









SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1924.

BY WILLIAM  
CAPTION  
PRICE

# She found herself marooned with the man who thought she was on the road to hell

## Introducing the heroine

**WOULD** too much money spoil **YOU!** Well, it seemed to be having a bad effect on Margaret Verity. She had been a nice LITTLE girl—but now, at 19, she was a "modern" of the worst type, dancing, smoking, flirting and drinking. (This is England; where anybody can get it.)

Long ago it was the young lady who hoped to reform the dashing, daring, wild but likable youth. But Archie Mount, apparently, didn't need reforming. And Margaret did.

There's a delightful desert island episode in this new daily serial—quite different from the conventional desert island story. You'll like it. An entertaining installment every day.



A peaceful, quiet, romping, noiseless life, with all sorts of quiet diversions of the kind that Margaret Verity had before her.

But she was sweet as the simple flowers with which she filled the garden of her Sussex cottage. Pretty, too. The genious face that artists used to call "the English flower type." A good walker, a good tennis player—for nineteenth century standards—a good manager of a tiny income, a good housewife and gardener! Dearly dull it sounds. Believe me, she was not dull; she was saved from by a gift which a great many more intelligent people of stronger character just simply have not got. The genius for loving, she had.

She awoke to more from heaven than some one to whom to devote her life. Heaven sent Jack Verity.

Most attractive he must have been, though I've only seen his portraits. They are extraordinarily like his little daughter;

## INSTALLMENT I.

**M**ARGARET Verity at nineteen was what is called, as a term of reproach, a modern girl.

At times one fancies that even now girls are merely what they always were and always will be. Namely, girls.

At other times one is brought up standing by an example such as my friend Mrs. Verity's Margaret. She might have posed for the symbolic figure of deprecatored modern glibhood.

Brunette, blonde, and neuter! She was all that, and more.

Not an idea in her head but of the hectic chase after amusement from morn till night—or rather from afternoon until morning. An annex of men—whom she brought to gifts of young love, but simply expectation and disturbance! A prehensile, pallid, rouging, cocktail absorbing, cigarette smoking, all night dancing, mother snubbing modern of the most ungrateful type—that was Margaret Verity just before the adventure.

I am going to tell you all I know about that adventure and of what it meant to her, but I must go back first to Margaret's beginnings.

There was nothing the matter with Margaret. The girl's body was set in simple, wholesome soil. Her inheritance, in her country, people call them, were sound enough.

Her mother, my friend Mrs. Verity, was a dear. Not clever; she never pretended to be that. Not a firm character; she certainly never pretended to be that.

But she was sweet as the simple flowers with which she filled the garden of her Sussex cottage. Pretty, too. The genious face that artists used to call "the English flower type."

A good walker, a good tennis player—for nineteenth century standards—a good manager of a tiny income, a good housewife and gardener! Dearly dull it sounds. Believe me, she was not dull; she was saved from by a gift which a great many more intelligent people of stronger character just simply have not got. The genius for loving, she had.

She awoke to more from heaven than some one to whom to devote her life. Heaven sent Jack Verity.

Most attractive he must have been, though I've only seen his portraits. They are extraordinarily like his little daughter;

Margaret inherited his short, determined profile, his carriage of the head buoyantly set on a proud neck, his eyes—large, wide apart, and cloudy gray framed with a great deal of brown fringe. Men voxel him a thoroughly good fellow; women not only loved but liked him. He was a sailor—of all men the most idealized of women.

Jack Verity went down with his ship in the late autumn of 1914. After which you can imagine that there was only one thing that kept her caring to live—his little girl.

In that white walled cottage in Sussex by the sea, there, on the bleak lap of the Downs, little Margaret Verity spent the next few years of a hardy life.

The child was brought up to go out every day, in any weather. There were long tramps in the rain (and this was the girl who later never put her little French-heeled foot to the earth except when she stepped from the Rolls). A bedroom without a fireplace and with windows flung open winter and summer (this was her who afterwards grumbled if the least thing went wrong with the steam heat).

One makeshift serge frock, home knitted jerseys, a couple of prints, a maskintosh, thick boots, and a tam o' shanter—not much more in the whole of her wardrobe (she afterwards never wore the same dress three times running, and who could not have counted the number of her other garments). She learned to wash up, to lay the table, to do any odd jobs to lighten the work of their single servant who was presently the walter's terror and the nightmare of the chambermaids. Every morning of her life she splashed in her ley cold tub (yes, this same Margaret, who at nineteen must wallow for hours up to her chin in heavily perfumed water so hot that she emerged at last par boiled, sputtered, dizzy, and slack). No luxuries did she know: no parties, no chocolates, no silk underclothes, no fragrant, expensive shoes; none, even, of the comforts to which a child of her age is at this era accustomed.

All this, not because my friend Mrs. Verity was any Spartan by nature, but merely because the mother and child were at that time what people call miserably poor.



She who used to help the walter wash up, and the chambermaids.



She who used to help the walter wash up, and the chambermaids.

STARTS IN  
Tuesday's Times

**The Sick Pearl**

# The Times Page of

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By Athern



THE MATCH HADN'T  
SAILED FOR THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS YET

A TEST CASE IS  
GENERALLY BROUGHT  
INTO COURT TO FIND OUT  
WHETHER THERE'S  
ENOUGH MONEY IN IT  
TO JUSTIFY OTHER  
LAWYERS IN BRINGING  
SIMILAR CASES.

OUT OF



SINCE THE OLD CROSSING WATCHMAN HAS HAD  
THAT BAD COLD IN THE HEAD HIS UPPER SUITE  
HAS BEEN VACANT MOST OF THE TIME.



YA MIGHT DEFINE  
POLITICS AS A FINISH  
FIGHT BETWEEN  
THE ALLEGATION AND  
THE ALIBI.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

The Eyes Have It... —By Martin

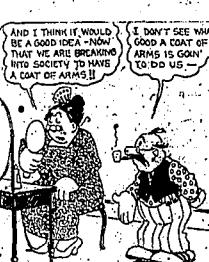


NO USE SCOLDING THE  
POLITICIANS; IF THEY  
WERE NOT OFFICE  
HOLDERS LIKELY AS  
NOT THE CITY AND  
COUNTY WOULD HAVE  
TO SUPPORT 'EM  
ANYHOW.



MOM'N POP—

Another Duty Taken Care Of



—By Taylor

Weather Comics





