

## Woman With Children Commits Injustice When Failing to Ask Alimony

BY MARTHA LEE

THE problem of alimony is always before us in some form or other. Huge sums are demanded from wealthy, or even moderately well-to-do, husbands in divorce cases. Judges are becoming more and more disgusted with the outrageous demands of women who refuse to keep their part of the matrimonial bargain, but still demand that the erstwhile husband keep them in luxury at the expense of his own future financial or domestic security.

Quite different is the type of woman who, after the matrimonial bark has crashed, starts out on her own with the idea of being entirely independent of her former husband. In many cases she has a child or two for whom she asks nothing.

However much of a relief she may be from her parasitic sister, the woman who refuses or fails to have awarded to her by court a reasonable amount to help support her children is making a grave mistake. Unless her ability is remarkable she will find that supporting a family is a great responsibility and that in attempting to do it without the assistance to which her children are entitled she is doing them a serious injustice.

Few men of the right type would fail to offer to meet this obligation. If they do fail, they should be forced to do their share.

Dear Martha Lee: I was going steadily with a boy until a month ago. He left suddenly and did not say anything about giving me alimony. I have not heard from him since.

Do you think it would be out of place to call him up and ask him for him to call me. I don't know what I have done for him to act this way.

BABS.

Babs, I shouldn't worry too much about this affair if I were you. You have not told me your age, but from your handwriting I judge that you are in your teens. Therefore, in my opinion, you are too young to devote all your time to one boy. Besides, I think that the boy has been very rude to you and you should certainly wait until he looks you up of his own accord and explains his curious behavior. It isn't up to you to make the first move and you could do so only at a great sacrifice of dignity.

Dear Martha Lee: My husband and I have been separated for two years and have no money to support my 8-year-old child. At 27 life seems a bad dream for me. I'm tired of working and I'm getting old. I have no people. Should I put my child in a home for three years and get her back when she is 21? I see a doctor every week. Will the homes take her in this condition? I am not able to pay a doctor, and something must be done.

LORINE.

Lorine, your problem is indeed a great one. I would suggest that you get in touch with your husband and try to arrange with him a definite plan to help support your child. It is not up to you to attempt this alone, and you cannot possibly do justice to the child without assistance. If the child is in need of medical attention you should take her to a clinic. I believe that you can put her in a day nursery for a very nominal amount, or even a free nursery. If you decide to do this be sure that you select one of the nurseries operated by reputable charitable organizations. I shall be glad to help you do this if you will inform me as to your decision on the matter.

### Prize Recipes by Readers

NOTE—The Times will give \$1 for each recipe submitted by a reader adjudged of sufficient merit to be printed in this column. Send in your recipe daily, except Friday, when twenty are given. Address Recipe Editor of The Times, 100 N. Meridian St. Write on one side of sheet only. Only one recipe each week will be accepted from one person.

Rhubarb Meringue Pudding  
Two cups milk, one and one-half cups bread crumbs, one cup rich stewed rhubarb, two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half lemon and grated rind, four table-spoons sugar. Soak the bread crumbs in milk; add the sugar, butter, lemon rind, and egg yolks. Pour into a pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Cover with the sweetened rhubarb. Make a meringue of the stiffly-beaten egg whites and sugar. Heap on top of the rhubarb and set in slow oven until a delicate brown.

MRS. JOHN A. PARKS,  
2130 Central Ave.

D. A. R. April Meeting  
Miss Sara Frances Kackley, 4511 Broadway, entertained with a guest day meeting of the General Arthur St. Clair chapter D. A. R. Monday afternoon. Mrs. Charles N. Thompson talked on "General Lafayette in Indiana."

Mothers' Club  
Alpha Chapter of Omega Nu Sorority will hold a business meeting at the home of the secretary, Miss Martha Bebbinger, 1405 Barth Ave., Wednesday evening.

Of course, the fact that there are again.

### Patterns PATTERN ORDER BLANK

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### Author Visits in Kokomo

Mrs. Leslie Springer, formerly of Kokomo, now of Florida, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Quinn, Kokomo, is the author of a story, "Mary Ellen's Birthday Cake," appearing in the April issue of Child Life magazine.

Another former Kokomo resident, John McKee, artist, is a regular contributor of a page of illustrations to the same magazine.

### Mothers' Luncheon

Jonguils and yellow tapers decorated luncheon tables for the pre-Easter meeting of the Delta Tau Mothers Club today at the chapter house, 5432 E. Washington St. Mrs. A. Schmedel, Mrs. William C. Gardner, Mrs. Joseph Shepherd, Mrs. Warren Gibson, Mrs. F. T. Fairchild, Mrs. Charles Fields and Mrs. Edna Finley were hostesses.

### Club Guest Day

The Conversation Club of Bloomington observed Guest day Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. A. Barnhill. A lecture on the Canadian Rockies was illustrated. Mrs. Charles E. Mathews sang, after which luncheon was served.

### Business Meeting

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## THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

### PARIS CALLS ENSEMBLES 'ALTOGETHERS'



Two of Poiret's two-piece "altogethers": red crepe de chine at the left, trimmed with rich white wool embroidery; at the right, grey crepe of suspender treatment. In the center the frocks are viewed with their coats.

### GIRL ABOUT TOWN

BY MARILYN

Time was when I was a healthy robust young woman who enjoyed beefsteaks and mushrooms, pate de foie gras and an occasional aperitif. Life was fresh and invigorating; my existence was a song; my digestion excellent.

Now I have become a sniveling, snuggling, sniffling idiot, all because we moved to Twenty-First and Delaware Sts.

Now at dinner time, preferably at week-end dinner times, when I am entertaining a small dinner party, instead of the usual commonplace hors d'oeuvre for my guests, I arrange the unexpected, the unusual, the unique, that touch of je ne sais quoi, which makes the perfect hostess.

**Guests Like the Noise**  
Usually the meal starts off with just a minor accident, on the corner. A rear tire is knocked off and the hood gently smashed in. Scarcely anyone is hurt. Of course, the noise is a bit nerve-wrecking but the guests seem to enjoy it.

After the main course which is gulped between attacks of acute nervous indigestion, we always have what we call in this vicinity a "bus tarantella," that is, one bus executes a few original ideas of its own in the middle of the street, which unfortunately often involves a vital part of some other car.

Within the past two weeks we have had one car turn over completely, one bus smash another car injuring three occupants, one has hit an east and west going sedan, injuring the driver around the eyes.

**Compare Disasters**

Almost any rainy day the occupants of the four corners at Twenty-First and Delaware Sts. George W. Price, Dr. McAlexander, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall T. Levey and daughter, meet regularly in the middle of the street to pass the time of day, chat pleasantly awhile of this and that, and then compare today's disaster with the one that happened yesterday.

"This is really a very inadequate accident compared with yesterday's," Mr. Price might say scornfully. "Only two wheels and the windshield were demolished on this car."

"It isn't even typical of what can be done at this corner," agrees Mr. Levey. "Now last Saturday we had a splendid example. A young Ford was knocked on its side and it took four minutes for the driver to crawl out of the debris. Now that is what I call a really successful accident. Of course," he sighs, "one can't expect an accident like that every day. But times are improving indefinitely."

"Yes," encouraged a woman from the crowd, "all the best people in town are having their accidents here. It really is becoming a real social asset. I wouldn't think of going anywhere else to have my motor smashed."

Dr. McAlexander smiles a trifle grimly. After all he is the least safe man. Last summer a car occupied by four very young men tried savagely to attack his front porch. They just don't seem to care what they do.

Yours for bigger and better accidents.

MARYE MARILYN

MISS MARYE MARILYN

### Yearly Election and Luncheon of Music Fraternity

Mom, Dearest:

You'd never have thought it of Alan! I'm so wild I could live in a cage, and I don't mean a bird cage.

Florence told him that Billy was coming to the party—she just sort of let the tidings slip out. We thought it was all right with him because he didn't even frown. But I ought to have known that his cat-e-canary smile meant something more than a mere smile.

When Billy arrived upon the scene Alan was all molasses candy. Even then I didn't tumble. It was a grand party for a while and everything was going beautifully when I walked Alan's lady friend of the scented stationery.

Just play that on your ironing board. Alan actually invited that hula walker to my party. Well, thereafter all the frost was in the icebox. Oh, no, I didn't let her suspect that I hadn't expected her.

Alan stood off grinning after he'd introduced her to me. I dripped welcome all over her, but for once I made Alan come right out in the kitchen and take an active part in the main features of our entertainment. He's always sidestepped the heavy stuff and considered he'd done enough with his parlor tricks. But this time he cracked ice and ground coffee and spread caviar, while I told him what I thought of his nerve.

He tried to flunk it, but I told him I'd go out and give his friend the bus's rush if he didn't listen to me. Then he said he'd do the same to my special guest, and if I had any sporting blood I'd see that he'd only handed me the kind of a nifty I had coming.

That sort of tied my hands. But the party was spoiled for me. So I didn't care when Mabel Clary showed up. She was another surprise. Florence invited her. By this time I was prepared to see anybody walk in. Not that I've anything against Mabel, but I was going to mind the influence she might exert upon Florence. I did not want her around while Florence is here.

It wouldn't take much urging to get Florence to stay and I don't think she's got enough talent for stage. Besides, she told me that Mabel wants her to share a studio. If I thought Florence had a chance to make the grade, I'd do all I could to encourage her. But I can't see why she should make it difficult for every one in order to take a flop.

With all my love,

MARYE MARILYN

MISS MARYE MARILYN