

Flags Unfurled

Copyright © 2015 Educational Ventures Inc.



A Beka Book



Reading Program

Fourth Edition

Contents

The Old Flag (poem) <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	2
Bill's Bill <i>Harry S. Keeler</i>	3
The American Boy <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	19
The Boy Who Recommends Himself <i>Author Unknown</i>	20
Pioneers (adapted) <i>Alberta Walker/Mary R. Parkman</i>	22
Striving (poem) <i>Margaret Sangster</i>	26
Your Flag & My Flag (poem) <i>Wilbur D. Nesbit</i>	27
Toil Away (poem) <i>John J. Chapman</i>	28
Destiny <i>Charles H. Deems</i>	29
Things True (poem) <i>Author Unknown</i>	29
The First Fight <i>Carolyn S. Bailey</i>	30
Kindness (poem) <i>Anonymous</i>	44
Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road (adapted) <i>Carolyn S. Bailey</i>	45

What to Pray For <i>Phillips Brooks</i>	51
The Boy and His Skates <i>Author Unknown</i>	52
The Quest (poem) <i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i>	53
Waukewa's Eagle <i>James Buckham</i>	54
Thankful <i>Mary E. Wilkins</i>	63
Dangers of Pioneer Life <i>Margaret R. Peattie</i>	81
The Ant and the Caterpillar <i>Aesop</i>	100
The Bird Woman <i>Alberta Walker/Mary R. Parkman</i>	101



**The Bravest Man
in the Regiment** *David Ker* 113

The Rich & the Poor
(selected verses from Proverbs)
King Solomon 119

Peter and the Echo
Author Unknown 122

Work (poem) *Henry Van Dyke* 123

A Test *Sainte Beuve* 124

The Dog That Lied *Jean Aicard* 125

A Mad Tea Party *Lewis Carroll* 135

To a Butterfly (poem)
William Wordsworth 144

The Clocks of Rondaine
(adapted) *Frank R. Stockton* 145

March (poem) *William Wordsworth* 159

A May Morning (poem)
John Milton 160



A Light in the Darkness
Donna M. Covey 161

Near the Cross (poem)
Fanny Crosby 171

Slave among Slaves*
Booker T. Washington 172

Character *Orison S. Marden* 182

Talking across Space
(adapted) *Sarah W. Tate* 183

Three Gates (poem) *Author Unknown* 192

**How the Telephone
Was Invented** *W. K. Tate* 193

Always a River (poem) *Author Unknown* 203

Myself (poem) *Edgar A. Guest* 204

A Costly Temper *Author Unknown* 205

Martin & Abraham Lincoln
Catherine C. Coblenz 207

The Chase *Charles D. Warner* 225



*This story could be read during black history month.



The Old Flag

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger tips;
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,
And show him the faded shred;
Those stripes are as red as the sunset sky
For the sacrifice of the dead.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head;
Teach him to honor and hold it
For the sake of the valiant dead.

—H. C. Bunner (adapted)

Bill's Bill

Harry Stephen Keeler

Do high-school students have just as hard a time staying trustworthy as fourth graders do? Find the answer to that question as you read about sixteen-year-old Bill, who lived early in the 1900s.



Desire

Bill was a boy scout. He was a first-class scout, too, and every scout knows what that means. He had stood many tests, but the one I am going to tell about was the severest of all.

Bill longed with his whole heart for a motorcycle. After looking over all the motorcycles in the field, he decided that the Red Dart, which cost \$190, was the machine for him. But the price! Only ten dollars less than two hundred—an immense sum, it seemed, for a boy of sixteen to save.

In the first place, Bill knew that he had no chance of getting help from his father, whose business was

severest—*most serious*
immense—*huge*

in anything but good condition. But Bill was not dismayed by this fact; he decided to try to make money enough himself to buy that motorcycle. So he went to see Jerry O'Brien, the man who owned nearly all the newspaper routes on the north side of Chicago.

"Jerry," he said, "I have known several boys who carried papers for you. Can't you give me a job on one of the morning routes?"

"Well," he drawled, "I do need a boy for the Dearborn Avenue route in the morning, and the Clark Street route in the afternoon. Each one pays a dollar a week. But think it over well. The morning route means that you've got to rise at half-past four, so as to start at five, and it will be nearly seven when you finish. The afternoon route will take from four to five-thirty. And don't forget it, either—it's cold these winter mornings. You go all the way from Chicago Avenue to North Avenue, which means you'll have to hustle. Think it over. I don't want to teach you the routes and then have you back out in a week or two."

Work

But Bill did not require much "thinking it over." The idea of owning a Red Dart made it seem easy

dismayed—*without courage*

drawled—*spoke slowly with drawn out words*



to climb out of bed before daylight on winter mornings, waded through snowdrifts and lose playtime after school.

“Take me, Jerry,” he begged. “I won’t back out. I want money for something that costs a lot—and the only way I can get it is to earn it.”

Father not only showed no opposition to the plan but even helped to argue Mother out of her objections, so Bill reported to Jerry the next morning to be taught the route.

It was no soft snap. In October, the mornings were warm and pleasant. As winter gradually crept

nearer; however, all of the boy's will power was needed to pull him out of bed into an ice-cold room. Shivering, he drew on his trousers, flannel shirt and two sweaters and made his way down the street, in the teeth of a driving gale or a sleety rain, to the alley where his stock of papers awaited him. The load was heavy enough when he started out with it, but, oddly enough, as it grew smaller it grew more leaden, until by the end of the route it was almost as tiring as at the beginning.

The morning's work over, there followed in rapid succession breakfast, school, homework, the afternoon route. By the time the afternoon papers were delivered, it was almost suppertime. After supper, it was early to bed with Bill, in order to get sufficient sleep for rising before daybreak next morning. That was the daily round, and no time whatever was left from Monday to Saturday for football, skating, or any of the other things which Bill delighted in.

There was this consolation, however. Every day brought him just a little nearer to the longed-for motorcycle.

The last snow melted, and the warm spring mornings returned. Spring ran into summer, and summer turned out to be pleasanter, since Bill had plenty of time for baseball, swimming, and other

succession—*coming after*
consolation—*comfort*

joys, in spite of three and a half hours of carrying papers. But at last, only a few weeks remained before school would reopen and the grind begin again—papers, school, papers, bed; papers, school, papers, bed!

Bill tried to keep this out of his mind as much as possible. He preferred to dwell on ninety dollars snugly laid away. One more year—or fifty weeks—and he would have another hundred dollars and the beautiful Red Dart.

A Find

Then came the astonishing event—the finding of the \$100 bill. It happened in this fashion:

One evening, Bill saw in a paper a full-page advertisement of the Red Dart Motorcycle Company. It announced that the company had issued a new booklet, which would be given or mailed to anybody interested in motorcycles. Bill, being among those interested, walked all the way downtown the next afternoon to get one of the little books. After feasting his eyes on the wonderful display of motorcycles in the sales rooms, he asked for a booklet.

He opened it as he left the building. At that moment, he glanced down at the pavement and saw a folded slip moving in the wind. Bill stooped to pick it up, but the wind whirled it under a wagon standing by the curb of the crowded street. Reaching