

NOTHING TO WEAR

A Humorous Poem

by
William Allen Butler



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

NOTHING TO WEAR
A Humorous Poem

William Allen Butler

There has been one problem uppermost in the mind of woman since the days of Mother Eve. Down through the ages has come the one protesting cry of "Nothing to Wear."

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot.
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!
And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went up the street of Broadway,
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---