

# POOR DOCUMENT

## MC 2035

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1921

## How an Air Hero Has Landed

— in Love At First It Was Alexandra,  
Then Consuelo Appeared,  
and Now the Charming Irma Seems to Be  
the Destined Mate for Lieut. Louis F. Kloor!



Miss Consuelo Flowerton Was Reported to Be the Girl Who Won Lt. Kloor from Her Sister.

By Joseph H. Appelgate

IT IS a pretty difficult thing to land right. Particularly, when one is up in the air. It seems half the game to get one's feet down solidly. The earth feels mighty friendly. Lt. Louis F. Kloor of the United States Navy, one of the three naval aviators whose trip to the Canadian wilds last winter in a gas bag made naval history, will tell you so. Lts. Walter Hinton and Stephen A. Farrell could corroborate him.

Lt. Kloor will tell you something else, also. He will assure you that making a landing in ventures outside voyaging about in the circumambient is just as much of an achievement. Particularly, when one is up in the air over a love affair. How he came to reach the haven of his heart's desire is that which concerns this narrative and the charming little Miss Irma Harrison of New York City.

The circumstances indicate that he landed right—in love—by applying the lessons he and Lts. Farrell and Hinton learned at the cost of physical suffering in the great outdoors of pines and hemlock and unbroken snow up North. He was up against a stiff proposition when he made that mistaken landing from that balloon. The next time you go fishing or hunting up there ask the Indian guide to recount it. He'll point to his canoe, fashioned out of the expensive covering of Uncle Sam's wrecked gas bag, and assure you that it was a plucky fight. The chances are, too, that, having in mind the shortness of the span of life of a canoe of birch bark, he'll ask when the great White Father of the United States will send another bag up there.

Plunging ahead over all obstacles was the lesson taught Lt. Kloor in the "silence you must can hear." Out of that stumbling, staggering battle against the step-hindering snow, nights made hideous with the howling of wolves, days made terrible by the sense of loneliness in the vastness of trackless white, there came added will to go ahead full speed and damn the torpedoes, sir! Many times he and his companions turned attentive ear to the whispering invitation of the pines to sleep, just a bit, before pressing on. But ever the traditional spirit of the navy overcame the snow siren and added fresh strength to their heavy feet.

### His Guiding Beacon Light

But Lt. Kloor had also a beacon light encouraging him every step of the way, the mental picture of a pretty girl at Rockaway, N. Y., with soft brown eyes and golden brown hair. She seemed to be with him in his most trying moments. She was his very present strength in time of trouble. The whole world knew of this before Lt. Kloor arrived home. It was gleaned out of the letters he sent to Miss Alexandra Flowerton, lines which first gave to millions who were awaiting word the first details of that stupendous and triumphant battle of three little men

against the mighty forces of snow and wind and night.

But Lt. Kloor was destined to experience in love another similar struggle before landing—right! And every foot of it recalled the physical struggle up there in the wilds. For when he reached home and was banqueted and fêted and even kissed by many maidens with that warmth of welcome Miss America always feels toward one of her sailor boys escaped from war or other danger, he found that, even as was the case up there in Canada, there was a rough road to travel before reaching the place desired.

Along the trail of love were three faces—Alexandra, Consuelo, Irma. A formidable triumvirate to dictate the affairs of any marriageable young man, with rich honors heaped upon him. It was something he did not count on while making the fight for life in the woods. It was a condition brought about by those whimsical twistings of fate that make love and life interesting and worth while. The first indication of it came when he began to assert that he really was not engaged to Miss Alexandra, that he had just written to her because he liked her. It had really happened when he first looked at the picture of her sister, Consuelo.

He saw the likeness on a poster suspended from a wall in the battleship Tennessee, a lithographed drawing by Howard Chandler Christy. And he fell in love with it—or, at least, his friends say, thought he did. He did not even know who the young woman was. So, his surprise may be imagined when, one day, after due announcement of her coming visit, Miss Consuelo arrived in Rockaway from Hollywood, Cal., and stood before him, the girl of the poster.

But the trouble was, it seems, that the girl in the poster had something to say about it. It appears that the thoughtless Miss Consuelo had gone and got herself engaged to another man. Which is circumstantial support to Lt. Kloor's emphatic denial that he ever did love Miss Consuelo or that he ever was engaged to her. But his friends said he did and was and the daily press duly reported same.

How that report came to be made is very interesting. When the romance between him and Miss Alexandra was punctured she burst into

Miss Alexandra Flowerton, Fiancee No. 1, Who Said She Could Not Live on an Officer's Pay.

Lt. Louis F. Kloor, U. S. N., Who Found That One Can Be Jolted Hard When Landing—in Love.

print with a statement that she could not afford to become the wife of a man on the officers' payroll of the United States Navy. It wouldn't make ends meet, she declared. And when Lt. Kloor heard this, instead of weeping, or even crawling into the mouth of one of the big disappearing guns of the fort at Rockaway, he spiked her weapon with a cool and calm statement that he never was engaged to her.

And then it happened that a reporter, calling at the Flowerton home to investigate this refutation of the engagement by the naval hero, thrust his reportorial quill right through the romance, or alleged romance, of our hero and Miss Consuelo. But he inflated it, so as to speak, before he pricked it.

"I would be quite willing, in fact, am willing to share an officer's pay," said the charming Miss Consuelo, in the published interview. "In fact, I believe that love should not consider money."

Off had sped the reporter, certain that he had learned a secret, and in a few moments had rattled off the romantic story of how the gallant naval officer had spurned Miss Alexandra for Consuelo. It made an interesting story, too.

### Consuelo's Naive Explanation

Love that shuts the eyes to wealth is indeed wonderful. Rare things generally are wonderful. But one may find such cases nowadays up in the woods, where Lt. Kloor floundered through snow last winter seeking the warmth of civilization, cold-hearted as it sometimes becomes. Lt. Kloor was a fortunate man. Also, it went a long way toward proving that all show girls are not flighty nor inclined to have a green cast to their thoughts. Some horrid folk have openly said as much. Shouted it, in fact.

And they shouted it again, with a few "I told you so's" thrown in, when Miss Consuelo, coolly, calmly, dispassionately, came forth with a sweeping denial of the whole report. Not a word of truth in it, she retorted to those who talked about the engagement. She assured them that her affection was in an entirely different section of the country.

"It was true that I said I would be willing to live on an officer's pay," she declared, when approached on the subject by the same bewildered newspaper reporter. "But I meant another naval officer. One out in San Diego!"

So it was that Lt. Kloor rose free again of love anchorage. His friends thought so, anyway. And they began to jibe him about the way he juggled the hearts and hopes of marriageable girls. One suggested that he give a bachelor party in honor of the escape from married servitude.

"You got away lucky," spoke up a friend. "Look at all the poor swains who pay heart balm."

"But I never was engaged to either one of them," was his reply. When he said it the lieutenant was thinking of a different kind of engagement. It was a date,

Miss Irma Harrison, the Petite Maiden Whose Marriage to the Much-Sought-After Officer Is Now Expected



Miss Harrison Looks Like an "Old-Fashioned" Girl in This Beautiful Costume and Talks Like One When She Declares That Love Should Ignore Money Questions.

In other words, with a cute little brunette who lives with her mother at the Palace Hotel, New York City. Her name is Irma Harrison and her face is well known to thousands who have seen her in the pictures. She's just the right size, too, for the lieutenant, who is sort of saved off and hampered down. A Mary Pickford type of girl with a personality all her own and quite original. And the Man on the Street no doubt will be shocked to learn that the engagement—the really, truly, honest-to-goodness betrothal—of Lt. Kloor and Miss Irma Harrison is the latest announcement. It was a condition known to the closest of their friends all the time. And they'll be married—that is, unless—

"The kid is the grandest little man in all the world," volunteered Miss Harrison, when found in her apartment, where she laughingly shrugged her shoulders when informed that the secret of her engagement was out. "When will we get married? That's telling. Maybe never. Who

knows? But an officer's pay is big enough for me. I despise the girl—gracious, how she scowled—"who would permit dollars to come between her and her lover. Of course, I don't mean I would marry a really poor man. For we all know that when bills come in love flies out the window. But Lt. Kloor earns enough to well take care of a wife."

Thus ends the second runaway adventure series of Lt. Kloor. There were three in each case, himself and two others. In both instances he wandered far before he found a landing. In both adventures he had to travel over rough ground before he reached the haven he desired. But he is confident that he landed right at last when he anchored in the affections of Miss Harrison. He ought to get three rousing cheers for his iron nerve. It is a feat to bump through such entangling places and escape without injury. But he's on solid ground at last and his friends wish him luck.