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K V P P H I L O S O P H E R

any headway. The hungry shovel's teeth fail to grip. There is less than a peck of dirt with each bite. "Get a teaspoon!" somebody yells.

The engineer notes that progress is stopped. He calls out an order to the No. 2 workman and waves the shovel aside. The workman comes with a pick. Compared with the shovel, it is like a tugboat beside the Queen Mary. But little tugs do great things. So does this little pick. Half a dozen blows are enough. The ground is loosened, the shovel bites and is fed. Once more, David has slain Goliath.

But how often do mighty enterprises fail for want of a common pick!—G. S.

When you asked for my advice, I knew what you really wanted was my approval.

Clay Feet We won't mention his name because he is already legendary in the Pigskin and Banquet League, a sort of Sacred Bull, or Old He-Coon about which one must speak or hear no evil. We were sitting at a banquet one night beside one of his All-American ends. The toastmaster was eulogizing his old coach, and telling us how clean he was, and what good sportsmanship he taught his boys.

Now we had played against some of Old He-Coon's teams and we had some personal recollections that told us some of his boys must have forgotten what they were taught between the dressing room and the playing field. We suggested as much to the All-American.

He grinned. Yes, he said, I get fed up on the Old Man's wings and halo. Maybe he had 'em, but I played under him for four years, and they were whittled down pretty small by then.

