

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 Lieutenant
Louis F. Kloor!



Miss Irma Harrison, the petite maiden whose marriage to the much-sought-after officer is now expected.



Miss Consuelo Flowerton was reported to be the girl who won Lt. Kloor from her sister.



Miss Alexandra Flowerton, fiancée No. 1, who said she could not live on an officer's pay.



Lieutenant Louis F. Kloor, U. S. N., who found that one can be jolted hard when landing—in love.



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.

BY JOSEPH H. APPLIGATE.

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. Lieutenant Louis F. Kloor, of the United States navy, one of the three naval balloonists whose trip to the Canadian wilds last winter in a gas bag made naval history, will tell you so. Lieutenants Walter Hinton and Stephen A. Farrell could corroborate him.

Lieutenant 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 Lieutenants 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 Lieutenant Kloor in the "alliance you must can bear." Out of that stumbling, staggering battle against the step-ladder, deriding 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 over the traditional spirit of the navy overcame the snow siren and added fresh strength to their heavy feet.

His Guiding Beacon Light.

But Lieutenant 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 Lieutenant 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 Lieutenant 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 marryable 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 Lieutenant 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 names.

How that report came to be made is very interesting. When the romance between him and Miss Alexandra was punctured she burst into 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 Lieutenant 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 or, alleged romance, of our hero and Miss Consuelo. But he in-

stead of that, he 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 salary," 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 Lieutenant 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 get 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, 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 sawed 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 real, truly, honest-to-goodness betrothal—of Lieutenant 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

estimate. If Oregon will first begin to appreciate her own possibilities, and she seems to be doing it, and then let the rest of the world get an inkling of their existence, there will be no stopping the flood of tourists. The country is here, men skilled in the game of putting description on paper admit it, and when their story is read their many friends will come to verify their impressions. This day does not seem far distant.

A Ready Solution.

Ketcham was a struggling young attorney in a Nebraska town, and it was, therefore, with great delight that he received the call; one day of a well-to-do farmer, who wanted advice in regard to a suit he desired to bring against a neighbor.

The youthful lawyer looked up the statutes and advised his client as to the proper course to pursue. As the

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.

foreground with deeply riven canyons intervening. The skyline to the west is distinct, possibly 25 miles away, and the intervening space is an interrupted though closely packed series of mountain tops. Those in the distance seem fully as high as those close by, and geologists point out that many of them have flattened tops and argue that from this we have the indications of the huge lava blanket, the high peaks marking the level of a great plateau on whose surface the innumerable streams and glaciers have cut their way, leaving the lofty peaks outstanding.

If this has been the case it has taken hundreds of thousands of years for the waters to do their work, and they are yet at their labors. Of one thing we can rest assured, that this erosion or land-carving by natural means has wrought in Oregon a wonderland that is arousing the envy of the rest of the country, a land of beauty with a drawing power which most Oregonians are prone to under-

estimate. If Oregon will first begin to appreciate her own possibilities, and she seems to be doing it, and then let the rest of the world get an inkling of their existence, there will be no stopping the flood of tourists. The country is here, men skilled in the game of putting description on paper admit it, and when their story is read their many friends will come to verify their impressions. This day does not seem far distant.

farmer rose to leave the office he asked: "What's your fee?"

"Oh, let us say \$2," carelessly replied the client proffered a \$5 bill. The young jurist was visibly embarrassed. He carefully searched his pockets and the drawers of his desk without producing the necessary change. Finally he solved the difficulty by pocketing the bill and added, as he reached for a digest:

"And now, my dear sir, it seems that I shall have to give you \$2 worth of advice more."

Port Officials to Meet.

SEATTLE, Wash.—Port officials and waterway men from the United States and Canada will gather here October 11 to 14 for the tenth annual convention of the American Association of Port Authorities. On adjournment delegates are invited to attend a four-day meeting of the Pacific Coast Association of Port Authorities at Vancouver, B. C.

PACK TRAIN NEARING MT. JEFFERSON

Noted Author Views Wonders of His Own Land.

(Continued From First Page.)

ability of man to describe. One of the latest projects of that section is the Skyline boulevard, a road along the crest of the Cascade mountain range. This great highway bids fair to be realized within a few years, for the forest service employees have already managed to connect up many trail links until the route begins to have an individuality of its own. Already it is possible to go over a great portion of the breathless and royal road by means of pack train, or on foot, and it seems no more than fair to predict its construction as an auto road within the next very few years. Mount Jefferson, where they did their

climb, is about 50 miles due south of Mount Hood.

At the base of the mountain is a park in what was known to the pioneers as Hanging valley. A branch of the Southern Pacific extends to Detroit, about 18 miles in a straight line west of the mountain. A trail leads to the mountain from here. Wapinitia, to the east, on a main auto road, is the nearest town to the summit from that side. From eastern Oregon points this mountain range, with Mount Jefferson as one of its outstanding peaks, gives a splendid idea of what a solid mountain wall is, the peaks rising in a straight line

as a fence and seeming to shut off that section of the state from the rest of the world to the west. It is also possible to enter the region from Government camp, on the slope of Mount Hood, and thence make one's way south over the serrated peaks towards the great dominant Jefferson.

Waters Leave Mountain Ranges.

This entire region shows evidences of the great volcanic flow that was responsible for the creation of the country. The white heads of the great snow peaks rise in regular array from darker ruff of timber. The rugged mountains dominate the