

The Students' Scrap Book,

THE ANNUAL.

The past year has been unusually prolific in incidents of a startling nature. Various blood-curdling things have happened and as the year draws to a close the students have felt impelled to give prodigious expression to their latent "hurrahiveness," felt impelled to chronicle the glorious deeds of the past school year, felt in short that they must follow the example of eastern institutions and publish a College Annual. This pamphletic marvel will consist of about one hundred pages, containing a full and complete account of everything that has occurred during the past year which can be worth remembering (unexaggerated) written in English and in the most tragic style. In it will be found all the college "joaks" of the year, sketches of everything connected with the University; of the literary societies and their work; the debating clubs, Y. M. C. A., Greek Letter Fraternities, Dutch Society, Base Ball Club, Brass Band, Cadets, Hesperian Student, Faculty, Regents, Co-eds, Meds and the "Slate." In fact it will contain a heterogeneous, conglomerated museum of heartrending tales and countless monstrosities in the way of anecdotes, combined with a vast awe inspiring array of cold clammy facts, delightfully seasoned with enough falacious falsehoods to enchant the reader. It will be fully illuminated with a garrulous gallery of graphic sketches taken at a safe distance and all this vast accumulation of wonders under one tent and for one price. It will also contain a catalogue of the students and a complete directory of our alumni, stating their whereabouts, the time of their graduation, how they are occupied and all concerning them that it is possible to get. Six robust intellects have been detailed for the editorial part of the work. These young mental giants are bending all their energies to the task and will have it ready for delivery by commencement. Children cry for 'em, no family should be without 'em. Fifty cents per copy; leave your order at the HESPERIAN STUDENT office in person or by letter.

THE DRAMATIC PERIOD

The drama has never reached before nor since such unparalleled splendor as in the age of Elizabeth. The literature before this volcanic outburst, had been pent up by affectations, conceits and hypocrisy. In the literature of a nation we can read its history, if not politically, at least socially. The gigantic form reared by a few inspired writers still remains as a monument of a period in which the people walked in Fairyland. All flung themselves into the midst of giddy passion, determined, come what might, to enjoy themselves and satisfy their longings for excitement. Social life was quivering; gallantry and daring the true attributes of a man. We cannot fully realize this age of passion. It is something that has no counterpart in modern times. On the buskined stage the details of existence were represented, no matter how coarse or ludicrous, for nothing was withheld.

The Classic drama was a unit and a work of art. In the Romantic, we have a distressing jumble of time and place; one scene may be in Italy, the next in Spain, and

twenty years later than the first. The age was full of superstition and the people loved to dwell upon subjects of terror and mystery. A few skilled hands reaped for us the benefits of this fertile period. Towering above them all we observe one who cared little to be remembered by posterity—the immortal Shakespeare. He enters the gay company and joins in the dissipation, but does not suffer the fearful consequences as do his fellows. Coolly he observes and profits by the misery of others. He is a philosopher in very deed. The dramatists who preceded him gained a footing for the Romantic drama, and in those who succeeded him we behold its decay into mere sensationalism.

Marlowe in the "Tamburlaine" rises to marvelous heights of passion. It is grand, lofty and majestic, and the passion is of the sort which is exhibited by nations at war, and in the cruelties of tyrants. Such fiery spirits as Greene and Marlowe could not wait for time to work change, but lived intensely as they wrote. It was their desire to see results. Consequently, their lives, as their plays, were tragedies having a crisis in each act. Accustomed to hardships and adversity, they had tasted the bitter rather than the sweet of existence and both came to sad ends. Greene's style is florid; Marlowe's, regal.

Ben. Jonson, entirely different from the others, stood colossal and alone. His redeeming feature was his wide and varied knowledge, which made his plays rich in classic lore. But in perusing even his comedies we are conscious of a labored effort to reach some particular standard of style. Almost by main strength he deposits each metaphor and other figure of speech in its proper place. The effect of the whole is stiff and strained. But at the last moment, when sick and lingering near death's door, he departs from his classicism, and the result is the fanciful "Sad Shepherd", the last but not at all the least work of his pen.

In marked contrast, we have Webster who loved to linger near charnel-houses, to hear the rattle of the dry bones and to contemplate subjects of extreme horror. He had pierced the darkest recesses of the soul. The "Duchess of Malfi" personifies the intense life of the day. The cruelties of the two brothers are borne calmly by their imprisoned sister; no mind of ordinary strength could endure such persecutions. The dancing madness, the appearance of the executioner with his tools of death were the tortures to which she was forced to submit. The drama ends in blood. Webster cannot be considered fanciful; he is powerful in the full sense of the word.

John Ford with his "melancholy hat," is at his best in the "Broken Heart." Some parts are truly pathetic, but throughout we notice a straining after form; a frequent use of ornate and extravagant language. This was largely for the purpose of effect. Although many times he touches the feeling, he is not a genius. His lays were not the "nature wood-notes" of Shakespeare. Like many of the others, he desired to bring himself into notice, and cared more for the quantity than for the quality of his work.

The versification of Beaumont and Fletcher is of a musical flow. Wit and lightness are the prominent features of their plays. In Philaster, the constancy of Bel-laris, the jealousy of Arethusa and the variety of passion and incident, make the play of deep interest. These writers prepared the minds of the people for the license