

# A Flyer—a Lady—Who's Whose?

**FLYING WOOER**  
Philip ("Red") Mohun, Aviator, Parachute Jumper and Son of a Millionaire Navy Commander, Who Was So Thrilled by a Wedding March Played in a Juarez Cafe, That He Instantly Eloped with the Girl with Whom He Was Dining.



*They Eloped in the Night  
and All Was Well—  
Except the Little  
Matter of a  
Divorce or  
Two*

**HEARS WEDDING MARCH; DECIDES TO BE MARRIED**  
Phil Mohun, Rebel Flyer, Weds Paso Girl After Day's Acquaintance

**TELL-TALE HEAD LINE**  
Part of a Clipping from a Texas Newspaper Spilling the Beans About Alice's and "Red's" Midnight Marriage.



**SUDDEN CEREMONY**  
They reached their goal by midnight and found the Justice of the Peace just as agreeable as had been predicted.

THAT music is a spur to the emotions is pretty well understood. But who ever heard of a couple so impetuous that merely hearing a rafe orchestra play the wedding march sent them scurrying off to the nearest minister?

Well—as Moran and Mack used to say—you've heard of one now. For that's what happened to Philip ("Red") Mohun, ruddy-haired aviator, soldier of fortune and son of a millionaire, and pretty, vivacious Alice Sparks.

It's true that the marriage was annulled in a few days, but that was just a tough break all around and Alice and "Red" are excellent friends, though not under the same roof.

The particular monkey wrench that wrecked the mechanics of their romance lay in (1) the fact that Alice had an ex-husband about whose divorce from her hung a slight cloud of uncertainty and (2) "Red" had an ex-wife about whose divorce from him lowered a large cloud of uncertainty.

All very annoying to two high-

spirited young things—and then there was that extra bother of the bum check charge which "Red" faced as a climax to the world's briefest—but certainly not unhappiest—honeymoon.

It has been said—or should be—that those whom the gods approve can get away with anything and aren't even disturbed when they can't. To that blessed clan "Red" must belong, for a literal windfall, in the shape of a salvaged airplane, brought him enough money to cover the drafts and a contused and lacerated romance is to those with crimson hair and blithe optimism, just one of those things you couldn't duck.

"Red," who has flown rebel battle planes for General Escobar in Mexico and who is an intrepid parachute jumper, was sitting, as it chanced, in a lively Juarez cabaret with Alice. It was their first date and they were enjoying it immensely. Glasses filled with enticing liquids the tint of "Red's" own locks were on the table. It wasn't root beer. It was Saturday night.

The band's jazz was hot—hot and soothing and exciting. All of a sudden a wedding party entered the cafe, known as "Lobby No. 2." It was a stimulating sight. The very essence of matrimony seemed to drunch the restaurant in its enchantment. It was a time when things are done on the spur of the moment—by those who dare.

"Red" Mohun felt that jazz was crudely inappropriate for the occasion. Waving a hospitable bill, he requested the band to play the wedding march. The leader asked politely: "Which? Mendelssohn or Wagner?" "Lohengrin," was the prompt rejoinder. And "Lohengrin" it was.

The effect was instant, electric. Alice looked at "Red." "Red" gazed back at Alice. "How about getting married?" she said. "Fine," he replied, picking up the cue like lightning. "I always wanted to marry a pilot," said Alice, all smiles over her glass. "Honey," said "Red," "you sure got your wish. Whoopee! Let's go." They went.

Now marriage in Mexico is a tedious, long drawn out affair of witnesses and documents and Saturday night isn't just the ideal time to get hold of either. "Red" wasn't to be baffled. He telephoned across the Rio Grande to Sheriff Tom Armstrong in El Paso, wanting to find out whether there was any chance, no matter how slim, of ducking the new three-day Texas marriage license application law, effective June 1. Sheriff Tom was apologetic and suave; but could offer no suggestion of an "out."

"Why don't you two beat it to Las Cruces, New Mexico?" he finally unteered. "It's fifty miles from El Paso and the State of Texas has no authority there. And there's a mighty nice justice of the peace whose office never closes."

Charmed, "Red" and Alice hailed a taxi, displaying excellent judgment—as you will see—in their choice of a chauffeur. They reached their goal by midnight and found Justice of the Peace Tom Avalos just as agreeable as had been predicted. The affable hackman was a great help, too. He acted as witness, best man and ring bearer.

"My age? Twenty," cooed Miss Sparks. "Red" said he was twenty-six. They made El Paso at four in the morning, paid their versatile chauffeur \$100, and began some enthusiastic work on a substantial breakfast.

Lurking in the background of all these gay events were the spectres of their two former romances which had collapsed. "Red" had divorced his wife, said wife later said, in Tampa, Florida. He was confident of the validity of the decree but the first Mrs. Mohun, when reporters hunted her up in Atlanta, Georgia, wasn't so sure. She didn't think "Red's" Florida residence had been long enough to satisfy the law. She added that this and other technical irregularities furnished her grounds with which to contest the suit, but that she hadn't seen fit to fight the action—thus far.

Miss Sparks was even vaguer than "Red" about her divorce. She remem-

bered that she had married and separated from Murray Boucher and that he had gone to Chicago promising to arrange a divorce. She thought the decree had been granted. But had it? Inquiries, independent of Miss Sparks, sent to Chicago, including one to the office of the County Clerk, failed to establish that such a decree had been granted.

Alice confided her own fears to "Red." A man of honor as well as action, he took Alice to her sister's home.

Three days later came the real blow-off. "Red" was thrust into jail on a charge of writing checks when he had no funds. The news, reaching the attentive ear of his presumable father-in-law, Samuel Sparks, annoyed the latter considerably. Mr. Sparks asked Judge W. D. Howe, in the 34th district court, to annul the ceremony and the Judge granted the request, since neither Alice nor "Red" interposed any objection. It was a long way from "Lobby No. 2" and the wedding march, and both had had time to think things over without the pleasant confusions of music and wine.

"Red's" luck still held. Due for a jail stretch, the dashing aviator had a hunch, which he relayed to Federal officials. Acting on the suggestion he supplied, they seized a \$12,000 brougham plane that had been smuggled from the revolutionary army across the border. It was taken possession of at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and auctioned off by the Government. United States law decrees that informants in such cases are entitled to twenty-five per cent on the returns from such goods. That meant that "Red's" share came to more than \$1,700—which

**RUNAWAY BRIDE**  
Pretty Alice Sparks, Who "always wanted to marry a pilot," and Did—Though the Wedding Was Speedily Annulled.

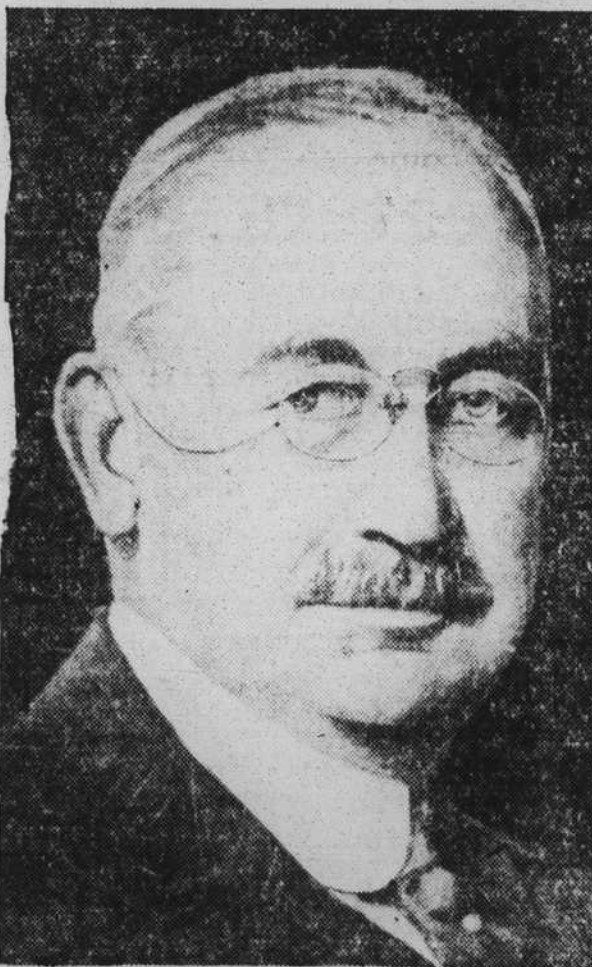
would amply cover the disputed bouncing checks.

"Friends?" exclaim "Red" and Alice, if you ask them. "Sure we are." "And we may play a return engagement to Las Cruces some evening just for fun," adds "Red."

This gallant, fearless, devil-may-care, slightly comic young man comes of fighting stock and excellent blood. He is the scion of a family long famous in navy circles, his father being Lieutenant-Commander Philip V. Mohun, retired with the rank of commander. The elder Mohun also has had a picturesque career, though more sedate than that of his son. A graduate of Annapolis, he married the beautiful and wealthy Nonie Read of Roanoke, Virginia; founded an extensive chain of shoe shining "parlors," on which he made a million in a year; lost the sight of one eye and withdrew from official and public life to his Roanoke estate. He fought with Dewey at Manila.

Mohun, Jr., was supposed to follow in Dad's footsteps, but the steps halted before long. He attended Pennsylvania Military College in Chester, Pa., but was let out, he says, for blowing the wrong bugle call at a summer camp, so he never reached Annapolis. His father was naturally deeply disappointed. His brother, "Rex," is a lieutenant, junior grade, in the navy. His sister, Mrs. Jennings Perry, wife of the writer, lives in Paris. All very distinguished, but to "Red" flying—and gayety—are more fun.

## It's Not What Work You Choose But How You Choose to Work



**DARWIN P. KINGSLEY**

"A MAN'S business is whatever keeps him busy. Whatever keeps a man busy is the most important thing in his life."

So says Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company—and Mr. Kingsley always has been a busy man. He is full of energy and of the vital drive that lifted him from the poverty of a little Vermont farm to the presidency of one of the greatest life insurance companies in the world.

Therefore it's not strange that he has much sound counsel to give the young man of today who is just starting forward. It is his company which bid for and won the services of former

President Coolidge, another Vermont-like Kingsley, who stems from humble beginnings.

"Labor is the first duty of man," this eminent executive has repeated on many occasions. "Labor should be performed with enthusiasm. 'What sort of labor am I fitted for?' the young man asks. I believe it is not what he chooses to work at that is important, but how he chooses to work at it. Every sort of labor is important—done honestly, earnestly and intelligently. It so nearly discharges man's duty to all that he knows about life that religion is not so far off."

Mr. Kingsley once wanted enormously to become a lawyer, believing himself best fitted for the bar. But in the West where he went, on Horace Greeley's advice, as a young man, circumstances drew him into insurance. He became absorbed in that, and it was not long before he had forgotten his earlier ambition. Thus he has come to the conclusion that it is not what you do, but the way you do it.

"A great institution," he declares, "develops somewhat as a man develops. Hard days, sad days, bad days, are a part of the story of every great humanitarian enterprise.

"A man goes on to greater and greater achievements because he never loses faith.

"As mere words, 'altruism,' 'thrift,' 'self-respect,' 'justice,' 'social obligations,' even 'religion' and 'government' fail to reveal themselves fully. They do not fully translate themselves until they take on physical form. Seeing the capitol in Washington means more to the average man than reading the Constitution."

Mr. Kingsley is no believer in "letting things drift." "Fight!" he counsels strongly. "The most glorious thing in the history of the world is the

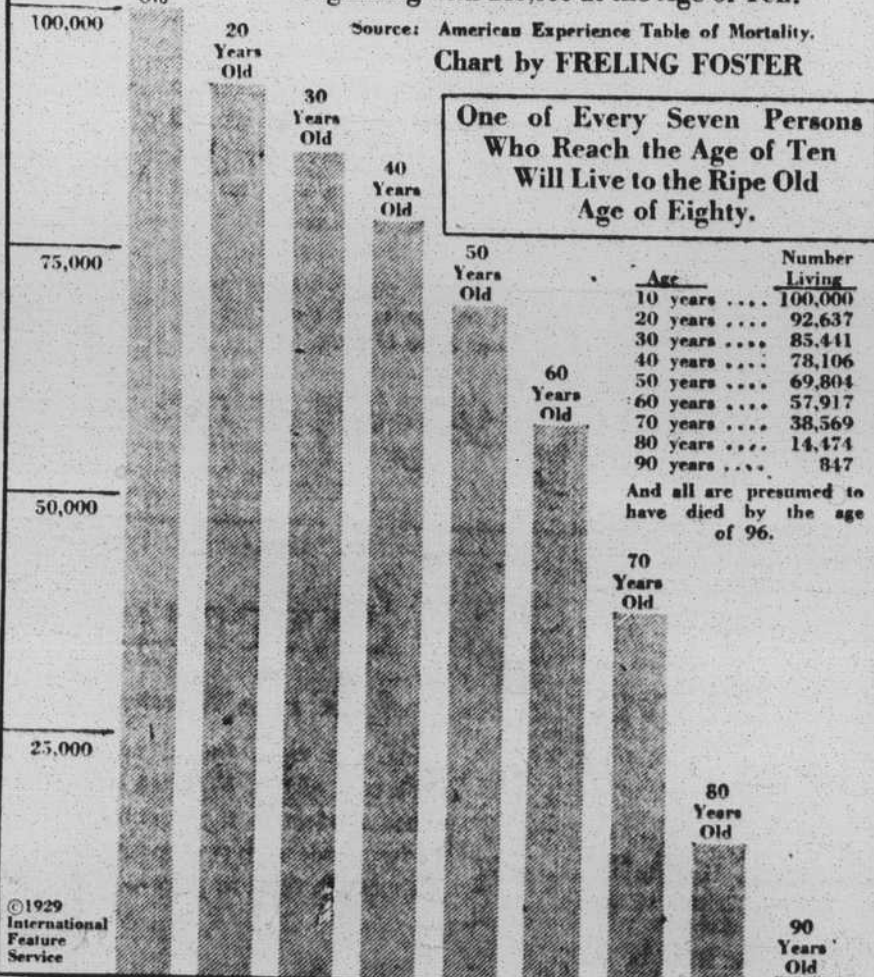
**--Darwin P. Kingsley**

story of man's eternal fight and constant advance. Man has fought, part of the time blindly responding to an instinct he did not understand and then he has fought intelligently, but he has always fought. If he had not, he would now be as extinct as the dodo."

### The ABC'S of General Knowledge

#### How Time Takes Its Toll of Life

Showing in Ten-Year Groups the Gradual Decrease in the Number of Living Persons, Beginning with 100,000 at the Age of Ten.



By **CLARE MURRAY**—Girl Poet-Artist  
**PRISONER**  
(On the Riverbank)



I, Unsuspecting, Woke to Find Myself Your Prisoner.

**B**y clever spinning  
You have cast  
A silken web about me.  
I, unsuspecting,  
Woke to find myself your prisoner.  
These strands,  
Whose frailty I had laughed at,  
Hold me with a mighty strength;  
And I, who knew no anchor but myself,  
Am anchored fast.  
A pleasant change from wandering!  
Too long I drifted free—  
A world revolving on itself,  
Set in no orbit.

**N**ow I am a satellite  
Belonging to the sun;  
Obligated to follow any path  
Appointed by the law.  
You think I am reluctant to be lost  
And so you still shall think.  
I shall not spoil your triumph  
Nor your pride in the ingenious designs  
That captured me.  
But secretly I love my new estate  
Your slightest whim  
Shall be divine command to me.  
I would not change my lot  
For all the freedom in the world  
Because, my dear, I love you