

6/7
DAY 1 + 2

Reading Sales Tax Tables

In many states and in some cities, businesses have to charge a tax on anything they sell. This tax is called a sales tax. To figure out how much sales tax to charge, businesses are given sales tax tables by the state or local government. The table below is a sample section of a sales tax table that is similar to the ones provided by the government. Although your state sales tax may be higher or lower than the tax shown on this table, every table is set up like the one shown below. In one column you must find the price of the item or items sold. Printed next to the total cost of the sale is the amount of sales tax that must be added. This table shows the sales tax on amounts from 1¢ to \$5.91.

Amount	Tax	Amount	Tax	Amount	Tax
\$0.01 to 0.08	0¢	\$0.92 to 1.08	6¢	\$1.92 to 2.08	12¢
.09 to .24	1¢	1.09 to 1.24	7¢	2.09 to 2.24	13¢
.25 to .41	2¢	1.25 to 1.41	8¢	2.25 to 2.41	14¢
.42 to .58	3¢	1.42 to 1.58	9¢	2.42 to 2.58	15¢
.59 to .74	4¢	1.59 to 1.74	10¢	2.59 to 2.74	16¢
.75 to .91	5¢	1.75 to 1.91	11¢	2.75 to 2.91	17¢
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\$2.92 to 3.08	18¢	\$3.92 to 4.08	24¢	\$4.92 to 5.08	30¢
3.09 to 3.24	19¢	4.09 to 4.24	25¢	5.09 to 5.24	31¢
3.25 to 3.41	20¢	4.25 to 4.41	26¢	5.25 to 5.41	32¢
3.42 to 3.58	21¢	4.42 to 4.58	27¢	5.42 to 5.58	33¢
3.59 to 3.74	22¢	4.59 to 4.74	28¢	5.59 to 5.74	34¢
3.75 to 3.91	23¢	4.75 to 4.91	29¢	5.75 to 5.91	35¢

Suppose that you are a cashier in a restaurant or a store and you want to find the tax due on a \$3.30 purchase. According to the table, the tax on an amount from \$3.25 to \$3.41 is 20¢; so the tax on \$3.30 is 20¢.

Now use the table to answer the questions on this page and the following page.

1. How much sales tax is due on each of the following amounts?

- a. \$1.45 _____
- b. \$0.80 _____
- c. \$3.60 _____
- d. \$4.10 _____
- e. \$5.40 _____

2. Find out how much tax Fran (in problem 1 on page 119) had to pay on her lunch bill.
3. What was Fran's total lunch bill including tax?
4. How much change should Fran get back from \$1.50?
5. How much tax was Carl (in problem 2 on page 119) charged for his pie and coffee?
6. How much tax did Mr. Rigby (in problem 3 on page 119) have to pay on the bill for his and his secretary's lunches?
7. If Mr. Rigby left a 75¢ tip, how much did he pay all together for his and his secretary's lunches including tax and tip?
8. Find how much tax David (in problem 4 on page 119) paid for his lunch.
9. How much change should David receive from \$5.00?
10. How much tax was put on the bill for Susan and Jim (in problem 5 on page 119)?
11. Jim paid for his and Susan's lunches. How much change did he get from \$10.00?

Checking Your Change with Sales Receipts

On this page and the next are copies of sales receipts. On each receipt, a number followed by a + indicates the price of an item. A number followed by TX means tax. A number followed by TL means a total.

NOTE: People who like to get rid of pennies should pay particular attention to the second problem for each receipt.

Frank's Foods
2930 Broadway

\$ 01.79 +
\$ 00.56 +
\$ 00.47 +
\$ 01.32 +
\$ 04.14 TL
\$ 00.33 TX
\$ 04.47 TL

1. How much change should you have received from \$5.00?
2. How much change would you have received if you had given the clerk a \$5 bill and 7¢ in change?

Doug's Drugs
4 East 110th

\$ 02.69 +
\$ 03.56 +
\$ 00.98 +
\$ 07.23 TL
\$ 00.58 TX
\$ 07.81 TL

3. How much change should you have received from \$10.00?
4. If you paid with a \$5 bill, three \$1 bills, and a penny, how much change would you have gotten back?

Bonnie's Books
854 West George

\$ 01.95 +
\$ 03.50 +
\$ 05.45 TL
\$ 00.44 TX
\$ 05.89 TL

5. How much change should you have received from \$10.00?
6. If you paid with a \$5 bill, a \$1 bill, and 4 pennies, how much change would you have received?

CHECKING YOUR CHANGE WITH SALES RECEIPTS

**Hal's Hardware
5 East Third St.**

\$ 09.59 +
\$ 06.44 +
\$ 08.27 +
\$ 24.30 TL
\$ 01.94 TX
\$ 26.24 TL

7. How much change should you have gotten back from \$30?

8. If you paid with a \$20 bill, two \$5 bills, two dimes, and four pennies, how much change would you have received?

**Paula's Pastry
844 W. Oakdale**

\$ 01.05 +
\$ 02.15 +
\$ 00.95 +
\$ 04.15 TL
\$ 00.33 TX
\$ 04.48 TL

9. How much change should you have gotten back from \$5.00?

10. If you paid with a \$5 bill, one quarter, two dimes, and three pennies, how much change would you have gotten?

**Colette's Clothes
333 East 49th St.**

\$ 07.29 +
\$ 01.65 +
\$ 13.99 +
\$ 16.50 +
\$ 39.43 TL
\$ 03.15 TX
\$ 42.58 TL

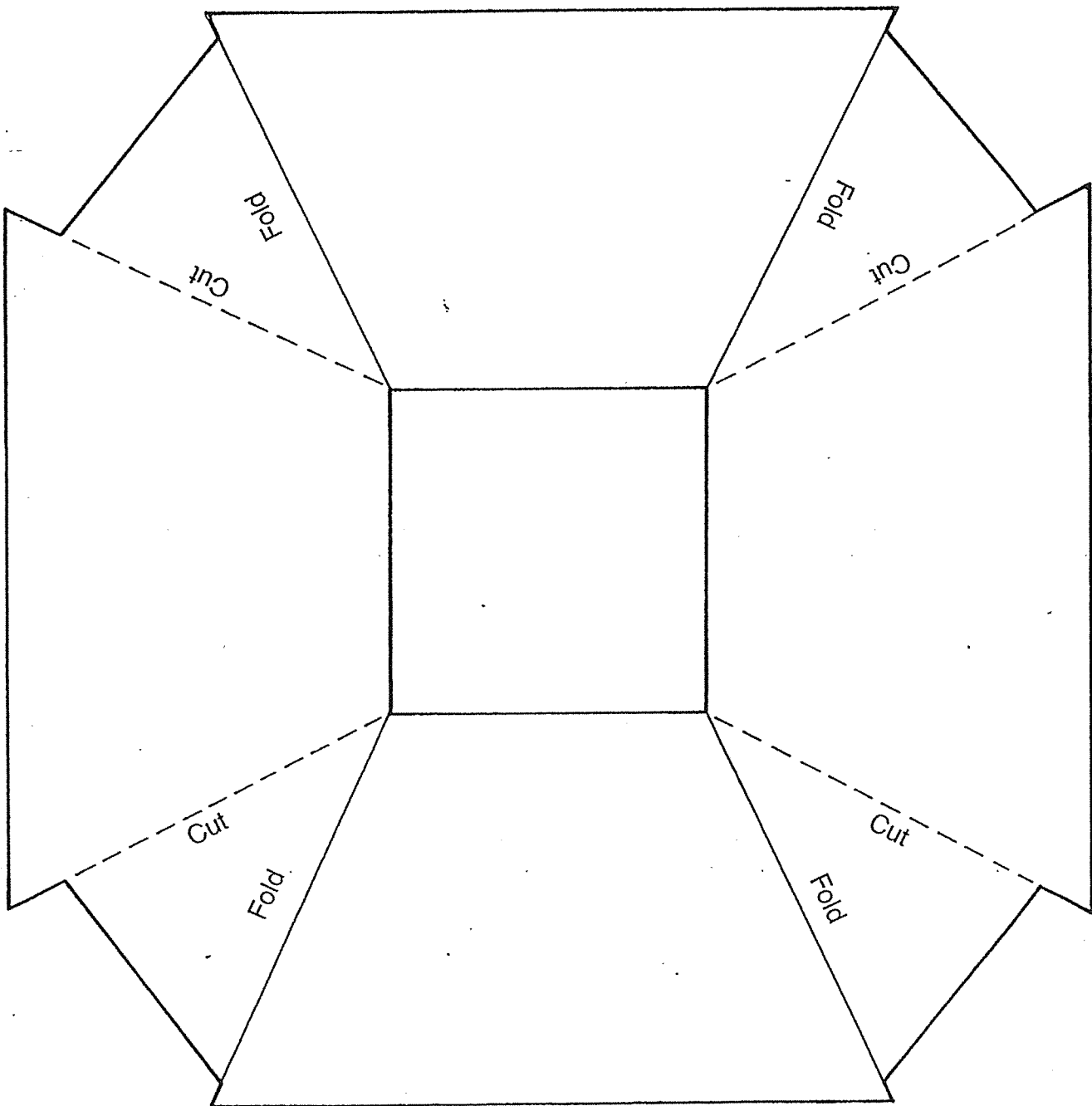
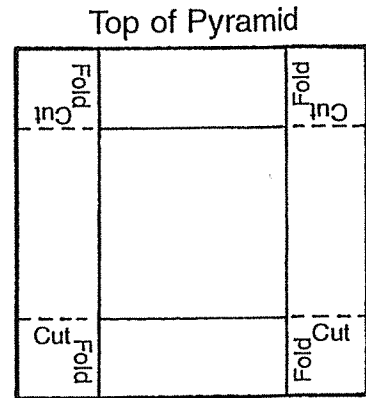
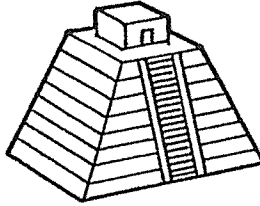
11. How much change should you have gotten back from \$50?

12. If you paid with two \$20 bills, a \$5 bill, two quarters, a nickel, and three pennies, how much change would you have gotten?

Art Research online or in magazines, books or encyclopedias, what kind of colors and designs could be found on Aztec and Incan pyramids,

Pyramids

Use this pattern to make a pyramid. Follow the directions on the pattern. Remember to add color, lines for the steps, and designs before you glue it together. Add extras like glitter, sequins, foil, paper people figures, etc.



The Last Leaf

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in - let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day." said Sue.

"Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice - a man for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak

sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bese as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old - old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I will baint a

masterpiece, and we shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

And hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win." And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now - that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.

"The Last Leaf" Questions

T or F Johnsy and Sue are both artists.

T or F Johnsy gets sick after her boyfriend's death.

Write one sentence from the example of **personification** that is on the first page of the story:

"The way people have of lining up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly." What is the author actually saying here? Interpret the quote.

Why is Johnsy counting leaves?

- A) She is bored.
- B) The leaves represent her life.
- C) She has a bet with Sue.
- D) None of the above.

Johnsy says: "I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves." What is Johnsy actually saying here? Interpret the quote.

Who saves Johnsy's life?

- A) the doctor
- B) Sue
- C) the boyfriend
- D) Mr. Behrman

Why are so many of the words spoken by Mr. Behrman spelled wrong? Why did the author do this?

List the three major characters and one minor character in the story:

Major: _____

Minor: _____

Explain how the season of the year influences and affects the story. Think of at least two examples.

A sacrifice is the act of giving up something, or not having something or doing something yourself, to help somebody else. Who made a great sacrifice in the story and what was it? Explain.

Answers:

True

False

“Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman.”
There are other examples in the same paragraph

The inner response and reaction of a person’s mind to their sickness means as much or more than any medicines prescribed.

B

Johnsy is tired of the struggle with pneumonia and is ready to give up fighting and die.

D

The author wants to emphasize that Mr. Behrman is not a native English speaker as well as his accent and is probably a German immigrant in the early 1900s of New York city.

Sue, Johnsy, and Mr. Behrman are major characters
The doctor is a minor character

It is the season when leaves fall off trees and the death of life in the leaves effects Johnsy’s reaction and feelings about her sickness. This is also the season when illnesses like pneumonia strike and that makes Johnsy ill. *There are other reasonable answers.*

Mr. Behrman sacrificed his life by going outside in the cold and painting the leaves on the wall to save Johnsy, becoming ill himself so she could live on.