The Daily Novelette

Eliza's Plan

THE preliminaries of courtship had progressed in orderly manner. Fred Titus had known Eliza Stone only a month; they had met at a dance, had driven together, motored together. Fred had called several times at the apartment where Eliza was living with another woman, lived in her own home with a cousin of her father's. He had also seen the inside of the country place where Eliza spent her weekends—[illegible] brothers and sisters, say good-night to Eliza on the porch. So, considering the short time it takes to get acquainted in these days of speeding up, Fred felt that he was making progress.

"Eliza," he said suddenly, one evening, "I've suddenly realized that I'm in love with you. Will you marry me?"

"Love you—of course I do," said Eliza. But she didn't say that the reason she had taken courses in modern fiction and her visits behind the scenes was that she thought Fred Titus ought not to content himself with merely looking after his own money, and that after careful consideration she had decided that what he was most entitled to was the career of a doctor's wife.

"Then you will marry me?" Fred persisted.

"Why, yes, of course I will," said Eliza. "But I don't think we ought to be married right away. I'd like to have a little time to get used to the idea. And I'd like to have you get used to it, too. I'm not sure that you realize what it means to be married to a woman who has a career of her own."

"Career?" said Fred. "Why, I thought you were just going to keep house for me."

"Oh, no," said Eliza. "I've been studying medicine for two years, and I'm not going to throw away all that time and money. I'm going to be a doctor, and I'm going to begin right away. I've got a position as assistant to Dr. Blank, and I'm going to start in the first of the month."

"Eliza," said Fred, "I don't like the idea of your working. I'm able to support you, and I want you to be my wife. I don't want you to be a doctor. I don't want you to be a chauffeur or a cook or a housekeeper. Don't you think that I've gone half way? You wanted to marry a doctor and I've started out to be one so you could marry me instead of some one you might not love. And you do love me, don't you