

BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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WHEN I WAS A GIRL AT MILLS.

"When I was a girl at Mills!"
How strongly memory thrills
The chords of my heart
As I think of the part
Of my life that was spent at Mills.

When I was a girl at Mills,
It cuddled among bare hills,
Scarce a tree to be seen—
Just a lawn between
Those two little babbling rills.

Now a forest of beautiful trees
Covers the hillsides and leas;
There are paths to explore,
And gardens galore
Where one may wander at ease.

When I was a girl at Mills,
The clambering rose that fills
Its whole front face,
Filled no such place
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now clambering so very high
It almost touches the sky,
And veils the wall
Of old Mills Hall
With a glory for every eye.

When I was a girl at Mills,
One roof covered all the ills
As well as the good
Of the girlish brood,
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now buildings are every where,
They gleam in the shadowy air,
With Halls, and Towers
That chime the hours—
A lingering music there.

When I was a girl at Mills,
And picnicked over the hills,
Not a house could be seen
In the back ravine,
When I was a girl at Mills.

Now a rail-train rattles along,
And spoils the brooklets song,
To be sure, its nice
To depart in a trice,
But to me it seems all wrong.

When I was a girl at Mills,
It was just a school in the hills,
Where big girls, a few,
And little girls, too,
All studied together at Mills.

Now its standard has risen so fast
It's wholly a college at last;
Nothing less than A. B.
And a Master's Degree!
The Seminary time has past!

When I was a girl at Mills,
A presence was there, which fills
My eyelids with tears
As I think of the years
When I knew and revered Mr. Mills.

How blessed his memory seems!
Now realized are his dreams,
For to them his wife
Devoted her life,
Completing his generous schemes.

So dearly belov'd Mrs. Mills
Today with happiness thrills;
Her work is complete
For here at her feet
Stands a College for Women at Mills.

May the College now prosper at Mills,
And grow with the need that it fills,
Till girls, far and wide,
Shall utter with pride
"WHEN I WAS A GIRL AT MILLS!"

FANNIE ROUSE CARPENTER, '73.
Founder's Day, May 4, 1911.

Fannie Rouse Carpenter *When I Was a Girl at Mills*

[No place]: Fannie Rouse Carpenter 1911

First edition. Small broadside. Old library stamp (and release note), else just about fine. A 75-line nostalgic poem by Carpenter, of the Class of 1873, prepared for the College's Founder's Day festivities in 1911. Fannie Hallock Rouse Carpenter was a prominent New York City attorney, as well as the President of the New York State Federation of Woman's Clubs. A 1906 newspaper article about successful woman attorneys in New York lists her name first: *OCLC* locates a single copy, at the California State Library. [\[BTC#392916\]](#)