



BATTERY A. FIELD ARTILLERY

ROCKY MOUNTAIN QUARTET.

On the evening of April first, when the golden orbit was sinking slowly beyond the shore of the Occident, there gathered with the battlements of historic Fort Foster several gallant souls. Shortly there rose upon the atmosphere surrounding this ancient relic of bygone ages, a sound of indescribable meaning. Its volume gradually increased, until passers-by halted in their progress; storekeepers rushed to the windows; men of questionable character searched in vain for Bibles; children ceased their play; and pool-balls no longer clicked in the domains of the "Y". Even the flag-pole, upon whose summit

Old Glory waved, bathed in the glorious rays of a dying day swayed over another fifteen degree, groaning audibly. The entire campus was hushed to a death-like stillness. Brave captains who had endured the Hell of the Marne, wiped the cold sweat from their throbbing brows. What was the meaning of this? Men looked into each other's eyes, fearing the worst, but not daring to break the breathless silence. Again this ghastly monotone floated over the tree-tops, suddenly breaking into such a harmony profound, that the human ear, unaccustomed to such music, failed to alleviate the senses. Only a sergeant, aged in the service of his country, throwing discretion to the

winds, rushed madly down the corridor, and throwing wide the portals of Room 37, discovered the Rocky Mountain Quartet.

Professor Beasley, with his deep vibrant voice, upheld the lower part of the score. Our readers will no doubt remember that it was this man, who, while touring Hawaii, taught that dusky race how to play the ukelele. He was forthwith appointed life member of the "Daughters of St. Vitus."

Smith, the noted tenor, who has held spell-bound thousands of music lovers, on one occasion barely escaping with his life from the cascade of floral offerings, did two men's work by not only lending his enchanting

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voice, but by also drawing forth melody from the diminutive Hawaiian instrument.

Dascomb, whose virulent tones have endeared him to every lover of good music, was the third star of the constellation. Not since the war began, has he appeared before the public, and his return is looked for with the greatest of anticipations by the Broadway managers, who have forsaken Scott to an dmuratore in disgust.

Last, but far from least, Fay, the Irish band, rendered a wonderful second to the unparalleled tenor. With his clear voice swelling on the breeze, and resounding from the clouds, who dares to say there breathes the man who is his equal. The warblings of Caruso, McCormack and even the great Vandervoort, fade to insignificance beside his rendition of the new and old in music.

Sitting unostentatiously upon their meager pallets, throats distended, and nostrils aquiver, this collection of artists was indulging in its debut to the Campus.

"Spreen, I'm glad to see you first at last, you've always been behind before" - Sergeant addressing a Fin in gun squad drill.

COLONIAL THEATRE

FRIDAY

PRETTY EDITH ROBERTS

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AND COMEDY

SATURDAY

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