


**MRS. POTTER OF KANSAS.**

The constitutional amendment giving women the right of suffrage in Kansas, from the present outlook, will prove its usefulness like a grain of sand when submitted at the election this fall. This is coming to be more and more the active belief of leading politicians of both parties. Kansas never does anything by halves, says the Kansas City (Kan.) correspondent of the Chicago Herald, and the great attempt at the legislature, which left a couple of Republicans and Democrats dismembered bodies sinking up everywhere through the district is expected to pass before the close of the session.

Here in the first city in the State, women have been openly dabbling in politics for this past twelve years. During all this time they have had the privilege of voting for members of the School Board, and six years ago were given the right to vote for all municipal officers. At the first election after being clothed with this new dignity the women cast a very small figure, but they have steadily



**MRS. ANNA POTTER, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF KANSAS CITY, KAN.**

gained in strength and influence until now there is a woman candidate for Mayor in the field.

The head of the movement here is Mrs. D. V. Bradford, whose husband runs a mutual investment depot and runs a Republican bent. She is a woman of 58 or 60, tall, heavily built, with gray hair framing a rather stern face—a woman who suggests masculinity in both face and figure. Mrs. D. V. Sims is another one prominent among the suffragists. She is not over 30, slim, graceful and rather pretty of face. They were mainly instrumental in getting together some thirty or forty ladies on the evening of March 7th and out of this came a mass meeting attended by over 300 women.

No woman was this first conference known that into the deal, besides Mrs. Anna Potter, wife of Eli Potter, insurance agent, armed campaign as a candidate for Mayor. "I announce myself an independent candidate," she said in her brief card, "and ask all voters to place my name at the head of their ticket."

This woman candidate for Mayor is below medium height and nobody would guess her weight at less than 170. She is, perhaps, 50 years old, and her hair is generally streaked with gray. She has long been known as one of the most peculiar characters in Kansas City. In her own home it is equally well known that she has long worn the fustian. She built a home—nobody thinks of referring to Mr. Potter in touching on domestic history of the family—at Eighth and State streets, using Mr. Potter's money as best as he made it, until she had a magnificent piece. But it was all frame, and when a fire occurred in it last fall the house was wiped out in a twinkling. Mrs. Potter carried \$50,000 insurance and at once built a brick house on Minnesota avenue. But it didn't suit, and she is now rebuilding the old place. She is now her own superintendent of construction, and is on the ground every day ordering the workmen about with a harsh, strident voice which has a ring in it that causes housecarriers to fairly make the ladder creak in an effort to see how quick they can reach the last round.

Mrs. Potter does her housework in a dress of heavy black silk velvet plush, a sashlike coat of generous proportions and a big hat showing a labyrinth of bows and feathers. She wears diamonds in her ears as big as hickory nuts, and some flash from her fingers. But despite her wealth and the undoubted richness of her clothing, and speaking with all due respect, Mrs. Potter's appearance always reminds one of a Christmas tree. She never pays calls and she makes no visits. She is always out-of-pocket.

Last fall, as an incident of thousands showing this, she was a passenger on an electric car. Among the passengers were two strangers discussing politics. They had requested to be let off at Fifth and Delaware streets, but the conductor was negligent and the car was running by their destination. Mrs. Potter jumped up and gave the bellhop a yell.

"Here's Fifth and Delaware streets," she sang out. "You fellows had better get off. We're tired of hearing you talk politics."

And the strangers fled as if possessed, while Mrs. Potter's nose and manner caused every face in the car to be rigidly set as if not a soul had heard.

"When elected no man will run my office," says she, and everybody in Kansas City believes this implicitly.

**THE GAME LAWS**

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ianhmunro  
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