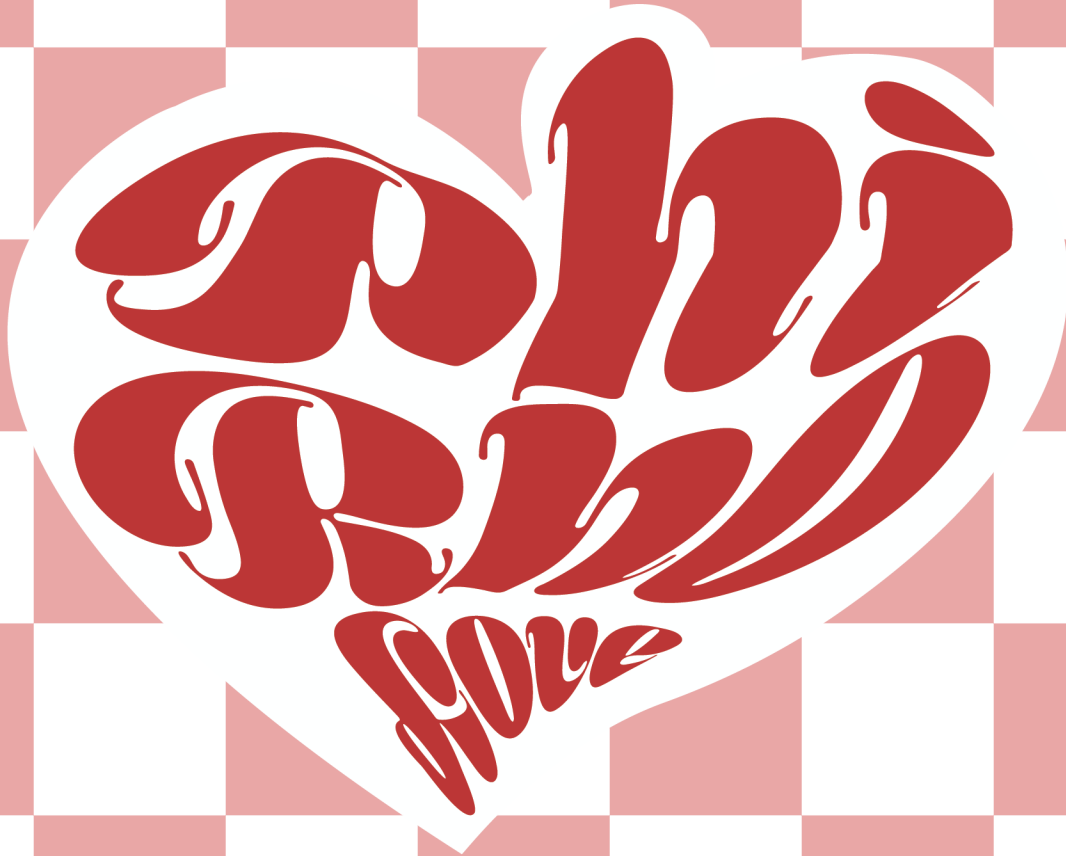


TOGETHER WE BUILD THE FUTURE

UA CHAPTER



AT NINE THEY STOPPED WORK, AND SANG, AS USUAL, BEFORE THEY WENT TO BED. NO ONE BUT BETH COULD GET MUCH MUSIC OUT OF THE OLD PIANO, BUT SHE HAD A WAY OF SOFTLY TOUCHING THE YELLOW KEYS AND MAKING A PLEASANT ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE SIMPLE SONGS THEY SANG.

MEG HAD A VOICE LIKE A FLUTE, AND SHE AND HER MOTHER LED THE LITTLE CHOIR. AMY CHIRPED LIKE A CRICKET, AND JO WANDERED THROUGH THE AIRS AT HER OWN SWEET WILL, ALWAYS COMING OUT AT THE WRONG PLACE WITH A CROAK OR A QUAVER THAT SPOILED THE MOST PENSIVE TUNE.