### Miss Lonelyhearts and the Party Dress

obstacle in his path; deems he the goal at hand, a void bids him 'Haltl' 'Let each hindrance be thy ladder 'Higher, even higher, mount!' And so he climbs, runn, and so he urges himself on, breathless with hand so ... And then, the man, the man Miss Lonelyheart valiantly to realize a high ideal, the world heaped aim. But, alsal cold and scornful, the world heaps of the configuration in the rach, degree he the root of heaped of persole in his rach, degree he the root of heaped of persole in his rach.

The floor and the house full of neighbors. She said that the floor and the house full of neighbors. She said that the floor dury skunk and they wanted to get the standard of the master is another Rasputin. How so the master is another the sas spent in the man sakes, and he shall trium for the devil.

And then, the man, the man this ead shall would be dashes into the night from the bed of his hours.

And then, the man, the man Miss Lonelyheart wall the standard wond.

And then, the man, the man Miss Lonelyheart wall the standard who shall be shall be dealered into the night from the bed of his hours.

And then, the man, the man Miss Lonelyheart wall the standard who shall be dealered into the night from the bed of his hours.

And then, the salice a his ideal his course shaped wall and the salice of the standard who shall be shall be

ting another bird or man

ed through the street wit SUL and never forget the letters. He felf b begun to think himself a falk foresteres with To be to cure him and that he had been right Several days later, they started to drive back to they reached the Bronx slums, Miss Lonelyhearts k

#### Miss Lonelyhearts Returns

he smelled a mixture of sweat, soap and crushed g He vaulted the porch rail and ran to kiss her. As th was singing. Its sound was like that of a flute chol Betty stopped with her arms high to listen to the was quiet, she turned towards him with a guilty li her a kiss. She caught it with a gesture that was ch He vaulted the norch rail and a say to the an army of little metal shields. Somewhere in the tne inne, an tne tat disappeared. Her raised arms puril they were like pink-ripped thumbs.

There was no wind to disturb the pull of the egreen leaves hung straight down and abone in the garemy of little metal chields.

ist, Jesus Christ. Christ, Christ, Jesus Ch had worked themselves into a frenzy, I hard. The blow was inaccurate and ma sed the knife again and this time the lam him miss altogether. The knife broke on pulled the animal's head back for him only a small piece of blade remained in the able to cut through the matted wool.
were covered with slimy blood and t crawled off into the underbrush. sun outlined the altar rock with narrow ared to gather itself for some new violence the hill they fled until they reached the 1

exhausted in the tall grass. ime had passed, Miss Lonelyhearts begge put the lamb out of its misery. They refuse alone and found it under a bush. He cruone and left the carcass to the flies that sv ody altar flowers.

### elyhearts and the Fat Thumb

arts found himself developing an almost order. Everything had to form a the ties in the holder, the pe ed out of a window, he compo puilding against another. If a be e closed his eyes angrily until it hile, he seemed to hold his ow with his back to the wall. On t

The old man jumped with frig What do you want? Please let lute; it did not vibrate.

"If you can't get a woman, The old man looked as if he aughed instead. A terrible couş catching at the bottom of his lur urned away to wipe his mouth. Miss Lonelyhearts tried to get go without the old man. They b out of the stall and through the

went soft in their arms and star ought off a desire to hit him. The snow had stopped falling

old man did not have an overcoa exhilarating. He carried a cane said, he detested red hands.

Instead of going back to Del cellar close by the park. The old coffee, but they told him to mine rye. The whisky burned Miss L Gates was annoyed by the old

siq 10j uunioo e uaniim Ajasau pessed an old trick; he appeared to be offended. "Goldsmand and the control of t

the said.

Super suc, "she said.

Land away and made as though to made as though to made as though to make the time.

"Mis. Doyle. Holding you "Inter Doyle. Holding you "Inter Doyle. Holding hour man and give him life. Ye is and give him life. Ye have and give him as and give him as and give him as and give him as and phonon." winked at Miss Lonelyhearts and of the same of the Carts, winked at Miss Lonelyhearts and patted Doyle on the back. "Mar patted Doyle on the back. What is agging his head sadly. "What is again on behalf of his friend an familiar ground. "Mr. Doyle is

On to familiar ground. "Mr. Doyle i that's wh "bleas bs. Je had e he wanted to put us out I signed got to put per my name and for this to use he did three months time he sent to 10th copy of the check so I could be arrested for Mag se butcher knew about me signing the checks etc pis ət? to me.

my life many times saying no one solved the er and the same will happen to you and many ng beds I would find under his pillow a hammer, of v inoquone lifter etc and when I asked him what the 11 spid make believe he knew nothing about it or say supplihem there and then a few months went buy and ynoay work as usual as the boarder had to stay home Lusthe fact the material for his boss did not arrive a 24s go to work as he is a piece worker. I always made to 14813, the breakfast and cooking the food the night pun (qui stay in bed until seven as at that time my son ny λu λι County hospital wi yı 1411 or yi he got while f or γιοπ əucc for the need ase which my hus-Sam and I had s in bed unbe-I som I so y; husband se a paper and

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əq Iliw Irig (Mwas told th mək omi nəy is gnibile the bar, ud bing 919 has teady and Mon to roam. It was all əmbəəd I əsnbəəd əmon yatı 1 \$18 to his name. I worked shidw en Arow of inow I yllanitan bur

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Golf as well as booze, Philadelphia Jack U Brien and machine suid as Spanish dancers. Nor do von neplect the p Golf as well as booze, Philadelphia Jack UBrien and in sewights as well as Spanish dancers. Nor do you neglect the pures of the mind. You fornicate under pictures by Matisseof the Picasso, you drink from Renaissance glassware, and often spend an evening beside the fireplace with Proust and an a spend an evening beside the fireplace with Proust and an a spend after much good fun, the day comes when you realize soon you must die. You keep a stiff upper lip and decide to Alas, after much good fun, the day comes when you realized soon you must die. You keep a stiff upper lip and decide to a last party. You invite all your old mistresses, trainers, artist boon companions. The guests are dressed in black, the vare caviar and blackberries and licorice candy and coffee was cream. After the dancing girls have finished, you get to you had call for silence in order to explain the cards are cold and marked by play up like a gentleman and a spo

play up like a gentleman and a spo on the buffet, use the girls upstairs throw box cars, take the curtain

squawk.' . . . "I won't even ask you what haven't the money, nor are

we come now to one that
"Art! Be an artist or a v Miss Lo awing awing studio he mals are month

Miss Lonelyhearts The Miss Lonelyhearts of the in trouble?-Do-you-need-advice

she-will-help-you) sat at his desk ar er had other creatures. cardboard. On it a prayer had be some,

than a quarter of an hour away, that He had gone as far as: "Life is and peace, gentlemes and dame on a grin latte." Although the deadling from the was still working on his leader. He had gone as far as: "Life is worth while, for it is full of dreams and peace, gentleness and ecstasy, and faith that burns like a clear white flame on a grim dark altar." But he found it impossible to continue. The letters were no longer funny. He could not go on finding the same joke funny thirty times a day for months on end. And on most days he received more than thirty letters, all of them alike, stamped from the dough of suffering with a heart-shaped cookie knife.

On his desk were piled those he had received this morning. He started through them again, searching for some clue to a sincere

o, tried to find Miss Lonelyhearts, then β again. sappeared," he announced, "but do not you. I am his disciple and I shall lead you

ng

into a world of misery and suffering,

o are strangers to everything but disease

e dull, sordid, gnawing, chronic pain of in that only a great spiritual liniment can

earts saw Betty get up to go, he followed ent. She too should see the rock he had

him until he discovered the letter on the

by one, they are hurried by the other.

## Miss Lonelyhearts Pays a Visit

They left the speakeasy together, both very drunk and very Doyle with the wrongs he had suffered and Miss Lonelyl with the triumphant thing that his humility had become.

They took a cab. As they entered the street in which I lived, he began to curse his wife and his crippled foot. He on Christ to blast them both.

Miss Lonelyhearts was very happy and inside of his her was also calling on Christ. But his call was not a curse, it was shape of his joy

When the cab drew up to the curb, Miss Lonelyhearts h his companion out and led him into the house. They made a deal of noise with the front door and Mrs. Doyle came into hall. At the sight of her the cripple started to curse again.

She greeted Miss Lonelyhearts, then took hold of her hus and shook the breath out of him. When he was quiet, she drahim into their apartment. Miss Lonelyhearts followed and passed her in the dark foyer, she goosed him and laughed.

The cripple was confused and angry. "Your friend is a n said. Miss Lonelyhearts was still smiling, but the character smile had changed. It had become full of sympathy and

The new smile was for Doyle and he knew it. He smile gratefully.
"Oh, I forgot," Doyle said, "the wife asked me, if I believe to eat. That's why I man

into you, to ask you to our house to eat. That's why I maintroduce us."

Miss Lonelyhearts was busy with his smile and accepted thinking of the evening he had spent with Mrs. Doyl cripple felt honored and shook hands for a third time. evidently his only social gesture.

After a few more drinks, when Doyle said that he was Miss Lonelyhearts suggested that they go into the back They found a table and sat opposite each other.

The cripple had a very strange face. His eyes failed to be a very strange face.

his mouth was not under his nose; his forehead was squ bony; and his round chin was like a forehead in miniat ooked like one of those composite photographs used by

ed that he was going the way of all his class-stration or mere handsomeness. When the come along, he had grabbed it despite the ids who were certain that he was selling out again.

of Vine Street and began the climb into had started to fall.

s burned with a pale violet light and their d from deep purple to black. The same leon tube, outlined the tops of the ugly, they were almost beautiful.

ft wash of dusk could help the houses. Only of any use against the Mexican ranch houses, diterranean villas, Egyptian and Japanese temets, Tudor cottages, and every possible combination wles that lined the slopes of the canyon.

e noticed that they were all of plaster, lath and paper, ritable and blamed their shape on the materials used. e and brick curb a builder's fancy a little, forcing him bute his stresses and weights and to keep his corners amb, but plaster and paper know no law, not even that of

On the corner of La Huerta Road was a miniature Rhine castle with tarpaper turrets pierced for archers. Next to it was a highly colored shack with domes and minarets out of the Arabian Nights. Again he was charitable. Both houses were comic, but he didn't laugh. Their desire to startle was so eager and guileless. It is hard to laugh at the need for beauty and romance, no

matter how tasteless, even horrible, the results of that are. But easy to sigh. Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous.

The house he lived in was a nondescript affair called the San Bernardino Arms. It was an oblong three stories high, the back and sides of which were of plain, unpainted stucco, broken by even rows of unadorned windows. The façade was the color of diluted mustard and its windows, all double, were framed by pink Moorish columns which supported turnip-shaped lintels.

He did not feel guilty. He did not feel. The rock was a s cation of his feeling, his conscience, his sense of reality, h knowledge. He could have planned anything. A castle in

and love on a balcony or a pirate trip and love on a tropical
When her door closed behind him, he smiled. The ro been thoroughly tested and had been found perfect. H only to climb aboard the bed again.

# Miss Lonelyhearts Has a Religious Experience

After a long night and morning, towards noon, Miss Lone welcomed the arrival of fever. It promised heat and nunmotivated violence. The promise was soon fulfilled; the second of the secon became a furnace.

He fastened his eyes on the Christ that hung on t opposite his bed. As he stared at it, it became a bright fly, s with quick grace on a background of blood velvet sprinkl tiny nerve stars.