

length of the hill, and losing itself in a dip at each end toward the valleys and the new world. The broad way is shaded by one of two trees—the domed maple or the stately elm. At the summit of its rise stands an old church whose green shutters blend with the caressing foliage of primeval trees. Its white walls and towering steeple dominate the scene. White, too, are the scattered houses that gleam from behind the verdure of unbroken lawns and shrubbery, white all but one, whose time-stained brick glows blood-red against the black-green of clinging ivy.

Not all these homes are alive. Here a charred beam tells the story of a fire, there a mound of trailing vines tenderly hides from view the shame of a ruin, and there again stands a tribute to the power of the new age—a house whose shutters are closed and barred; white now only in patches, its scaling walls have taken on the dull gray of neglected pine.

For generations these houses have sent out men, for generations they have taken them back. Their cupboards guard trophies from the seven seas paid for with the Yankee nutmeg, swords wrought from plowshares and christened with the blood of the oppressor, a long line of collegiate sheepskins, and last, but by no means least, recipes whose faded ink and brittle paper sum the essence of ages of culinary wisdom.

Some of these clustered homes live the year round at full swing but the life of some is cut down in the winter to a minimum only to spring up afresh in summer like the new stalk from a treasured bulb. Of such was the little kingdom of Red Hill.