

INEZ:

Women have never as yet objected to any new styles... A few men pooh pooh the idea that, in the course of evolution, woman shall be the sole creator of the race; but Dr. Martin Kellogg Schermerhorn, of the Department of Philosophy, at Harvard, is more optimistic. He believes that in the distant future, we shall be made in baby factories as chicks are hatched in incubators.

MRS. SADE, *laughing*:

An incubator without the hen would be as useful as a wash-tub without water.

INEZ:

The first females produced their families without the aid of the males.

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

Even Dr. Jacques Loeb was dumfounded at the astonishing discovery never before suspected by scientists, that there still exists on the Pacific coasts a mother fish which produces her family without the assistance of the father fish— That is the place to refresh one's memory.

INEZ:

As to the chemically begotten child being brainless—

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

Tush— (Picks up frog) This is a dead one. (Taking scalpel). Look at the cerebellum of this fatherless frog. The cerebral lobes are abnormally developed. Have you ever seen convolutions like those in the human brain under present production? Besides, children get the best part of brain cells from the mother; and the unimpaired chemical brain cells of the coming fatherless child—

INEZ, *looking around cautiously*:

Sssh— No so loud!

MRS. STRANGE-ADE:

Why so cautious and secretive? When we know the fatherless child is on its way. However, that is for future generations. It is up to this generation to do something for those little ones born out of wedlock. Do you happen to know an Assemblyman who is also a humanitarian?

INEZ:

Why, yes. Joe Mann, who lives on Long Island.

MRS. SADE, *hears honk of automobile and jumps nervously*:

He's getting restless— Come— I shall tell you on the way of the law that I want passed. When that Assemblyman sees the names of the eminent doctors who favored my bill (laughs) at the bug-house— excuse me, sanatorium, he will fall in with the plan. They thought they were humoring me.

—Curtain—

ACT I.

Living room in Joe Mann's home on Long Island.

(R) door bell rings. Lucinda, housekeeper, comes in to living room with an armful of clothes and a suitcase. She lays down the suitcase and puts the clothes on the table and goes to open the door).

LUCINDA, *opening door*:

Oh, it is you, Jane. (Enter Jane and little Joe, her four year old son). Haven't I asked you as a favor to come around the back way? Why, even Mr. Mann comes around to the back door since we haven't a second girl. I don't know an other man who is so considerate— when he can't hold on to a latch key.

JANE, *in her tough way*:

I didn't come to see you— I'm here to see the G. O. P. on special business.

LUCINDA, *laughing*:

His personal appearance doesn't belie the cartoon of the Grand Old Party at any rate; but why should it when politics has always been his mainstay.

(Little Joe climbs on rocking chair and rocks recklessly. Lucinda begins to sew buttons on Joe Mann's pajamas).