

Her Centenary Sees Susan B. Anthony's Cause Near To Success: Miss ...

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Miss Anthony's Great Ideals Now Become Realities, Anti-slavery And Prohibition Achieved, With Equal Suffrage Pressing Over The Top With American Spirit.

The Great Suffrage Leader's Last Public Utterance Was Made At The Convention Of 1906 At The Lyric, In Baltimore.

By EMILY EMERSON LANTZ.

TODAY is the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Susan B. Anthony, American reformer and the greatest leader in the cause of equal suffrage the United States has known. Born of Quaker parentage February 15, 1820, in Adams, Mass., Miss Anthony taught school from the year she was 15 until she was 30 years of age. She was an ardent advocate of antislavery, prohibition and woman suffrage and spent her life in eloquent speaking and working along these lines.

On her one hundredth anniversary the ideals she believed in have prevailed. Slavery is long since a nightmare of the past, the United States is a prohibition country and but two more State ratifications are needed to win the cause of equal suffrage in these United States. Miss Anthony's death occurred in 1906 and her last public utterance in behalf of the cause to which she devoted her life was made at the Lyric, in Baltimore. Dr. Mark Recalls Her.

Perhaps among Baltimoreans who knew and revered Miss Susan B. Anthony, none can boast an acquaintance dating further back than Dr. Nellie V. Mark, of this city, who was for years a member and an officer of the Association for the Advancement of Women and personally acquainted with the galaxy of brilliant women who were pioneers in the equal suffrage movement. Dr. Mark said yesterday:

"It was 30 years ago, when I was a young girl reading medicine with a Philadelphia physician, that I first saw Miss Anthony. The physician was well acquainted with Phoebe Cousins, then a beautiful young woman and an ardent suffrage speaker. The three of us had gone to some suburban meeting at which Phoebe spoke upon the equal rights of women, but had not returned together to the city because some gentlemen had invited Phoebe, after the meeting, to go sleighing and we returned to the city without her. It was quite late the following afternoon when the door of the doctor's office opened and a tall, slender, angular middle-aged woman entered, and, after depositing her traveling bag upon the floor, abruptly demanded: 'Has anyone seen Phoebe Cousins?' She was to speak with me tonight at Chadd's Ford and I can't come up with her anywhere."

"It was explained that the last seen of her, Phoebe had been whirled off amid tinkling sleighbells along a broad, white way of snow-covered road.

"Miss Anthony groaned. 'If Phoebe has a man in tow I foresee that I'll have to run that Chadd's Ford meeting alone, and I am belated now through searching for her.'"

"But before hurrying off, the pioneer suffragist turned kindly to me asking: 'Who is this little lady?' and upon my being introduced she said: 'I hope you believe in equal suffrage, my dear,' to which I made answer that I believed I had been born a suffragist, since I had always wanted to be a physician, and was then working to attain that goal."

"It transpired that Miss Anthony was mistaken in supposing Miss Cousins had deserted her, because Phoebe was already at Chadd's Ford when the much-behind-time elder woman reached there."

"Later while pursuing my medical studies in Boston I now and again saw Miss Anthony, and I recall attending a yearly meeting of the National American Woman Suffrage organization at Washington when Miss Anthony was presiding. My mother and Mrs. William H. Appold accompanied me to the convention and the latter had purchased a photograph of Miss Anthony and was exceedingly anxious to obtain the autograph of the original. As we sat at luncheon at the Riggs Hotel—the Washington headquarters for suffragists—I saw Miss Anthony pass the window. On the impulse of the moment I ran out and asked if she would not come in and meet my friend and write her name on the picture, which she did with the utmost cheerfulness."

A Tombstone Inscription.

"Again I recall her meeting with Baltimore suffragists at Heptasoph's Hall, and because all women are instinctively inclined toward matrimonial gossip there had been some talk of the possibility of Miss Anthony marrying a gentleman of much distinction, who believed heartily in suffrage. I do not suppose either Miss Anthony, or he, had ever thought of such a thing, but they were very good friends and there was some speculation on the subject, and so I asked Miss Anthony if there was any truth in the report."

"What report?" she asked, and when I explained that people thought she might marry, she replied: 'Never! Susan B. Anthony will be inscribed on my tombstone.'"

"Well, I replied, you might inscribe Susan B. Anthony with the addition of a married name. To which she emphatically answered that no man's name should supplement her own upon her memorial stone. As Susan B. Anthony she had lived; as such she would die."

"The last time I saw her was in 1906, when the National American Woman Suffrage Association met at the Lyric

officer she was without an equal among women interested in suffrage."

The letter reproduced herewith was written to Dr. Mark in reply to a note inviting Miss Anthony to be Dr. Mark's guest while in Baltimore.

Dr. Shaw Recalls Convention.

The late Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, in her book, "The Story of a Pioneer," speaks of Miss Anthony's last public appearance in this city. Dr. Shaw writes:

"In 1906, when the date of the annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association in Baltimore was drawing near, she (Miss Anthony) became convinced it would be her last convention. She was right. She showed a passionate eagerness to make it one of the greatest conventions ever held in the history of the movement, and we, who loved her and saw that the flame of her life was burning low, also bent all our energies to the task of realizing her hopes. In November preceding the convention she visited me and her niece, Miss Lucy Anthony, in our home in Mount Airy, Philadelphia, and it was clear that her anxiety over the convention was weighing heavily upon her. She visibly lost strength from day to day. One morning she said abruptly, 'Anna, let's go and call on President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr.'"

"I wrote a note to Miss Thomas telling her of Miss Anthony's desire to see her and received an immediate reply, inviting us to luncheon the following day. We found Miss Thomas deep in the work connected with her new college buildings, over which she showed us with much pride. Miss Anthony, of course, gloried in the splendid results Miss Thomas had achieved, but she was, for her, strangely silent and preoccupied. At luncheon she said:

"Miss Thomas, your buildings are beautiful; your new library is a marvel; but they are not the cause of our presence here."

"No," Miss Thomas said, 'I know you have something on your mind. I am waiting for you to tell me what it is.'"

"We want your co-operation, and that of Miss Garrett," began Miss Anthony promptly, 'to make our Baltimore convention a success. We want you to persuade the Arundell Club, of Baltimore, the most fashionable club in the city, to give a reception to the delegates and we want you to arrange a "College Night" on the program—a great college night, with the best college speakers ever brought together.'"

"These were large commissions for two extremely busy women, but both Miss Thomas and Miss Garrett—realizing Miss Anthony's intense earnestness—promised to think over the suggestion and see what they could do. The next morning we received a telegram from them stating that Miss Thomas would arrange the college meeting and that Miss Garrett would reopen her Baltimore home, which she had closed, during the convention. She also invited Miss Anthony and me to be her guests

Susan B. Anthony



whose superb army is passing before him.

"At the close of the college program and when the final address had been made by Miss Thomas, Miss Anthony rose and in a few words expressed her feeling that her life work was done, and her consciousness of the near approach of the end."

The Leader's Last Review.

Of the death of the great spirited leader in the woman's cause Dr. Shaw writes:

"On the last afternoon of her life, when she had lain quiet for hours, she suddenly began to utter the names of the women who had worked with her as if in a final roll call. Many of them had preceded her into the next world; others were still splendidly active in the work she was laying down. But young or old, living or dead, they all seemed to file past her dying eyes that day in an endless, shadowy review and as they went by she spoke to each of them."

here, and added that she would try to arrange the reception by the Arundell Club.

"'Aunt Susan' was overjoyed. I have never seen her happier than she was over the receipt of that telegram. She knew that whatever Miss Thomas and Miss Garrett undertook would be accomplished, and she rightly regarded the success of the convention as already assured. Her expectations were more than realized. The college evening was undoubtedly the most brilliant occasion of its kind ever arranged for a convention. President Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, presided and addresses were made by President Mary E. Woolley, of Mount Holyoke; Prof. Lucy Salmon, of Vassar; Prof. Mary Jordan, of Smith; President Thomas herself and many others."

"From beginning to end the convention was probably the most notable held

in our history. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, Florence Howe Hall, were also guests of Miss Garrett, who, moreover, entertained all the speakers of College night. Miss Anthony, now 86, arrived in Baltimore quite ill, and Mrs. Howe, who was 90, was taken ill soon after she reached there. The two great women made a dramatic exchange on the program, for on the first night, when Miss Anthony was unable to speak, Mrs. Howe took her place, and on the second night, when Mrs. Howe had succumbed, Miss Anthony had recovered sufficiently to appear for her. Clara Barton was also an honored figure at the convention and Miss Anthony's joy in the presence of all these old and dear friends was overflowing. With them, too, were the younger women, ready to take up and carry on the work the old leaders were laying down; and 'Aunt Susan,' as she surveyed them all, felt like a general