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Main at Tenth Street

Souvenir Boxes of Cigars for All Callers

The opening of our new store in the three-story building (Main at Tenth Street) with the retail department occupying the first floor, presents to Richmond the newest, best equipped and most completely stocked cigar store in the city.

The Store That Will Make Post Office Corner Famous--- SO SAYS STRAUS

FISHING FLEET IS FREED FROM ICE

Fleet of Revenue Cutters Considered Greatest in History of Service.

SHIPS PILOTED TO SAFETY

Herring Schooners, With Their Crews, Held by Dangerous Bergs.

Washington, January 28.—The revenue cutters Androsoggin and Gresham have just returned to Gloucester from the Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, after having accomplished that which maritime interests here prize in declaring the greatest feat in the history of the service.

Newfoundland and Labrador are skinned together by the whipping tempests, and pile up, thicken, freeze into white, cruising continents, the chances for sailing vessels getting out grow slimmer the price of herring from Newfoundland seignior crops, the Boston price rises.

The last vessel out buys cheap and sells highest. The crew shades the winnings. It is a gamble. This year winter rushed out of Labrador and won. Most of the year the ice dogs hold a fine contempt for "the revenues," inherited from the days when the international fishing laws were not defined.

There is a stretch of the west coast of Newfoundland, from Cape Ray north to the Bay of Islands, 160 miles of iron cliff seventy-five feet sheer from the edge of deep water.

The captain of the Androsoggin is G. M. Daniels, who has a wife and two children in Saxtonville, Mass.

For good reason the herring fishermen are called bedoks. They gamble with the ice each December. As the floes of fish ice in the Gulf between

G. Porcher, married, El Paso, Texas; second engineer, W. C. Magalhães, married, Bridgewater, Mass., third engineer, Henry C. Beach, married, Portland, Me.

The Gresham is officered by Captain S. B. Winram, married, one child, Boston, Mass.; executive officer, H. D. Hancock, married, H. Annis, Mass.; second lieutenant, H. E. Rideout, married, Cambridge, Mass.; third lieutenant, E. A. Coffin, married, Boston, Mass.; chief engineer, A. C. Norman, married, Brookline, Mass.; second engineer, F. H. Young, single, Fort Townsend, Wash.; third engineer, Chas. H. Johnson, unmarried, St. Paul, Minn.

VALUABLE COLLECTION INSPECTED BY EXPERT

Paintings and Portraits at Washington and Lee Found to Be of Great Interest.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Lexington, Va., January 28.—A collection of portraits, the former, in restoration of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, visited Washington and Lee University Thursday for the purpose of inspecting the collection of pictures in the possession of the university.

The university collection is made up of two groups, the Vincent L. Bradford collection, and the Lee family collection of portraits. The former, in which are sixty-two paintings, was given to Washington and Lee by the late Vincent L. Bradford, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, who bequeathed to the university his collection of oil paintings, his law library and an endowment of about \$5,000 for the Law School, the income from which is subject to a small annual appropriation for the maintenance of the law library and the collection of pictures.

Perhaps it was then, as it is now, her inability to understand problems of economic government. Be that as it may, the fatal consequences of her indiscreet vote, introducing death into the world and unending misery to the human family, left the earth without any effort on the part of Eve's female successors to interfere politically with its government for more than 5,000 years.

VERY MUCH MARRIED

Chicago, January 28.—William H. Thompson, of North Lincoln Avenue, was received on his return home last night by two wives, a daughter, two policemen and a reporter. He expected to greet one wife. After he had been arrested on a charge of bigamy Thompson said he had married four women. The first, in 1896, was Olive May Bartholomew. A boy and a girl were born to them, he said, and they live in Sheldon, Wis. He was divorced in 1906, and married Rebecca Horn, now in Northridge, Alberta, Canada. He said she had borne a child, and divorced him, so he married Helen Drummond-Thompson, with a seven months' old daughter, was one of the wives present. Twelve days ago he married Miss Jennie Edwards in Kansas City, Mo. She was the other wife present. His hearing will be held Monday.

Better Prices for Oysters. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Heathsville, Va., January 28.—Owing to the extremely cold weather recently oysters have advanced in price to a great extent. The oystermen are doing all they can to load vessels off their plants, because of the increased demand. Selects are bringing from \$7 to \$10 per barrel, while standards are as usual a little lower. Oysters are more plentiful than they have been for years, owing to the low prices of the last few seasons.

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

Ballsville, Va., January 28.—The skillful and adroit fencing of advocates and opponents of female suffrage should attract the earnest attention of every woman.

In the divine symphony of heaven not a note is lacking to charm the Master's ear, so on earth no voice, however feeble, should fail to swell the chorus to rebuke wrong and applaud right.

The brave little woman who has been holding her hand in the breach so heroically to stay the onrush of woman with a broom sweeping back the tide. I think she is more like Captain Molly, of Revolutionary fame, of whom, I am sure, she is a lineal descendant. She stood at the cannon's mouth and kept back British aggression with bullets. Mrs. Hanson, however, is using more modern and civilized ammunition—instead of bullets she is firing bullets, and truth to tell, they hit the mark every time.

But let us get back to our subject of woman suffrage, and scan for a moment its rise and progress. According to sacred history, the first electoral vote ever cast on the ground was cast by a woman, in the Garden of Eden—the question to be decided eternal life and happiness vs. eternal death and destruction. (In the event of free suffrage obtained I hope the result will not be the same.) We read that Satan, the arch foe of the human race, tempted our first parents to overthrow law and order in their fair domain, held before Eve a glittering prospect if she would accept his proposal, and she elected to eat of the forbidden fruit, gave it to Adam, and he did eat. Note just here, in this first great tragedy of life, the stupendous influence of woman over man—how blindly he followed where she led.

We cannot plead ignorance in extenuation of Eve's failure to vote intelligently. She had been carefully educated by God Himself, and that to meet this very emergency.

What follows is a short synopsis of what their agent learned from officers of government in a position to know: Crime, divorce and the social evil had increased in these five States, and Lake City has the only police protected stockade in America, where crime walks abroad in God's open day, and haunting its brazen image. In the States no laws have been enacted to better child labor or to increase the wage or lessen the hours of working women. In seven political women fought with the basins and tortoise in factional warfare over party officers. A law was enacted to close restaurants to unattended females after 8 o'clock at night in Denver, and the political women demanded a repeal, saying their skirts were fringed. The Chief of Police declared his books would show that women drank more whiskey there than the men. "Back to the Home" should be the watchword of every woman who feels an interest in our ship of state, for which Jefferson and his colleagues formed a Constitution that has challenged the admiration of the world, and in which there is no article granting suffrage to women.

Let there be no amendment! From the tribal life of our race to the full blaze of twentieth century civilization man has delegated to woman his protection and watchful care. In times of danger she was barricaded by his strength and safeguarded by his life. Will our legislators now turn thieves and rob her of her rights?

Back to the home should be the cry of all who feel an interest in the generations that are to come, to train, to guide, to teach them to follow in the pathway where our fathers have shown man molds the destinies of nations, but she is the power behind the throne. She is sacred in her capacity of mother, sister, friend and wife, and through all time man has been her champion.

Why now she struggles and torments and dust and toil of the political arena? Let her bind on her sons the helmet of knowledge, girl on them the sword of honesty and truth, and send them forth to fight her battles. She need not fear her cause will suffer, or her rights be infringed. I am not a disciple of the "yellow-back novel." Lack of time shuts me off from exploring that field of literature, but I will have to plead guilty of being a coward. I am afraid of radical reform in our government. I am afraid to become an explorer and dive into unknown governments, where, perhaps, we may encounter communism, socialism and anarchy. While I am away from home on this perilous undertaking I am afraid the enemy will assault our children. I am afraid of lowering the standard of female purity and refinement. I am afraid of neglect in the home, which needs the constant vigilance of woman. I am afraid in-

winner, made Eve the mother of the human family. Of course, this curse rendered her daughters physically unable to cope with the mighty enterprises and fierce struggles necessary to shape and mold kingdoms and principalities.

Coming down to modern history, however, we find that in 1848, some very clever women—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Stanton, Martha Wright, Mary McClintic and others—discovered that women were not getting their rights. They formed societies, wrote lengthy articles for the press in order to secure to them the use of the ballot to enable them to get their dues. The credulous were led to believe that Eden could be regained once woman suffrage could be inaugurated.

It certainly was fair, as earth had so lost out by a woman, that they should try to restore something of what had been lost. These societies increased and pressed the matter till five of our United States of America have conceded to their daughters the right to vote. We should like to stop just here, in reviewing this subject and ask, What has been accomplished? What benefits have been derived from the exercise of female suffrage? How many rose gardens have been planted to convert our wicked old earth into an Eden again?

Alas! We find no rare exotics blooming, no new specimens growing—do you find no indicative of better gardening, since man alone had the care of these States?

One of our leading journals deputed an agent to travel through these States, develop facts from authentic sources and report conditions to this effect in the interests of truth and progress.

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ants will suffer, children be neglected. I am afraid—oh, I am so afraid—of the "new and expanded thought that is surging over the world," and threatens to inundate our fair and glorious Commonwealth beneath its turbid, muddy waters. Can it be possible that the female mind has expanded till it is floating indefinitely in space, catching at dazzling chimeras and following vain delusions?

MRS. N. C. GARRETT. Ballsville, Va.

Woman Suffrage—What Are We Coming To?

And some of our women seem to think they must progress to keep up with it. Recently I've read an account in The Times-Dispatch of a swell entertainment given to the elite of New York's innermost society circle by Mrs. Robert Govelet, in her Fifth Avenue mansion, at which it is reported that costumes worn outshined any Egyptian harem, with laced "pantaloons" displaying personal charms wonderfully which would have made Abraham Lincoln turn green with envy. In far-off Idaho and several Western States we learn women have attained equal suffrage with the men, and it looks to some of our Southern women as if we were behind more progress and not let these women outstrip them. Shades of Moses! Do our refined women of Virginia think they have anything to learn from the women of the West and North Virginia women, women of the Southland, the grandest, noblest, most perfect ideal of womanhood the world has ever seen, who are and should be an example of high ideals for the world to follow. In order to be progressive, shall she sacrifice her exalted traditional loveliness on the altar of Progress? Suppose politics is corrupt—we have heard, and doubtless it is true, that Virginia by a party run from Washington by a party used and sold men have no chance to rise unless they bow to the powers that be. Grant all of this is true, that there is not sufficient virtue left in the

manhood of Virginia to correct these evils? That woman must leave her home and grovel in the mire of petty politics to make the change, must she be put to cleaning out the Augean stables? As well should we call on her to bare her breast to the rifle and take her place side by side with men on the firing line. Do we need any Amazons in war or politics? In the Civil War there was as much heroic duty done and suffered by the women at home as by the heroes at the cannon's mouth. It seems a pity that a gifted authoress should use her home duties, to a plane that will soil her skirts in the slime of dirty politics, in order to elevate them. Would it not be better for her to use her talent in writing books, which is her forte, and abandon the forum to others? Will woman not lose more than she can ever possibly gain by these methods? Will she not drag herself down much more than she will bring politics up? What a reflection on the manhood of Virginia! What a mistrust of the men that things have come to such a desperate pass that pure, refined woman must be thrown in the breach to save the State! We must imitate the Western women, and possibly later on the Northern women, in order to be progressive! But our women are not Western women or Northern women, thank God! They are what they are, and if we have to follow in the lead of the cigarette-smoking, stride-riding, haven skit-creatures to be progressive, then away with progress. We prefer our ideals as they are, and will let the procession go on and leave our noble women unchanged and unchanging. If these things are what progress calls for, we don't want it in Virginia. We don't rather bear the ills we have than fly to others at such a terrible sacrifice. We leave our women in the sacred sanctuary of her home, where her noble influence will shine with tenfold more power than can ever be exercised with jobs at the polls. The greatest civic duty our women can perform is the training of our future citizen in his childhood, kneeling at her knees. Neglect that, and all is lost. Leave our mothers and wives and daughters have their beautiful example to emulate them and look up to, and will go forth to drive corruption from our politics; and only thus will her education shine anew with the old-time lustre. ROBERT BEVERLEY. Caret, Va.

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