the members of the team and the spectators, and the teams are sure to be self-supporting. Professional polo has always been well supported, and there is every reason to believe that the amateur game would be.

Suitable trophies would be presented to the individual players, and a banner, or other emblem, would be offered to the champion team.

No professional coaches would be necessary, as sport and exercise are the chief objects of the game. The early games especially, therefore, would probably lack great science; this would be advantageous to Tech. as we already have many good individual players; however they have not yet had time to perfect any team work.

There is every reason to believe that M. I. T. could place a winning team on the floor, and if the same interest is continued which there is at present, our prospects are bright.


A notice will be placed on the athletic club bulletin board giving date and place of first practice, and what candidates will be expected to bring.

The *Pennsylvanian* has decided to put up bulletin boards in all the departments of the University. On these will be posted, every day, college news of interest, and on Monday and Thursday the contents of the next day's number.

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At last!  
The revolving V did it!  
The Sophs weren't "in it" at the rush.  
H. G. Lobenstine, '92 is visiting in the city.  
The '93 Dinner will be at Parker's Tuesday December 15th.  
Let us hope that the Stevens game is a sample of next year's work.

Noblit, '93, lost an old friend last week.  
It seems to have affected his head.

The posters of the Athletic Meeting of December 12th have been out two weeks.  
Make your entries now for the Athletic Meeting on the 12th and avoid the rush.

Electric lights have been introduced throughout Building No. 525 Boylston Street.

Our game with Stevens on Thanksgiving Day was the first one played without substitutes.

W-ntw-r-th, '91, is hunting for the Miner who turned the hose on him in the "Lab." the other day.

Mr. Whitehouse is doing great work down in the "Gym," and dumb-bells are flying through the air.

Stevens didn't seem to see the point in those "Vs." of ours. They were circular ones,—we don't blame them.

F. H. Harvey, '92, has been confined to his bed since the Steven's game, having been injured in the last rush.

No, dear Freshie, that dandy lunch is not for the President's table; it is for another board,—the Board of Editors of Tech.'s great journal.