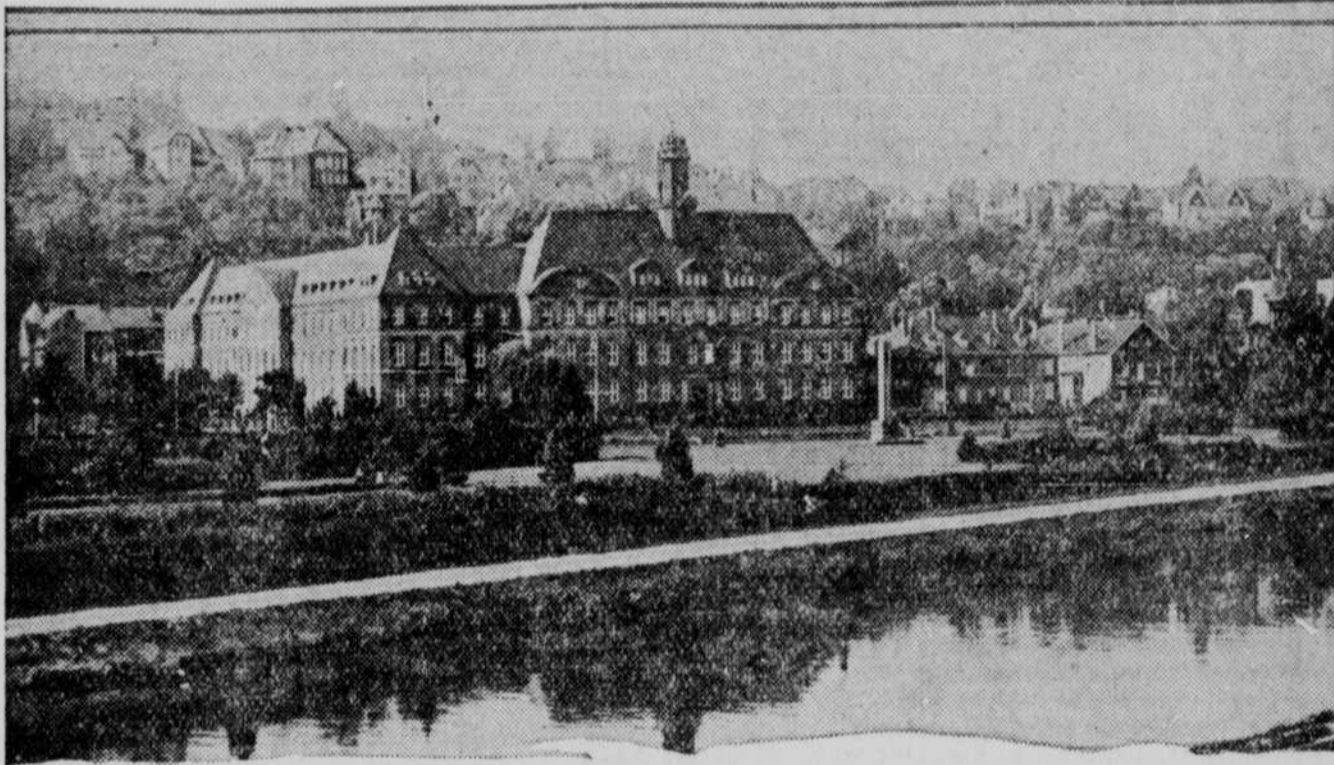


Miniature Cannons Save Big Shell Expense



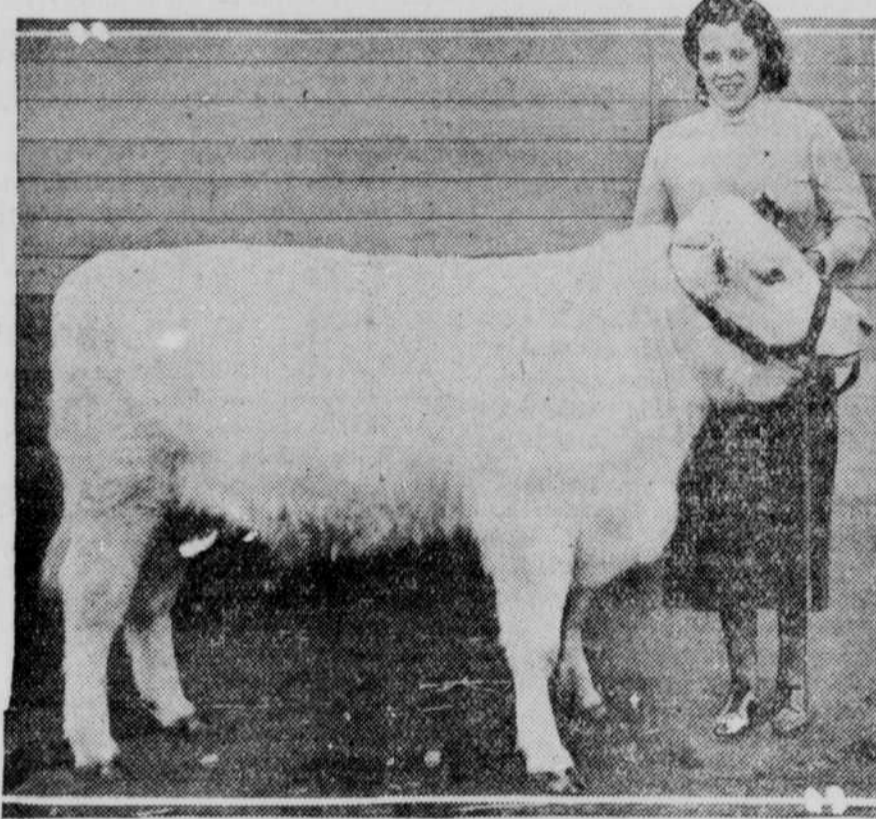
How to give practical instruction to artillery officers without incurring the enormous expense of firing big shells has apparently been solved by the United States army officials. These miniature cannons, whose range and sight accuracy are scaled down to one-hundredth part of the big French 75s, allow the same mathematical calculation and target score as their big brothers. The cost of firing them is practically negligible, as 22 blanks are used to project a steel bullet at the target. The steel projectile can be used over and over. Major General Bishop, chief of field artillery, worked out the original model.

Where Saar Plebiscite Commission Will Meet



The "neues landes gericht," palace in Saarbruecken, where the commission for the plebiscite of the Saar will meet in January, 1935. It is in this building that the present League of Nations commission sits.

Champion Shorthorn Calf



Bessie Curie of Blue Earth, Minn., with her prize Shorthorn calf, winner of the reserve championship at the seventeenth annual live stock show in South St. Paul.

HE BEAT RITCHIE



Harry W. Nice is the Republican who defeated Albert C. Ritchie, Democrat, for the governorship of Maryland. Ritchie was running for a fifth consecutive term. Mr. Nice is a Baltimore lawyer.

MAY BE SPEAKER



It is believed that Representative Joseph W. Byrns of Tennessee will be elected speaker of the house when congress assembles in January. This is his latest portrait.

Curfew Whistle Donated

The city of Los Angeles covers 400 square miles, but the ordinance requiring a curfew "20 seconds before 9 p. m. daily" failed to provide for a single bell or whistle, and as a consequence a gas company has voluntarily blown a whistle on schedule for more than 30 years.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Miss Josephine A. Roche of Denver, newly appointed assistant secretary of the treasury. 2—President Roosevelt addressing great crowd in Fort Harrod at Harrodsburg, Ky. 3—Mrs. Roosevelt placing a wreath at the grave of President James K. Polk and his wife in Nashville, Tenn.

No "Cherokee Strip" in the Senate Chamber



Seats in the senate chamber in Washington have been changed around so that new Democratic senators will not have to sit on the side occupied by the minority party. For a time it was thought that the old "Cherokee strip," that is, a row of seats in the rear of the Republican section, would have to be employed, but the shifting has obviated the necessity of doing that.

FAST FLYER



Capt. C. F. Nelson of the army air corps won the Mitchell trophy race at Mt. Clemens, Mich., setting a new speed record of 216.832 miles an hour over a 20-mile course.

GRAND CHAMPION



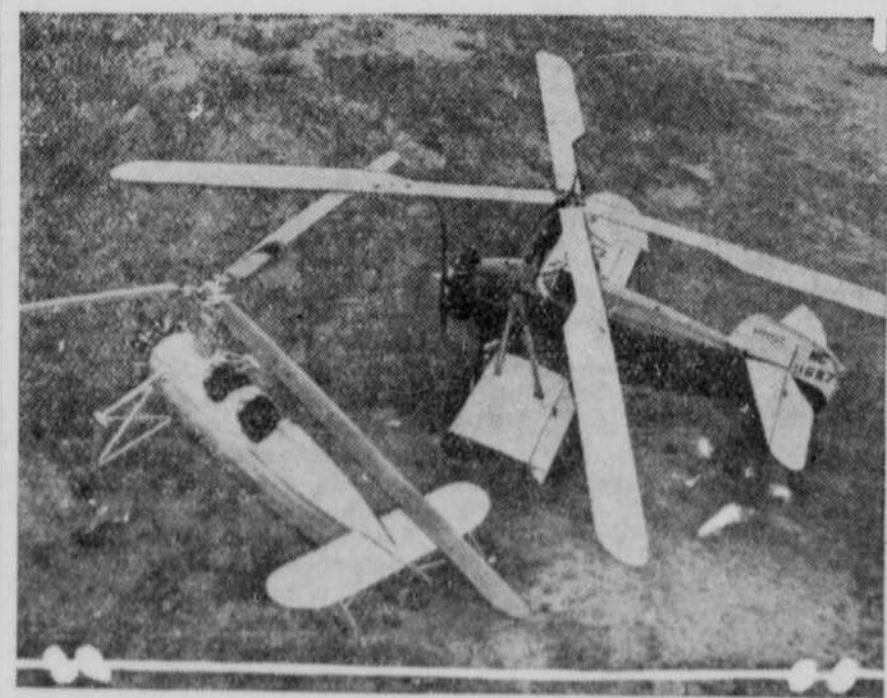
The all-American golden trophy cup was awarded to this black Cochon bantam hen, grand champion at the International Bantam and Breeders exhibition at Cleveland. The bantam, a feather-footed Chinese bird, exhibited by W. F. Caskey of Topeka, Kan., is shown above being held by Miss Dorothy Melner alongside the trophy.

Getting Ready to "Speed Up" Congress



Workmen are shown installing new high-speed elevators in the Capitol building in Washington. The old ones were too slow for the congressmen.

Old and New in "Flying Windmills"



The very latest development in aerial travel—the new Kellett wingless autogiro—is shown with the older type of the windmill plane. The new "auto" has only three blades in its rotor system. The flexibility of the rotors furnishes control and does away with wings and elevator controls. The ship has a minimum flying speed of 16 miles per hour and a top speed of 125 miles per hour. It can take off within a 60-foot area and land without any landing run at all.

What's In a Name?

By GRACE WORTHINGTON
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WNU Service.

SCOTT MORGAN stared at the telegram before him. It was from his assistant, Tom Haddon, dated Washington:

MARRIED THIS MORNING STOP SWELL IDEA STOP WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT STOP NOT INTERFERING WITH MY ASSIGNMENT.

So that was why Haddon had been so anxious for the Washington assignment. He remembered vaguely Tom's girl lived in Washington. There had been a misunderstanding; Tom had gone around scowling for days and smoking countless cigarettes.

Well, thank heavens, that Sylvia Ralston affair had taught him his lesson! His first year in New York, too. He had been mad about her; worshiped her. And all she wanted was his influence as a reporter. Well, he had come through for her. Rotogravures; newspaper and magazine articles glorified her. She got her big break . . . and coldly discarded him. Funny he should be thinking about her now. But how could he help it? Today's papers had chronicled her third marriage. Her picture showed her even more glorified than ever.

Mary Sanders came back from lunch and hung her hat on the rack just outside his door. He gave her a curt nod; it was almost rude, she thought. She went into her own cubby-hole of an office next to his, banging the door after her.

"All settled," Scott heard her say. "I'm changing my name."

Leslie Miller stopped her typewriting. "But you weren't at all sure you'd do it this morning!"

"I know, but Doctor Urbanic convinced me at lunch time."

"You seem pretty unenthusiastic," Leslie observed, "for a girl about to change her name and with it the whole destiny of her life. Don't you like the new name, Mary?"

"No!" There was utter distaste in her voice.

"Then, dear, why do it?"

"Oh, the doctor convinced me that for material and financial reasons—for social success and—"

"So!" Scott Morgan observed.

"So!" Even Mary Sanders would barter her soul for material and financial reasons. Who could a fellow depend on!

Leslie Miller was saying: "But I wouldn't, Mary dear, not unless I was entirely satisfied. Hold on to your own name and wait till something better comes along. You'll get a bright idea one of these days."

"What do you mean, wait till I get a bright idea?" Mary almost cried. "That's all I ever got. Doctor Urbanic says so, too! But what do I get out of it? Not even a raise! Here I plan the whole campaign that gets the new cigarette account from every agency in town—me, a mere girl! And who gets the plums for my bright ideas? Tom Haddon is sent down to Washington to do the publicity stunt that I planned. He gets a raise, too. Scott Morgan brings in the whole lay-out to the president and probably grabs all the credit. I suppose he gets a good bonus, too. While I—I—You just bet I'll change my name!"

"Mary! Why I thought you liked Scott Morgan! . . ."

At that moment Scott Morgan entered. He was flushed and furious. His red hair seemed even redder.

"I had no intention of eavesdropping, Miss Sanders." His voice was like cold steel. "But I assure you I received no bonus on your brilliant ideas. If you had been content to wait until tomorrow, the end of the month, you would have seen I recommended you for a sizable increase in salary. As for a girl changing her name for financial reasons . . . social success . . ."

"It is no concern of yours why I change my name!"

"It is my affair when you say you're changing your name because I got a bonus on your bright ideas. . . ."

"You're insufferable! I loathe you! I've always loathed you!" But tears were in her eyes; her hands trembled.

"And I do not exactly admire you, myself, Miss Sanders." Now his voice was at white heat. "I trust your doctor has all the virtues I lack—every advantage that—"

Leslie Miller laughed hysterically. "Mary's not getting married! She's just changing her name numerologically to get new vibrations. Doctor Urbanic is a wonderful numerologist. Why, did you know that Mark Twain never had any luck under his own name of Samuel Clemens? All the movie stars—"

"Not getting married?" Scott Morgan gasped.

"Hardly," Mary announced grimly. "Oh, no," Leslie went on. "There's not even a marriage vibration in her name! Nothing but kindness that's not appreciated, virtue that goes unrewarded, brilliant ideas that—"

"Leslie!" Mary's face was flushed. "I'm not exactly tongue-tied, and I didn't give you my confidence to broadcast to the whole office force!"

"I'm not the whole office force," said Scott Morgan with commanding authority. "I'm merely a man so in love with you that he almost went crazy when he thought you were going to marry some one else."

Leslie Miller discreetly withdrew.

They're All After Gold in Ontario



This feminine prospector is examining ore at Hardrock, in the Little Long Lac area, where another of Ontario's gold rushes is under way. Thousands of prospectors are flocking to the sector.