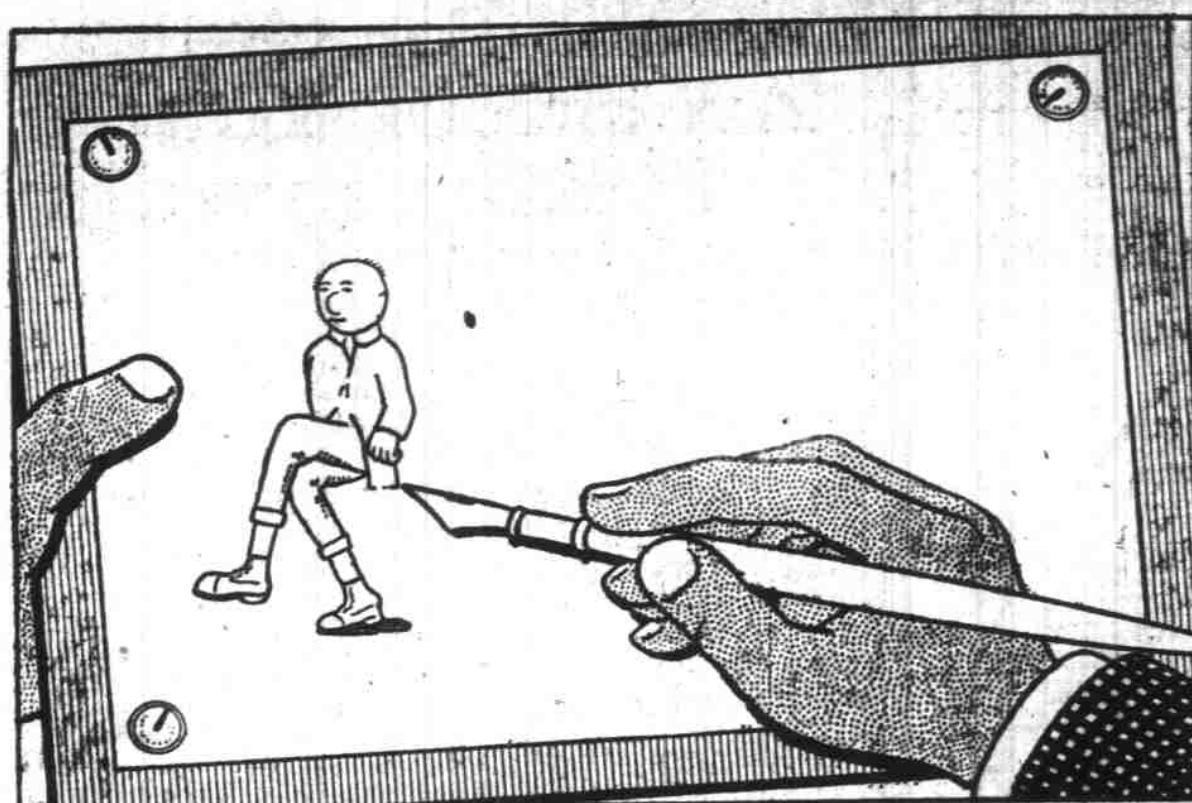


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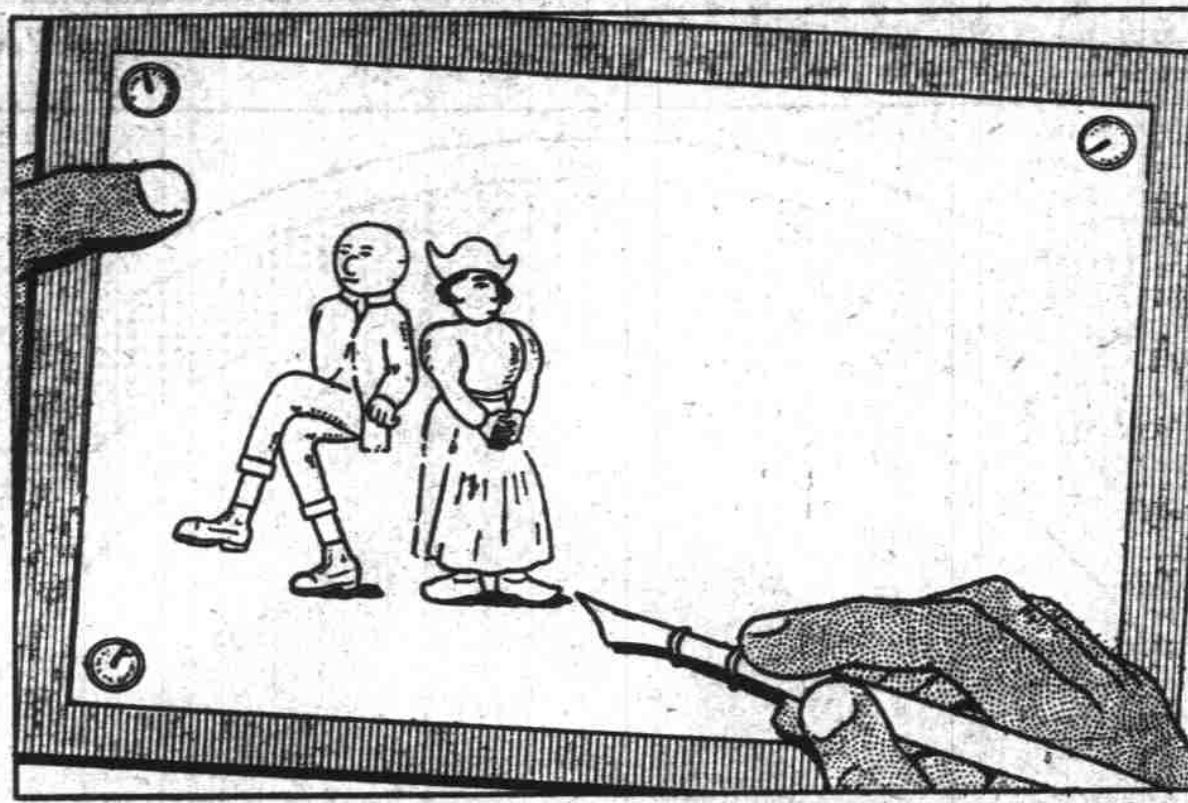
CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN.

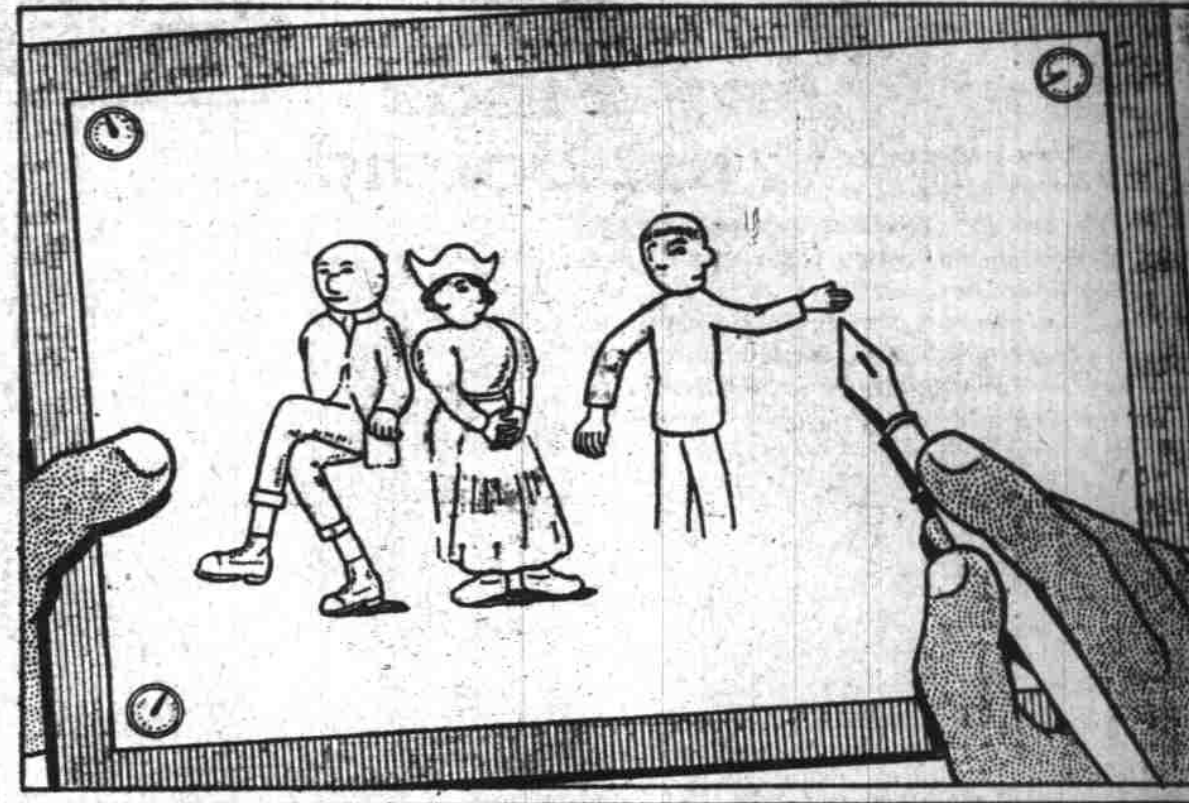
Graduation Exercises at the Pringville District School



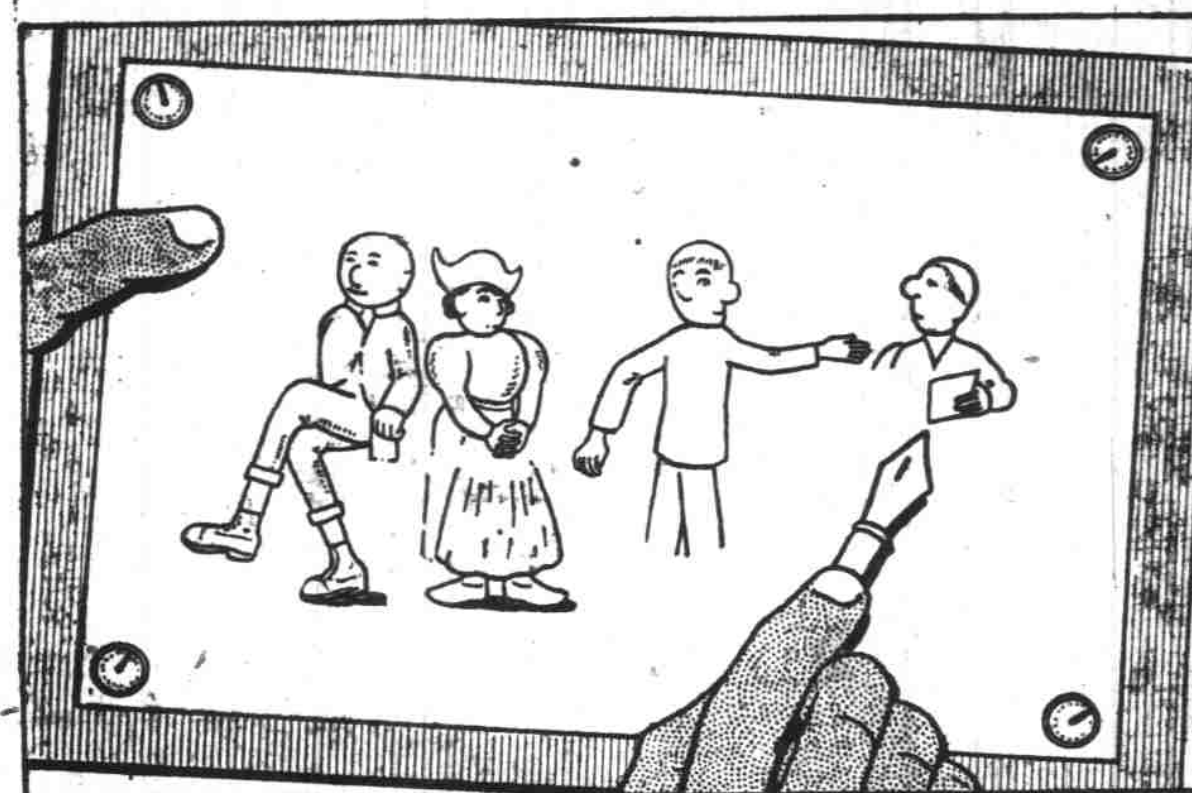
1. They had a right smart time down to the school-house the other day. Room 1 was having its graduating exercises. First of all, the tallest boy in the room, Dana Washpin, danced a jig or something.



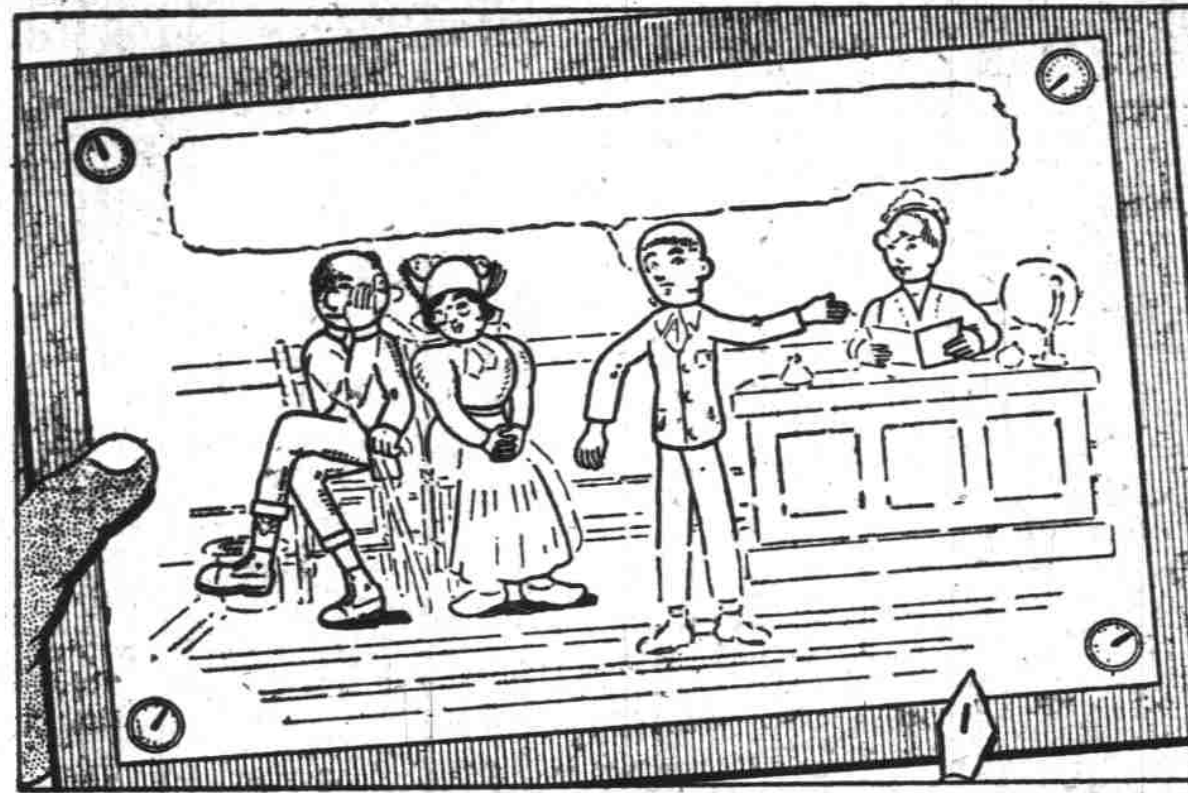
2. Then little Ruth Crasher, dressed just like a Dutch girl, got up and recited. She certainly did herself proud. We predict a bright future for Ruth.



3. Then tow-headed Phil Twitchell gave the class oration. When he got through, every one present knew just how to make a grand success out of life. Wonder who wrote it for Phil.



4. After that the teacher had Georgie Bragg read the names of the graduates. The faces of the young folks were wreathed in smiles when they heard their names read out loud.



5. We're sorry we didn't get to witness the whole program, but it was our privilege to join the crowd after the festivities had started.



6. Last, but not least, little Jimmie Purden said a piece. He kinda got his words twisted but the sentiment was there. A good time was had by all.

The Story Lady.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.



NE time when I was visiting in Philadelphia my friend, Miss Wolcott, took me into the east wing of Independence Hall, and there in an upstairs room I met a dear little lady, Miss Sarah Wilson by name, who is the great-granddaughter of Betsy Ross.

"Miss Faulkner is fond of telling stories to children," Miss Wolcott said, "and the children call her 'Story Lady.' Now, today I have brought her in to talk to you because she is anxious to tell all her children's story about Betsy Ross and our first flag." And then, as my friend Miss Wolcott is a very busy editor, she soon had to go back across the square to her office and her interesting work, while I had the opportunity of visiting with Miss Sarah Wilson.

"So you are a friend of the children," she said. "Then we are friends, also, my dear. And they call you the Story Lady. How did you earn the name? So you told the children stories and they named you that. How interesting! I wonder now if they would name me the 'Flag Lady,' for I am always making them flags?"

And then she chuckled to herself as she showed me a small silk flag made of red and white ribbon, with a blue-silk field and thirteen stars embroidered in a circle upon it.

"It is a model of the first flag made by my great-grandmother, Betsy Ross," she said proudly, and when I exclaimed at the beautiful needlework, for she sews altogether by hand, she said: "We are all needlewomen in our family like Great-grandmother Betsy Ross. I make these small flags and sell them," she added. "You see, I am a business woman, and I have been up in this corner of the museum for sixteen years making these flags and selling these souvenirs."

"Where do you want me to begin? You will pardon my working, won't you, my dear? But my tongue can fly as fast as my needle. Besides, I want to finish this flag for you, so you can take it home to

your children. Well, I think I will tell you a little about my great-grandmother, Betsy Ross.

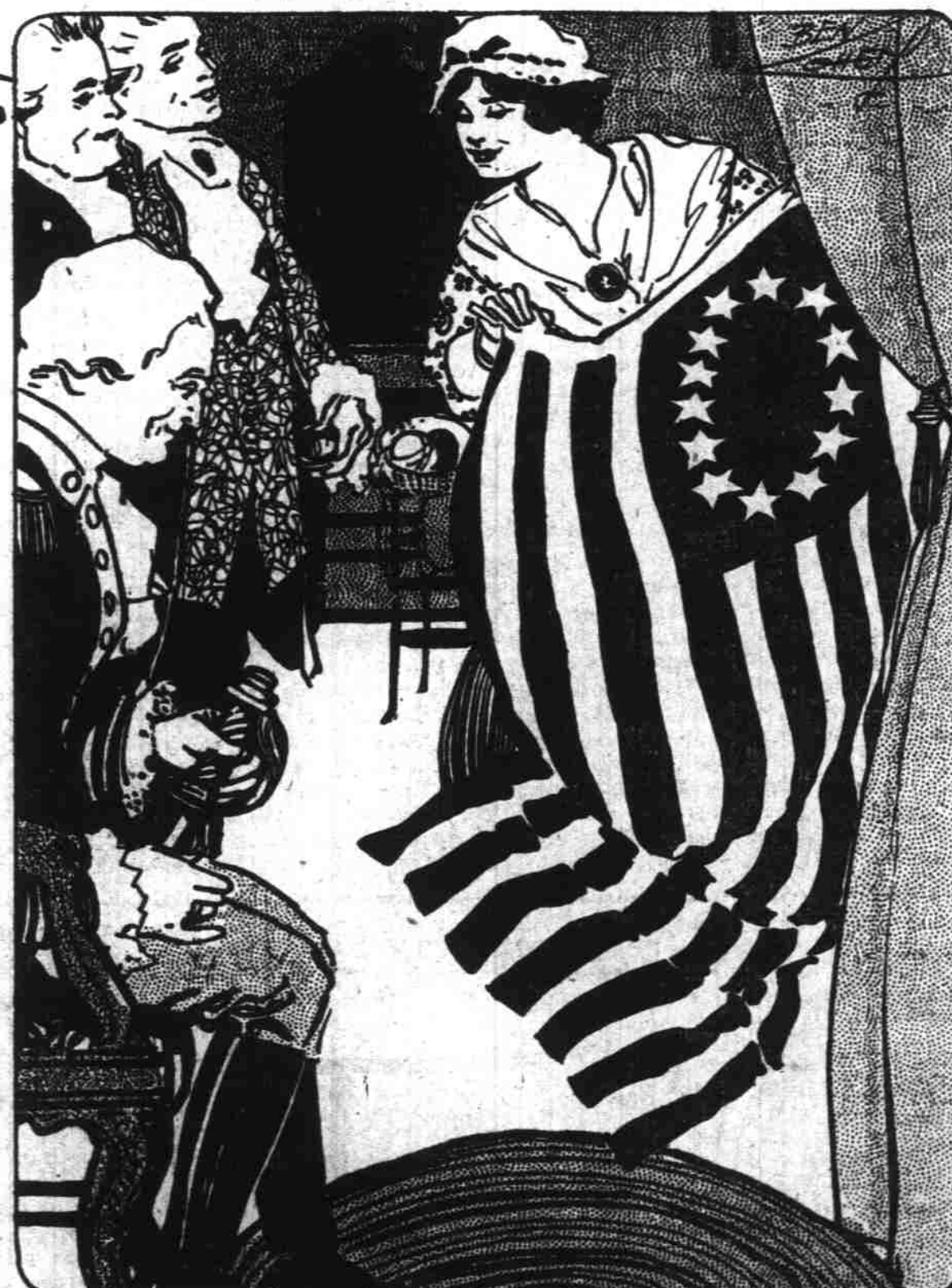
"She was a very beautiful young girl. She had dark auburn hair and sparkling eyes. Her name was Elizabeth Griscom and she was born Jan. 1, 1752, and as that was the first day under the new Gregorian calendar the family often said: 'Betsy was born the first day of the month, the first day of the year, and the first day of the new style.'"

"She was the seventh daughter, and you know they do say that the seventh son or the seventh daughter will be famous in the world. Well, Betsy was famous, surely. She was carefully trained by her mother, and she became very expert with her needle and did beautiful handwork."

"Her family were Friends, and they were very strict in those days, and were so stern and straight-laced in their views they could not see any good in anyone of another faith. Too bad, was it not? So when Betsy fell in love with young John Ross, who was the son of Aeneas Ross, the assistant rector of Christ Episcopal Church, her family frowned upon her choice and forbade John Ross as a companion. Betsy was 22 at the time, and, as I said, she was very beautiful. Furthermore, she loved her John, so she eloped with him and they were married."

"The family felt disgraced, and the Friends were so outraged at the conduct of one of their members that they expelled Betsy Ross from their number and she was put out of the Quaker church. Whether Betsy felt punished or disgraced I do not know, for she joined Christ Church and worshiped there, and my family tell me she was very happily married to John Ross. He was of a fine family, too, for you know he was a nephew to Hon. George Ross, who was a delegate to Congress and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

"They lived in a little house on Arch street, which they used also for an upholstery shop, for John was an upholsterer by trade, and Betsy with her skillful fingers helped him in his work. At the time of the revolution John was called upon to guard



General Washington Showed That He Was Delighted with Her Ability.

some government stores belonging to the continental army which were down on the wharf.

"One day there was an explosion of the gunpowder and John was killed and poor Betsy was a widow at 24. No, they had no children."

"Betsy was then forced to earn her own

way in the world, and she worked hard in her little shop to make both ends meet, for those were anxious times."

"I suppose you know all about the making of the flag. You see, it was John's uncle, Hon. George Ross, who brought her this work, for when Washington asked about some one to make their design George

about some one to make their design George

The Great Granddaughter of Betsy Ross.

Ross felt sorry for his nephew's widow, so he brought the great Washington and Hon. Robert Morris into that little shop in Arch street. When General Washington talked with my great-grandmother about the flag he showed her a rude sketch of the flag of thirteen stripes, red and white, with a blue field dotted with thirteen stars. They talked over the design in detail, and Betsy Ross noticed the six-pointed star and she said: "That star is not the one used in heraldry. It should have five points." "I understand that," answered the general, "but a five-pointed star is too difficult to make." "Not at all," she answered as she deftly folded a piece of paper, and with one snip of her scissors she cut a five-pointed star!

"General Washington was delighted with her ability, and she was allowed to make the first flag with thirteen five-pointed stars arranged in a circle upon a blue field, and the thirteen red and white stripes to show the unity of the thirteen colonies."

"Yes, the first flag was made in May, 1776, or, as they say, shortly before the Declaration of Independence was signed, but it was not really adopted by Congress until June 14, 1777. So you see Flag day is always celebrated now on June 14."

"You would like me to tell you more about Great-grandmother Betsy Ross and about my relationship to her. Well, you know she was married three times and I was in the last line. Well, the next day after the flag was officially adopted, June 15, 1777, Betsy Ross was married to Captain Joseph Ashburn. He was a hero, too, like John Ross, and was captured by the British and died in prison, leaving his widow with two little daughters. A comrade of Joseph Ashburn, John Claypoole by name, was also a prisoner of war, and he nursed and cared for his friend until Joseph Ashburn died. Then when he was released John Claypoole brought home to his friend's widow the last messages and the diary of Ashburn."

"But John Claypoole soon found he loved the widow of his friend, and so he was married to Elizabeth Ashburn (Betsy

Ross) at Christ Church the 8th of May, 1783. They had four daughters, and my grandmother was the eldest. She was a clever needlewoman, too, and when my Grandfather Wilson died and she was left a widow she took up the business of flag-making with her mother, Mrs. Claypoole, or Betsy Ross. Great-grandmother Betsy Ross was 84 years old when she died in 1836."

"Now, my dear, you must go over to Christ Church before it closes and see the pews there. General Washington and Benjamin Franklin worshiped there, and you will see the pew occupied by Betsy Ross. Then you must go around to Arch street and visit the home of Betsy Ross where the first flag was made. Your flag will be ready when you come back."

Soon I was in the famous old Christ Church, on Second street, and although I saw many famous names upon the pew doors, nothing impressed me more than the name on the brass plate of pew No. 12: "In this pew worshiped Betsy Ross, who made the first flag."

Then I visited the upholstery shop on Arch street, and here I was shown many interesting souvenirs and heard again the story of the desire of all patriotic people to preserve this old historic spot.

There is nothing in the world that brings our ancestors so close to us, that makes them so real and human, as to look at the homely things that they used in life. When you sit in a chair once occupied by a king you realize at once that the king once lived, walked and sat just as you do—and he is brought to you as an acquaintance rather than a figure in history."

When I returned to the east wing of Independence Hall my silk flag was ready for me. "Did you enjoy it, my dear?" asked Miss Wilson. "What did you like the best of all the things you have seen today?" And I answered: "I like best my visit to your corner, my small silk flag, and my new friend, Miss Sarah Wilson, the great-granddaughter of Betsy Ross."