

AN ALIMONY WOMAN."

W Mrs. Adele Lippman, of 311 West 11th St., Endeavored to Draw Support from Several Sources.

Side Light Upon a Curious Little Comedy in This Curious Town.

It is a story of alimony. "Yes, she was my wife, and I have paid alimony regularly for two years," said Robert B. Gaillard, a typical Frenchman, 450 Hudson street, yesterday. Mrs. Adele Lippman, of 311 West Twentieth street, Mrs. Lippman received this alimony to date, and, not satisfied with alimony from

one source, she applied to the Jefferson Market Police Court to secure an alimomial allowance from Mr. Lippman as well. Nobody knows the extent of Mrs. Lippman's alimomial income or from how many sources it is derived. But the opinion of neighbors that she is an "alimony woman" is borne out by the records of the court. Generally speaking, no one will deny that

forfeited or injured wives are entitled to all the alimony they receive and usually to a good deal more. A wife is entitled to support. The law is none too generous to the victims of masculine decent, selfishness and abuse.

But like all other commendable institutions, the alimony system is sometimes abused. The framers of the law could hardly expect one man to support another man's wife. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Gaillard has been doing.

HIS ALIMONIAL OPPORTUNITIES.
Any lawyer will tell you that it is quite possible for a shrewd and unscrupulous woman to draw alimony from half a dozen different sources. This is usually the result of the conflicting marriage and divorce systems, which denounce as bigamy in one State what is recognized as lawful wedlock in another, and which, indeed, even permit polygamy under certain conditions.

But in this great city, where nobody knows his next door neighbor or his next door neighbor's affairs, and where a complicated court machinery is required, the "alimony woman" can flourish without invoking the aid of the conflicting laws of other States. At least this is the experience of M. Gaillard, the Frenchman. In the Jefferson Market Police Court the

other day Police Justice McMahon had disposed of a large number of the usual grist of petty criminals who daily find their way into that tribunal when a complainant appeared who gave her name as Mrs. Adele Lippman.

She was a French woman, a little past the middle age perhaps, but yet with something of that indefinable attractiveness that marks the daughters of France at any age. She appeared to be suffering from temporary excitement and her dark eyes sparkled and her cheek was flushed as she stepped to the bar.

Mr. Lippman, it appeared from her statement in broken English, had not quite come up to her expectations and she wished to file a complaint against him.

Mr. Lippman was in court to hear the charge. He is a dark-complexioned, medium-sized man. He gave his age as forty-five years and his residence as No. 311 West Eleventh street. He was equally of an excitable disposition and plainly showed the indignation which he felt at being thus dragged up before a public tribunal by the partner of his domestic joys. He eyed the Justice nervously and edgewise with his black hat as the case was called.

A CURIOUS COURT PRISONER.
Mrs. Lippman in an agitated voice, with

much gesticulation, related the domestic woes of which she had come to complain. She had not been treated kindly, she said, and especially the financial supplies of the Lippman establishment did not come in as copiously as was to be expected. She had been abandoned. She wanted the Court to command the recalcitrant Lippman to supply her with a stated sum weekly.

"Now, let me see if I understand this thing aright," said Justice McMahon, after listening attentively to this tale of woe and examining the papers which had been laid before him. "You charge this man with abandonment, and yet another man is paying you alimony into this court as your husband. How do you explain that?"

This was an unexpected dramatic turn of affairs. For a moment Mrs. Lippman was nonplussed. Her native savoir-faire deserted her. She made no reply.

Lucien Lippman, the heretofore nervous defendant, brightened up immediately. The intimation that his wife had another husband did not seem to depress him in the least. In fact, it appeared to exhilarate him. He regarded it as an outlet for his escape from the alimony net.

TWO HUSBANDS AND TWO ALIMONY.
The comely Mrs. Lippman finally recovered her self-possession. With feminine

alertness she endeavored to turn the drift of the inquiry. "This man here is my husband," she said. "He won't work nor will he give me anything."

"Are you married to him?" queried the Justice, sharply.

The woman nodded her head.

"Are married to the two men?" persisted the Court.

"No; not to them both."

Mr. Lippman listened to the evidence with increasing interest.

The case was out of the ordinary, and the court loungers drew nearer to hear the denouement.

"Because if you are married to them both," continued Justice McMahon, "a charge of bigamy can be made against you. Your first husband is still alive, as the Court happens to know. You have, therefore, no claim against this man, and the case is dismissed."

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.
Thereupon Lippman was released and went his way rejoicing, while the late complainant thoughtfully walked out, wondering at the extent of the judicial knowledge. It was by a very curious coincidence that the Judge knew of the existence of husband No. 1 and of the fact that he was paying alimony. It so happened that the weekly

alimony which husband No. 1 has to pay had been paid into the Jefferson Market Police Court that very morning only a short time before Mrs. Lippman appeared to make another matrimonial complaint.

It was then learned that the woman's real name was Mrs. Adele Gaillard. She had been married some years before to R. Gaillard, of No. 450 Hudson street, and had had him arrested two years previous and put under bonds to pay her a regular amount weekly. The alimony had been regularly sent by him every week to the Jefferson Market Police Court to be turned over to her.

On the morning in question the money had reached the court, together with the following note:

"New York City.
"W. William Rogers, Clerk of Court.
"I inclose you \$2 for Mrs. Lippman. Respectfully,
"R. GAILLARD,
"450 Hudson street."

THE EPILOGUE OF THE LITTLE COMEDY.
When Mr. Gaillard was seen by the writer yesterday he expressed his surprise at hearing the new developments in the career of his former wife. He was unaware of the incident of the police court and the discovery which his note occasioned, resulting in the destruction of Mrs. Lippman's claim. Mr. Gaillard seemed amused at the facts of

the case dinned upon him. He is a good-looking, well-dressed and intelligent Frenchman, who "has little English," as he expressed it, but he said he sympathized with Mr. Lippman. According to his statement he had been paying alimony to his wife for two years, sending the amount over regularly to the Jefferson Market Police Court.

He was asked if he knew of any more husbands who might be doing the same, and said with a smile that he did not know of any, though they might exist.

A World representative called at the Lippman residence yesterday and found that they had buried the hatchet. The dove of peace now reigns in the late shade of dissension and conflict, and all is serene by the domestic fireside.

Mr. Lippman said that all had been forgiven and that the late proceedings in the Jefferson Market Police Court formed a horrid nightmare which he and his wife were striving to forget. He was trying as hard to forget it that he could offer no explanation of the apparent complications which the court records show in Mrs. Lippman's claim. It was all past and gone, said he, and he did not wish to recall unpleasant memories.

M. Gaillard, the dapper Frenchman, will continue to pay his alimony into the court, and it will continue to be applied to the support of another man's wife.