

PUTNAM PLACE

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Putnam Place by Grace Lathrop Collin

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GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

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BY
GRACE LATHROP COLLIN



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PUTNAM PLACE

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THE PLACE



PUTNAM PLACE cannot be described as a street, for it does not lead anywhere. It sees no reason why it should lead anywhere. It is an end in itself. Its flagged sidewalks are considered by its residents not as paths leading to the main street, but as conveniences for reaching each other's houses. At the farther end of the Place is a meadow, with a willow-edged brook beyond. This meadow is the domain of the Lattimer cow, with fat, red sides like a horse-chestnut; and of the Hooper horse, a lanky, pepper-and-salt beast that in summer wears trappings of

PUTNAM PLACE

white net, with tassels that flap about his yellowish legs, and in winter is muffled in a gray woollen chest-protector tied, bib-fashion, about his rigid old neck.

There are only five houses in Putnam Place, but there are a great many trees. These are of that most genteel variety known as wineglass elms, and stand in two decorous rows, meeting in Gothic arches above the roadway. Their great girth, their mighty branches, with the Putnam Library and the Putnam fire-engine, are exhibited to strangers as among the wonders of the town. But to the residents of the Place, the trees are much more than objects of local interest. They are, rather, distinguished citizens—nay, more than that, they are companions. For they have partaken of human experiences that have gone on within their shade, and now, like the present residents of the Place, they have long since lost their youthful vigor, and their prime is a thing of the past. Many are the trees whose symmetry has been marred by the