

Rhymed Reviews

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

By Anita Loos

Boni & Liveright

I SEEM to think that "Lorelei"
Is not the tragic malefactor
Her *nom de guerre* might well imply,
But just a little gold-extractor.

The Mr. E., the Button King,
Who bought her oysters, wine and
mutton,
Though tied upon her button-string,
Was not the one and only button.

That's why he shipped her off to bloom
Among the European roses;
And what she did and how and whom
Her artless diary discloses.

Her victims simply flocked and paid;
She didn't need to go a-gunning—
A fair, alluring, heartless jade
Without brain but with ample cunning.

And when she called on "Dr. Froyd,"
A famous Viennese physician,
He found her psyche unalloyed
With any kind of inhibition.

Deciding then to settle down
A while, she seized a chance that
offered
And married one of great renown,
The many-millioned Henry Spoffard.

And since her witless husband's bent
Is binding life in rigid strictures,
She lets him give his genius vent
In making moral moving pictures.

Which fact should leave the right excuse,
Before another season's waning,
For turning Miss Anita loose
On something else as entertaining.

Arthur Guiterman.