

The Only Woman Dictator in World

Her Domain An Island

Mrs. Sybil M. Hathaway Rules Tiny Isle of Sark in English Channel.

(Central Press Canadian)

Her full title is Dame Sybil of Sark, thirty-second Lord of Sark. Her real name is Mrs. Sybil Mary Hathaway, and her maiden name was Sybil M. Collins. She is descendant of Heiler de Cartaret, who in 1572 became first ruler of Sark.

All of which is to say that she is the world's only woman dictator. She is ruler of the Isle of Sark, in the English Channel, an island three miles long and one mile wide, with a population of 640.

Sark's 40 farmers and their families live in quaint stone houses which are spread over the island. Landlord of the tiny estate is Great Britain (who owns it), but the King of England is "boss" in name only. Still in effect is the strict feudal system that in England died with the Wars of Roses (1455 to 1487). By way of taxes, each landowner gives a thirteenth of his crops to Dictator Hathaway. She accepts no money, prefers to encourage cultivation by demanding produce only. Smokestacks are a liability; for each smokestack on his house or shop, every citizen must pay to Mrs. Hathaway a tax collectable in chickens. No property may change hands without her consent, and in the event of such an exchange, she would receive a commission.

No Modernization

In feudal Sark, transportation depends on horse or man-power. The importation of automobiles is forbidden. The island's scenery is among the most beautiful in Europe. Such roads as the one shown in the accompanying layout, cut through brilliantly-hued rocks, are common. Technically citizens of England, most Sark natives speak French; all men serve in the militia, and each must spend two days a year helping to fix the roads.

On this woman-ruled island, gas, electricity and running water are unknown. Chief city and port is the village of Creux. The island is a mile broad, three miles long; population 640, of whom 40 are farmers, the remainder consisting of their families, fishermen and their families, merchants and theirs. The farmers constitute the court of chief pleas, main judicial body of the island; still live on original properties given to their ancestors in the sixteenth century by the first ruler (or seigneur) of Sark.

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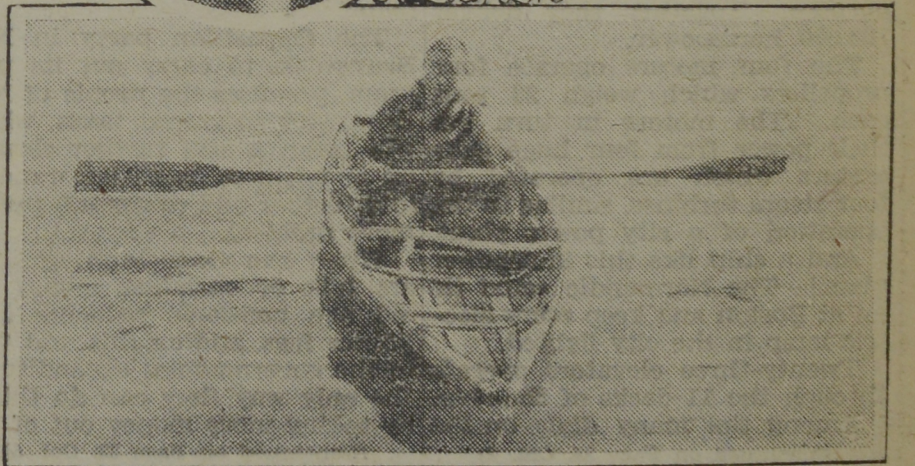
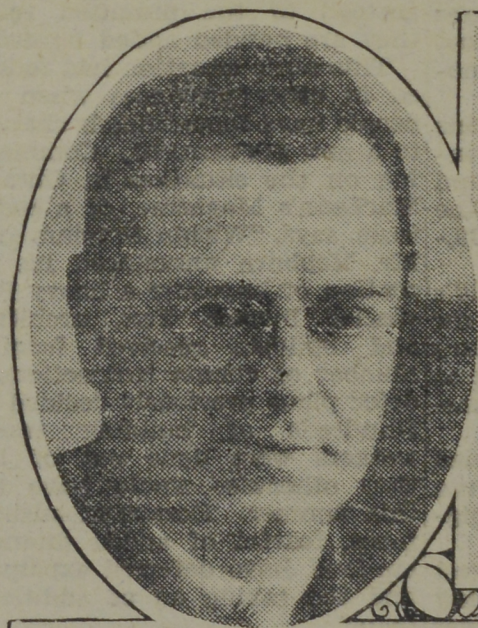


DAME SYBIL, DICTATOR OF SARK

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY UNMARRED BY MODERN CONVEYANCES

Eskimo "Medicine Man" Finds White Doctor Becoming Rival

But Native Prescription For "Spirit" Ills Still Cures Lad's Ache.



Top, Left—DR. JAMES URQUHART, of Aklavik, Canada's most northern doctor, who is doing a great work among the Eskimos of his sector and finds racial prejudice against his work rapidly diminishing. Top, Right—ANOOK, the Eskimo lad who had a "tummy" ache. Below—KUMIAK, the medicine man, whose potent brews can cure everything according to the native belief.

Edmonton.—Out on the far-away Coppermine River, Anook, the small Eskimo boy rubbed his tummy and howled. The evil spirits were making him sick. Kumiak, the "medicine man," arrived, asked what the boy had been eating and learned it was a piece of fish. He immediately ordered the boy's father to carve an image of a fish and toss it into the water. The father did this and the child's tummyache vanished.

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THE FOUNT of JOY

By REV. W. FERMER

THE ELDER brother out in the field was unhappy. According to his idea, things were not going rightly and the times were out of joint. For this mental condition and this view there was a reason, which stands revealed upon the page. That elder brother was self-centered, and his was the inevitable misery of the egoist. There is a kind of man who assumes, perhaps unconsciously, that humanity was created to produce him, that the earth was made

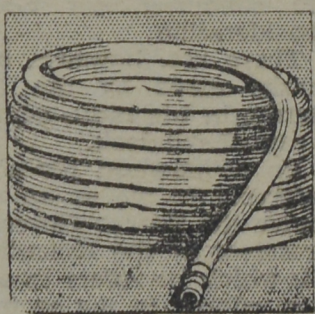
for him to live upon, and time to furnish a date for his auspicious birth. To that man, of course, life is always a disappointment, sometimes a tragedy.

To the elder brother the father in the house and those around him offer a contrast. They were happy; simply, unreservedly happy, even to the point of merriment. To them, things were at their best in the best of worlds. And why the difference? Surely because their thought was of others. They were not egoists, but altruists. Their happiness was the product of the chemistry of love. Such men are never wholly wretched, never despairing. Selfism is the only real misery, deliverance from selfism the only way to joy.

To us today, the elder brother represents the world—a respectable world, virtuous in conventional virtue, learned in moral philosophies, industrious, and self-respecting, but still the world. The company within the house? In them we see the true household of faith. In the world rests the shadow of pessimism. You see it everywhere, on literature, on art, on politics, even upon the amusement of the people, who take their very pleasures sadly. In the house there are music and song. The world is ever disappointed, dissatisfied, apprehensive. How forceful is the contrast!

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