

EACH AND ALL

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Each and all by Jane Andrews

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JANE ANDREWS

EACH AND ALL

THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS PROVE THEIR SISTERHOOD

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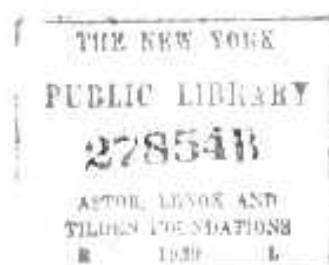
A COMPANION TO

"THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS WHO LIVE ON THE ROUND
BALL THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR," "TEN BOYS
WHO LIVED ON THE ROAD FROM LONG
AGO TO NOW," "GEOGRAPHICAL
PLAYS," ETC.

BY
JANE ANDREWS

BOSTON, U.S.A.
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1896

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FROM THEIR SISTERHOOD.

TO
MARGIE AND ANDREWS,
AND TO THE FOUR YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF MY SCHOOL,
DOSSIE, EDITH, DADIE, AND GEORGIE,
I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK.

W O R 1911 B 36

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A PUPIL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MISS ANDREWS' SCHOOL.

ONE of my greatest delights while a pupil at Miss Andrews' school — and I remember my attendance there as one long delight — was the coming of December 1st, her birthday and mine. It was her custom to celebrate the birthdays of her scholars by allowing them to select in part the lessons and exercises for the day, a joyful privilege which was of course shared by all, though the pride of planning with her the session of our double anniversary was mine alone. All the birthdays were occasions to remember, for the final hour was pretty sure to be given up to a story. "Story" was what we always called it, though it might, indeed, be story, play, or poem, or selection from either, or a chapter from an unfinished book of her own. When it was the latter she used always

to ask for our criticisms, which we were not at all afraid to give, though I never remember them as being anything other than enthusiastically favorable. But we appreciated the honor of being asked, and occasionally offered suggestions for further adventures of the "Seven Little Sisters," which were of too extravagant and thrilling a nature to be adopted.

Next to birthdays, the days which we most prized were the very stormy ones, when but few were present, for these, too, brought stories, geographical games, experiments, and other variations from the usual routine. There was an ardent rivalry between the pupils regarding these days, and few of us started for school on a tempestuous morning without reckoning mentally how many of our mates had timid parents who would be likely to keep them at home. Many a time, as I came panting up the stairs on a wild day in winter, have I glanced along the row of hat-pegs, triumphant if most of them were empty, disappointed if they held a row of dripping hoods and mufflers. Once, in a storm so furious that I had