

I may say that my husband could not quite get my point of view. Was'nt I entirely comfortable? Had'nt he done everything to make me happy? Didd'nt I have ~~far more than the average~~ a good home and modern conveniences and everything the city houses had &c &c. It was a hard year moreover. We had to watch our step. One after another the Canadian cattlemen were being forced to the wall from several causes that had followed the war, the chief of which was the American tariff ~~that put a tax of practically \$50. a head~~ ~~xxxx~~ ~~I have never~~ I know very little about politics. I daresay there are reasons why the American tariff is needed for the Americans, but anyway it was the death-thrust to the Canadian cattleman. ~~For every~~ We lost our logical market. The United States. ~~fixed~~ us an average of ~~\$40. a head to ship~~ My husband once figured out that the tax would be about \$30. for every head of stock going in. To this must be added about the same about for freight. At that time cattle were worth little more, and some of them far less than that. One after another the Canadian Cattlemen went broke. They who had the largest herds were the greatest losers. I might say that we ourselves ~~xxxx~~ dropped about \$50,000. in a single year. I can't go into details here. That's a story in itself. — a tragedy indeed!

Anyway, economy was now preached on our ranch. With my children at boarding school I suppose it seemed unreasonable for me to hang out for a house in town that year. ~~Rents were tremendously high moreover that year.~~ However, once I had the fixed idea that I must and I would go —there was no stopping me, and one ~~day~~, ~~with nothing but my suitcase~~, one of the hands drove me over to the Morley station and I ~~walked~~ took the train into Calgary. On the same train went my "Morgue" —the little trunk in which was stored my various incomplete manuscripts and papers.

When I had left New York, it will be recalled I was obsessed by the terror that I had lost my ability to write. Now alone in my room in the City of Calgary, I almost leaped at my work. I wrote like one possessed. Seems as if the words came pouring out of me in a torrent? My mind seemed a storehouse