

the repute in which his neighbors hold him. Surely the chronic borrower knows that he is lent things, not in a spirit of charity, but merely to prevent undesired quarrels. Borrowing dulls the spirit of providence, for why be careful and saving of one's property when one can easily borrow that of another? It is also a stumbling block to neighborliness, for who desires dealing with one who knows neither when nor how to return what was lent him? It is a hindrance to prosperity, for by the slovenliness and dependence it brings, it greatly lessens the productivity of the borrower. Thus it injures not only the individual but society as a whole.

Unfortunately, too, as I have already said, these habitual borrowers are very prevalent in all classes and places. They are found in town and country. The town variety borrows his neighbor's lawn mower with many promises of prompt return. Needless to say these promises are never kept. I have in mind a particular case of a country borrower who specialized in tea. She borrowed tea and more tea until she was refused again and again. Then she worked on the next neighbor, and so on. The lady who put dried twist in the tea she lent her was undoubtedly a wise philosopher. Our college, too, has its share of this type of person. Not the least reprehensible among them are those who continuously borrow notes, essays, and experimental data. Of course they seem to think this the smart thing to do. Maybe it is, but I for one fail to see how such action is going to benefit the borrower to any extent, and I can easily foresee the injury it will do him.

If there is a remedy for this habit, I confess that I have never seen it put into practice, nor have I read of it. Physical violence has possibilities, but may lead to disagreeable repercussions. Insults are useless, for the borrowing type is impervious to them. Undoubtedly all would benefit were we to put into action Polonius' advice to his son;

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the end of husbandry."

—JOSEPH CAIRNS '49

### FROM ONE LIFE TO ANOTHER

One o'clock . . . two o'clock . . . three o'clock . . . the big clock ticked off the hours, hours which were only sixty minutes, but which seemed like days to Bill Mallory, and every one of these days brought Bill Mallory closer to a new life. Hour after hour Bill turned and twisted, sat up,



smoked, and prayed. Each hour was becoming longer, each hours was bringing him nearer . . . .

Five o'clock found Bill staring through the dirt stained window at the grey streak of light along the eastern horizon. "The dawning of a new day," thought Bill to himself, and the very thought made his shudder. He turned his mind back to other dawns when he had crawled out of bed, stolen down the back stairs, and met the gang at "Hangman's Corner" and then proceeded to "hold up" the old bank, which had long ago fallen in ruins, or the old stage coach in the Mayor's back yard. Those were the days when every east-ender respected and revered the name of Bill Mallory, the Jesse James of his comrades' hearts.

After a time his thoughts were interrupted by the screeching brakes of a sleek black car which drew up in front of the building. They had come to take him. How he would have loved to walk alone to "Hangman's Corner", past the old rink, past the school-ground, the grocery shop, the old bank, past everything he had known as a boy. But now he had to drive in a car with big men with oil-slicked hair and black, foreboding suits.

As the car came to a stop in front of a big brick building he tried not to think of what was at hand. Cold sweat began oozing out on his forehead as they led him to a room far down the corridor. Inside the room he felt worse, but there was no escaping what was ahead of him. Feverishly he paced back and forth, back and forth, as if in the hope that every step would push the future farther into the distance. He heard another car draw up in front of the building and instantly his fears were augmented. Then they came for him. They led him down a hall and up a stairs. People were there to watch, throngs of unwanted spectators, among them were some of his old pals, sadly shaking their heads. He heard the admonitions of the priest, — there must always be a priest, — and in a sort of daze answered a few questions. Then there was a silence. He felt a tightening around his neck, and he heard bells ringing in the distance. It was over . . . . Bill Mallory was married.

—DESMOND BURGE '48