

of plots clamoring to be written. I wanted to write a score of stories at once.

~~It was as if I had turned a facet on~~

This ~~is~~ my first novel in six years was written.

I made up my mind that I would not go back to Japanese stories. I would start all over again, with a new pseudonym and a new type of writing. I would write of the great ranching country ---the "last of the big lands" where I had longed now for so long. I had a passionate desire to ~~put~~ send out into the world ~~living~~ a living picture of Alberta. My work had been chiefly noted for its delicate and even poetic quality. At all events the critics in reviewing my Japanese stories laid stress upon this. But I was not going to write with a delicate pen now. ~~I wanted first of all to write a stark tale of a brutal country, of a brutal~~ of rough men, of cattle on two legs and four,

The first publisher to whom I sent my ~~Canadian~~ Alberta novel returned it to me with the statement that it was the most brutal manuscript that had ever come into their office, but that it had gripped him so that, jaded reader of fiction as he was, he had not put it down till he had read every word. Strangely enough this verdict gave me a singular pride. I said to myself: "Now I am writing with a man's pen". I'm going ~~back~~ east. I'm going to "come back" as a writer, not this time, writer of fairy like stories of Japan---but tales of things and people I have known, of a life I have been part of. I will demand a hearing---I will force a hearing. I have something to give to the world and I cannot be held back.

And now I'm back in New York!

~~The ranch life seems now~~

~~like a dream to me~~ What reaction have I? I have somewhat the dazed feeling of a Rip Van Winkle. ~~Seven~~ Eight years have made a mighty change in the city where I lived so long. Not merely physically, but in a thousand ways. The faces I see seem all new to me. Many of my friends are gone ---some never to return. There's a new race of editors, a new race of writers. ~~They are~~ younger than I? ~~Their brains are more spry~~ spry A new type of writing runs like quicksilver from their pens. They are vividly, ~~gainfully~~ modern. ~~They write~~ One might say they write in schools. That is, there's a wave of