

ther and son. Upright and straight, they were both glaring at a newspaper which the father held. With compassion, I observed that they were both afflicted with some nervous disease, for their mouths were in continuous motion, like cows chewing cud. "Too bad," I thought, "that both father and son should be afflicted in the same way!"

The foreman was anxious, pulling out a watch continually and saying that we had barely time to catch a train for our final destination. So we were not to live in this remarkable place! And now, just before we reached the station, I began to notice that there were signs at the corners of the streets with "Ave! Ave! Ave!" How religious a place this must be that expresses its devotion at every crossing, I mused. Still, they did not put the "Ave." before the holy word, as, in "Ave Maria," but rather after. How topsy-turvy!

What confusion greeted us at the station! We hurried through a vast turning crowd and dashed down toward a train. Almost before realizing it, we were speeding toward our destination, Hillsdale, where work was ready for us on the state road. I was overwhelmed, but pleased.

Not sure about it? who was clearing up from invention?

forests: rarity in N.Y.

CHAPTER VI

And this was America, I thought. During our way over on the ship I had seen golden heaps of clouds and rainbow vistas toward which we sped, and I had come to believe that they were perhaps the portals of America.

But this place was out in a forest, a soft murmuring woodland of enormous trees, straight and majestic. In our country large forests are a rarity. And trees were practically all planted by the hands of man. But these giant trees were monuments. And as the sunlight poured through them I felt small and helpless - almost lost.

We went down a coiling mud-road on a truck which had met us at the station. And after a long ride through the woods we came out upon a clearing in the center of which was a small, smoky wooden shack. That was to be our home. We jumped down. A man came to the door. I had heard of him. There several other men, all fellow-townsmen, who were waiting for our arrival to complete the new gang.

It was getting dark in the forest. A golden twilight poured over the trees. Some birds chirped in an ugly voice.

Inside the shack we were setting our things in