

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

All through the seasons of sowing and reaping, All through the harvest of song and tears, Hold us close in Thy tender keeping O Maker of all New Years!

PROBABILITIES

The method of the enterprising is to plan with vigor; to sketch out a map of possibilities, and then treat them as probabilities—Bovee.

FRIENDSHIP

The sun is a hundred thousand leagues away and the water-roses that open to the light of day are in the pool; the moon, friend of the night-blooming lotus, is two hundred thousand leagues distant. Friendship knows no separation that divides it in space.—Vikramacharya.

GIFTS

You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up.—St. Bernard.

LENDING

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan of losses both itself and friend.—Shakespeare.

BEARING

Patience and gravity of bearing are an essential part of justice; and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal.—Lord Bacon.

Smiles and tears speak all languages. No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself. Making more of what you have is the equivalent of having more. A woman's figure, like her age, is sometimes a likable quantity. Fine clothes may make the man, but nowadays few clothes make the woman.

Many people spend the rest of the week resting up from their day of rest. Gentlemen who prefer blondes consider them chemistry's outstanding contribution. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall never be numbered among the unemployed. Many a woman who wouldn't think of giving away a secret simply exchanges it for others. Fight and the world fights with you; keep peace and you will soon be drawn into a fight anyhow.

CAN YOU FIND ME?

In everything I do exist. In nothing am I found. I'm present when there's silence. And when the guns do sound. You'll always find me in the night.

TRY THIS TRICK

Can you take five away from seven and leave four? Simply cross out the "7," which stands for five, and four letters will remain.

PEN AND PAPER

Give your friend a piece of paper and pencil, and say to him, "Can you write very quickly?" He will probably start scribbling for all he is worth.

THE BOTTLE TRICK

Here is a little trick you can play on your friends. Place a small round bottle on the table and just behind a little roll of paper. Tell your friends that you can blow away the paper by puffing on the front of the bottle. This sounds impossible, but try it first yourself and see.

Cut a small square of paper, and make a hole in the exact center of the paper. Then thread the square on a piece of string.

Ask a friend to hold the ends of the string and throw a handkerchief over the square of paper. Make a few funny remarks to draw the attention of your audience from too critical inspection of your movements.

Of course, the secret of this trick is as follows: Another paper square is hidden in the handkerchief. You tear off the original square, remove it with the handkerchief, and show the duplicate.

After 25, every girl with dry or normal skin should use rich tissue cream on her throat at least once a day. Eventually a few lines will show, of course, but, providing she takes a fair amount of care of her skin and uses cream regularly, there's no reason why her throat need ever look craggy. You seldom notice creases on the throat of a woman with an excellent complexion.

Beware, also, of sallowness or grayish tones, either of which often is caused by poor circulation. When you have smoothed face and neck, smooth on a layer of the heavier cream and, beginning at the base of your throat, use fingertips to lift and mold your skin upward to forehead. Do not be afraid to sleep gently under your throat and the flesh under your chin. This stimulates circulation and improves color as well as texture. Be careful not to stretch or bruise delicate tissues, however.

When some of the cream has been absorbed and your throat and chin feel warm and tingling, remove the cream and pat with tissue. Or if you like, omit tonic use it in the morning and leave some of the cream on while you sleep.

The American doughboy carried 75 pounds of equipment during the World War.

"In September, 1928, the Queen was staying at St. Giles's and we all motored over to lunch at Lord Northbrook's place, Station, now, alas, sold.

"On the way there we had to pass through Stockbridge. Her Majesty remained in the morning, that the parents of the second footman who was in attendance, Newman lived there, and Lady Bertha Dawkins, who was in waiting, was instructed to see that she came with us, which he should not ordinarily have done.

"Before starting Lady Shaftesbury asked the Queen what time it would suit her Majesty to return from Stratton. The Queen said: 'Oh, we must stay there some time so that Newman can have a long time with his family before we pick him up.'"

From Autumn Follage by Lt.-Col. Cyril P. Foley (Methuen).

26000 orchestras from East to West and nearly from Pole to Pole play "Autumn Follage" at the New Year's Eve's Old Man Time mows another swath with his scythe, and as the last grain of sand trickles from the hour-glass of 1935, the world enters another Leap Year—the 49th since the beginning of the Christian era. In 1936 mankind gains a day: the 29th of February.

A sore puzzle to the great majority during early school years, the why and wherefore of Leap Year is something of a mystery to many even yet, and is generally regarded in terms of the old ecclesiastical decree: "Ye are hot to ask how it is done but are to hold fast in your belief that it is done."

In tracing the origin of the 366 days in Leap Year, it is found that the ultimate blame can be laid on the shoulders of Julius Caesar's astronomer in 46 B. C. They were the makers of the calendar at it stands (with minor revisions) at the present day. They discovered that the year taken by the earth to complete its orbit around the sun is 365 days and about six hours. Hence one day is gained every four years, and a basis is given for the childhood rhyme: "But Leap Year coming once in four."

February then has one day more. Even this is not strictly accurate, however, since the years divisible by 100, that is, 1700, 1800, 1900, were not Leap Year. On the other hand those years, such as 1200, 1600 and 2000.

Ottawa's Mayor-elect, Stanley Lewis, was born on February 23, 1888, and in a little more than two months will celebrate his 47th birthday. What a boy, how long the stretch must have seemed from 1888 until 1904. Eight years without a birthday. He guards as a state secret, the question as to whether in intervening years, birthday celebrations were held for him on February 28 or on March 1.

The Ladies' Year

Leap Year is, above all, the year for the ladies. The time-honored principle that women have the right to woo and win their man in Leap Year springs from no idle legend it has a sound basis as recorded on the statute books of Scotland, France and Genoa, in medieval days. As the Scottish law has it: "In Lepe Year, ilk maiden ladye has liberte to bespeke the man she likes." It continues to set forth that the swain spurns the lady's offer, he was subject to a fine of "and pounde or less in measure to his estate."

Strictly practically lay at the base of these laws, passed at a time of constant warfare and when the fair sex greatly outnumbered the males. It was an incentive to marriage, and a step in the direction of increasing population and finding replacements for the thinning ranks of armies.

There are no definite records of women taking court action against their men for refusing honorable proposals. This, of course, is regarded as very natural, since even if declared by a baker's dozen when would daughters of Eve admit defeat in an affair of the heart?

HIGH-PRICE STAMPS

LONDON, Dec. 30.—(CP)—Two penny Cape of Good Hope vermilion postage stamps of 1861 sold at a Bond Street establishment here for \$700.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Sponging Relatives Are the Curse of Nearly Every Married Couple—A Wife Will do the Right Thing if She Drives Them Away From Her Fireside

Dear Miss Dix—How much do we owe to our relatives? My husband is a man on a small salary. It takes a lot of managing for our own family to live on what he makes but ever since we have been married we have had relatives who came uninvited to plant themselves down on us for support. Often they brought their whole families with them. During the depression we have had just a procession of these relatives who said they would rather starve than ask for relief, and as the result, we have all come near starving. We are in rags, behind on our rent and groceries, and it takes months of scrimping to catch up, if we ever do.

Yesterday my youngest brother quit his job, which he always does every Winter, and came here, bag and baggage, with the intention of spending the Winter with us. When I told him he would have to try to find some other place to park, as I couldn't afford to support him, he got perfectly furious with me. None of these relatives who sponge on us even offered us a crust of bread when my husband was sick and down and out, but as soon as he was able to work again and we were on our feet, they were the first to turn the welcome sign down on the doormat!

Indeed I do, and as grafting relatives have no fine sensibilities that make them take a gentle hint they will do well if you will double padlock your door as well. Your first duty is to your own family, and you fall in that when you work your poor husband to death in order to support your kinspeople. He didn't marry your family when he married you, and there is no more reason why he should provide for them than any other strangers.

Hospitality is one of the most beautiful of the virtues, but it becomes a vice when you let deadbeats make it the screen for a hold-up, and that is what is only too often done. All of us have relatives or so-called friends who use our houses to save themselves from paying hotel bills and the whole family spending the Winter with us. When I told him he would have to try to find some other place to park, as I couldn't afford to support him, he got perfectly furious with me. None of these relatives who sponge on us even offered us a crust of bread when my husband was sick and down and out, but as soon as he was able to work again and we were on our feet, they were the first to turn the welcome sign down on the doormat!

That they come uninvited, that they put us to trouble and inconvenience and force us to spend money on them that we cannot afford, is nothing to them. They are getting what they want, and they should worry. If they are despicable parasites, we are contemptible softies and fools for putting up with it.

We should have enough courage to say to them that we are not running a hotel, that we have all that we can do to support our own families and that they will have to find shelter elsewhere. If this makes them angry, as it probably will, so much the better. It will keep us from being eaten out of house and home.

Many women who are cursed with sponging relatives are cruelly unjust to their husbands, for they take all their husbands make to spend on their own people. There is always a horde of hungry aunts and uncles and cousins at the table and camping all over the house. There is always a sister with a hard-luck story and a brother who is borrowing money that he never returns. Mother is always needing a nice warm coat and father a new suit. The little nieces and nephews have to have their adenoids out, and the boys and girls must be sent off to college, and the poor husband has to foot the bills. Many a man is sold into slavery to his wife's people on his wedding day.

I think that the wife who does this gives her husband a rotten deal and one that he is foolish not to resent.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Two months ago I was engaged to be married to a lovely girl, but just as I thought I was slated for a salary increase, I lost my job. I went to the girl and told her what had happened and though she wanted to marry anyway I left her and told her I would not return until I had found work. She said she would wait for me, but I haven't gone out anywhere for a month because I can't afford it.

I have developed an inferiority complex and I want to die. Should I try crime? Should I keep on like this and become a maniac? I am losing faith in everything and everybody, and feel that my life is a wreck, anyhow. I am 22 years old.

Back up, son, and snap out of that inferiority complex business. You should be ashamed of even thinking of throwing up your hands and quitting before you ever have a real try at life.

Do you think you are the first fellow who ever lost a job? Why, there have been millions of them. The ones who had any gift in their craws didn't sit down and give up. They hustled out and got something to do. Maybe it wasn't what they wanted to do or what they were accustomed to doing, but it was WORK and it tied them over the bad days. Do you think you are the first man who ever had to meet any business, who ever had his dreams smashed and his plans go awry? Why, son, that has happened to every man in the world, and only the winners went under when they met with disaster. The worth-while ones fought through to success.

The trouble is you have taken your whole misfortune in the wrong way. You've let it get you down and rob you of your self-confidence, and that is one reason you haven't been able to find a job. Nobody wants to hire a man with a hang-dog look and a tale of woe and who has no faith in himself.

Another place you have gone wrong is in giving up your girl and not going to see her because your pride won't let you hang around when you can't take her out for good times. You are right not to marry when you have nothing to live on, but that is no reason for not going to see her and letting her come and see you. If she is a girl who would be with you to know that she still loves you, has faith in you, and is looking forward to the time when you get on your feet and can marry her.

As for going into crime as a vocation, forget it, unless you want to spend the balance of your life in jail. Nothing pays so little as crime, even among professionals. The chances are that you would be such a bungling amateur that the police would get you before you had pulled off even a single murder or burglary.

And take this for your comfort: Life isn't over at 22. It has just begun. These clouds will roll away and life will shine and you will see the day when you will wonder at your youthful despair and laugh over the memory of your wanting to die just because you couldn't be married the way you wanted to.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CRANBERRY JELLY CAKE
3/4 cup butter
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup sour milk
2 cups cake flour
3 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 1/2 cup cranberry jelly
Method: Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly. Add the well beaten egg yolks. Beat the flour once before measuring, then sift again with the baking powder, soda and spices. Add this to the first mixture alternately with the sour milk. Beat the jelly with a fork and add to the batter, mixing well. Put in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into three layer pans lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Remove from the oven when done and turn out on a cake rack. Allow to become entirely cold before icing. Cover the layers, sides and top with a thick seven-minute icing.

PATTED BUTTER COOKIES
Three-quarters pound butter, 1 1/4 cups granulated sugar, yolks 2 eggs. Cream butter, add sifted sugar gradually, and beat, well after each addition. Add unbeaten yolks of eggs. Beat well, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 3 cups sifted flour. Take up 1 teaspoon dough, roll into a ball and flatten the size of a fifty-cent piece. Place on a greased baking sheet, and in the center of each cookie place a pecan-half. Sprinkle top of each cookie with a mixture of cinnamon and granulated sugar. 1 teaspoon cinnamon to 3 table-spoons sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until light brown. These are delicious to serve for afternoon tea, or to serve with a fruit punch.

PROFITS BY "FISH SENSE."
VANCOUVER, (CP)—Alex Johnson, of Port Hammond, is said to have "fish sense." Alex fished in the rivers Inlet district this year and, despite old equipment which necessitated many steps for repairs, he caught 1,400 sockeyes during the season.

SMALL TOWN GIRL

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 2)
Dane said: "No, put the top up and park it here on the dock." I may wait it later. You never can tell." And as they left the boat and began to make their way through the yachts at anchor, he told Kay whose this one was, and that one "From the deck of one and another, people called to them. Some spoke to Dane by name; but others seemed merely to offer a free-and-easy hospitality to all comers."

"Everyone seems to know everyone," Kay commented.
"Just one big happy family," Dane assured her. "After we get settled, maybe we'll go visiting."
Harry Mann was the motor yacht Griffin, Diesel-powered, sleek and tremendous. Harry's Aunt Madelon greeted them at the boarding ladder; and Kay thought her shy like the old woman, playing hostess to the guests. Harry Mann, Kay's proved to be a single cabin, and Dane was lodged just across the companion.

Kay was a little uneasy to find the crew, she and Dane appeared to have the Griffin to themselves; but when they came on deck again, others were arriving. Harry Mann proved to be a dumpy, humble individual. Dane treated with a jocular contempt. Kay had met most of the others; and Sally Hays was of course an old friend. Kay saw Sally with delight; clung to her arm for a while with an intense desire for the other's guidance and sponsoring. She felt very keenly that she did not belong here. These others were clearly wealthy; the gowns they wore made her best look like a home-made product. She, Kay Brantman, with less than four dollars in her purse and no other tangible assets except a week's salary due her tomorrow, was an intruder here. She must win her way, pay for her entertainment somehow.

And she tried to do so, putting on as the cocktails began to circulate a facetious vivacity, straining to be as charming as possible, not only to Dane but to them all. When they went below to dress, Sally came into Kay's stateroom. "Have you seen you for weeks, darling," she said. "Dane wasn't even here, you were coming to see me. I said: 'Oh, I needed to go on a tear! Lost my job yesterday, so I'm celebrating.'"

Sally looked at her thoughtfully, but she asked no questions. She only said: "I knew there was something, when you took the fourth Martini. Where do you put them, Kay? Your capacity is a continual surprise to me."
Dane intervened in another conversation curiously like this one. "It's inherited," she said recklessly. Sally urged: "Lie down for a while before dinner, Kay dear. I'll have them bring you some milk, or long juice."

"Oh, I'm all right," Kay said indifferently. "Just a little tired." She felt when she came up to dinner as though she were walking on a cloud. Sally, she thought was rather sobering out. Dane was the most amusing of them.

Afterwards, she was rather glad when she went on deck to watch from the shelter of the awnings a gust of rain sweep across the harbor. Then there was dancing, and stewards with tall glasses, and visitors. She and Dane sat on a broad ledge overlooking the deck house facing aft; and the rain came again and passed again, and the Dane drew her head down on his shoulder. She realized at last what that pleasant inn where they had lunched this day. Her thoughts slowly focussed on his words.

CHAPTER XVI
The half hour that followed was like a nightmare; like one of those bad dreams that never sufficiently tangible to wake the sleeper, yet tormenting and hopeless and wearying. It was like half-waking in a strange room and being unable to remember where you were, and Kay tried to wake up, growing toward consciousness, and snantly again, Dane's kisses bewildered her, interlarded with her fumbling effort to make the swimming world stand still, to make chaos give way to order. And she pushed him away, and once to drag her to her feet, and she pulled him away, petulently, frowning, trying so terribly hard to bring her mind back to clarity again.

She asked once reprovingly: "You mean you want to marry me?" And he laughed recklessly and said something mirthful and challenging; and she insisted: "But do you?" And then she realized that he did not, and she was so sorry for herself that she began to cry, and he to be angry; and then the clouds in her brain began to move and assume form and shape, and little by little she could think with some accuracy, could understand. And she said something, in bitter reproach. He stood up, started angrily down at her.

"Then why did you come?" he demanded harshly. "You're no child! You weren't blindfolded. 'I think you're drunk, Dane,' she told him miserably. 'You must be wrong to come,' she confessed. 'I was—desperate, precisely unhappy Dane.' She tried to stand up. 'Why don't you ask one of the men to put me ashore? I can catch a train back to Boston.'"

"Thy sorry," Dane said furiously, in a tone which made it clear that he was not sorry at all. "Forget it! Come on in and I'll play you a game of backgammon or tiddle-winks, or something equally exciting!"

"You go in," she countered. "I'll stay out here a little while and things out."
When he was gone, Kay got up and walked to the after rail and stood there, holding to the rail with both hands, staring out with uncertain eyes across the crowded harbor. Upon the black oily water streaks and spots of light, reflected, fanned and stirred restlessly; single spots became zigzag lines, extending and contracting a way were mirrored on the disturbed wake of some passing craft. The outboard motor on a tender buzzed remotely; the roar of a big speedboat hummed in crescendo, blurred, and died as the boat raced away up the river. There were other craft all about, motor cruisers, sloops, schooners, and a tender under command. Kay felt as though she were in a sea of light, and above its jagged silhouette the deep dark of the star-spinkled sky.

Then Kay felt someone here beside her; felt an arm around her waist. Sally Hays. Sally said gently: "Don't feel badly, Kay. Dane will be all right in the morning. Too many drinks make him first amorous and then angry. That's all."
"I was a fool to come," Kay whispered; and she confessed: "Sally, I was desperate. I lost my job, and it seemed to me as though the world were coming to an end, and I don't know what I'm going to do."
"Go to bed," Sally suggested. "The sun will shine tomorrow, Kay. Things are never as bad as they seem. Dane is just that way that's all."

Kay shook her head; she laughed a little miserably. "I feel like someone drowning, or on the edge of a precipice, or something. Sally, I'd snatch at anything. I suppose that's why I snatched at this trip with Dane. . . I might have known. . ."

But then Freddie Bow came to summon Sally, and Sally squeezed Kay's hand and went into the salon. Kay stayed where she was. She gripped the rail till her fingers ached; she stared straight ahead into the darkness where lights swam and blurred before her eyes. After a while she heard the sound of oars, and thought this might be the tender returning from some errand. If it were, the sailors might be persuaded to set her ashore; and she looked into the darkness, seeking to discover the approaching boat, and saw it presently as a silvery dot on the water. It came near, and Kay perceived that there were two men in it and a girl, one man rowing, the other man and the girl close together in the seat stern.

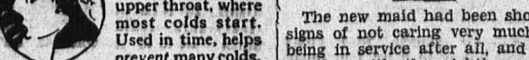
Under the Griffin's stern, the boat paused, and the oarsman stood up unsteadily and lighted a match to peer at the name painted there. Kay, on the deck just above him, could see his face in the light of the match. A clean, high forehead, a wide mirthful mouth, a good nose. He was dressed in evening clothes. "The good ship 'Griffin,'" said the man; and as the match went out he spoke to his companion in the stern. "This is Harry's floating palace, Bud," he told his companion. "We're lost on the bounding ocean trip."

"Is the Watloping Window Blind?"
Kay thought she recognized this voice; she halted. "Ah, my boat!"
There was a startled silence below; and then the oarsman told her: "Make it 'Ahoj the dinghy' and I'll take some notice of you, my lass. 'Dinghy' as in 'Thingy'. 'Ahoj,' if you expect to be taken for a honest seafarer!"
"I expect to be taken for a nice row around the harbor," Kay told him.

"Are you a lone woman?" the oarsman demanded gravely. The man in the stern exclaimed: "I say, Bob, that's Kay Brantman."
Kay was sure of the voice. "Bud Dean. 'Hello, Bud!' she said. The oarsman, the man called Bob, brought the dinghy swirling around to the boarding ladder. "If Bud vouchers for you, you must be all right," he said. "In vino veritas"

HELPS AVOID MANY COLDS

Especially designed aid for nose and upper throat, where most colds start. Used in time, helps prevent many colds.



VICKS VAPO-ROL

Bud is quite definitely in vino, you understand. But who am I to cavil? Kay had slipped down the ladder and into the bow of the small craft. She thrust them clear. "Seamlessly done," said the oarsman approvingly. "Kay sat down on the forward thwart. 'Excuse my back,' said Bob, and tugged at the oars. 'Where to, lady?'"

Kay did not know; yet she would not say so. She looked at the Griffin, falling quickly behind them, and shuddered faintly. "That's Bob Dakin, Kay," Bud explained carefully from the stern. "And this sleeping beauty on my shoulder is Cissie Means. Bob and I escaped from a bachelor dinner, and found Cissie somewhere. She keeps falling into the harbor, so I have to hold her."

Bob said sternly: "You didn't say where to, Kay? Can't you say where to, lady? You can't expect me to read your mind!"
Bud chanted lugubriously: ". . . 'You can't expect a cow to read a railroad sign.'"

Kay sat very still. Bob Dakin? That legendary figure was a reality, after all! His shoulders bowed over the oars for a moment; and then he let the oars trail and fumbled between his feet. "But I'm neglecting duties of a host," he said cheerfully. He turned half around to Kay with something in his hands. "We're provisioned for a long cruise, Kay," he said amiably. "You needn't hold back. This will loosen your tongue."

He pressed a paper cup into her fingers. Something spilled on her hand. She tried to demur; but he said sternly: "Not a word out of you, hussy! Disobedience and I'll maroon you on the nearest mud flat with the crab. You'll eat it!"
The hour had about it an unreality. In this small boat among the larger craft at anchor all around they were remote from the world. Cissie in the stern had not stirred. She was leaning against Bob's shoulder, and he was leaning against her.

"I know you, Kay," said Bob. "You live with Genevieve. That big mutt calls you Jeff. You don't look like Jeff to me. I can't see any mustache, and you're certainly not bald; but you're no bigger than a pint of cider." He chuckled. "And that reminds me," he exclaimed. "Have a pint of cider!" He filled her cup. "Will you take me ashore?" Kay asked. "There wasn't anyone free on the 'Griffin.'"

"Drink that and I'll take you anywhere you want to go," he promised. "Tough to have to walk home from a yachting party. Need water wings on both feet. But have no fear now, Jeff! You're in good hands. Behold in me a man of honor, upright and inflexible. The name of my boat is 'Griffin.'"

"I want to go back to Boston," said Kay in an uncertain voice. She was unsure, forlorn. "Check," Bob retorted. "We're on our way!"

And he swung the boat and began to row more vigorously. Bud in the stern made no protest. Kay thought he might be asleep. Once Cissie roused and wished to go swimming. But Bud dissuaded her. They passed along the flank of a big schooner, and in the dim radiance of the riding lights Kay saw that Cissie's hair was wet and streaming, her gown soaked. She shut her eyes, shut out the sight. Then they rubbed along a landing stage and Bob checked the dinghy, held it steady with one hand, himself stepped ashore. He extended his hand to Kay; and she stumbled up beside him. Bob thrust at the dinghy's gunwale with his foot and it careened uncertainly away.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Something for the schoolgirl, and something they will love. This attractive little suit affords perfect freedom for romping about after school hours. An extremely cozy ensemble, too—suits worn inasmuch as the jacket is double breasted.

The original was positively adorable in bottle green woolen with green and gold braid trim and gold buttons on the blouse of the two-piece dress. Shiny gold buttons also trimmed the jacket or for military accent, trim with green braid frogs.

Another nice scheme for this made three-piece suit is Scotch plaid in red and navy used for the dress, and plain red or navy for the jacket.

Style No. 1635 includes pattern for skirt, blouse and jacket and is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 38-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch jacket lining.

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