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Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
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Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
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# **Judy of York Hill**

Ethel Hume Bennett

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# JUDY OF YORK HILL



By  
ETHEL HUME





PILLOWS WERE SORTED OUT, AND NANCY WITH THE TINY LIGHT LED THE WAY (*page 59*)



*"To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honour, while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;  
To count the life of battle good,  
And dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the earth.*

*To-day and here the fight's begun  
Of the great fellowship you're free;  
Henceforth the School and you are one,  
And what You are, the race shall be."*

Henry Newbolt



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# JUDY OF YORK HILL

## CHAPTER I

### BEGINNINGS

"Yes, we're nearly in," said Uncle Tom, glancing out at the flying landscape. "There's the lake, and here comes the porter to stir up the dust."

Judith's heart beat a little more quickly. Toronto and York Hill School had been the centre of her thoughts for months past, and now she was almost there and a new life ahead of her!

"I suppose you've read your 'Tom Brown,' Judy, eh? 'Like young bears with all your troubles to come,'" quoted Uncle Tom as he left her a few minutes later with Aunt Nell who had come to the station to meet them. "Can't help having trouble, I'm afraid, but when you're going to be expelled for not having solved your geometry problem, just drown your grief in an ice-cream soda in the tuck shop"—and he dexterously inserted a crisp bank-note into Judith's bag.

"Don't mind him, Judy, darling, he's always [4] teasing. We'll do our shopping first of all. I've arranged for a fitting at Madame's for you."

"Mother and Daddy sent their love," said Judith a little soberly as they got into the waiting motor. "Yes, I think Mother seemed a little better—and she's just sure that Florida will make her perfectly well."

Her lips quivered ever so slightly as she remembered how every hour was taking her mother farther away from her.

But Aunt Nell, who had promised her sister to finish Judith's shopping, made haste to introduce the fascinating question as to whether taffeta or crêpe would be best for the afternoon frock, and how many sweater coats would she need.

They spent a busy and a delightful morning. Who doesn't like to get a new outfit? And then, after luncheon at Aunt Nell's club, they motored out to York, for they had an appointment with the Head Mistress at three o'clock.

"Just around this curve and then we can see the School—there!" said Aunt Nell, and Judith leaned forward, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Blessed old York! I can't have quite the [5] same affection, of course, for these new buildings as I had for the old School in town—York Ladies' College it was then; but this certainly is handsomer, and we've still got Miss Meredith and some of the old staff, so it's the same York."

Judith looked eagerly at the great pile of grey stone vine-clad buildings.

"That's the main school with the bell-tower," continued Aunt Nell in her character of guide. "The classrooms and offices are there, the two wings are East and West Houses, farther to the north—there, you see—is North House, and here is South where you are to be. That's Miss Meredith's house over there by the maple trees, and back of the main school are the gymnasium and the tennis courts. I hope you've brought your tennis racquet; you'll get excellent practice."

Aunt Nell paused for a moment, and then she laughed a little ruefully.

"I'd love to give you a bit of advice or guidance that would help, Judy; but honestly I don't know how to do it. Fathers and uncles in the school stories always seem to know what to say. I do know that you're going to have a splendid time—I wish *I* were sixteen again [6] and my first year at York before me." Aunt Nell looked reminiscent for a moment, and then added, "One thing—York is going to help you to grow; and if I didn't feel rather like a very heavy uncle who was being listened to for the tip he was to bestow, I'd conclude by quoting from 'Hamlet'—yes, I will—it's the soundest piece of advice I know.

To thine own self be true,  
And it shall follow as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

There, that's my last will and testament. York is going to show you how to be true to the best that's in you; perhaps the girls will teach you as much as the staff will—you've got some very important things to learn from them."

Judith looked politely astonished, but not very deeply interested. Fancy having to listen to "Hamlet" when a perfectly fascinating new world lay just a few yards away! But Aunt Nell really was a dear—that new blue taffeta was going to be stunning.

Judith had dreaded a little the interview with Miss Meredith; she was sure that the Head of this great School must be an awe-inspiring [7] person, stern and somewhat like a judge. But Miss Meredith's welcome was so warm and gracious that Judith felt surprisingly at her ease. She was conscious of a dignified presence, kind yet keen blue eyes, a beautiful, low-pitched voice, and a personality, which, even in that first short interview, Judith recognized as strong and powerful.

Judith's course of study was discussed, and then a charming-looking girl—who was apparently waiting in the corridor for the purpose—was summoned and introduced as Nancy Nairn, a class-mate, and member of the same house.

They made way for another newcomer and her mother, and the moment Judith had dreaded was come. She kept Aunt Nell a few minutes in the hall sending messages to Doris and Bobby and Uncle Tom, and a miserable aching lump rose in her throat, though she swallowed hard.

"Head up, honey," whispered Aunt Nell, holding Judith's hands firmly. "Ask Miss Marlowe to let you 'phone me if you need anything, and on Friday I'll come for you. What a lot you'll have to tell me!"

For one desperate instant Judith felt that [8] she must follow her or else let the wretched lump, which was growing larger and larger,

compel her to tears, but there at her elbow was Nancy whose blue eyes were dancing and who apparently had no sympathy for tears.

"Let's go over to South and see about your room," she began. "Do you know any one here?"

Judith shook her head.

"Oh, well, you'll soon know heaps. What a perfectly sweet bag," she added tactfully, surveying Judith's beaded treasure from Paris. "Do let me see it."

Judith wondered if she could speak, but Nancy didn't wait. Her soldier brother had brought her a bag from Liberty's. Would Judith come and see it? She did hope Judith's room was near hers; at least hers was not a room, but a cubicle. Judith's eyes questioned. Cubicle had to be explained as a room with low walls about six feet high, such a friendly place to live in, "five or six of us in a row and we're never lonely," finished Nancy; "but then no one is lonely at York."

By this time they had crossed by a cloister to South House and were standing at the House Mistress's door. [9]

"Miss Marlowe must be a very popular person," thought Judith. Outside the green baize door was a chattering mob of girls, all apparently talking at the top of their voices. Indeed, it seemed to Judith that they were screaming.

"Nancy, *darling!*" cried one, and Nancy was literally dragged from Judith by several impetuous young persons who all talked at once.

"Glorious time . . . . Did you?" . . . . "Temagami" . . . . "camped out for three weeks" . . . . "Indian guides" . . . . "*Such* diving" . . . . "Heavenly time" . . . . "Murray Bay" . . . .

Then a louder voice—

"Miss Marlowe wants Peggy Forrest."

"Here, Piggy, hurry along"—and a fat girl was propelled through the crowd.

"Jane, my dear, I thought you were never coming," heralded a new arrival.

"Miss Marlowe is a brick; we are to have thirty-three."

Squeals of delight and the retreat of three inseparables.

Judith began to feel that she would drown amidst all the noise, but Nancy had a tight grip of her arm again, and at last it was her turn at the door. [10]

Judith never lost that first picture of Miss Marlowe in her study, a pleasant, sun-flooded room, low bookcases, the gleam of brass, colorful pictures, a cosy fire, and Miss Marlowe herself, grey-eyed, ruddy-haired, and low-voiced. The quiet voice began to work a magic, and after a few minutes' chat Judith felt less like a lost soul and more like a normal girl again. Then Nancy was summoned from without.

"Judith is to be in number twenty-five, Nancy; will you take her up and see that she is settled? Her trunk is there already; it came this morning. You can be very busy at once, Judith" — and Miss Marlowe's smile was friendly and comforting.

Nancy squeezed Judith's hand impulsively as they left the room to make way for other girls.

"Twenty-five! *I am* glad you are in our set of cubicles."

Twenty-five proved to be the tiniest room Judith had ever seen, more like a ship's cabin than a room, she thought, surveying her new abode with disfavour. A couch-bed, writing-desk and book-case, a bureau, a wicker chair—how was there room for them all? And how [11] dreadful to have only half a wall—well, three quarters of a wall between you and your neighbour!

There were five of these little cubicles in a row, she saw; then a closed door evidently opening into a bedroom at the end, and the six rooms had their own hall which was closed off from the main corridor by a big door.

Judith unlocked her trunk and began to unpack her treasures. Wherever was the clothes-closet? Surely there was one?

In a few moments Nancy's voice was heard again —

"Come and see my new evening frock before I put it away."

Judith began to realize the advantages of a cubicle. How nice to be able to talk to one's neighbours in this friendly fashion—and a

new frock! Judith adored clothes, and she was soon admiring Nancy's pet frock.

The cupboard was discovered, one of a row in the hall, and the two spent a happy hour, unpacking.

Nancy explained the use of the shelf on the inside of the cupboard door to hold toilet articles, and pointed out the towel bars and a wooden locker for hats on the cupboard shelf. [12]

"It's great luck," said Nancy, "to have our trunks up so soon; we can get our things put away before the others come, and then we'll have plenty of time for visiting.

"I wonder who is coming to the other rooms! I know Josephine Burley is trying to get into this set of cubicles, but Miss Marlowe has her own ideas about which rooms we're to have.

"You'll love Miss Marlowe. She's a dear—strict, you know, but just—and she helps with the plays—she can act anything. Aren't you glad you're in South? Of *course* South is the crack house! We won the basket-ball cup last year and our captain is School Captain this year."

While they talked, they finished their unpacking, and Judith, who was naturally very orderly, soon had everything in its place. Her mother's parting gift had been couch-cover, cushions, and hangings for the new room—homespun of a lovely deep blue for cover and cushions, and a delightful rosy chintz for hangings.

Judith was eager to see how her room would look and worked quickly and deftly. She was hanging her curtains when she heard excited [13] voices in the corridor, then a banging of doors and screams of delight as the newcomers found Nancy.

"Good work, Nancy," said some one in a gruff voice. "How did you do it? I never thought Miss Marlowe would let us three be together again."

"My blameless character, Miss Josephine Burley, did the trick," retorted Nancy. "I pointed out to Miss Marlowe the good influence living with me would have on a probate like you."