

She could not eat or sleep and I was afraid I was really seeing what old-fashioned novelists delighted in portraying—the broken-hearted maiden dying for love.

One morning when I was having a late breakfast she came in and told me it was all over now, she was all better in her mind and would never think of Mike again, and thanked me for not scolding her when she burned the potatoes. We shook hands on that, drank a cup of coffee and felt that a crisis had been safely passed.

Elsa lived with us for five years and was married in our living room to a railway mechanic who had "master papers" from Buda Pest. She had a white satin dress with veil and orange blossoms, a diamond ring and a seal coat and outsize photographs to send back to Hungary. The master mechanic had money in the bank, but Elsa persuaded him to buy a big house so she could keep roomers. I think that was the cleanest rooming house in Calgary. Following the depression she and her husband bought a beautiful house in Mount Royal, but after six months' trial of living on the "right side of town," they sold the big house with the circular driveway and went back to the neighbourhood they had left and bought another rooming house.

"Feeling better now," she told us, when Wes and I were having dinner with her the last time we were in Calgary. (And what a dinner that was, with chicken goulash and raspberry pie!) "More like home for us among working people and I like keeping rooms clean and nice for people so they can rest when they come home and not have to sweep and wash dish-towels, and we like having them come down sometimes for real good dinner. People who cook on two rings like good meal. Up on Mount Royal every person had lots of time. They had plenty good stuff in their homes, good clothes, good pictures, books, pianos, everything. No one needed me, and that's all right, too. Nobody's fault."