

Music Class

When her voice began rising again, Charley once more tilted his chair forward. The children sitting near him tilted theirs forward too. When Miss Sturgill reached another exciting part, *bump* went Charlie's chair. *Bump, bump, bump* went the other chairs.

"Charley," said Miss Sturgill, "bring your chair up here and sit beside me."

With Miss Sturgill's hand on the back of his chair, Charley couldn't bump. But the other children could. And Charley could make faces at them. Only one or two were listening to the story. The others were giggling at Charley.

Miss Sturgill sighed. She asked, "How would you like to play 'Bring a comb and play upon it, Marching here we come'?"

The boys and girls had played that game the week before. Noisily they shoved their chairs into a corner.

"Vinnie," said Miss Sturgill, "you may go in front and play on the comb. The rest may march behind you."

Vinnie, pretending she was playing on a comb, tooted a tune and marched in and out among the bookshelves from one end of the library to the other. The other boys and girls stomped noisily behind her. Charley, at the end of the line, was behind the farthest shelf of books when Vinnie reached the story-telling corner.

As he glanced at the books, he wondered why all of them stood on the shelves with their backs turned out. He stood for a minute, looking at them. It seemed to him they ought to have their faces toward people.

"Let's play 'Tippy Toes' next," he heard Miss Sturgill say. "See how quietly you can tiptoe. Lisa Ann, you lead this time."

Off in the story-telling corner, the boys and girls began to tiptoe. They were so quiet Charley could scarcely hear them. He too was quiet as he sat on the floor, and turned the books on the bottom shelf one by one with their faces out.