AND now the prudent seeker after popularity is about
to taste the long-longed-for plum. Secure in the at-
tainment of the almighty "pull," he trots leisurely down
the home-stretch, more modest, less eager competi-
tors hopelessly in the rear. And the Lounger up in
the judges' stand hears many comments from the va-
rious interested critics about him.

One, more reflective and imaginative than the rest,
is remarking what a pity it is that the race cannot be
divided into two heats; the first, open to those who,
coveting the purse, have prepared themselves for it by
a long and exhaustive course of training; the second,
to include those who, duly qualified by previous record,
are content to run on their merits. Another abruptly
asks why President is entered for the Orator stake and
not for Marshal's. He is silenced by a cutting retort
from a notorious turfman to the effect that the honor
lies in the running,—nobody cares what becomes of
the stake after it's won, nor of the winner, either.
And as this seems to be the prevailing sentiment, the
puzzled observer holds his peace.

"How about Two for favorite in the —— stake?"
asks P. of Q. "Sorry for you if you're backing that,"
is the retort; "Three wins that race with Swain in the
saddle. He'll kill his mount before he lets the others
pass him."

"What's this big stallion with the long reach and the
nasty eye chasing up and down by the grand stand?
Needs boots badly, I should say," says a disgusted
voice, easily that of a "lamb" as regards turf matters.

"That's Cross's sorrel. The foxiest jockey in the
lot rides him to-day. He was distanced in the last
race for the Popularity stakes, and raised Cain at the
post ——"

"That's his gait, you say? Then how did he get
those thirds so easily a year ago?"

"Only two against him," was the laconic response.
"This third race ought to be a good one," says
somebody else. "I should choose from One and Two,
though. Which is the favorite?"

"Two gives the odds, but those who take the field
have a good thing in the black gelding from New Eng-
land. The other two won't get pushed hard enough."

"One gets the —— stake, that's sure," says a confi-
dent voice; "you can't beat his record."

"Record doesn't count, stranger," is the gruff re-
response; "Two's been advertising himself for the last
six months for this race, and One can't carry the
weight the handicappers have slapped on, beyond the
half-mile post."

"Who in blazes shall I back, then?" says the last
questioner, in despair.

"Take the field every time." "Ay, the field," say
they all; the talent's not in it to-day."

The Lounger isn't betting, and is more amused than
interested in the popular rumors, and yet, that cry
"The talent's not in it" rankles, and he breathes a deep
sigh for the favorites. Even with no money up, he
feels that there never were weightier reasons why the
favorites should win. But there are ominous portents
which imply too close an understanding between the
jockeys and the handicappers. Many a knowing one
has told him that every race was sold. The Lounger
won't believe all that, but "forewarned is forearmed,"
in a race as in other competitions.

. . . . . . . . . .

Some one remarked the other day on the American
fancy for tags, the more and the larger the better; and
our college youths easily lead the remainder of the
American people, that is to say, the common herd, in
this respect. We like our tags in startling combina-
tions, as conspicuous as possible, and we wear them
proudly on waistcoat and cravat, exhibiting them con-
fidently to the public with apparently the most absolute
unconsciousness that this great indifferent body passes
by our insignia as carelessly as do we the pin or button
that decorates the lapel of one of its merchants or
bootblacks. We all go duly adorned now in the wake
of this steadily growing mania, and the college man
without his tag is as much an exception as is the down-
town clerk without his club insignia, the high-school
graduate without his class ring. The Lounger wel-
comed the M. I. T. pin as a long-expected guest, and
the lapel buttons which have followed it caused no
surprise, with the exception of a very natural astonish-
ment at the exceptional honesty of the Sophomore
promoters of this latest tag, who advertise somewhat
as follows: M. I. T. Lapel Buttons. For sale by
Dorrance and Yoder, '95. Price, $1.00. It will pay
you to call and examine them before purchasing.