

ANNA POTTER'S COSTLY CAMPAIGN.

THE WOMAN WHO GOT TWENTY-SIX VOTES FOR MAYOR OF KANSAS CITY.

TOPEKA, April 11.—One of the most remarkable campaigns made by any candidate for office was that by Mrs. Anna Potter, who aspired to be Mayor of Kansas City, Kan. Mrs. Potter expended fully \$9,000 in the campaign, and received twenty-six votes. Of these, five were cast by women.

Mrs. Potter is a peculiar woman, wealthy and ignorant. Only the day before the election she appeared on the main street of the city dressed in a calico dress, wearing brogans manufactured for the sterner sex, and in her ears were diamonds costing over \$5,000. But a little time before she had appeared on the same street wearing the same kind of dress and shoes, in addition to which she had on a sealskin cloak reaching almost to her feet, while in her ears and on her fingers were the inevitable diamonds, estimated by a jeweler to be worth over \$10,000.

It is not only in dress that Mrs. Potter affects peculiarities. Last year she completed a residence costing \$30,000, in which were forty rooms for the use of herself, her husband, and her child, for she cannot endure the presence of common people, and therefore was without servants. Last Fall her house burned down. The only remark she made was: "I never did like the plan of this house, and now that it is gone I will build one to suit me."

Such was the woman who wanted to be Mayor of Kansas City. She did not care especially for the honor, but the Street Commissioner had graded down her sidewalk two feet, an act that greatly displeased her. For this reason she determined to make the race, be elected, and then appoint a Street Commissioner who would do her bidding. When she made known her intentions there were plenty, all men, who encouraged her to enter the canvass as an independent candidate. They all had influence and were willing to assist her for a consideration. As soon as it was noised abroad that her purse was opened, the ward heelers flocked to her residence and tendered their services. Halls were rented, speeches were made, and all the fuss of a regular campaign was indulged in. Whenever she appeared on the streets she was cheered by enthusiastic men—at least they were apparently enthusiastic—and she always responded with smiles and bows.

The morning of election came, when Mrs. Potter distributed 40,000 tickets, although but 10,000 voters had registered. Dressed in silk and feathers she rode in a magnificent turnout from precinct to precinct, giving directions to her lieutenants, her husband being her driver. That was all; he was not permitted to say a word. At noon, when questioned by a reporter, she said she was 3,000 ahead of any other candidate and was rapidly gaining. Fifteen thousand more tickets were ordered, followed very soon by another order for 5,000, which were distributed to her workers.

As she appeared at the various precincts, followed by a juvenile African band making execrable music, as well as a white band not doing much better, she was received with cheers. The women—and there were about 4,000 of them—only looked at her and scowled, for a woman can scowl when she goes into politics. At one time the women feared that Mrs. Potter was receiving all the votes she claimed, refusing to believe the clerks of election who were watching every voter. They hurried out all their carriages and soon were as busily engaged in hauling up women voters as ever were men in a close campaign.

When the end came and Mrs. Potter found that she had but 26 votes, she declared that she had been counted out, and signified her intention to contest the elections. She held a meeting in the City Hall, occupying the Mayor's chair, at which she denounced the unholy alliance between Republican and Democratic precinct officers, who had deliberately changed the result by counting 6,000 of her votes for her opponents. Mrs. Potter is an ardent "suffragist," believing in the final "emancipation of women." Her experience of last week will probably cause her to lose faith in both men and women.