

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 08, February 22, 1914 eBook

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February 22, 1914

DOING AND BEING

By Julia H. Johnston

"We're all such little girls, Miss Lee. We can't do things for people. They have to do things for us, all the time, don't you see? How can we do much helping?"

Little Grace Mayne looked into her teacher's face with earnest eyes as she said this. The girls in the class nodded their heads and some of them added, "I don't see how," and "Of course we can't do anything," while they waited for Miss Lee to answer Gracie. The teacher had been talking to them about doing things for others, and had tried to show them how much help was needed in this world, and how much there was for all to do. Sunday-school teachers feel this so much, that no wonder they talk to their classes about it.

"Well," said Miss Lee, as if she were thinking very deeply, indeed, "perhaps there is really nothing that you can do to help others. Doing, seems to be a hard word with you little maids. Suppose we drop that word and take another. A very great man once said that when we could do nothing, we could still be something, for the sake of other people. I would like to have you all see what you can be. That comes first, anyhow. You have to be alive before you can talk, and walk, and think, and act. You have to be willing before you can do anything, you know, and so we will see what we can do with ourselves, before we try to do much for others. Shall we?"

"Yes, but I don't understand just what you mean," said Lucie Ray.

"Then listen," said Miss Lee. "When anyone does anything for you, suppose you try to be truly thankful. When anyone teases you, see if you can be patient. If others are cross, see how kind you can be. When others are sour, you must be sweet. I really think you will have enough to do."

"We'll try," said Grace.

"That is right. Try, and keep on trying. There's one thing more: If you are thankful, say so. If you are sorry for anyone, say so, and if you feel kindly, speak kindly. These things ought to come out. But as you try to be patient and sweet, don't go about telling it. Let other people find it out. They will, easily enough."

"How will they?" asked one.

"The other day," said Miss Lee, "someone gave me a rose. It was an American Beauty. I put it in a vase in the parlor. There it stood, tall and straight, with its green leaves like



lovely garments around it, and the crimson flower, like a beautiful crown above. Yes, there it stood, and never said a word. It never said, 'I am sweet.' or 'How fragrant my breath is!' not once. But everyone who came into the room, even when it happened to be dark, knew that the rose was there. Why?"

"It was so sweet. They smelled it," cried the class in chorus.

"Yes, that was it. By being sweet—not by saying, 'I am sweet'—it made itself known in the room. Now, see how sweet and loving and thankful and patient and thoughtful you can be this week. Think about being, instead of doing."

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The next Sunday they talked over the week.

"I tried to be thankful and to say 'thank you,' when I ought," said Margie, "'cause mamma says so much to me about that. It was hard to remember always, but I tried."

"I tried not to be cross with Rex," said Ruth. "He gets my things and I don't want him to. Sometimes I kept from being cross and sometimes I didn't. Once I slapped him, but I was sorry right away, and kissed him. Then he didn't cry."

"To be sorry the minute we do wrong is one way to grow better," said Miss Lee. "Don't be discouraged."

"Mamma said yesterday when she took Jack in the carriage and left me," said Grace, "that if I would make Nettie contented and happy, it would be better than anything I could do for her. So I played tea party with her, and was happy after a little minute, and mamma said 'Thank you!' when she came back. Then I was gladder still."

"I seemed to have a chance to be sorry for people," said Fanny. "Mrs. Bailey, next door, had lots of trouble, and I went in and said softly, 'I'm so sorry. Mrs. Bailey!' and she said, 'That helps a great deal.'"

After all this talk, and more words from Miss Lee, the girls made up their minds to keep on trying to please by being right, and being bright, and they found, as others may, that there is no surer way to give help and to do right.

SCHOOLTIME ANYTIME.

When you have a hard lesson what do you do with it? Fret and complain over it? Look for someone to help you with it? Or do you brace up and tackle it bravely, bringing all your best effort to it.

When the School Yard was White

Ellen D. Masters

Snow did not cover the school yard at Hamlet so often as not to cause a great deal of excitement among the boys and girls, especially a deep snow—deep enough for making snowballs and forts and snowmen.

So the day after the big snow that fell there one night, Mr. Newman, who had charge of the third grade boys of the Hamlet School, found it a hard day to keep order in his room; and a good many of the boys got low marks for the first time that term.

How they did hate to leave the white school yard when the bell would put an end to the short recesses!

[Illustration: How they did hate to leave the white school yard.]

“I think it’s a pity we have to be shut up in the schoolhouse all the time and not get any good of it—when it doesn’t snow here like this more than once till you’re grownup,” Mr. Newman heard one little fellow complain.

Their teacher had liked to play in the snow as well as any of them when he was a boy, and he wished that he had not been obliged to ring the school bell and spoil their fun so soon.

When it was time to dismiss school that day, Mr. Newman looked very solemn and said: “I think everyone of you boys deserves to be kept an hour more.”

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The thirty young faces that looked up into his grew very solemn, too.

Then their teacher smiled and said: "But instead of keeping you in, this time, I will keep you out. I give every boy in the room permission to stay one hour after school and play in the snow."

Thirty happy small boys went bounding out into the white school yard.

While they were building a snow fort and storming it with cannon-balls of snow, their teacher wrote their "excuses"—one to be carried by each boy when he went home from school an hour late.

When the joyous hour was over, Mr. Newman rang the bell and the boys came up to the schoolhouse and were given their excuses. They thought it very funny to be kept "out" an hour after school, instead of being kept "in," and to carry an excuse home instead of to school.

"We will have poor lessons every day, if you will punish us this way, Mr. Newman," said one of the biggest boys.

"This kind of punishment is given only when a six-inch snow covers the school yard at Hamlet," said the teacher.

The boys all went happily home with cold noses and fingers and toes, but warm hearts for their teacher, whom they were beginning to think was the greatest man they knew.

"I tell you I'm going to be up on that geography and grammar to-morrow," said Fred Walton.

"And I'm going to know how to do those examples to-morrow," said Leonard King.

And the next day the boys all had extra good lessons, if the school yard was covered with trampled snow and the battered snow fort still under the trees.

ELSIE'S ADVICE.

"Now, Maud Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and listen to me. I have something to say to you; something you should be glad to hear."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already straight, indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes right out in front of her.

“I have some good advice to give you,” Elsie went on, “for your manners. There’s company manners and there’s home-folks manners. Some people have very fine company manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, and just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family; which of course, you know, is very unfair and not nice at all. Some people don’t divide theirs up; they have manners that are just the same all the time. And this is a much better way, especially if they are a pleasant kind, my dear.

“Some people get their manners at Paris, and some people’s mothers tell them to them when they are young. But my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that’s full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven’s a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess.

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“So now I’m done. And I will give you a kiss to remember it by.”

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie’s advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

—*Selected.*

“That boy looks like a gentleman,” said poor little Harry, looking at that boy’s nice clothes and then at his own poor ones.

He got on a street car. Soon he gave up his seat to a woman, and picked up her gloves.

“You’re a little gentleman,” she said.

You can be a gentleman, no matter how shabby your clothes.

HOW THE DAY WAS CHANGED

By Mary E. Bamford

Ralph and Emma and little Paul were sitting in a big circle. There were others in the circle, too. There were the eight dolls, and the little wooden dog that squeaked, and the fuzzy little rabbit that squeaked, and the lop-eared toy donkey, and the tiny elephant that stood alone. So many toys, and yet nobody seemed happy but baby Paul, who was trying to swallow his two little thumbs.

[Illustration: *So many toys and yet nobody seemed happy but baby Paul.*]

In the middle of the circle was a tray with little dishes, and Emma held a tiny cup in her hand, for the children were just finishing a make-believe dinner party that had water and two apples for refreshments.

“Winter parties, when its raining outdoors, aren’t much fun,” grumbled Emma.

“It’d be lots nicer if we could have our party outdoors, and pick apples off trees,” grumbled Ralph.

“Twees,” echoed baby Paul, trying to swallow his thumbs.

“It just rains and rains,” said Emma dolefully.

“Wains,” echoed baby Paul.

Baby Paul had stopped swallowing his thumbs. What was it he saw in Emma's face? Was everything so bad?

"Yes, it just rains and rains," complained Ralph dolefully.

Baby Paul looked at Ralph, and saw the same thing he had seen in Emma's face. Oh, things must be very bad when big brother and sister looked so sad! It must be nearly time to cry!

Back of the children was a nice warm fire in the grate. The room was comfortable, but baby Paul missed something from the atmosphere. He could not have told what it was, but he began to whimper.

"Don't you go to crying!" said Emma crossly. "It's bad enough to be shut in by the rain without your crying."

Baby Paul cried softly to himself. Thumbs were no comfort now.

Emma went over to the window. She looked dolefully out at the rain. By and by she saw a man going into a house on the corner. The man had a case with him.

"Oh," said Emma to herself, "that's the doctor who went there yesterday! The Brown baby must be real sick."

The doctor stayed a good while. By and by he came out again into the rain. Emma ran to the telephone in the next room, and telephoned to the Browns. Yes, the baby was very, very sick.

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Emma came back softly into the room where the fire burned so comfortably. Baby Paul was still crying softly to himself.

"The Brown baby is dreadfully sick," said Emma softly. "Oh, dreadfully! Lizzie Brown was crying when I telephoned to her. They don't know whether the baby will live."

Ralph and Emma looked at baby Paul. Both children had the same thought. Emma ran to baby Paul, and hugged him.

"Oh, baby darling!" cried Emma. "Baby darling, I couldn't stand it if you were sick!"

"Goo!" said baby Paul, looking at Emma's face. That ugly something that was in her face awhile ago was not there now. Baby Paul smiled. If big sister's face was all right what was there to cry about?

Ralph went to the window and looked toward the Browns. Then Ralph went to baby Paul and hugged him. Baby Paul crowed for joy. Big brother's and sister's faces were all right!

"You darling!" cried Emma. "Let's play menagerie for him, Ralph."

So pretty soon the little elephant and the fuzzy rabbit and the wooden dog and the lop-eared donkey were being hurried about at so lively a rate that baby Paul crowed and shouted for joy. What fun it was to be a well baby, when big sister and big brother smiled at him! And the rain just poured outdoors! But everybody was happy.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

"I wish that I could be as great
As Washington," said Joe.
"You can, my dear," his mother said,
"If you but will it so."

"But how?" urged Joe. "I cannot do
The things he did—to be
As great as he was would just mean
A General, you see."

"A General, my little lad,
You can be if you will.
A climbing boy can always reach
The summit of the hill."



“But to be great, we first must be
Brave, kind and good and true;
And Washington was all of these,
Though but a boy like you.”

“Perhaps,” said Joe. “I’d better try
To be just good, and when
I am as old as Washington
I may be like him then.”

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Helen M. Richardson.

A SCHOOLROOM SWEEP.

The girls at Dorothy’s school—the little ones as well as the big ones—had to do something that very few schoolgirls have to do nowadays, and that is to sweep the schoolroom—a large room that had to be swept every day after the closing hour.

Do you think that you would like such a task? Well, some of the big girls at Dorothy’s school didn’t like it either; but little Dorothy and most of her little mates thought it was a great honor, and they liked to have their turn come to sweep.

Dorothy had not been to school for quite one year, and the teacher had never appointed her to be one of the sweepers. Dorothy wondered why. She swept the porches at home, and mother said she did it well, too. She did so want to sweep the schoolroom when Amy Brown did, for there were always two of the small girls, each sweeping half of the room.

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Day after day the teacher called the names of those who were to perform the task. Day after day Dorothy listened with a fast-beating heart and was disappointed.

One day Lena swept almost the entire floor alone. She was younger than Dorothy, too, but she did her work so poorly that the teacher had to do it over after Lena had gone. Dorothy knew, for she watched, hoping the teacher would tell her to do it.

At last one rainy day there were but a few at school, and those who were there had recently swept the floor. As the teacher glanced around before making the usual appointment, she looked at Dorothy, and Dorothy turned red in the face with excitement. Perhaps the teacher thought the shy little girl was afraid to be called on; anyway, she passed her by and called on Lena Webb—Lena Webb and Amy Brown.

Oh, oh! Dorothy could hardly keep from crying with disappointment, and Lena came near crying because she was asked again so soon.

Dorothy stayed, waiting for Amy to walk home with her, and of course she watched the work.

She looked with disapproval at the streaks of dust that Lena was leaving, and finally she pointed them out to Lena. She was astonished when Lena threw down her broom, and cried out, "You just sweep it yourself, Dorothy Wenning!"

Before the teacher could interfere Dorothy snatched the broom, exclaiming—"All right—I just *love* to sweep!"

The teacher said nothing, but she noticed how evenly and clean Dorothy was doing her work, and when the task was done she said to Dorothy, "My dear, you have done so very well to-day that I am going to appoint you and Amy to sweep again to-morrow."

How happily and eagerly Dorothy skipped home to tell her mother that at last she had been allowed to sweep the schoolroom floor.

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Mary A. Spaulding Hatch.

LITTLE WHITE RIDING-HOOD.

In the New Year's box from Aunt Jo there was an unusually lovely present for Leslie. It was really two presents: a beautiful warm white coat and a black velvet hood, both trimmed with soft, white fur around the edges.

Leslie was very happy, and hurried to put them on.

“Oh, mother,” she cried, looking at herself in the mirror, “I’m a Little White Riding-Hood instead of a red one!”

“So you are!” said mother laughing. “I hope Granny Wolf will not eat you up.”

Leslie laughed, too, and clapped her hands. “Oh, I’ll go and see Granny Graham and play she is the wolf, only she is ever so much too kind to eat anybody. I ought to have something nice to take her, mother, you know Red Riding-Hood did.”

[Illustration: *“Oh, I’ll go and see Granny Graham and play she is the wolf.”*]

Mother gladly packed a basket with doughnuts and red apples, but Leslie was not satisfied. “I can take doughnuts any time, I’d like to take some of the oranges from Aunt Jo’s box.”

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Mother looked a little surprised. “Are you quite sure you can spare them, dear? You do not have oranges very often.”

“I’d like to,” Leslie insisted earnestly. “I don’t believe Red Riding-Hood was selfish, and I’m sure White Riding-Hood doesn’t want to be.”

So mother put in three big yellow oranges, and Leslie ran down the hill with her basket. Granny Graham was a tiny, sweet old lady who lived in a tiny cottage at the foot of the hill.

Leslie knocked at the door and a pleasant voice called, “Come in.” Leslie opened the door and stood inside in her pretty furry things, feeling quite nice and shivery over even playing that Granny was a wolf.

“Good-morning, Granny,” she said, “I’m Little White Riding-Hood.”

“Good-morning, my dear,” said Granny, smiling, “how nice you look.”

“Oh, Granny,” cried Leslie, “what bright eyes you’ve got!”

Granny’s bright eyes twinkled with fun as she answered, “‘The better to see you with’.”

Leslie giggled; that was just the way it went in the story. “Oh. Granny,” she went on playing, “what long ears you have!”

“‘The better to hear you with,’” answered Granny; which was all very funny because the ears peeping out from under Granny’s cap were tiny like the rest of her, and did not hear any too well at best.

After that, Leslie held her basket a bit tighter and said, “Oh, Granny, what sharp teeth you’ve got!”

“‘The better to eat you with,’” laughed Granny, “I’m sure you look quite sweet enough.”

Leslie ran over and put the basket in her lap. “The oranges are sweeter,” she said, “please eat those instead.”

“All right,” Granny agreed, “if you will give me a kiss with them, that will be next best to eating you.”

In her heart, Leslie thought it was much better, and while Granny Graham ate one of the oranges they both decided that the story of Little White Riding-Hood had a much pleasanter ending than the old one in Leslie’s book.

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Marion Mallette Thornton.

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| Knowledge Box |
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Musical Hespie and Her Play.

Little Hespie, the wood mouse, sang sometimes as long as nine minutes. Her song usually came forth when she was at play, or exercising in some way. One time she became especially delighted because her wheel squeaked when she turned it. You know how pleased a boy is when his hobbyhorse creaks. So Hespie, too, enjoyed the new noise; but it so drowned her pretty little warble that a drop of oil was put in the wheel to stop the creaky sound.

Poor Hespie became quite excited over this change, and bit the wires of her wheel. So a plan was made to soothe poor mousie's feelings. A small strip of stiff paper was placed in such a way that it hit the wheel every time it turned and so made a nice little noise. Hespie forgot her trouble and worked at the wheel joyously, making the paper noise and singing her pretty song at the same time.

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If Hespie had not had her wheel to play with, her life would have been quite dull. One time her wheel was corked up so that she could not go inside. She became quite angry and ran in and out of her bed-box, hardly knowing what to do. Her rage did not last long, however, and she was soon frolicking about the cage and singing. The song sounded at first like the cooing of a dove; then it changed to quick notes more like the cuckoo; and, after that, the noise was like the tapping of Mr. Woodpecker on a tree.

One of Hespie's favorite games, which she played with the children, they called "hauling in the lines." She seemed never to grow tired of it. The children would hold a long cotton cord, while Hespie sat upon her hind legs and pulled it in like a sailor, hand over hand. Then the children would pull it out again just to see her pull it in.

Happy little Hespie often sang when she ate. One day a small twig with insects' eggs on it was handed to her. She sat up straight in her cunning way, took the twig in her hands, and held it in her mouth. While she nibbled, she sang; so that she looked very much like a little musician playing a fife.

—*Written for Dew Drops by Susanne C. Umlauf.*

When we wish to help others, it is wonderful how many ways open before us.

Our lesson.—For Feb. 22.

* * * * *

Prepared by Marguerite Cook.

* * * * *

Title.—Faith Destroying Fear.—Luke 12:1-12.

Golden Text.—Every one who shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.—Luke 12: 8.

Beginners Golden Text.—*He careth for you.*—1 Peter 5: 7.

Truth.—Jesus claims as friends before the angels of God those who claim him before men.

1. The people loved to listen to Jesus as he taught them.

[Illustration]

2. Sometimes they crowded so closely around him that they trod upon one another.



3. One day in a crowd like this Jesus spoke to his disciples quietly.
4. He warned them to beware of some of those in the crowd who would like to teach them things that were not true.

[Illustration]

5. Jesus said people who tried to hide their evil ways and pretend to be good were hypocrites.

6. He warned them that nothing can be hidden from God.

7. In the end those who try to deceive are found out.

[Illustration: Be Sure Your *Sin* Will *find you out*]

8. Jesus said God knows and loves us.

9. He loves even the little birds and all things that he has made.

10. Jesus said five sparrows are sold for two farthings, yet God does not forget one of them.

[Illustration]

11. God loves and cares for us his own dear children, and Jesus said that even the hairs of our head are numbered.

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12. Jesus told his friends to fear no one but do right and trust God.

* * * * *

Questions.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. To whom did the people love to listen?
2. How closely did they sometimes crowd around him?
3. What did Jesus do one day in a crowd?
4. Of whom did he warn them to beware?
5. Who did Jesus say were hypocrites?
6. What can be hidden from God?
7. Who are found out?
8. Who knows and loves us?
9. What else does he love?
10. What does God not forget?
11. Who loves and cares for us, and what did Jesus say about the hairs of our head?
12. What did Jesus tell his friends to do?

* * * * *

Lesson hymn.

Tune—"Jesus loves me, this I know," omitting chorus (E flat).

Love and honor God will give
Unto all who try to live
True and faithful to their Lord,
Keeping his most holy Word.

* * * * *

Title of Lesson for March 1.

Trusting in Riches and Trusting in God.—Luke 12:13-34.

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Golden Text for March 1.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Luke 12:34.

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Beginners Golden Text for March 1.

He careth for you.—1 Peter 5:7.

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| Thoughts for Mothers |
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Encourage Your Child to Read.

As early as possible let your children be encouraged to read, and see that they are provided with books and papers adapted to their capacity of mind. Some parents, be it said to their shame, consider money spent in this way as unnecessary or even wasted. A more erroneous idea of economy never existed. Books are great educators. A mother should be more careful to provide her children with good books than fine clothes; should spend more time in teaching and training them than in decking their bodies for show and display. Mothers, if you are obliged to practice economy, do not commence to save in your children's books and papers; let it be in something else first. While, however, the mind is being trained and improved, care should be taken that the spiritual part is not neglected. While your children are reading books by various authors, have a care that they do not neglect the reading of the Bible, the Book of books.

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| Advice to Boys and Girls |
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Treat Them Kindly.

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Most of us are fond of pets, and it would be hard to find the boy or girl who didn't want either a dog or a kitten. It is small wonder, for a dog is a very faithful friend, and anything more delightful than a tiny, fluffy kitten, full of fun and spirits, it would be hard to find. But sometimes these pets do not have a very easy time of it. Only a few days ago we saw a little boy out on the sidewalk with his kitten. He was enjoying himself, but the kitten wasn't, for he would pick it up and throw it across the yard, till poor pussy mewed pitifully. Now, if our boys and girls are going to have pets, they ought to learn to treat them very kindly, just as they would wish to be treated themselves.

You may think, perhaps, that your dog belongs to you, and for that reason you can do with him just as you please. But do you ever stop to consider that Rover or Don may not enjoy being kicked and beaten and pulled about any more than you would if you were in his place? That is something that we must think about. We might have been born helpless, in the power of other and larger creatures. But it has pleased our Father to make us what we are, and to give us the power over his other creatures, and for that reason we should be very kind and gentle with them. He wishes us to be merciful, and so we have his promise that those who are merciful shall have mercy shown them, if ever they come to be in need of it. And then, that it may be very plain to us, he tells us that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast." That means that he is kind and gentle to all the creatures that he has anything to do with, to his horse and his cow, to his dog, and even to the tiny kitten that ties itself up into a ball, chasing its own tail. Isn't this promise worth trying for?

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