

The Friend I was Looking For

Loneliness had taken possession of my very soul.

I sat in my room lighted only by the street lamps that made deep shadows on the ceiling.

Streaks of light were also on the ceiling but I saw only the shadows, for my friend had failed me.

I had worked hard and had achieved.

I had endeavored and had accomplished.

I had been praised and blamed, disappointed and pleasantly surprised and whether approved or disapproved of it was all in the day's happenings and I was philosopher and student enough to know from the very nature of my work that this must be so.

The boosts that letters containing subscriptions to the "SUNSET" or contributions to the "Whitman Club" cause, gave me were very encouraging. The "knocks" that came from folks who did not understand were laughed about and turned to boosts by saying "they will some day know."

The glorious faith that Wid had in me and the absolute faith I had in my own work, the feeling of joy at having at least started—that the Open Road stretched before me, and that the journey was bound to be filled with splendidly difficult tramps, with soothing rests by the wayside, with hills to climb, with marshes to cross, with folks to meet going in the opposite direction, and folks to catch up to and pass or help along, with folks catching up to me and passing me—with folks, ever folks shaking me by the hand—

The Good Days and the Good Byes had already been worth while—then why this loneliness?

A week and my friend had not appeared.

No letter —no message—no visit.

This friend on the highest pedestal I had ever reared to friendship.

This friend whom I had told about my hopes and longings.

This friend with whom I had discussed my aspirations and inspirations, who knew my motives and my sacrifices.

This friend who might be pleased or pained, but with all my faults would love me still.