

**FOR RENT -  
ONE PEDESTAL**

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For Rent - One Pedestal by Marjorie Shuler

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**MARJORIE SHULER**

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# For Rent— One Pedestal

**Boston Equal Suffrage Association  
for Good Government  
167 Tremont Street, Boston**

**By  
MARJORIE SHULER**

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To one who never has found time for  
any pedestal save the one in my heart,  
where she is crowned with Courage,  
Self-Sacrifice, Love—my Mother.





## FOR RENT—ONE PEDESTAL

BY MARJORIE SHULER

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July 8.

Barbara, My Dear:

Behold me, Delight Dennison of Verner College and nowhere, with a manner befitting the ladies of Cranford. Fortified with a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles. They make me look heaps older. Swathed in a linen waist with choking collar. "Young ladies, young ladies," shrills the principal of this school, "teachers should never wear low collars in the school room." Perish the thought that once I broke a record at hurdle jumping.

For ten days I have patiently wiped the nose of Little Italy. I have extracted yards of raffia from the blouse of thieving Young Poland. One hundred times have I demanded that Rosalie keep in line. Forty times a day I have showed Yetta which is her right foot.

Can you imagine me? But last night was worst of all. If only you could have beheld

me! Perched on two yielding boards that had once encased Brown's Naphtha soap and protested ominously at call to further duty. Waving a yellow banner. Speaking, yes actually speaking at a suffrage street meeting.

Open not your arms in welcome; lift not your voice in thanksgiving. All who suffer are not suffragettes. My anti-principles are as firmly embedded as when you first began to tug at them back in our freshmen days.

But such things have I seen in Canton, this State, that I would mount the house-tops to shout them forth. And by stepping no higher than a soap-box suffragists can get an audience. Ergo, I stepped.

It's the result of my daily promenade through the factory section of Canton toward my place of toil. There are some sights to which one may become accustomed, but I do not number among them a dead pig, a very dead pig. Each morning I have talked to myself about that pig. I have spent valuable time assuring myself that I could pass it with my head averted. But my nostrils have defied my most stern commands.

This afternoon I came down the street. I

saw the four familiar saloons on the corners. Swarming in the filth were hundreds of children—covered with mud and slime—and little else. On the corner the pig. I hesitated. Then a fight erupting from one of the saloons sent me flying toward a street car and the safety of my hideous pay-as-you-enter boarding-house.

If you had seen that picture you would not wonder that as the car swung up the beautiful shaded avenue I shook from head to foot. Suddenly a clear, low voice spoke my name. For the first time I realized that the other half of my seat was in the possession of Mrs. Morton, the Mrs. Morton, main topic of my last epistle to you. Babs, she's just as fascinating as I imagined.

It took me a minute to swallow my amazement that she had even noticed me at the opposite end of the boarding-house table. Then I was telling her what I had seen, with a wealth of detail which you have been spared. We talked on and on and were at the end of the car-line before we thought to get off. It was a refreshed person who responded eagerly to her suggestion of walking back.