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Blue Lake

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have done the same. I became too daring in my lapses from work. I went to too many movies at the City Hall theatre. I read too many books on the company's time. But, as I say, it couldn't go on.

One day Crawford looked for me to deliver an important paper. That was at eleven-fifteen. I was sitting in the theatre just about that time seeing "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." I got back at exactly two-thirty. Crawford had timed me. No matter what I said I was caught. So I got the can tied to my tail in short order.

I'm not working now. I can't seem to get a job. The company refused to give me any references, so I just make the round of the agencies every day and then go to the show. I'm in bad with my folks because I lost that job. My uncle refuses to get me another. I had one good job, he keeps saying, and I didn't succeed; he isn't going to get me another. The folks are always wailing about it. "That job had a future," they keep telling me. And lately, even Mom's begun to call me a "no good bum." I'm not even seeing much of Eddie these days. He got fired shortly after I did, but he had connections and, of course, a glib line of bull, so he's working again. The lucky stiff.

Of course, I'm not kicking or anything like that, you understand, but if it wasn't for Eddie Connelly, I'd probably be a success. Yes, sir! If it wasn't for that happy-go-lucky bum I'd be pulling down my eighteen per week by now.

Blue Lake

By ETHEL B. CHENEY

The gods
Walk on this lake
In whose blue depths a star
Lightens the wavering shadows of
Tall pines.