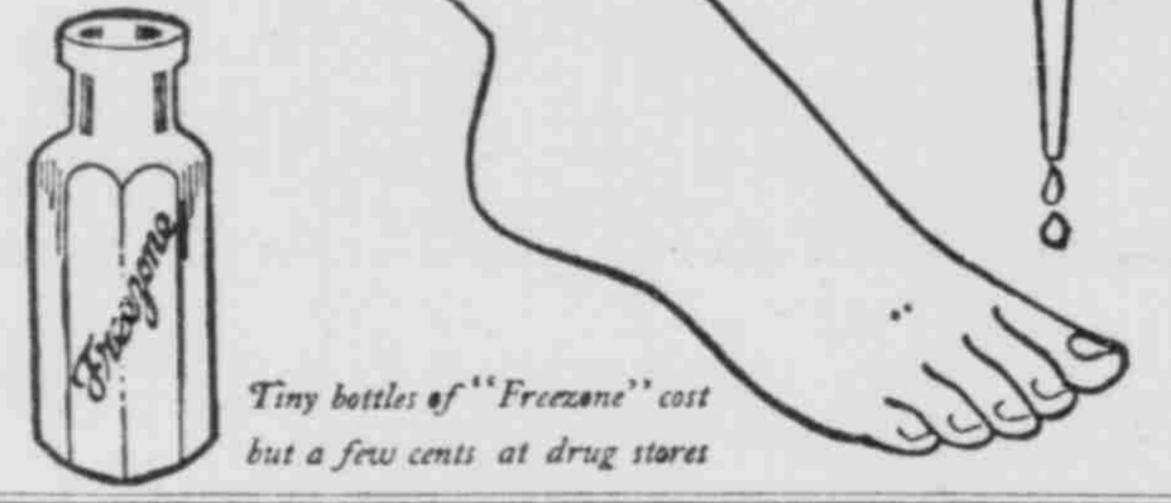
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