

**DAY OF ALL DAYS**

In the Pretty, Light-Hearted School Girl's Life

IS WHEN SHE LEAVES SCHOOL

The Wedding Gown In All Its Glory Cannot Compare With the Raiment of the Sweet Graduate.



WHAT is the most important event of a woman's life? Her marriage, do you say? Nonsense! From all over the country a chorus of sweet dissenting voices will inform you that your standpoint is wrong; that in comparison with her graduation from college a woman's marriage is quite a secondary affair. To the average schoolgirl commencement is stupendous—an awful occasion. It is the Mecca toward which her eyes are ever steadfastly turned. The brilliant, ambitious girl regards it as an apotheosis—an hour when her gifts and talents shall receive their due appreciation; the faithful, plodding girl looks forward to it as a possibility, an opportunity, a reward, and the frivolous girl anticipates its chances as a show for good clothes.

And a word about that graduating gown. What hours of delicious thought it fills; what maiden meditations are given to it. What fertility of design is employed in its construction, and with what rapture is it worn. Even the wedding gown can scarcely compete with it on the line of pleasurable sensations. Tell me, madam, you who graduated years ago, do you remember those nights after the last bell had rung and you were supposed to be fast asleep in your little bed, how you stole forth, wrapped in a blanket, and sped down the deserted corridors to Molly's or Peggy's or Sue's room, there to huddle in the moonlight while you munched caramels and discussed and planned the graduating gowns?

And then do you remember the day when the great pasteboard box was delivered at your room and a cry was sent along the hall to this and that chum's door. "Come in, girls, it has come," and when the last one had arrived and stood in breathless expectancy how you lifted it from its folds of silver paper and held it reverently in your arms, in all its crisp muslin and fluffy lace and fluttering ribbons? Do you fancy you will ever forget one detail of that gown?

Commencement day and class day are neighbors, though they represent quite different phases of college life. Class day is the students' own hour of fun, frolic and travesty. On this day they may speak and act according to their own fancy. It is the joyous farewell to a happy four years—a bit of well bred Bohemianism. But commencement day is quite another sort. It is of the strictly decorous and ceremonial type. It is invested with dignity and haloed with majesty. It is class day is Bohemian, commencement is the embodiment of college conservatism.

So, then, when this supreme day dawns, there is a ripple of excitement, tinged with a touch of melancholy. A hush falls like a benediction over the halls and corridors. The hour of parting is not far away, and the groups of shining eyes, rosy cheeks and white gowned girls suddenly assume a more serious air and banish the gaiety with which they played the tree or the ivy on class day.

Then comes the hour when proud fathers, happy mothers, sisters, cousins and uncles, with a plentiful besprinkling of other girls' brothers crowd the chapel. Then that never to be forgotten walk up the aisle to the platform, while the organ's tones swell through the windows over the campus, where the girls will never walk again as happy, careless students.

The salutatory—ah! who can do justice to that stately figure who rolls the unctuous Latin from her rosy lips? Her relatives listen in amazement. Can it be that this profound young woman, who is wrestling with a dead language, punishing its vowels and putting its consonants to flight, is their Eliza?

But when the cessation caused by this maiden has died away it is followed by a succession of oratorical earthquakes,



MUNCHING CARAMELS AND DISCUSSING AND PLANNING.

each more marvelous than the other. The sweet girl graduate thinks nothing of attacking the most erudite subjects. The carelessness with which she will approach a topic which would make a strong man shudder is proverbial. With apparent unconcern as to results she directs her batteries upon such questions as "Are Mechanics and Morals Co-equal?" "Anarchy or Nihilism—Which?" "Is the Ether Habitual?" "What is Universal Polarity?" "Shall the Astral Shell Endure?"

After these questions are disposed of in a manner calculated to make scientists shake in their boots, other clear cut feminine minds will descend upon the doctrines of Buddha, the teachings of Confucius or the political economy of John Stuart Mill. Then will come a thesis upon electrical research or prison reform or suppression of crime; and these dainty little darlings will glibly rattle off platitudes and truisms with an air which will convince the unenlightened that they actually know something about their subjects.

Practical topics, such as "How to Build a House," "The Best Way to Trim

a Bonnet," "Care of Sick Babies," "How to Save Money," "Chunks of Pudding and Pieces of Pie," are always ignored. The only way to gain knowledge on these homely subjects is by bitter experience. Buddha is more elevating than beefsteak or babies, and Confucius is of more importance than corn fritters.

But when the last peg has been driven into the Middle Ages and the last prop has been removed from under tumbling monarchies, and speedy victory for all reforms has received a final boost, then comes the climax of the day. The valedictorian rises.

But there are not adjectives sufficient in the English language to do justice to this picturesque and popular person. She is the quintessence of learning and the concentration of wisdom. She is a favorite, for personal feelings have a certain influence in her selection. She is beautiful, graceful and magnetic and she leaves her audience in a limp and disheveled condition and her fair fellow graduates in a state of collapse.

It is over. The sheepskins, tied with white ribbon, have been delivered. The president, with faltering voice, has made the speech of farewell. The plaintive and solemn tones of the organ have died away. Parents have tenderly and proudly kissed their prodigies of wit and learning. The fair girl graduates are back in their rooms.

Off come the dainty white frocks to be packed in the big trunks which stand open waiting for their last burden. Traveling gowns are donned, and then from the rooms, dismantled and forlorn, goes up a wail of grief. Last goodbyes are uttered in voices choked with sobs. Vows of eternal friendship are renewed. Kisses and embraces are frequent and fervent. There is an exchange of gifts, of pictures, reiterated promises to write and then begins the exodus.

Carriage after carriage rolls away, carrying trunks, bouquets, reddened eyes and redder noses. Down the broad avenue, past the lake where she pulled stroke car, past the "gym," where she danced and whirled the Indian clubs; past the little theater where she played Claude Melnotte to Elsie's Pauline; under the great lodge gate whirled the carriage.

The happiest time of her life is done. The sweet girl graduate is out in the world. Long she leans from the carriage to look back at the campus dotted over with daisies, and to catch the final glimpse of the college towers.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

PROFESSOR J. P. SOUSA.

The Famous Marine Band Director Will Go to Chicago.

Chicago is highly elated, and the city of Washington is correspondingly depressed, over the decision of John Phillip Sousa to leave the famous Marine band which he has directed since 1881, and locate in Chicago for the purpose of

there organizing and conducting a great military band. Professor Sousa will be under contract for a term of years to an amusement company, and will receive as remuneration for his services a salary of \$8,000 a year.

When Sousa took charge of the Marine band in 1881 it was in a moribund condition, and was the butt of many a minstrel joke. But under the management of the energetic and accomplished Sousa it soon became famous, until today it represents all that is best in military music in the United States. Today no official-social function in Washington is considered complete without the Marine band, and as the people at large enjoy the privilege of hearing the music at least twice every week, it is not surprising that they contemplate with regret the departure of the man who has done so much to amuse and instruct them during the last decade.

While Professor Sousa is known principally through his connection with the Marine band, it is a fact not generally known that most of the successful comic operas of recent years contain either overtures, entr'acte music or marches written by him. His compositions for military bands are known and played in every part of America and Europe. Altogether his original musical compositions will probably not fall far short of 300.

Mr. Sousa's work in Washington had sapped his strength to such an extent that his health was seriously impaired, and at one time it was even rumored that his mind was giving away under the strain. This report proved, fortunately, to be entirely without foundation, and a protracted European trip last summer, with the consequent absence from work, made a "new man" of the popular director, and he has since enjoyed perfect health. It is whispered that in the near future Professor Sousa may compose the music for an opera if he can find a libretto to suit him. Should he decide to do so, something noteworthy and above the sea-saw jingle of the average "comic opera" of the present day may confidently be expected.

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Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of **SWIFT'S** "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using **SWIFT'S**. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work. **SWIFT'S** is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."  
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. **SWIFT'S** BROTHERS CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**MERCURIAL**

**RHEUMATISM**

Successful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using **SWIFT'S**. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work. **SWIFT'S** is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."  
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Hundreds of customers left THE TOWER yesterday because they couldn't get waited upon. The salesmen employed, there was a host of them, were totally unable to serve the crowd. The great HAT SALE and the monster CLOTHING SALE will continue throughout this week.

Our finest \$25 and \$28 Suits go for \$20.00  
Those splendid \$20 suits now..... 15.00

Former \$18 suits..... 13.50  
\$12 and \$13 suits..... 10.00

The finest straw hats made, hatters ask \$3.00, our price..... 1.98

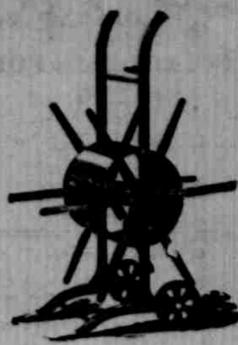
Thousands of \$2 hats..... 1.25  
The regular \$1.50 grades..... .98

Don't pay others \$1.25 when we sell the same..... .68

Boys' straw hats 25c, 50c, \$1.00. It's about 65 cents on the dollar hats must go.

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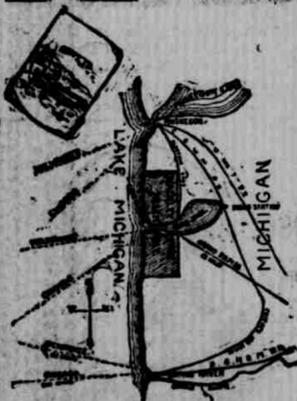
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Excursion Trains from Pentwater, Allegan Big Rapids and Grand Rapids meet at Mono Station.

A Rare Chance for Teachers and the Schools to see the Great Assembly Grounds.

A GRAND FLOTILLA FROM MONO STATION DOWN MONO LAKE  
Fast Lovely Scenery, Orchards and Vineyards to the Park at Lake Harbor. A chance to see this magnificent property and secure lots for cottages before the CAMP MEETING August 2-12. At this camp meeting such men as Bishops Hurst, Newman and Taylor, Chaplain McCabe, Doctors Finke, Hammond, Potts, Savin, Cranston, Hartzel and the Rev. Washington Gardner will preach.  
For excursion rates and train services see small bills.

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**Some Window Shades**

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We would be pleased to give you an estimate on your Window Shades, and to have you examine our magnificent showing of Carpets and Draperies.

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68 MONROE STREET.

**A GREAT SHOE SALE!**

TUESDAY, JUNE 14,

**Ehrman's Bargain Shoe Store,**

69 CANAL STREET,

For this day only we will sell the biggest bargains ever offered before in the city.

958 Pairs of Child's Kid Button Shoes, sizes 1 to 5—we will sell for worth regular 50c. **9c**

802 Pairs of Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Shoes, sizes 2½ to 7, D, E and F widths—we will offer at worth regular \$2.50. These are fine shoes, well made and will give excellent wear. **98c**

802 Pairs of Boys' Button Shoes, sizes 11 to 2—we will offer for this day only at..... **86c**  
The biggest bargain of all.

All other goods in the same proportion for this day only.

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Sale commencing at 8 o'clock a. m.