

FETE AT THE CAPITOL

COMING CELEBRATION OF ITS ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY.

An Address by the President—Oration by William Wirt Henry—Chorus by a Thousand Voices—A Retrospective View. Changes Wrought by the Hand of Time.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The people of Washington are anticipating great times on the 18th of September. On that day Washington will practically celebrate its own existence, for just 100 years before the cornerstone of the capitol building was laid. The citizens have been at work for some time preparing for the event, and the promise is for a celebration of unusual proportions. Congress has made the day a legal holiday in the district; a grandson of the illustrious Patrick Henry, whose clarion notes sounded the Virginia cavaliers to arms, will be the orator of the day, and parts will be taken in the celebration by both houses of congress. Of course there will be bands, plenty of them, for who ever heard of a celebration in Washington without bands? There will also be a chorus of over a thousand voices.



WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, the head of the Episcopal church in this section. The remainder of the ceremonies will be as follows: Dudley Buck's festival "Te Deum" in E flat. Introduction of the president of the United States by Lawrence Gardner, chairman of general committee. Address, President Grover Cleveland. Music, United States Marine band. Oration, William Wirt Henry. Music by the grand chorus. Address for the United States senate, Vice President A. E. Stevenson. Music, United States Marine band. Address for the house of representatives, Speaker Charles F. Crisp. Music by the grand chorus. Address for the supreme court of the United States, Melville W. Fuller. Music, United States Marine band. Address for the District of Columbia, Mr. John W. Ross, president of the board of commissioners. Music, "America," United States Marine band, grand chorus and audience.

The grand choruses it is expected to make a splendid feature of the celebration. The entire city has been laid off into sections, and these sections are frequently rehearsed and then brought together for a joint rehearsal. The effect of this thousand voiced chorus singing patriotic airs it is thought will be very impressive. The probabilities are that instead of only a thousand singers 1,500 will take part. Washington is rich in musical talent, but heretofore it has never been possible to get up a chorus of more than 400. It is already suggested that with the work already done it will be easy to make a permanent organization and have in Washington annually great musical festivals such as are features in Cincinnati and Worcester, Mass.

BANKS RICHARDSON. A WOMAN ELECTRICIAN.

She Is a Physical Juno and Has a Bright Mind. (Special Correspondence.)

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 12.—The first woman electrician in the world hails from the Buckeye State. Her name is BERTHA LAMME. Her birthplace is Springfield, O., and her alma mater the Ohio state university, in whose class of '93 she took her degree in "electrical engineering."

Miss Lamme will enter shortly the Westinghouse Electrical works at Pittsburgh, where she will exercise her skill as a practical electrician on an equal footing with the trained corps employed there. Despite Edison's advocating woman's adaptability for this branch of science, it remained for Miss Lamme to establish the precedent. Edison employs more than a thousand women in his various electrical works. Untrained, unskilled girls were taken into his service, and their natural delicacy of touch and quickness of perception have developed surprising mechanical results. Whether a practical electrician, however, will ever develop from this army of unskilled women remains to be seen. Nevertheless it was the mechanical dexterity of his women employees that led the wizard to proclaim his faith in the possibilities awaiting woman in the electrical world.

Previous to entering the university Miss Lamme was a country schoolteacher. A country high school prepared her for college.



MISS BERTHA LAMME. A legend. A passion for mathematics, together with a desire perhaps to open a new field for women, urged her to follow the electrical course, which includes civil engineering. The latter embraces practical work in a blacksmith shop. With an energy, skill and enthusiasm unequalled by any man in the class, Miss Lamme experimented in the handling and testing of steam and gas engines, dynamos, motors, storage batteries, circuits, instruments, etc. She completed the course in three years, making up a year in which typhoid fever kept her from college by extra work. Her record as a student is unsurpassed at the university, whose electrical course ranks deservedly high.

In her brother, a practical electrician, Miss Lamme found encouragement and stimulation to her unique work. It is refreshing to record that this brilliant girl is a physical Juno with brilliant brunette coloring. Her roguish brown eyes are indicative of abounding animal spirits, as she was the pivot of every mirth provoking frolic at the university, and her amiability made her equally popular with men and women. Indeed so rich in womanliness is this fair young electrician that the greatest obstacle to the pursuance of her new calling lies in the importunities of importunate suitors. LIDA ROSE McCABE.

Two Curious Duels. In 1874 a curious duel was fought in Paris, when two rivals met at the house of their divinity. After a few high words an immediate encounter was decided upon, and neither swords nor pistols being at hand two ornamental crossbows were taken from the walls of the drawing room. An adjournment into the garden was made, and in a few minutes one of the lovers was pierced in the arm by his opponent's shaft.

In 1891 a still more singular duel was fought, the weapons in this case being umbrellas. After a furious struggle one of the combatants fell, run through the eye, and soon afterward died.—London Tit-Bits.

Metropolitan Enterprise. He was a forlorn stranger walking down Park row toward the Brooklyn bridge. Mr. Isaacs, standing in front of his store, laid his jeweled hand on the man's shabby coat.

"Come right in," said Mr. Isaacs, "and I will sell you von of dose imported suits for \$7." "I have no money, and am now going to commit suicide," answered the sad stranger. "So! Mine friend, here is my card. Put it in your pocket, and ven your body is found the papers will publish it."—Club.

AU BOIS DORMANT.

The wood did sleep, and drowsy were the leaves— All hooded, close and hid. There was no stir, no sound of vagrant wind Nor any light, save as perchance the blind Might see through closed lid. The sleeping wood had dreams—a dream of Pan (Oh, fauns and wood nymphs sing)— A riot dance, a flickering flame of green And flying lights alight the leafy screen. The wood god still is king. —E. F. Mosby in Kate Field's Washington.

Coffee Disinfectant.

The following paragraph contains no new information, but it is perhaps not without interest from the fact that it was published more than a hundred years ago in a work by a well known chemist of that day, and it shows therefore that the disinfecting properties of coffee have been long recognized by scientific people. Numerous experiments with roasted coffee prove that it is the most powerful means not only for rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room exposed to the offensive odors occasioned by the cleaning out of the dung pit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed in half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, while the other parts of the house were prenatally cleared of the smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleansing of the dung pit continued for several hours after.

The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound in a mortar and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, when it assumes a dark brown tint when it is fit to use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities. —Merchants' Review.

Making Only Perfect Goods.

"Yes," said, years ago, David Maydole, the well known hammer maker. "I have made hammers in this little village, my native home, for 28 years." "Well, then," said the late James Parton, historian and lecturer, shouting into the best ear of the very best of gentlemen, "by this time you ought to make a pretty good hammer." "No, I can't," was the reply. "I can't make a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer that's made. My only care is to make a perfect hammer. I make just as many of them as people want and no more, and I sell them at a fair price. If folks don't want to pay me what they're worth, they're welcome to buy cheaper ones somewhere else. My wants are few, and I'm ready at any time to go back to my blacksmith's shop. That's where I worked 40 years ago, before I thought about making hammers. Then I had a boy to blow my bellows; now I have 115 men.

"Do you see them over there watching the hammers cook over the charcoal furnace, as your cook, if she knows what she's about, watches chops broiling? Each of my hammers is hammered out of a piece of iron and is tempered under the inspection of an experienced man. Every handle is seasoned three years or until there is no shrink left in it. Once I thought I could use machinery in manufacturing them; now I know that a perfect tool can't be made by machinery, and every bit of the work is done by hand. I've had head carpenters think I ought to make their hammers a little better than the ones I made for their men. I say to 'em all, I can't make any better ones. When I make a thing, I make it as well as I can, no matter who it's for."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mastering the Situation.

The diffident young man had waited to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject and sought information from men who had experience, and while the theories were admirable in every instance he found that the practice thereof was a different thing. He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace. Then he walked on with her, and the shoe became untied again. Shoes do that with great persistency, it seems, especially summer shoes. The third time it happened he was really before her. "See if you can't tie a knot that will stick," she said as he worked away at it. "If I can't, I know a man who can," he said. "Do you want him to tie it?" she asked coquettishly. "Yes," he replied. She jerked her foot away. He smiled to himself. "It's the parson," he said, and he rose to his feet and finished the work.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pass That Was Honored.

Senator Stanford once had in his employ an old servant named Jane Wallace. After being with his family a number of years she had saved some money and was back to her old home in New York. But the climate did not agree with her. The doctors told her that if she came back to California she would get well. So she wrote to her old employer and asked him to furnish her with transportation. Without thinking much about it, but ready to oblige his old servant, he wrote on a sheet of note paper: "Please pass Jane from New York to San Francisco," signed it and sent it to her. Jane never stopped to think of the peculiar form of the pass or that it might not be recognized by some of the railroads over which she was to travel. She knew that her old master owned two or three railroads, and she had an idea that he owned one all the way to New York. So she got on the train, and when the conductor came round handed out the slip of paper. He looked at it, then at her, and didn't know what to do. There was Leiland Stanford's signature, and he didn't like to dishonor that. So he telegraphed for instructions, and his superiors told him to send the woman right through, and she came.—San Francisco Examiner.

Various Forms of Salutation.

We have no word in English that corresponds in hearty hopefulness with the "au revoir" of the French and the "auf wiedersehen" of the Germans. The latter also say "guten tag"—good day, and "guten abend"—good evening, and with the country people the guten abend begins early in the afternoon. The domestics about the hotels constantly salute you in that way, suddenly but not explosively, and generally with a comical vacuity of expression. The Germans also say, "How do you find yourself?" and "May you live till," and "How goes it?" The Arab salutes you with, "May God strengthen your morning." The oriental says, "May your shadow never grow less." The Hebrew says, "May peace be with you," while the Chinese ask, "Have you eaten your rice?" In addition to this they have a whole series of salutes, from merely bending the knee to complete prostration.—F. H. Stauffer in Kate Field's Washington.

Cost of Living in New York.

Says a New York correspondent: A clergyman told me that he had a salary of \$500 in Connecticut and saved a little money. He then came here on a salary of \$3,000 and could not meet expenses.

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THE CAPITOL AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY THE BRITISH.

scribed the ceremonies. The procession, in the greatest solemn dignity, with music playing, drums beating, colors flying and spectators rejoicing from the president's square to the capitol. At the capitol the usual Masonic ceremonies appear to have been performed. George Washington, in addition to being president, being grand master pro tempore of the order, and taking part in a roast ox barbecue, which ended the celebration.

An English architect named Laroche succeeded the designers, and it was under him that the building was nearly completed when the British burned it in the raid on Washington. He rebuilt it, and then Architect Bulfinch of Boston took hold, and in 1827 the modest structure was reported finished—cost, \$2,433,514, perhaps 10 per cent of the total cost of the structure of today.

A second cornerstone celebration came along in 1851, when on July 4, President Fillmore presiding, the first stone in the two new wings was laid and Daniel Webster delivered an address.

Thomas U. Walter of Philadelphia designed the magnificent dome which was subsequently constructed, and the building was added to until it reached its present apparently almost finished shape. The centennial celebration to be held here will be in its general outline the same as the original ceremonies. Invitations have been sent out to Masonic and other societies, and all the governors of the several states have been invited to attend. Many of them have accepted.

William Wirt Henry, the orator of the day, is a direct grandson of the illustrious Virginia orator. He is now an elderly, dignified gentleman, whose home is in Richmond, where he is a member of the Virginia Historical and a lawyer. He is tall and spare, with a kindly face and luminous, intelligent eyes. He has not pushed himself forward much, but in two sessions in the Virginia legislature in the recent days he stood firmly in support of good faith in meeting all obligations of the state.

Mr. Henry was in the Confederate army. He was the orator at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and in 1880 was president of the American Historical society. He is now president of the Virginia Historical society and commissioner on the Peabody board of education. His late years have been almost entirely devoted to historical literature, to the extension of his profession, to his rambles in his habits and likes to retire to his fine private collection of works relating to Virginia. Among his papers are "The Truth Concerning George Rogers Clark," "The Rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas" and several on the Revolution. The whole programme here is in charge of a general committee composed of citizens and a joint committee of congress, Senator Voorhees being the head of the senate end of the committee and Representative Bynum of Indiana of the house committee. The chairman of the local citizens' committee and the man under whose direction all the work has been done is Lawrence Gardner.