You get disgusted with the place and its food, but you don't change, for you well know that any other boarding-place will be just as distasteful to you in a short time, and, besides, you try to make yourself believe that it is simply imagination, and that the feed is "first class," or that you are eating "home cooking," as the sign says. But one day you hear your waiter (he is generally proprietor, also) give in your order, "Apple and squash for one, and let 'em come small!" That is more than you can stand, and you look up another place. And so we "feed."

I wonder if our neighbors at table are ever as much amused by us as we are by some of them. Who hasn't seen the young man who sits up very straight, gives his orders in a loud, superior tone, says he "really liked Boston the first time he saw it," and holds his fork very much as if it were a stylo; or the young lady with a wig who is so coquettish, puts milk on her string-beans, and wants "O, such a little piece of pie"; or the baby who grabs for everything on the table, and talks volapuk at the top of its voice? As for young married couples who forgetfully call each other "dear," and then look silly, you find them everywhere. Then there is the little bashful man who gets late to dinner, and so has to squeeze himself over the backs of the chairs to his seat in the very middle of the table. Being too bashful to ask for things, he makes frantic and most unexpected grabs for remote articles, which rather startle you, and makes you nervous.

You notice it is always the sickly, nervous people who call for queer things. They order "hot milk," or "warm milk," or "very weak tea," or "pretty weak coffee," or, worst of all, "cold weak tea." These same delicate people also frequently call for a "side of beef" an enormous amount if taken literally.

On going to a new boarding-place you sometimes sit next to a talkative young man "in the leather business," who relates stories of former boarders. He tells you a story of a lady—a pretty stout lady—who once, at the sight of a hungry mouse, tried to climb on to the dinner table. She screamed so, and showed such a space of red stocking, that she never appeared any more in that dining-room. He also tells you how long the old gentleman has been flirting with the widow, and gives you other points about the boarders. If, since you are a newcomer, you get alarmed at small ants roaming about your plate or floating in your soup, this same kind young man will tell you that they are nothing,—they are merely used in place of pepper. You get better acquainted with the ants later when you find a few thousand of them in a box of candy you had left in your room, intending to take it to your girl the next evening. What if you hadn't discovered the ants before giving her the candy! The thought of it makes you sick, and out goes candy, ants, and all into the street.

It was in that same West End street that a cart loaded with packages of jam upset once on a time. The glass packages broke, spreading the jam over sidewalk and gutter until they looked like a great over-done tart. Part of the jam was picked up, and sold afterward to unsuspecting customers, probably, but a good deal was left. The mickies soon found it, and the way they went for that jam with sticks and fingers was a sight to behold. But too much sweet is bad for the temper, and soon they began fighting. Blood and jam were pretty well plastered over their faces before they got through, and most of them were too sick to fight any more. Our dining-room was next to this street, and that night, by a curious coincidence, we had jam for tea. We simply looked at it.

There are other eating-places besides those already spoken of where Tech. men "get their feed." We all know of one near the railroad. A good many fellows with strong stomachs take their daily meals there in the midst of such a clatter and crash of dishes as would shame a boiler shop. There is another choice place known to only a few fellows who discovered it, and won't give it away. They call it "T. C. Hustler's Ranch." It's a private house, and you go in first to a front bedroom, where you leave your coat on the bed or floor, or wherever