

Presented with Compliments

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The Women's Press Association

AS A SOUVENIR OF

An Evening with Charlotte Perkins Stetson,

+ + AT + +

IRVING HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10, 1891.

AN OBSTACLE.

I was climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do;
Important business of my own
And other people's too;
When I ran against a Prejudice
That quite cut off the view.
My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load,
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.
So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high;
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by;—
He smiled, but as for moving—
He didn't even try!
So then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short, no other path,
The mountain winds were cool—
I argued like a Solomon—
He sat there like a fool!

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced, and howled, and swore—
I pelted and belabored him
'Till I was stiff and sore—
He got as mad as I did,
But he sat there as before.
And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still,
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will:—
As well implore the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!
So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe;
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow,
When a sudden inspiration came
As sudden winds do blow.
I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair—
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there!

(In BOSTON BUDGET.)

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.