

SENATE STILL ARGUES PACT

Kellogg Anti-War Treaty Attacked by Reed of Missouri; Debate Hot

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—(AP)—An agreement to limit debate on the Kellogg anti-war treaty was blocked in the senate today after the veteran "Jim" Reed of Missouri, had lashed out with his threatened attack on the pact which he described as a "trojan horse."

For more than two hour the fiery Missourian talked on the "treaty of words, on 'maudlin sentimentalists' and 'pacifists' and concluded before a crowded chamber and galleries with an appeal that the senate assure some form of construction on the pact which he held necessary to protect long asserted American rights.

Reed Eyes Borah
Pacing up and down the center aisle he warned that the treaty would lead to the League of Nations. Senator Reed turned repeatedly to look at his old ally in the battle against the league, Senator Borah of Idaho, who is sponsoring the treaty.

When he had concluded, Senator Borah arose to ask that debate on the treaty be limited to 30 minutes for each senator after 3 o'clock tomorrow. There appeared to be no opposition, but as the necessary unanimous approval was about to be given Senator Mooses, republican, New Hampshire, objected until he could confer with those seeking some form of an interpretation on the pact.

Kellogg Is Attacked
Senator Reed in his speech assailed Secretary Kellogg for his insistence that no interpretation of any sort be placed upon the treaty and tonight Senator Mooses, Reed and others favoring an interpretation appeared to be holding out in a last effort to get some manner of compromise which would place in the record the views expressed on the floor by treaty advocates that the pact did not affect America's Monroe Doctrine and her right of self defense.

Only once was Senator Reed interrupted and then by Senator Borah after the Missourian had declared that Borah "practically admitted that the treaty was nothing but a gesture of good will."

"When the senator gets through there won't be that left," remarked the Idahoan.

NEW GRAHAM-PAIGE LINE COMING SOON

An entirely new line of Graham-Paige cars will be presented here January 25 by new dealers in the Salem field when the firm of Loder brothers opens for business here.

James L. Loder, for many years a Portland resident and the sales manager of the new firm, takes the local agency after eight years with Cook & Lyon, state distributors for Graham-Paige cars. W. E. Loder, who is to be business manager of the concern, has had 11 years experience in the First National bank of Portland and followed that with work in life insurance for business firms, a phase of activity in which he will continue once the local car agency is established.

Both young men are enthusiastic about the Salem field and its opportunities for car distribution. Likewise, they have great faith in the Graham-Paige line. James L. Loder is at present at the eastern factory and has wired his brother that the new models are the most outstanding ever produced by the company.

A lease on the new firm's selling location has recently been concluded with W. O. W. representatives. The agency will be housed in the building of that lodge on Center street. The location is the Trumm Motor Co., Mr. Trumm came to that occupied by the having retired from the Graham-Paige agency to represent the Advance Rumley Thresher line in the Salem district.

PREMIER POINCARE WINS BIG VICTORY
PARIS, Jan. 11.—(AP)—After a long and bitter debate Premier Raymond Poincare triumphed over the opposition to him and his new cabinet tonight by a greater margin than even his friends had expected.

The vote was 317 to 253, for rejection of a vote of non-confidence—a majority of 64.

LET'S LIVE! MILDRED LAMB

When Tiny was disturbed, she never stopped to choose her words. She sloughed off the veneer of her polite vocabulary as easily as a snake sloughs its skin.

Fred frowned and looked uncomfortable. He shook his head. Byrd guessed what it was that kept him from speaking.

"Are you afraid you might upset me?" she asked. "The theory that women in my—like me—being shocked was exploded long ago." Byrd laughed. It was hard for her to think of herself as different.

"That so?" asked Fred, stalling for time. Byrd and Tiny suddenly felt that Fred was concealing some bad news from them.

"I'll scream if I have to wait another minute," said Tiny, shrilly.

"Hold your horses, old lady," said Fred, his voice shaking lightly. "If you'd seen the papers yesterday and today you might have known that Jack was indicted for embezzlement, having misappropriated funds in connection with the handling of the business of those real estate companies."

"Oh, Fred," exclaimed Tiny, sharply. "It's come to that! It's happening just as you said it would."

"Yesterday Jack telephoned me to ask if I'd go to his home. And I did. The tones of Fred's voice grew low and he seemed to enunciate with difficulty. "The police informed me tonight just before I left the office that he'd skipped town!"

Byrd knew what it cost Fred in repressed emotion to keep his pulse while he sat there staring at them. She knew that if Fred

"Two Lovers" is New Attraction, Elsinore Today

"Two Lovers" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky as its leading players will open a three day engagement at the Elsinore theatre starting today.

Laid against the ever-stirring background of war, "Two Lovers" tells the story of Mark Van Ryeke, son of a patrician burgomaster of Ghent and of his secret adventures as "Leatherface," mysterious and faithful aid to William, Prince of Orange, who seeks to lead the enslaved country of Flanders to freedom from the oppressing hands of the Spaniards.

Wild night rides, hair-raising duels (of wit as well as of sword) reveal Ronald Colman as "Leatherface," in a role more colorful and varied than any he has ever attempted.

Vilma Banky is Lenora, the Flower of Spain, niece of the Duke of Azar, oppressor of the Flemish and commandant of the Spanish, played by Noah Beery.

Stock Company To Play Every Day, Hollywood

With the opening of the Lawrence Stock company at the Hollywood theatre Sunday, Salem for the first time will have a stock troupe playing the entire week.

Several of the players are already well known to Salem audiences, from their recent engagement with the Manhattan players at the Elsinore.

Jack Lawrence, director of the new company, announces a change of policy for the players at the Hollywood. The shows will be of an hour's duration and will be strictly of the comedy variety.

Sunday's offering promises to be the most entertainment given for the money in Salem for a long time. The Lawrence players will present "Whose Baby Are You?" and on the screen will be "White Shadows of the South Seas," a picture with a kick.

Members of the new company are Miss Madge Feely, who played the model in "Lombardi, Ltd.," Jack Holt, Jack Lawrence, Nellie McCall, Mr. McCall, Mr. Keeney and others.

Hollywood
SUN. - MON. - TUES.
WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS
and **LAWRENCE STOCK CO.**

In **"Whose Baby Are You?"**
Featuring **JACK LAWRENCE**
JACK HOLT
MADGE FEELY
And Others

TONIGHT
TIM MCCOY
In **"MORGAN'S LAST RAID"**

OREGON
SUNDAY MONDAY
Talking Pictures
See and Hear on the MELOPHONE
PATSY RUTH MILLER in **"BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB"**

"Don't go up now," she said, shrilly. "You mustn't go up."

Then she became more composed. "Little Jack hasn't been well, and when he wakes he cries and wakes up the other two," she explained, haltingly.

"Well if you're busy with a sick child," he said slowly, "we won't stay long. There's a matter I want to discuss with you, Margy, and since the girls know about it, they might as well stay while we talk things over."

Margy seemed to drop her gaze beneath that of Fred's, and Byrd thought she saw a fleeting, frightened look in them.

"You know that Jack is out on twenty-five thousand dollar bail and that I'm on his bond," Margy nodded. "When did you see Jack last?"

Fred's question came with startling abruptness. But Margy didn't answer for a long time.

"Don't stop to think too long," said Fred, a little sharply. "I want the truth from you, Margy."

"Why, Fred," she stammered. "I was just trying to think—I saw him yesterday morning. He came out a little while to see the child."

"How long did he stay?" asked Fred.

"Why, just a little while," she said. "You know Jack has hardly spoken to me since he left here. He left without saying anything to me."

A sickening suspicion began to seep into Fred's mind, and Byrd and Tiny felt the shadow of it, too.

"The police suspect that Jack's going to leave town," said Fred, trying to keep his voice casual. "But I know his word to me will keep him here. I know he'll give himself up when the time comes and take his medicine like a man."

Margy paled as Fred finished and drew a vague and uncertain hand across her eyes. She averted slightly as if she might faint, and Fred took a step in her direction.

"He gave you his word of honor," she said, as if speaking to herself.

"Yes," laughed Fred, mirthlessly. "and in exchange I gave him twenty-five thousand dollars."

They all arose. Margy seemed to be walking in a dream. She opened the door for them and, saying goodnight, they heard her quickly slide the bolt again.

The night air, instead of revivifying them, seemed to depress them further with a sense of disaster. They had driven several blocks in silence.

"I could have sworn that

Jack Duncan was in that house," said Fred.

Chapter LX
Byrd was awakened the next morning by sounds of suppressed excitement going on in the house.

She heard Tiny talking excitedly at the telephone and at the same time trying to muffle the natural shrillness of her voice.

Byrd hurried out of bed. She slipped on her negligee and slipped and stood for a moment trying to get the content of the conversation.

It was a bright, cold November day. The sun was shining through the tree trunks like rods of sharp brightness penetrating their hearts with shining steel. About their bare boughs were lines of frosty white.

Then she heard Fred trying to drag Tiny away from the telephone.

"Go downstairs and telephone," he ordered her. "You'll have Byrd awake before you know it."

Then Byrd appeared in the hall. "For Pete's sake," she said, bewildered and still sleepy. "what's happened?"

"Jack shot himself last night," said Fred, taking out his handkerchief and drying his eyes which Byrd saw now were red and puffy. His voice was choked with tears.

Tiny took up the story in a trembling voice.

"Fred was downstairs," she said. "He couldn't sleep last night for worrying and got up before six this morning. The telephone rang about seven. It was Margy and she said Jack had shot himself last night, about an hour after we left. He was in the

house all the time, just as Fred suspected. She called Dr. Newcomb, but he was dead when he arrived.

"And she was all alone all night?" asked Byrd, appalled.

"I can't imagine why she didn't call us."

"Tiny's been trying to get Margy's line for an hour," said Fred. "I think we'd best eat a bite of breakfast and chase right out."

As they drove up to the house, they noticed groups of neighbors and idlers gathered on the sidewalk looking curiously toward the house. The older women were exchanging their opinions with lines of deep disapproval on their faces.

In the driveway an undertaker's carriage stood. The half door was open. Margy was in conference with the undertaker and left him when they came in.

In the hard morning light, Margy seemed to have been worn thin with worry, but a different expression appeared in her eyes as if the light that was far within had at last a chance of shining through. She was nervous and (Turn to Page 6, Please.)

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