AN EGG REBUKED HER
A Highly Modern Drama on a Gripping Subject From the Intenso-Pen of Helen Bullitt Lowry

Time—Friday afternoon.

Setting—The Experiment Station Farm. (In the front yard of the Experiment Station Farm, Dramatis Personae, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, First Professor, Second Professor, Scene 1. The door to the porch is opened and the voice of Mrs. Margaret Sanger is heard.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Addressing the first professor.)—My dear, how perfectly sweet of you to give me some reading matter. They keep things so droll and funny around here that we ladies can never find any literature. Now there’s a beautiful sight in the garden, such beautiful things, like roses, tulips, and peonies. Don’t you just love Elsa Wheeler Whiting every Monday from the Sunday paper? Don’t you just love Elsa Wheeler Whiting? She has such beautiful ideas about women.

First Professor. (Looking at the book.)—Oh, yes, it is perfectly sweet in the things she says about babies and mother love and eggs and prostitutes and all that lovely stuff. She has an unbreakable mind, which is an unbreakable mind.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Continuing.)—Yes, my dear, there are none of us so aristocratic but that unfortunate accident will occur in our families and our own family finally called by the name of Hotchkis Trottwood, though I never quite knew why he selected that name, and I didn’t like to ask about such a delicate question. But...

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (The second professor.)—Not my fault! Not my fault! And I am a martyr. The first professor.

First Professor. (Patronizingly as ladies with husbands and children act toward ladies with husbands and children.)—Sixty-six years without a single thought of how you are disgracing WOMAN LOWER and lower and lower.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Rising from the floor.)—Oh, my friends, listen to me, you have it in your power to influence all the pullets in this competition.

First Professor. (Disregarding her.)—But I don’t believe in indirect influence. I believe in direct influence. You know, I am an anti.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Interposing.)—With your record which has brought even to Lexington to protest, you can be an influence on all your pullets.

First Professor. (Looking at the book.)—Oh, oh, don’t you think that woman’s place is in the home? I do.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Continuing.)—Oh, yes, you have it in your power to influence all the pullets in this competition.

First Professor. (Interposing.)—But I don’t know what it all is about. What is this in this pamphlet? You know you promised me one.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Looking cautiously about and lowering her voice.)—Birth control.

First Professor. (Reading the book.)—Oh, oh, I must tell the others. Don’t you know that they are so shocked and they really it is such a pleasure to be shocked together.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Interposing.)—Then you will help in the movement to dedicate your life to the cause.

First Professor. (Reading the book.)—Oh, of course I like movement! Really, I don’t know what I’d do without the Red Cross work during the war.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger. (Interposing.)—How wonderful! My position is ascendant. You will read my pamphlet and not lay today. (Reading from the book.)—Break my record for a movement.

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