

I may say that my husband could not quite get my point of view. Wasn't I entirely comfortable? Hadn't he done everything to make me happy? Didn't I have a good home and modern conveniences and everything the city houses had to do. 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 heavy tax on our hides. I know very little about politics. I guess there are reasons why the American tariff is needed for the Americans, but anyway it was the death-thrust to the Canadian cattlemen. We lost our logical market. The United States. 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 amount 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 lost about \$30,000. in a single year. I can't go into details here. That's a story in itself. Anyway, economy was now preached on our ranch. Children at boarding school I suppose it seemed unreasonable for me to hang out for a house in town that year. Hides were temporarily 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, while waiting for my suitcase, one of the boys drove me over to the Morley station and I remember took the train to Calgary. On the same train went my "baggage" -- the little trunk in which was stored various incomplete manuscripts and papers. When I had left New York, it will be recalled I was opposed by the terror that I had lost my ability to write. How alone in my room in the city of Calgary, I almost leaped at my work. I wrote like one possessed. If the work came pouring out of me in a torrent? My mind seemed a volcano

My how those are big men did