deal or noise with the trofit door and to curse again. She greeted Miss Lonelyhearts, then took hold of her the add shook the breath out of him. When he was quiet, she and shook the breath out of him. When he was quiet, she or the shook the breath out of him. shape of his joy.

When the cab drew up to the curb, Miss Lonelyhearts

when the cab drew up to the curb, Miss. Doyle came in
the companion out and led him into the house. They made
deal of noise with the front door and Mrs. Doyle came in
deal of noise with the front door and Miss.

Miss Lonelyhearts was very happy and inside of his ho was also calling on Christ. But his call was not a curse, it v on Christ to blast them both.

They left the speakeasy together, both very drunk and very Doyle with the wrongs he had suffered and Miss Lonely with the triumphant this that his humility had become. They took a cab. As they entered the street in which lived, he began to curse his wife and his crippled foot. He on Christ to blast them both.

Miss Lonelyhearts Pays a Visit

under the came of the condition of the c

Yours truly, Peter D

. Agid bəhzini rəvən Please write me an answer not in the paper because my please write me an answer not in the paper because your stuff and I dont want her to no I wrote to you I diways said the papers is crap but I figured maybe you something about it because you have read a lot of books an something about it because you have read a lot of books an rever fraished high. islatiz slodu sati zi tudu zi on ot tanu I tadu tud tuoda gainialq

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one I am lucky to have one at all. It aint the job that I am co. understood. He was giving birth to groups of wor minutes and realized that Doyle was making no a searts was unable to understand him. He listened ha When the cripple finally labored into speech, ifficult to keep his smile steady

ess adjustments to his clothing. Miss Lonelyhearts f agazines in guessing contests. They sat staring at each other until the strain of v unication began to excite them both. Doyle made ked like one of those composite photographs use

ay; and his round chin was like a forehead in m e and sat other they go into the cach other.

e and sat opposite each other.

ad a very strange face. His eyest faile the cach of the cach drinks, when Doyle said that I

il gesture. s busy with his smile and accenge he had spent with Mrs. nd shook hands for a third in

war I was told if I wan an I was engaged to as ung away to he nd to make a long sto 1 was married was over he still ha nain in the army ne signed for it and ally I went to wor triotic stunt he had only \$18 to his nar s steady and then had to stay home beg in the meantime of those years my then would tire of it or want to he baby came because then I cov e paid but when I stopped ev en two years went by and o

my mind after I had the as I was hit by an auto ie work to do but debts to lift them let alone my husband would y and I did the e moved 1y husba

dren and as my husp

s then going out together out a year my husband did sideboard to make another roun empty. She asked her husband to go some gin. He refused with a single,

im. He ignored her and she lost her yelled. "Get some gin, you bastard!" p. He had not yet found his message, ng. "Please don't fight," he pleaded. that's why he acts like that. Be kind

ance and left the room. They could round in the kitchen.

ver to the cripple and smiled at him l used in the speakeasy. The cripple ck out his hand. Miss Lonelyhearts his way, smiling and holding hands, the room.

ries you guys are," she said. nand away and made as though to nearts realized that now was the time

body, Mrs. Doyle. Holding your an warm him and give him life. You bones. He drags his days out in areaheavy load of weariness and pain. of yourself for this load. A buoyant

ynamo in him. You can do this by your bed. He will repay you by ent over you. . . ."

augh, and the cripple turned his face

Miss Lonelyhearts had known that voiding God, he had failed to tap the l merely written a column for his

ning hysterical. "Christ is love," he tage scream, but he kept on. "Christ is on the crosstree. Man was lost by . He shall be saved by eating of the st-fruit, the love fruit . .

Alter the cape with a band in the cape with a base of the cape with a base of the cape with a band in hand in the cape with a base of set and when the the cape with a base of set and the cape with the warms and the cape with the with the with the cape with the with the with the cape with the with the with the with the cape with the wit

He took a long pull at his highball and signed again borately. "My good friend, I want to have a heart borately. "My good friend, I want to have a heart borately." th you. I adore heart-to-heart talks and nowadays v people with whom one can really talk. Eve rd-boiled. I want to make a clean breast of matters

answers he wanted to make were too general and began to ack in the his

" Chrike said. "Well, dor

drink. Neither alcohol nor rain would do. Tomorrov umn, he would ask Broken-hearted, Sick-of-it-all, De relationship. would then spring up, flowers that smelled of feet.

"Ah, humanity . . ." But he was heavy with shace joke went into a dying fall. He tried to break its fall blu yard fee airly big behad only one left—the stands the birds usually lived, he sawa to birds usually lived to birds usua

Why laugh at himself, however, when Shrike was the speakeasy to do a much better job? "Miss Lone friend, I advise you to give your readers stones for bread don't give them crackers as does t like the State, tell them to eat cake. Explai by bread alone and give them stones. morning: 'Give us this day our daily

blue jay is comfo, olive-be

opened in 1152. It blood ruby in an antique iron ring.

The bar was only half full.
apprehensively for Shrike and However, after a third drink, just mud of alcoholic gloom, Shrike

east. It's better to make a clean breast of matter tem fester in the depths of one's soul." While talking, he kept his face alive with little no hat were evidently supposed to inspire confidence

im a very simple fellow.

"My good friend, your accusation hurts me to the spiritual lovers think that you alone suffer. But you

Although my love is of the flesh flashy, I too suffer hat drives me into the arms of the Miss Farkises

Here the dead pan broke and pain actually crept "She's selfish. She's a damned selfish bitch. She was

I married her and has been fighting ever since the Sleeping with her is like sleeping with a knife in It was Miss Lonelyhearts' turn to laugh. He purely and laughed as hard as he could.

failed to quicken these soiled fields. It had taken all of July to torture a few green spikes through the ex What the little park needed, even more than he

illusioned-with-tubercular-husband and the rest of his

ents to come here and water the soil with their to

Yes, I suffer."

"Ah, my young friend!" he Brooding again, I take it." "For Christ's sake, shut up." Shrike ignored the interrupti morbid. Forget the crucifixion, r

and he had realized that he was going nates, toward illustration or mere ollywood job had come along, he h guments of his friends who were certa

I would never paint again. Ie reached the end of Vine Street on Canyon. Night had started to

from deep p tube, outli were almo of dusk c se against n villas, E ottages, and ie slopes of t t they were all blamed their sh ck curb a builder's stresses and weights aster and paper know

ner of La Huerta Road wa turrets pierced for archer ck with domes and minarets was charitable. Both houses heir desire to startle was so nard to laugh at the need for how tasteless, even horrible, s easy to sigh. Few things are sadde

THE HOUSE he lived in was a nondescript and Bernardino Arms. It was an oblong three stories high, the and sides of which were of plain, unpainted stucco, broke even rows of unadorned windows. The façade was the col diluted mustard and its windows, all double, were frame pink Moorish columns which supported turnip-shaped lintel

flyey had disappeared, behind half a put away his pencils and drawing hon the sidewalk outside the studio he to decide whether to walk home or en in Hollywood less than three months

the letters had been distributed, Shrike gave one to hearts. He took it, but after holding it for a while, it to the floor without reading it.

s not quiet for a second. plunging into a world of misery and suffering, creatures who are strangers to everything but disease en. Harried by one, they are hurried by the other. . . . When Miss Lonelyhearts left Shrike's apartment, he fin, pain, the dull, sordid, gnawing, chronic pain of

in the hall waiting for the elevator. She had on a lighrain. The pain that only a great spiritual liniment can liss Lonelyhearts saw Betty get up to go, he followed

mind that was touched, the instrument with whicid not miss him until he discovered the letter on the picked it up, tried to find Miss Lonelyhearts, then

He did not feel guilty. He did not feel. The cation of his feeling, his conscience, his sense knowledge. He could have planned anything. and love on a balcony or a pirate trip and love when her door closed behind him, he smi

been thoroughly tested and had been found only to climb aboard the bed again.

Miss Lonelyhearts Has a Religious Exp

After a long night and morning, towards noor welcomed the arrival of fever. It promised unmotivated violence. The promise was soon

became a furnace. He fastened his eyes on the Christ that opposite his bed. As he stared at it, it became a with quick grace on a background of blood v

ner. It is found No the cells is thou When 1 aro and yellow lin The

> з тіме, Tod Hackett he office. The groan of le

ey started to drive back to the over all beat the tatt x slums, Miss Lonelyhearts kne window. and that he had been right walry and foot was pass the letters. He felt bett as though fleeing from the letters with thorse, with

arts Returns

th 18 State

3 to their ho

infantry bro. n after them e man in the

ın

is fi

Even the rock was touched by this realization. No the apartment. She too should see the rock he had the rock that was touched. The rock was still perfect

he rock.

He approached Betty with a smile, for his mind whe gathering again.

A disappeared," he announced, "but do not actor has disappeared."

t it with a gesture that was child rail and ran to kiss her. As they of sweat, soap and crushed

Miss Lonelyhea "The gospel aclife. It unrolls before mages are hood, radiant with pure 1888 are wends his weary way to the highird. And then, the man, the man valiantly to realize a high ideal, ma

one's f

can do

attempt

aim. But, alas! cold and scornful, the wor. 'Higher, even higher, mount!' And so he climbs, rungerested. What goes on in the sea is of no interest rung, and so he urges himself on, breathless with hal

Miss Lonelyhearts and the Party Dress

that was very much a party dress. She dressed for

trom him altogether. ys si mouy I llp sud boxi

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und pun yung əyi si

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doing dollars a week and if anything hannon go to the word and when we came out of the ots put in financial embarasment urn the docto nomusud bad I sa bna sonis m