

## LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

to do — is to read it," she said. "But I? I have to write it!"

"But — why do you have to write it?" gasped Barton

Languidly her heavy lashes shadowed down across her cheeks again. "It's for the British consul at Nunko-Nono," she said. "It's some notes he asked me to make for him in London this last spring."

"But for mercy's sake — do you like to write things like that?" insisted Barton.

"Oh, no," drawled little Eve Edgerton. "But of course — if I marry him," she confided without the slightest flicker of emotion, "it's what I'll have to write — all the rest of my life."

"But —" stammered Barton. "For mercy's sake, do you want to marry him?" he asked quite bluntly.

"Oh, no," drawled little Eve Edgerton.

Impatiently Barton threw away his half-smoked cigarette and lighted a fresh one.

"Then why?" he demanded.

"Oh, it's something Father invented," said little Eve Edgerton.