

BRITISH AIRMAN DESTROYS A ZEPPELIN—(See page 3).

DAILY SKETCH.

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LONDON, TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1915.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] ONE HALFPENNY.

THE MAN WHO WRECKED THE ZEPPELIN.



The first airman to bring a Zeppelin to earth, Flight Sub-Lieut. R. A. J. Warneford, R.N., is one of the youngest of Britain's flying men. He took out his pilot's certificate less than six months ago, and now he is the brilliant hero of the biggest exploit of the war in the air. Single-handed, and at a height of 6,000 feet, he attacked a Zeppelin in full flight between Ghent and Brussels. He dropped six bombs on the airship which, true to its baby-killing mission to the last, fell on an orphanage below, nuns and children being killed as well as all the crew. This is our airmen's answer to Germany's taunt of British "incapacity" in the air-war.—(Birkett.)

BEREAVED.



The Hon. Mrs. W. A. Nugent, whose husband, a captain in the 15th Hussars, has died from wounds.—(Swaine.)

SOLDIER-CLERGYMAN AND HIS BRIDE.



2nd Lieut. the Rev. Basil Evan-Jones, M.A., shortly after the outbreak of war enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers and last January received his commission. He was recently married at Oldbury Parish Church, Birmingham, to Miss Gwendolen Atkinson. The bridegroom's brother, Lieut. H. Evan-Jones, has been killed in action.

FROM THE BUSH.



This is Private J. A. Postlethwaite. When the war commenced he was working in the Australian Bush.

THE HUNS ARE NOT AFRAID OF FISHING-BOATS AND BOYS.



The German submarines destroy for the mere sake of destroying. This is a typical Scottish fishing yawl such as the pirates have lately been sinking. Inset is George Jones, a 12-year-old schoolboy, who has been killed by a submarine while on a fishing-boat.

RECTOR HELPS BOATMEN TO DO THEIR BIT.



The rector of Windermere helping the boatmen of Bowness to make sandbags for our men at the front. In their spare time these boatmen are turning out over a hundred bags a day.



He returned home and rejoined the Liverpool Scottish. He is now with them at the front.

H.P.

SAUCE

is British absolutely

Made in England at the largest Malt Vinegar Brewery. No Sauce just like it—in fact nothing nearly so nice.



Large bottle

6d.

Revelations of a Mysterious Force.

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In his new book, "The Power that Rules the World," Mr. Norman Barclay has made some startling revelations. The perplexing subjects of Human Attraction, Personal Magnetism, Will Power, Mind Control, Concentration, Memory and the Unseen Forces, have been stripped of much of the mysticism with which they have long been clothed, and a practical understandable explanation is offered. The simplicity of Mr. Barclay's method for the development of Personal Magnetism, force of character, and the art of influencing the thoughts and actions of others, makes a strong appeal not alone to the unattractive, force-lacking ne'er-do-well, but to the intellectual men and women of affairs who realise that success is measured by one's mental status. A special edition of "The Power that Rules the World" has been printed for free distribution. It is a book that should be read by every one—young or old, rich or poor. Only one copy will be sent to each applicant. Our readers are requested to write at once, before the edition for free distribution is exhausted. Address your request, accompanied by stamp for return postage, to Mr. Norman Barclay, 148A, Argyll House, Kensington High Street, London, W.



IN THE TRENCHES.

A Norfolk tradesman has received a letter from his soldier son gratefully acknowledging the receipt of a supply of Andrews' Liver Salt sent out at his request for the benefit of himself and comrades in the trenches.

ANDREWS' LIVER SALT

Tins 4d. and 8d. If you cannot procure from your Chemist or Grocer, send 4d. (and the name of your dealer) for a full-sized tin. We refund your postage.

Scott & Terraer, Ltd. (Dept. S), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

STAGE TO ARMY.



Arthur Prince, the famous ventriloquist, exchanges music-hall contracts for the King's commission. He has joined the R.F.A.

THE FARMER'S WAR-HELPERS.



Women are responding readily to the cry of the farmers for helpers. Here are some at work in Norfolk.

GLADSTONE'S GRANDDAUGHTER TAKES HER P

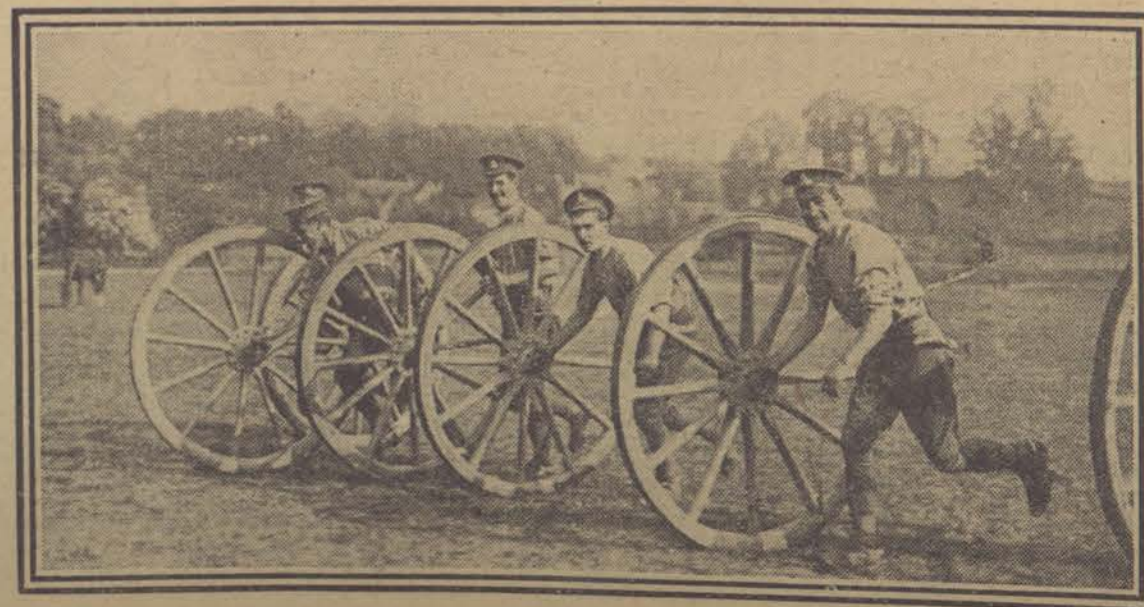


Miss Clareney singing a recruiting song outside the Mansion House yesterday, prior to the big recruiting meeting at which the Lord Mayor presided. It was the call of a woman to men, and many answered it.



Men of the H.A.C. marching to the Mansion House for the recruiting meeting. They belong to a regiment that has done splendid work at the front.

OUR GUNNERS CAN ALSO PUT THEIR SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL.



Racing the gun wheels is a favourite sport amongst our artillerymen. When occasion requires they can also put their shoulder to the wheel and get their guns over all sorts of obstacles.



The portrait of Kitchener, over Whitehall, still ca



Mrs. F. Parish, Gladstone's p... paign in London yesterday; she... Civil Service Rifles. She is th... the King's

PORT IN LONDON'S BIG RECRUITING CAMPAIGN.



Central Recruiting Office at Aldwych. The lady is waiting to be taken to the colours.



Captain F. W. Parish, of the Civil Service Rifles, led a recruiting campaign to swell the ranks of the army.



The Hon. Mrs. Henley, a Red Cross worker, invalided home from the front, conducted the band of the Civil Service Rifles in Aldwych. She was cheered by the crowd.



The Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and General Sir Francis Lloyd watching the recruiting march past from the steps of the Mansion House. It was a great day for the City.

WHY NAVVIES ARE USEFUL IN THE ARMY.



To facilitate the supplying of our troops at the front with food and munitions an army of men are constantly kept busy maintaining and building the railways.

'GET ME MY SWORD.'



Trooper George Bennett, a Mutiny veteran, aged 81, stirred by the war-news, called for his sword, then fell back dead. He is the second figure.

A WOMAN POSTMAN.



A woman letter carrier at Enfield. Many of the regular postmen are now making munitions of war.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

By the Baroness Orczy, Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Elusive Pimpernel," "I Will Repay," "Beau Brocade," etc.

Was It Wrong To Rejoice?

"No, no, of course I understand. There are the proprieties and all that... you were tokened to that blackguard and... Oh! All right, I am not going to say anything against him," he adled quickly as he saw that words of protest and reproach were already hovering on her lips. "I won't say anything about him at all except that he is dead now and buried, thank the good God!... And you... you still care for me, Elsa," he continued, whilst a wave of tenderness seemed to sweep all other thoughts away. "No, no, don't say anything—not now—it is too soon, of course—and I've just got to wait till the time comes as best I can. But you mustn't mind my talking on at random like this... for I tell you I am nearly crazy with joy—and I suppose that you would think it very wrong to rejoice like this over another man's death."

His talk was a little wild and rambling—it was obvious that he was half-distracted with the prospect of happiness to come. She sat quite still, listening silently, with eyes fixed to the ground. Only now and then she would look up—not at Andor, but at the paralytic who was gazing on her with the sad eyes of uncomprehension. Then she would nod and smile at him and soothe in her own motherly way, and he would close his eyes—satisfied.

And Andor, who had paused for that brief moment in his voluble talk, went rambling on.

"Some Day I Will Marry You."

"You know," he said, "that it's perfectly wonderful... this room, I mean... when I look round me I can hardly credit my eyes. Just a week ago... you remember? I sat just there... at the opposite corner of the table, and you had your low chair against the wall just here... and you told me that you were tokened to Erös Béla and that your wedding would be on the morrow well! That was little more than a week ago before your farewell feast... and I thought then that never, never could I be happy again, because you told me that never, never could we be anything to each other except a kind of friendly strangers. I remember then how a sort of veil seemed to come down in front of my eyes... a dark red veil... things didn't look black to me, you know, Elsa... but red. So now I am quite content just to bide my time—I am quite content that you should say nothing to me—nothing good, I mean. It'll take some time before the thought of so much happiness has got proper root-hold of my brain."

"Poor Andor!" she sighed, and turned a gaze full of love upon the sick man. Her heart was brimming over with it, and so the paralytic got the expression of it in its fullest measure, since Andor was not entitled to it yet.

"But just tell me for certain, Elsa... so that I shouldn't have to torment myself in the meanwhile... just tell me for certain that one day... in the far-distant future if you like, but one day... say that you will marry me."

"Some day, Andor, I will marry you if God wills," she said simply.

"Oh! But of course He will!" he rejoined airily, "and we will be married in the spring—or the early summer when the maize is just beginning to ripen... and we'll rent the mill from Pali bácsi—shall we, Elsa?"

"If you like, Andor."

"If I like!" he exclaimed. "If I like! The dear God love me, but I think that if I stay here much longer I shall go off my head. Elsa, you don't know how much I love you and what I would not do for your sake. I feel a different man even for the joy of sitting here and talking to you, and no one having the right to interfere. And I would make you happy, Elsa; that I swear by the living God. I would make you happy and I would work to keep you in comfort all the days of my life. You shall be just as fine as Erös Béla would have made you—and, besides that, there would be a smile on your sweet face at every hour of the day... your hands would be as white as those of my lady the Countess herself, for I would have a servant to wait on you. And your father would come and live with us, and we would make him happy and comfortable, too; and your mother—well! your mother would be happy, too, and therefore not quite so cantankerous as she sometimes is."

"There Could Be No Sin In That."

To Andor there was nothing ahead but a life full of sunshine. He never looked back on the past few days and on the burden of sin which they bore. Béla had been a brute of the most coarse and abominable type; by his monstrous conduct on the eve of his wedding day he had walked to his death—of his own accord. Andor had not sent him. Oh! he was quite, quite sure that he had not sent Béla to his death. He had merely forbore to warn him—and surely there could be no sin in that.

He might have told Béla that Leopold Hirsch—half mad with jealousy—was outside on the watch with a hunting-knife in his pocket and murder in his soul. Andor might have told Béla this and he had remained silent. Was that a sin, considering what a brute the man was, how his action that night was a deadly insult put upon Elsa, and how he would in the future have bullied and browbeaten Elsa and made her life a misery, a veritable hell upon earth?

Andor had thought the problem out; he had weighed it in his mind, and he was satisfied that he had not really committed a sin. Of course he ought before now to have laid the whole case before Pater Bonifácus, and the Pater would have told him just what God's view would be of the whole affair.

The fact that Andor had not thought of going to confession showed that he was not quite sure what God—as represented by Pater Bonifácus—would think of it all; but he meant to go by and by and conclude a permanent and fulsome peace treaty with his conscience.

In the meanwhile, even though the burden of remorse should at times in the future weigh upon his soul and perhaps spoil a little of his happiness, well! he would have to put up with it, and that was all—Elsa was happy—one sight of her radiant little face was enough for any fool to see that an infinite sense of relief had descended into her soul. Elsa was happy—freed from the brute who would have made her wretched for the rest of her life; and surely the good God, who could read the secret motives which lay in a fellow's heart, would not be hard on Andor for what he had done—or left undone—for Elsa's sake.

CHAPTER XXX. "Kyrie Eleison."

But the daily routine of everyday life went on at Marosfalva just as it had done before the double tragedy of St. Michael's E'en had darkened the pages of its simple history.

The maize had all been gathered in—ploughing had begun—my lord and his guests were shooting in the stubble. The first torrential rain had fallen and the waters of the Maros had begun to swell.

Gossip about Erös Béla's terrible end and Leopold Hirsch's suicide had not by any means been exhausted, but it was supplemented now by talk of Lakatos Pali's wealth. The old man had been ailing for some time. His nephew Andor's return had certainly cheered him up for a while, but soon after that he seemed to collapse very suddenly in health, as old folk do in this part of the world—stricken down by one or other of the several diseases which are engendered by the violent extremes of heat and cold—diseases of the liver for the most part—the beginning of a slowly-oncoming end.

He had always been reputed to be a miser, and those who were in the know now averred that Andor had found several thousand florins tucked away in old bits of sack and hidden under his uncle's straw palliase. Pali bácsi was also possessed of considerable property—some land, a farm and the mill; there was no doubt now that Andor would be a very rich man one of these days.

Mothers with marriageable daughters sighed nevertheless in vain. Andor was not for any of them. Andor had eyes only for Elsa. He had become an important man in the village now that his uncle was so ill and he was left to administer the old man's property; and he took his duties very earnestly in the intervals of courting Kapus Elsa.

As to this no one had cause to make any objection. They had loved one another and been true to one another for five years; it was clearly the will of the good God that they should come together at last.

And now October was drawing to its close—to-day was the fourth Sunday in the month and one of the numerous feasts of our Blessed Lady, one on which solemn benediction is appointed to be sung in the early afternoon, and benediction is followed by a procession to the shrine of the Virgin which stands on the roadside on the way to Saborso, some two kilometres distant from Marosfalva. It is a great festival and one to which the peasantry of the countryside look forward with great glee, for they love the procession and have a great faith in the efficacy of prayer said at the shrine.

The Blessed Virgin's Banner.

Fortunately the day turned out to be one of the most glorious sunshiny days which mid-autumn can yield, and the little church in the afternoon was crowded in every corner. The older women, their heads covered with dark-coloured handkerchiefs, occupied the left side of the aisle; the men crowded in on the right and at the back under the organ loft. Round about the chancel rail and steps the bevy of girls in gayest Sunday dresses looked like a garden of giant animated flowers. When the sexton went the round with the collecting bag tied to the end of a long pole he had the greatest difficulty in making his way through the maze of many-hued petticoats which, as the girls knelt, stood all round them like huge bells, with their slim shoulders and small heads above looking for all the world like the handles.

The children were all placed in the chancel to right and left of the altar; solemn and well-behaved, with one eye on the schoolmistress and the other on the Pater.

After the service the order of procession was formed inside the church; the children in the forefront with banner carried by the head of the school—a sturdy maiden on the fringe of her teens, very proud to carry the Blessed Virgin's banner. She squared her shoulders well, for the banner was heavy, and the line of her young hips—well accentuated by the numerous petticoats which a proud mother had tied round her waist—gave a certain dignity to her carriage and natural grace to her movements.

Behind the children came the young girls—those of a marriageable age whom a pious custom dedicates most specially to the service of Our Lady. Their banner was of blue silk, and most of them were dressed in blue, whilst blue ribbons fluttered round their heads as they walked.

Then came Pater Bonifácus under a velvet-covered dais which was carried by four village lads. He wore his vestments and carried a holy relic in his hands; the choir-boys swinging their metal censers were in front of him in well-worn red cassocks and surplices beautifully ironed and starched for the occasion.

In the rear the crowd rapidly closed in; the younger men had a banner to themselves, and there were the young matrons, the mothers, the fathers, the old and the lonely.

(To Be Continued.)

Most of life's mistakes are made when one is constipated.

A false decision, a hasty word, a moment's impatience... and things "are never the same again."

All because your brain and nerves, and outlook on life, were poisoned for an hour or two,—by the wastes lingering in your blood-stream.

That day—(perhaps as the after result of ordinary pills)—you were constipated.

Look back on such turning points

in your life. They always came without warning. There is no way to know of them in advance.

To avoid such mistakes the only way is to be **always** well—with the clear mind, the kindly disposition, the poise of mental and nervous forces—that come when your Liver is strong and active.

Instead of ordinary medicines try the **strengthening**, gentle, harmless influence of Cackle's Pills.

They do not weaken your natural forces of health.

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Regular use of this fragrant and non-greasy preparation makes and keeps the hands white and attractive—the skin soft and smooth—and complexion clear and transparent. It is the *only* toilet cream in the world containing Icilma Natural Water—this stimulates the skin to natural beauty. Guaranteed not to grow hair.

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1/- and 1/9 per pot everywhere.

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£1,000 is offered in prizes for the best pieces of needlework done by Daily Sketch readers. There is no entrance fee, but each entry must be accompanied by 24 coupons cut from the Daily Sketch. These coupons will appear daily until November next, when the competition closes.

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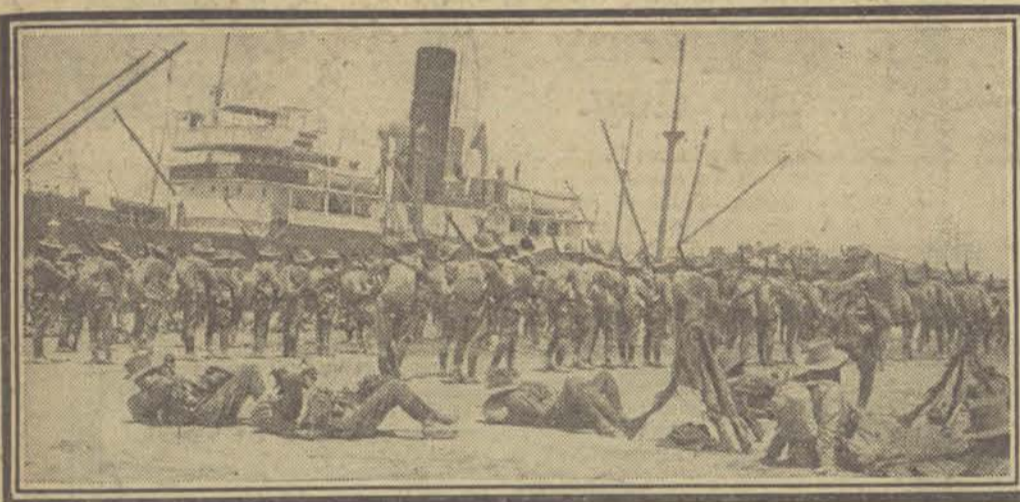
FROM THE DARDANELLES TO EPPING FOREST.



"This is better than tea in the trenches," the Australians said.



Convalescents climbed with glee the old oak which is the pride of the Forest.



The Australian Light Horse embarked as infantry when leaving for the Dardanelles. Wounded Australians who had lately arrived from the Dardanelles were taken on a motor trip to Epping Forest, where they were entertained to tea. The famous haunt of holiday-makers never sheltered in its leafy glades a happier party than these heroic sons of Empire, whom it was their hosts' delight to honour.

"NO MAN'S LAND." THE LITTLE STRIP THAT DIVIDES THE ALLIES FROM THE GERMANS.



This is "no man's land"—the 30 yards strip that divides the trenches of the British from the trenches of the enemy. There is no sign of life—even to venture a peep into the forbidden territory means death. Only when night has fallen can the soldiers venture out to rescue their comrades who fell when under cover of darkness an attempt was made to capture an enemy trench.—(Daily Sketch Exclusive Photograph.)