

SMILES AND
FROM SONGS
SUNSHINE LAND



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“Let us open our windows to see if these little sunny visitors will not come to our homes.”

Smiles and Songs "From Sunshine Land



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The Coming of the Sunbeams

THE king of Day now paints his glorious pictures in the sky.

Listen! The Sunbeams are coming from every direction in joyful activity, some skipping, some dancing, some flying.

What pretty names the Sunbeams have! Peace, Patience, Perseverance, Politeness and Praise,—pretty sweet “P’s”; they come playing piccolos.

Look at Goodness, Gladness, Gentleness, Generosity, Good-humor and Good-deeds,—the “G sisters,” gaily playing golden guitars.

Hear the “C Chorus,”—Charity, Cheerfulness, Compassion and Courage, calling with

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clarinets. The "H quartette,"—Hope, Humility, Happiness and Harmony, come hopping happily with harps in their hands.

Lifting their lovely voices come Light, Love and Laughter,—the "L trio."

Thankfulness, Tenderness and Thoughtfulness come tripping, tinkling tiny tambourines.

Oh, see Fun and Frolic, frisking along with fifes!

Now come Joy and Jubilee, jingling jolly jew's-harps.

Just listen to the Victory Band,—Vim, Vigor, Valor and Victory, vigorously playing violins!

Hear them all sing in glad chorus:

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The Sunbeams' Morning Song

“The man who lives in the silver moon
Has drawn his curtain and stopped his tune.
The little stars are tucked in bed,
And the rising sun paints all with red.

We'll call the birds to awake and sing
So that the world with song may ring.
We'll dance in the fields and we'll kiss the
 flowers
To coax them forth from their fragrant bow-
 ers.

Up, little children, awake and arise!
Throw open the shades that cover your eyes.
For the Maker of all bids you to give
Kindness and joy to all who live.
Awake little people! and join the throng

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That welcomes the morning with praise and
song.

Awake! Arise! for there's work to be done,
Come out with the Sunbeams, the day has
begun!"

"The children everywhere are waking
now," exclaimed the Sunbeam Good-deeds.
"Let us be off at once to help them smile and
sing. Come! We must make for all a sun-
shine day."

With glad songs they flew away in all di-
rections.

Let us open our windows to see if these lit-
tle sunny visitors will not come to our homes.

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The Sunbeams Teach Little Children
to Sing a Happy School Song

AS the "C Chorus" flew down Valley Street, Cheerfulness said to Courage, "Let's stop at the Lamb's, for there are four little children there, and perhaps they need some sunbeams."

"Yes, let us fly right in at that open window. Oh, see Mrs. Lamb sitting there crying!"

Cheerfulness and Courage went to her, and tenderly patted her face, singing softly: "Smile, when you greet the morning, dear, For duty is sweet, and God's love is near. Sunbeams have come to gladden your day And bring to your heart a sunshine ray."

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“Dear Sunbeams,” sighed Mrs. Lamb, “how glad I am that you have come; for I am so disheartened about my children! Do chase away naughty Lag, Loiter, Late and Lazy; for they make the children stay in bed in the morning when it is time to dress for school. Each time I call they say, ‘We don’t want to go to school. Who is ever going to use the foolish multiplication table, anyway? We would much rather stay here and have fun with Lag, Loiter, Late and Lazy.’”

Now Lag, Loiter, Late and Lazy are members of the Growley-rowley family. Nobody likes the Growley-rowleys, and nobody needs to associate with them, for they cannot stay where the Sunbeams are.

“Cheer up, dear Mrs. Lamb,” cried Courage, “we will fly up stairs and you will see



“Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Oh, hear the school gong.
We like it, we like it,
And happy our song!”

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how quickly Lag, Loiter, Late and Lazy will leave this house."

So Cheerfulness and Courage flew up stairs as fast as they could fly.

"Good morning, my little friends," said Cheerfulness to the children. "We have come to sing to you this morning;" and the two Sunbeams stood on the mantle-piece and sang:

"Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Oh, hear the school gong.
We like it, we like it,
And happy our song.

We spell and we read,
We sing and recite,
We do it with joy,
We do it with might,
We turn from the wrong

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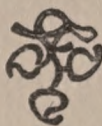
And we stand for the right,
So that out in the world
We can shine like the light.
Then to school we go
With singing, you know.

Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Oh, hear the school gong,
We like it, we like it,
And happy our song.

Before Courage and Cheerfulness had finished singing, not a Growley-rowley was to be seen, and the Lamb children were out of bed, dressing. They ran down stairs, and threw their arms around their mother's neck; as they scampered off to school, holding the hands of Cheerfulness and Courage, they sang with happy voices,—

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“Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Oh, hear the school gong!
We like it, we like it,
And happy our song.”



Sammy Showers Becomes Acquainted
With Sunbeam Smile

LITTLE Sammy Showers sat on the door-steps looking as dull as an August dog-day, when Sunbeam Smile flew down and lighted on his knee.

“You little teeny-weeny, what is your name?” asked Sammy.

“Smile,” answered the Sunbeam. “I wish that you would play with me, for then your face would be as sweet as an apple dumpling.”

“I hate smiles,” said Sammy. “I don’t like anything or anybody. I can’t bear

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Fourth-of-July, or Christmas, or birthdays, or
—or—Thanksgiving!”

“Boo!” exclaimed Smile, “how cold-hearted you are. It makes me shiver to think of it. The little Growley-rowleys Selfishness and Sourness will bring a snow drift and make a snow man right on the top of your head if you don’t thaw your heart soon. I heard of a little boy that talked as you do and stayed with the imp-Growley-rowleys,—Impatience, Ingratitude, Indifference and Idleness. Before he knew it they formed ice, and skated all over him!”

Sammy laughed, and Smile clapped her tiny hands with joy.

“There, Sammy,” she exclaimed, “you look sweet enough now to have your picture taken. Get the ice out of your heart and it will feel as warm as a nice baked potato.

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Everybody loves people who keep me with them. The men who know me do their business more easily. The women who like me have happy homes, and the children who play with me love to have their faces washed, and they do their numbers as quickly as you can say 'watermelon!' "

"But," questioned Sammy, wonderingly, "I can't smile all the time, can I, Sunbeam?"

"Of course you can!" answered Smile. Then she stood on Sammy's knee and sang:

"When you want to skate or play
And it is a rainy day,
Just smile.

When they call, 'It's time for bed,'
Act just like a rosy red,
And smile.

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When you hear the school-gong clear
Play it's music in your ear,
And smile.

When a boy pulls off your hat,
And another calls you fat,
Just smile.

When you're riding in a car
And your street they pass by, far,
Smile.

When you want a piece of pie
But must eat a cracker dry,
Smile.

When you run into a thistle,
Give a happy little whistle,
And smile."

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“I feel heaps happier now, Sunbeam,” said Sammy, jumping up and skipping along the sidewalk, almost like a sunbeam. “I’m going to do all the smile-work I can after this.”

“That’s the boy!” exclaimed the Sunbeam, flitting about him and flashing her beautiful wings as she sang:

“If you really, truly knew
The good your little smiles would do,
You would have a happy smile,
Every day, and all the while.

Others, then, would catch your smiles,
And they’d go for miles and miles!
Soon the world, so big and dear,
Would be filled with smiles and cheer.”

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The Sunbeams Get People to Transfer
from the Dump Train to the
Sunshine Car

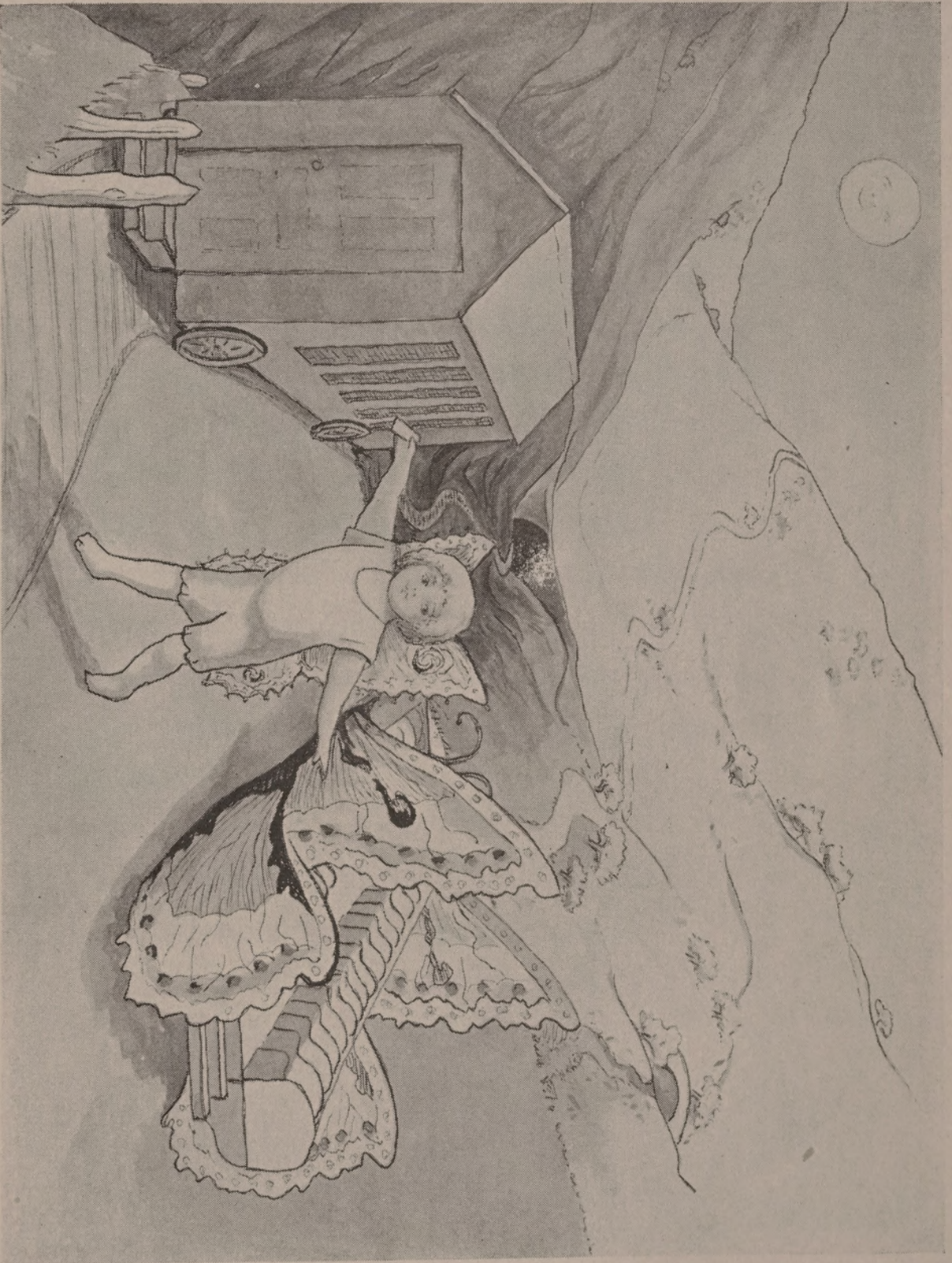
R-R-R-RUMBLE, r-r-rumble, r-o-A-R!
“Listen,” exclaimed Courage to Cheerfulness, “here comes the Dump train,—the dark, damp, dirty, dusty Dump train, that carries dumpy people to the dumps.”

“What is the Dump train?” asked Cheerfulness. “I do not know anything about Dump trains.”

“Of course you don’t, you dear little thing,” replied Courage, “you never rode in one in your life. These trains are run by the Fussy-

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doodles. They are such horrid trains! The passengers have to stand, or sit on the dusty floor, for there are no seats. They have funny old windows, but the Fussy-doodles never let anyone open the blinds if they can help it. The cars are as gloomy as a coal bin. The moment people listen to Sulk, Scowl, Snap, Fret, Fume, Tears, Tantrum, Lazy, or the other Growley-rowleys, then they step on the Dump train and are whisked off through the dark Valley of Depression, to the bog where only thistles, mosquitoes and Growley-rowleys live. I saw Willie Wren do what Snap told him to do the other day, and the Fussy-doodles put him on the Dump train in a minute. George Washington Smith came to breakfast with Scowl yesterday morning, and in an hour he was riding on the Dump train with the Fussy-doodles. You know, anyone



Sunbeam Courage shouted:
"Change cars for Sunshine Land
Transfers given upon demand!"

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who rides in that train has a Growley-rowley or a Fussy-doodle standing beside him. Oh, see! The old rickety train is going to stop to take on passengers. The Fussy-doodles are calling, 'All aboard for Dumpville, Bogtown and the Valley of Depression.' When they stop I am going to shout, 'Transfers for Sunshine Land.' I believe we can get a good many of the passengers to transfer to the lovely Sunshine car that flies up Glorianna Avenue to Sunshine Land."

As the train came up, a large flock of Sunbeams flew around it, and Courage shouted to attract the passengers:

"Change cars for Sunshine Land!
Transfers given upon demand.
Transfers? Transfers? Here they are!
All change for the Sunshine car."

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Ha! ha! see the people run. Who is not tired of riding with Growley-rowleys and Fussy-doodles! People who had been as sour as vinegar-cruets became as sweet as sugar-bowls in a moment. How they jumped for transfers!

The little girl who had been ungrateful for her made-over dress took the Sunbeam Thankfulness by the hand, and skipped to the beautiful Sunshine car. The man who had acted as sour as a green apple all day sprang from the Dump train and took Cheerfulness by the arm and danced to the car.

The boy who had not been promoted at school and had been riding with the Growley-rowley Tantrum, put his arm around Sunbeam Courage, and off they scampered.

A lady who had gone aboard the Dump train with Growley-rowley Disappointment,

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because the dressmaker had not made her skirt in the latest style, caught sight of the Sunbeams Good-will and Good-humor, and called loudly to them to help her reach the Sunshine car. The little Sunbeams took her hands and off they hopped like happy birds.

A boy who would not share his candy with his little brother and had been riding with Growley-rowley Selfishness begged Sunbeam Generosity to take him to the Sunshine car.

The little girl who went into the Dump train with Growley-rowley Sulk, because she had to wear her sister's hat, cried, "O Sunbeam Gratitude, get me a transfer for the Sunshine car, please! I don't want to be naughty and ride in this Dump train any more."

A foot-ball team that had lost the game, were sitting in the Dump train talking with

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Growley-rowley Discouragement, when they heard the Sunbeams singing outside and calling, "Transfers." They ran to the door and called to Sunbeams Perseverance and Goodnature to help them get away from the Growley-rowley. In a second they were rushing for the Sunshine car as if they expected to make a touch-down.

A little boy who was sitting in the Dump train because he had told a lie, saw the Sunbeam Honesty outside, trying to get persons off the train. "O Sunbeam Honesty," he cried, "come take me from this horrid old Growley-rowley Dump train and I'll stick like mucilage to you." Honesty fairly flew with him to the Sunshine car!

The Bogville train was about to start, when Sunbeam Gladness spied a little girl still sitting inside with Growley-rowley Tears.

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She had broken her doll. Gladness rapped on the blinds. The girl opened one of them a little crack and looked out. The Sunbeam crawled in through the crack. Such a time as there was getting this dear little girl away from Tears! Light, Love and Laughter took hold of her hands. Fun and Frolic pushed her from behind, and Joy and Jubilee caught hold of her coat. Together they ran singing and skipping to the Sunshine car!

“Oh, is there a seat left for me?” the little girl asked.

“There is always a seat in the car that is
bright;

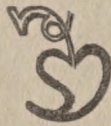
A smile is the fare on this train of sunlight,”
sang the Sunbeams.

The Victory band struck up, Vim blew his trumpet, the bright, golden wings of the car spread out, and it swiftly rose into the air, and was off for Sunshine Land.

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To Sunshine bright, to Sunshine bright
We take glad flight.

Away from Dumps! So high
With smiles and songs we fly,
No more to sigh!



The Sunbeams Chase the "F's" from
the Flynn Family

MR. and Mrs. Flynn and their ten children started for a day's outing at Fairy-dell Farm. The "F"-Growley-rowleys went too.

They all boarded the car. The father dropped his fare and began to fume. One of the little girls lost a feather from her hat, and her cheeks flushed. The little boys fought, and the father flogged them. Then the faint-hearted mother grew fearful. The conductor called fiercely, "Fairy-dell Farm!" and the Flynnns flew.

"What a farce!" cried Mr. Flynn, ferociously. "This place is a Factory yard."

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“Oh, where are the fairies?” frowned Frizzly Fanny.

The flies bit and the baby fussed for dinner. They were all in a fury when they found the food was forgotten and only a small piece of finnan-haddie could be found. One “F” brought another, like “fowls of a feather flocking together.”

“We’ll have a famine,” cried the fretful father, as he fished in the pond and caught only a frog. It was fury that made him fall into the water and flounder, and he looked like a freak when fuzzy Fido fetched father to the float. The sunlight faded, fog came, a fierce snow flurry almost froze them.

Some of the Sunbeams who were flying by saw what was going on, and Laughter went up to the father and said, “Mr. Flynn, Fume, Fret and Fuss are playing football with you,

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and they will kick you to a frazzle if you don't listen to us Sunbeams."

Then the "F"-Growley-rowleys said, "farewell," and the "P's,"—sweet "P's,"—Patience, Perseverance and Praise, came and pleaded with Mr. and Mrs. Flynn. Soon the air grew pleasant with the perfume of sweet-peas, and everything changed to "P."

Mrs. Flynn said, "This is a picturesque place, after all."

"Yes, what a peachy pastime we are having, pet," answered the paternal Flynn, as sweet as a parson, holding a parasol over the placid mother, while a peacock perched politely on top. With peals of praise the pleasant party went peacefully home, eating peanuts and pastry.

The 'F's' and the 'P's'

Fume and Fret, Flurry and Fuss
Put men into a horrid muss.
Patience, Peace, Perseverance bold,
Buy for men better things than gold.

Fret and Fuss, Flurry, Fear,
Steal away smiles, and leave a tear.
Pleasantness, Praise and Purity meek,
Make men happy, kind and sweet.

Fret and Fuss, Fume and Flurry
Make men feel all hurry-worry.
Politeness, Promptness,—all that's dear,
Bring posy-like perfume, now and here.

When men throw Fret into the fire,
Then they will jump from out the mire.
When they put Fume into the gutter,
Then like little birds they'll flutter.

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So if an "F" ever talks to thee,
Chase it away with a pretty sweet "P."
A little sweet "P" will make an "F" run
As shadows do when they see the sun.



The Sunbeams Dress Johnny Jones
in Sunshine Clothes

WHAT a noise is coming from this house!" said Love to Light and Laughter, as they flew up Park Street. "Let's see what this is all about."

As they looked in at the window they saw little Johnny Jones lying on the floor kicking, and screaming loudly: "I won't wear my brother's outgrown trousers. I'll lie here and kick all day, if you don't take them off!"

"Oh, sweetheart, do jump up," pleaded the poor mother.

"Mrs. Jones," said Laughter, "we were flying by and thought, by the sound, that you

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had turned your house into a Zoo and that it would be interesting to look at the strange animal that made the sounds we heard.”

“Oh, dear Sunbeams,” said Mrs. Jones, “can’t you help me? The Growley-rowleys,—Temper, Tears and Tantrum, are holding Johnny on the floor.”

“Johnny,” said Laughter, “if you are going to be the sea lion in the Zoo, we must put you into water.”

A little dimple came in Johnny’s cheek.

“Johnny,” said Love, “I want to sing you a little song.” She put her tiny hands in his as he sat upright on the floor and listened as she sang:

“Temper tempts and Tantrum tangles,
But Sunbeams lead boys from these jangles,
Give to them such happy rousers
That they dress in sunshine trousers.

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Robed in little clothes so bright
People love them, just like light."

Johnny gave Love a big kiss. Then he hopped up, looked at himself in the glass and said, "Say, Sunbeams, I think these trousers are all right. They make me look more grown-up. Don't you think so?"

Growley-Rowleys

If you talk with Growley Scold,
It will make you feel like mold.
If you stay with Growley Snap,
It will catch you in a trap.

No one was ever happy yet
When he played with Fuss or Fret.
If you chum with Growley Scowl
You will look just like an owl.

Who could hope to feel like June
If he thinks of Growley Fume?
If you follow Growley Hate
You will always be too late.

If you walk with Growley Pride,
Little Sunbeams are denied.
He who sits with Growley Frown
Looks silly, like a circus clown.

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Sunbeams

If you live with Sunbeam Love,
You will be just like a dove.
If you follow Sunbeam Light,
Then your heart will be all bright.

If you smile with Sunbeam Kind,
Peace, and happy days you'll find.
If you play with Sunbeam Fun,
You will shine, just like the sun.

If you cling to Sunbeam Joy,
Then no Growley will annoy.
If you keep near Sunbeam Meek,
Joyous then will be each week.

If you obey dear Sunbeam Give,
You will say, "I love to live."
When you speak with Sunbeam Cheer,
Other Sunbeams soon draw near.

The Sunbeam Happiness Sends the
"Blues" Away from Annie Atkins

"GOOD afternoon, Annie Atkins," said Happiness to a young girl, as Annie walked home from high school. "Have you a song sparrow and a sunbeam in your heart today?"

"Indeed I haven't; I'm blue."

"Goody!" replied Happiness, "I just love blue. What could be prettier than a little blue-jay, and blue bachelor buttons. And who does not like blueberries? Everybody, too, likes blue sky. I wish I could get some of that nice blue shade."

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“You make me ashamed,” said Annie. “I meant that I was feeling unhappy and cross. None of the girls at school seem to like me.”

“Oh, I didn’t understand,” said Happiness. “I should think a person who was thinking of herself rather than of what she could do to make other people happy might feel quite like a bluing bottle. Let my sister Helpfulness open the windows and doors of your heart to let in some little love-beams, for other people, and you will feel happy in a wink of the eye.”

“When you shut the windows on little sun-
beams bright,

You will live in darkness and all will seem
like night.

When you open wide the doors and windows,
too,

S M I L E S A N D S O N G S

Floods of sunshine and of joy will make you
over new.

And these little Sunbeams will warm your
heart, so cosy,

That everyone will love you, just like a
big pink rosy!"

"Thank you, Happiness," said Annie, with
shining eyes. "I think I will go to my friend
Margaret's house, and help her with her Latin
lesson. She asked me to, but I thought I was
too busy till I heard your song."

Away she went, with Happiness flying by
her side.

Charlie Coombs and the Sunbeams Go
Hoppity-Skippity

SCHOOL was over for the day, and Charlie Coombs ran home with glee to fly his new kite. The kite had mounted into the air when Mrs. Coombs called from the window, "Charlie, please run to the store and get me a yeast cake."

"I don't want to, mother, I want to fly my kite."

"Charlie, you must be obedient," replied Mrs. Coombs.

"I won't!" stamped Charlie.

The Sunbeams, Good-deeds and Good-humor were flying by, and hearing the con-

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versation, went up to Charlie and whispered something in his ear. In a minute he laughed merrily and called, "I'll get the yeast cake right away, mother."

Good-deeds took one hand, Good-humor took the other, and they went off, singing as they went:

"Hoppity, skippity, jumpity, dance,
Away we go with a jolly prance,
We like to do what our mothers say,
And so we go hopping and skipping all day."

At night, when Mr. Coombs came home, Charlie said, "Oh, Dad, I want to tell you something. While I was flying my kite to-day, mother called me to go for a yeast cake. I was naughty and said I would not go, and kept on flying my kite with the Growley-row-

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leys. Then two of the cunningest little things flew by, whispering to me that they were sunbeams, and that their names were Good-deeds and Good-humor! They taught me the nicest little song; really, it was more fun than a Fiji to go for the yeast cake. I said to them, 'I just wish my Dad could know this song. If he would sing it, he would not say that he wished he were a millionaire and did not have to work.' The little Sunbeams told me how you should sing it. Jump up, Dad, take my hand, and I'll teach you how you are to go to business each morning."

Charlie and Dad went flying down the hall, singing:

"Hoppity, skippity, jumpity, dance,
Away I go with a jolly prance.
I like to work and figure all day
So I go hopping and skipping, this way."

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As they went hopping along, they met Mrs. Coombs on her way to the kitchen, to prepare supper; catching her by the hand, they said, "Come on, mother, we are going to teach you a song to sing every morning."

They all sang merrily:

"Hoppity, skippity, jumpity, dance,
Away I go with a jolly prance,
I like to cook and make beds, you see,
And so I am hopping and skipping with
glee."

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The Sunbeams Show Molly Moffat the
Way to Sunshine Land

MOLLY MOFFATT, a high school girl, was sitting among the cushions of the window-seat, the corners of her mouth turned down. Tommy Towers and Bobby Bowers had promised to take her out canoeing, and they had failed to call for her.

As Light, Love and Laughter perched for a moment on the window sill, they saw her. These Sunbeams were great friends of Molly.

“What is bothering you today, Molly?” asked Laughter.

“Oh, it’s just the meanest thing you ever knew,” said the girl; then she told them all about it. “And I haven’t any place to go,” she added.

S M I L E S A N D S O N G S

“My dear little Molly, we will take you to the nicest place you ever saw. The girls who go there say they like it a hundred times better than canoeing;” and Light, Love and Laughter gave her a big kiss.

“Oh, where is it?” asked Molly. “I do want to go.”

“It’s to Sunshine Land,” answered Laughter.

“How do you go, Laughter?”

Laughter replied:

“You ask for the road to Sunshine bright.
Go up Joy Street and keep to the right.
Turn quickly from Depression Alley,
And pause for a moment in Humility Valley.
Give everybody a helping hand,
This will keep you out of quicksand.

S M I L E S A N D S O N G S

Beware of selfishness, ditch and bog,
For in that direction all is fog.
Look into Gratitude River and rill,
Then climb bravely up Courage Hill.
Lay down your baggage of pride and care;
For climbing is good and the view is fair.

A few more steps, then clear and bright
Will Sunshine Land appear in sight.
Here people smile and are kind all day;
For in each heart is a sunshine ray
Of love and joy, and there's nothing dark;
Men, women and children sing like the lark."

"I'll go!" said Molly Moffat, joyously.

She ran up-stairs to her mother's room
where Mrs. Moffat was trying to sew and
amuse the screaming baby at the same time.

"I'll take baby-brother for a ride in the

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Sunshine car, mother dear," said Molly, "and you can have a little rest."

The baby stopped crying, as Laughter cuddled down in his neck. Light and Love stood close by Molly.

"Here is the Sunshine car," cried Light.

Molly looked, and there, right outside the window was a lovely, flying car, with big, butterfly-wings. She stepped from the window-still into the car, and away they flew as lightly as thistle-down.

"This is better than canoeing," laughed Molly, as the car floated over the blue lake.

The "C Chorus" Drives the Naughty
"S's" from the Smith's House

"GRATITUDE," said Good-deeds, "Let's peep in here at the Smiths on Salem Street, to see if they are all happy. Oh, Gratitude, what a time they are having in the Slough! I never saw so many 'S'-Growley-rowleys in my life. Everyone in the house has an 'S' sitting on his shoulder."

The cook was scolding; the fire smoking; Mr. Smith was selfish and sarcastic; Mrs. Smith sighed; the dog snapped and snarled; the baby squealed; the little girl slapped and slat; the boy sulked; the cat scratched; and grandpa Smith snored. All they had for dinner was scorched soup and saur-kraut. While they were eating, the parrot squawked; the door squeaked, and a squirrel scampered into

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the room chasing a skunk; grandma Smith screamed and scrambled on top of the side-board.

This was the sorry and stormy state of the Smith family.

“Oh, Good-deeds!” said Good-humor, “there is Vim flying by. Tell him to blow his trumpet to get some Sunbeams on the spot at once, or the Smiths will turn to salt.”

Vim blew his trumpet and the “C Chorus,”—Charity, Confidence, Cheerfulness, Compassion and Courage, who were singing to a little girl near by, heard the call and came flying to the house. As they entered they sang to canary accompaniment:

“Selfishness dare not tarry here,
Cheerfulness is drawing near.”

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Then they scattered chrysanthemums all through the house. Oh, how the Growley-rowleys ran when they heard the "C Chorus!"

Cheerfulness flew to the chandelier and sang a solo. At the end of each verse he said, "All join in the chorus."

This was the chorus:

Chirp a cheerful carol, children; chirp it cheerily.

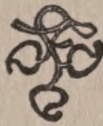
Call in the canary birdie-chee-chee-chee—
Chirup, chirup, chirup, full of glee, glee, glee,
For you cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, when
you change the "S" to "C."

Then the family gave three cheers. Everything changed to C. The skunk was caught and grandma calmed; the cook hurried to make cake; the dog capered; the cat ate cod-

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fish; the baby cooed; the cheery father put down a carpet; the chipper mother passed cookies; the little girls cuddled; the boys made cornballs; and grandpa chuckled. They all ate candy, clapped hands and had a carnival.

“For you cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, when you change the ‘S’ to ‘C.’”



The Sunbeams Get Persons of All Ages
to Join the Sunshine Society

“**W**AIT a minute,” called the Sunbeam Helpfulness to Perseverance, as she saw him fly by. “Hope, Happiness and I want to know what you and the other sweet ‘P’s’ are doing today.”

“We are getting members for the Sunshine Society,” answered Perseverance. “This morning we have added four hundred boys and girls.”

“Goodie!” exclaimed Helpfulness. “We will do all that we can to get members this afternoon. Tell me, Perseverance, does the Sunshine Society parade come off September second?”

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“Yes,” answered Perseverance. “All the men, women and children who are willing to march under the banner of ‘Smile and Sing’ are invited to fall into line on that day. Good-bye, dear sisters,” continued Perseverance. “I must fly now, for I see Professor Knowall going down the street. I must see if I can get him for a member of the Society.”

“Good afternoon, Professor,” said Perseverance, politely, “are you a member of the S. S.?”

Professor Knowall straightened up several inches and answered coldly, “Is it permissible for me to ask from what point of the hemisphere you came forth?”

“Why, certainly, Professor. I am glad to tell you where I live. My home is in Sunshine Land. I am one of the Sunbeam family.

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Professor, please tell me; are you a member of the S. S.?"

"I will make known the fact," said Professor Knowall, stiffly, "that for many years the Syllogistical Syndicate has had the great honor of having me for its President."

"S.S. does not stand for those long words in Sunshine Land," replied Perseverance. "It means Sunshine Society to us. Won't you join, Professor, and promise to wear the smile badge on your face all day?"

"A smile will make a Growley scamper
With his hat and little hamper.
Who would ask for better fun
Than to see a Growley run!

When you meet a Growley Lazy
Smile, just like a happy daisy.

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A scowl will make a Growley stay,
But a merry laugh will scare it away."

The Professor stamped his foot at the dear little Sunbeam and said sternly, "I shall call the police if you dare to utter another word to me!"

"If you do, Mister Professor," said Perseverance, cheerfully, "I will see if I can't get the police to join the Sunshine Society."

Just then, a boy came whistling by, on his way to school.

"Hello, Jamie," said Perseverance. "You are just the boy I want to see. Will you join the S. S.?"

"What do you have to do?" asked Jamie.

"For one thing," Perseverance replied, "You must wear a 'smile' badge all day, even when you go to sleep."

"That suits me all right," replied Jamie; "what else?"

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“You must speak sweetly, shake hands smartly, skip and shine.”

“That’s great!” exclaimed the boy, joyfully.

“I’ll give you a card,” continued Perseverance, “to carry in your pocket; but do not forget that the badge is to be carried on your face.”

Perseverance then handed Jamie this card.

Sunbeam Society Rules.

Speak sweetly,
Sympathize with all.
Smile.
Sing songs of gratitude.
Shake hands warmly.
Shine.
Skip.



Vim blew his trumpet, and frightened the Dark family away from Billy Bumpkins.

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“Now, my little Sunbeam Jamie, ask your friends to join our Sunshine Society.”

“Jinks!” exclaimed Jamie, “it would make a bright town, wouldn’t it Sunbeam? I just wish I could get my school-teacher to wear the smile badge, too.”

To be a member of the S. S. bright
You must smile in the morn, and smile in the
night.

You must sing and shake and shine and skip
And keep a song upon your lip.

For if you ever fret or whine
You’ll have to pay a Sunshine fine,
And smile ten extra smiles a day
And sing an extra Sunbeam lay.

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The Sunbeams Sing the Dark Family
from Billy Bumpkins

LITTLE Sunbeams, Cheerfulness, Contentment, Courage and Charity called to the Sunbeams Hope and Helpfulness who were flying by.

“Have you found much to do today, dear sisters?” they said.

“I should think we had,” replied Helpfulness. “We’ve been as busy as honey bees all day. We have coaxed a baby to stop pulling her dog’s tail; made a little girl give her little brother a bite of her pink stick candy; helped a cross child to be as sweet as maple syrup while his mother was washing his hair; he even smiled when the soap went into his ear. Then we made a little girl grateful for oat-

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meal. Timmie Titcomb, a little boy who never lent anything in his life, purred like a kitty as he said to John Jones, 'Wouldn't you like to fly my kite and spin my top?'

"Oh, isn't that good!" said Cheerfulness, "We have been busy too. We have found many little boys who say naughty words when they are playing or when they drop something; we taught them all to change the naughty words to 'Oh joy!' Now let us all look in at this window at Billy Bumpkins."

"Why! who are the strange people with him?" asked Charity. "Oh, I know, it is those Growley-rowleys, the Dark family. What a crowd for Billy to let in! Hush! let us hear what they are saying."

Grandpa Discouragement, dressed in a silk hat, black tie and black gloves, shook his head mournfully and said, "Billy, I'm afraid you

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are not smart enough to graduate from grammar school this year.”

“Oh, dear,” said Billy, “is that so?”

Then Grandma Disappointment, dressed in a meal bag, began to speak.

“Isn’t it too bad,” sighed she, “that your aunt did not send you a sled for Christmas!”

“Yes,” agreed Billy, with a pout; “she sent the ‘Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.’ I don’t like it.”

“I have something to say to Billy,” said Dis-satisfaction, as she followed after Disappointment, dressed in old gray rags, her feet covered with mud. “I am sorry that you are so fat, Billy; and it is a shame to have brown eyes and freckles.”

“I know it,” agreed Billy, sadly. “Are any more of the Dark family coming to talk to me?”

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“Yes,” replied Dissatisfaction, “My sisters, Doubt, Dismay and Disgust are right here.”

“How are you, Billy?” chanted this trio. “Poor boy! A chap that cannot be promoted, that hasn’t a sled, or blue eyes, does not feel much like whistling or having fun, does he?”

“No,” whimpered Billy, commencing to cry.

“Oh, sisters, said Courage, “let’s go in quickly and sing so loudly that the Dark family will be scared away. They are afraid of music.”

The whole chorus,—Charity, Compassion, Contentment, Courage, Confidence and Cheerfulness, flew in, singing:

“Jump up, Billy, with a bound!
Let your joyful songs resound.
Do not listen to these ‘D’s.
Send them away with glad ‘he-he’s!’”

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But Billy did not look up, so Courage cried,
"Call the Victory Band! Have them come at
once, for Billy must be aroused so that he
will not listen to the naughty Dark family."

The Victory Band flew in, singing:

"What if you haven't a coasting sled?
You have a tie that's brilliant red.
What if your eyes are dark and brown?
They're prettier far than an ugly frown.

What if they call you round and plump?
'Tis better far than to live in a dump.
You can go forward at school, you know,
For Sunbeams will help you to have it so.

Put on your boots and run and skip!
Keep words of courage on your lip!
If the family Dark tries to speak again,
Say you would rather talk with a hen.

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Indeed, boys can win when their hearts are
true,
Then look up, Billy, with gladness new!"

Vim blew his trumpet. Billy sprang to his
feet, shouting:

"Hurrah, hurrah! the day is bright,
And all the 'D's' are out of sight!
Billy boy sings and laughs with Hope
No more with 'D's' to sigh and mope."

And that was a fact! The Dark family had
vanished.

The Sunbeams Teach Frank Fretall How to Telephone

“HELLO, Cheerfulness,” said Courage, “where have you been all the morning!”

“I’ve been chasing pouts away from children’s faces,” replied Cheerfulness, “and making Crabbed, Cross and Cranky leave people. How the Crabbed, Cross and Cranky Growley-rowleys do cause people to perform in the morning if we Sunbeams are forgotten! Let us peep into this window, to see Frank Fretall. He is home from college for the week end. See, he is at the telephone now. We’ll stand behind, and speak when we can.”

“Rockford, 171,” called Frank, impatiently. “Don’t you hear me, operator?” and he

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pushed the receiver up and down vigorously. "Give me 'information' this minute. Who is this? Information? I didn't ask for information! How stupid you girls are! I want 'Chief Operator.' What an imposition the whole telephone business is! Give me Rockford, 171, this instant, or I'll have my telephone taken out."

"Frankie," said Cheerfulness, "I think that hardly anyone would pick you for a lily-of-the-valley this morning. I fear you would be taken for a thistle. The Fussy-doodle brothers, Fume, Fret and Fury are having a good deal of fun with you this morning, don't you think? Talk with Charity, Courage and me, and I think you'll get some of the wrinkles ironed out."

"When you call the operator again, take me," said Charity.

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“Oh, take me, too!” said Cheerfulness, jumping up and down with glee.

“I can help you, I know,” said Courage, eagerly.

“All right,” said Frank, somewhat softened, “come on.”

He took down the receiver and called quietly, “Rockford, 171, please. Why, hello, Tom! How quickly I got you. Fine morning isn’t it? Oh, does it look like rain? I hadn’t noticed. I am feeling so happy inside, I don’t care a snap about the weather. Well, I’ll meet you at two o’clock today, Tom. Good-by.”

“Now don’t you see,” said the Sunbeams, “what a good time you can have telephoning if you only take us Sunbeams? Fume, Fret, Fuss and Fury will get the wires crossed in a minute. Oh, Frank, you must learn our

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verses about the Fussy-doodle brothers, and the next time repeat them before calling the operator."

"All right," said Frank, "let her go."

Cheerfulness jumped up on the telephone, and, hanging her tiny feet over the front, she repeated, joyfully, these lines to Frank:

"A man talked with Fuss;
 What a muss!
Then came sweet Peace;
 Glad release!

He talked with Fume;
 No tune!
Then came dear Gladness;
 No sadness.

He talked with Flurry;
 Hurry-scurry!

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Gentle Charity spoke;
He awoke.

Into the fire went Fume;
Joyous tune!
Tied was Fret with a rope;
What hope!

The man then was kind,
Contented in mind.
Now with songs he jumps;
No dumps!"

Joy and Jubilee Jump Rope with
Mr. Weight

“**W**E’LL peep into this window, Joy,” said Jubilee, “to see if anyone here needs a little sweetening. Ah, surely we are in the right place. Look at Mr. Weight trying to put his collar-button into hi collar!”

“He would tip the scales at three hundred pounds, I imagine, don’t you, Jubilee? I am so glad that we came by here; for I have heard that men need sunbeams when they are putting in their collar buttons, more than at any other time.”

As Mr. Weight almost slipped the button into the collar, it fell upon the floor and rolled under the bureau. Down on his knees the man went, chasing the little collar button.

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He pulled, he pushed, he puffed, he panted. At last he got it out from under the bureau, and tried again to put it into his collar. But the collar-button went down his back. Oh, trying moment! only a Sunbeam could have smiled.

“What strange words Mr. Weight is using!” exclaimed Joy. “I am glad that we never hear such words in Sunshine Land. They would make a snail run. The ‘T’ boys Temper, Tears and Tantrum are playing hide and seek with him. We must go in to help him.”

“Mister, Mister! wait a moment!” called Jubilee. “When you feel like this just say, ‘Oh joy, oh joy,’ nine times.”

Mr. Weight laughed right out. He knew the Sunbeams, and had merry times with them.

“Tinks!” said the jolly man, as he jumped rope with Joy and Jubilee.



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“Oh joy! oh joy!” he exclaimed, nine times,
and the ninth time he said it his collar-button
was in its right place!

“Jinks!” said the jolly man, as he joined
with Joy and Jubilee and jumped rope with
juvenile jingles all the way to the electric car.

If you say, “Oh joy!” to a Growley with glee,
No more will it trouble you or me.

“Oh joy!” makes the heart so happy and
bright

The Growleys run fast to get out of sight.

The Sunbeams Teach Jessie Jones the Way to Be Loved

JESSIE JONES was sitting in her back yard, talking with pout.

Pout is one of the Fussy-doodles, who are almost as bad as the Growley-rowleys.

Jessie's poor dolls all lay face downward in the grass.

"Oh, see," said Happiness to Helpfulness, "Jessie needs a Sunbeam," and they both perched on a lilac bush near the little girl and sang this funny song:

"Little Fussy-doodle Pout
Shall not keep the Sunbeams out,
For we'll hop and sing and skip
Till a smile comes to the lip.

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Then old Pout goes up in smoke,
For he cannot stand a joke."

"How do you do, Jessie Jones. Isn't the sky blue enough to suit you today?" said Happiness.

"Nobody loves me, and I don't see why," whined Jessie. "Everybody loves my little playmate, Jennie James. Why is it people are so much nicer to her than they are to me? They take her out riding and give her ice-cream, and they never do anything for me. She hasn't nice, long, curly hair like mine, either. Her hair is homely. She has no dimples, and I have. I don't see why people don't love me better."

"Ah," thought Happiness, "I see now what this child needs," and he said to Jessie, "Why, my dear little girl, corn has long, silky hair ;

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and a pumpkin might have a dimple. It takes more than curls and dimples to make people love you. Don't you know why everybody loves Jennie? It is because she takes the three Sunbeams, Thankfulness, Thoughtfulness, and Tenderness, wherever she goes. Now, you just take these three sunbeams with you and everybody will love you just as much as they love Jennie."

"Oh where can I find them?" asked Jessie.

"I see them coming now," said Happiness.

Jessie ran to meet them and hugged them all. In a minute she hurried away, holding Thankfulness' hand on the one side and Tenderness' hand on the other, saying, "I'm going right down the street to lend my doll, my very best doll, to a little girl whom I know who has none;" and that is just what she did.

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The "G" Sunbeams Call on Mr.
Money Fellow

"GRATITUDE," said Gladness, "let's go into the business district and see what we can do for the men there. One of the Sunbeams told me the other day that the men need Sunbeams so much down there."

Like big, golden butterflies, they flitted in at the transom over a door on which was the sign, "Moneyfellow and Moonshine, Bankers."

Mr. Moneyfellow was just saying to his little office boy, "Leave here at once. I will not have a boy in my office who whistles or hums."

"Mr. Moneyfellow," said Gladness, "I should feel very sorry to see you get the Sulk

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sickness. It comes on after a man scowls and snarls and scolds. I will tell you just what to do with these Growley-rowleys:

“Look up, cheer up, when Growleys come
your way;

Sing on, sing on, then they will not stay.

For to talk with Growleys really does not
pay.

Then jump up, leap up, like a froggy gay,
And to every Growley shake your hand,
‘good-day.’ ”

“Who dares to talk like this to me?”
growled Mr. Moneyfellow.

“I do,—the little Sunbeam Gladness,” and
she perched on his big ink bottle and crossed
her feet.

“What time have I for gladness when the
market is in such a state?”

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“What kind of a market do you keep, Mr. Moneyfellow? Is it a fish market?”

“Is it possible,” said Mr. Moneyfellow, haughtily, “that you do not know me! I am Mr. B. I. G. Moneyfellow, prominent in the Stock Exchange. Of course, I referred to the stock market.”

“I am really sorry, Mr. Moneyfellow, that you are having trouble with your stock. Is the trouble with the pigs or the cows?”

“You are a stupid Sunbeam, and I would put you out if I could get hold of you.” Gladness was flitting about so that Mr. Moneyfellow could hardly keep his eyes on her. “Don’t interrupt me again. I must study new ways and means for making money.”

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“But making friends is so much sweeter, dear Mr. Moneyfellow,” said Gladness, tenderly.

“It doesn’t bring gold,” muttered Mr. Moneyfellow, yielding a little to the sunshine.

“But it makes the heart golden with sunlight, and sunshine gold buys so many more things than money buys!”

“What does it buy?” inquired Mr. Moneyfellow gently.

“Beautiful sweet-peas (P’s),—Peace, Patience and Praise, among other things,” said Gladness; “and I’ll bring you some of these lovely posies. Now I am going to introduce to you my sisters, the other ‘G’ girls. Come in Gentleness, Good Deeds, Generosity and Good-humor,—Gratitude is already here on the edge of the transom—I want you all to meet my dear friend, Mr. Moneyfellow.”

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Mr. Moneyfellow shook hands with them all and said, "I am glad to know you, and I think you will all like to meet my office boy, Billy. He helps so often to brighten the office with his hum and whistle. Billy!" he called.

No answer; and Mr. Moneyfellow asked his stenographer where Billy was.

"He told me, Mr. Moneyfellow, that you discharged him about a half hour ago, and he left here, crying."

"Oh, I am so sorry! Why did I send Billy away? Poor little Billy! He is working hard at night school. I never have said a pleasant word to him nor helped him one bit."

"Cheer up, Mr. Moneyfellow, we Sunbeams will go out with you to find Billy." Whereupon Gratitude passed him his hat; Gentleness and Generosity put on his overshoes; Gladness found his gloves.

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“Well, never before was I in such pleasant company as this,” said Mr. Moneyfellow.

As they went out of the building they found little Billy on the doorstep.

“Oh, here you are, my little friend,” said Mr. Moneyfellow. “I am looking for you. Come home with me. I am thinking now about making friends instead of making money, and I have made five new friends in this last hour whom I want you to meet. They will all be at my home for dinner. Jump into the automobile, Billy.”

Little Billy rode home with Mr. Moneyfellow, as surprised as if a fairy story had come true and he was riding away with the fairy king. At dinner, this man who had just become acquainted with the Sunbeam Generosity, said, “Billy, I am going to send you to school to have you prepare for college. I am

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anxious to make a sunshine investment, and I believe it will pay dividends."

Just then the "G" girls all flew in, playing their wee guitars. Generosity and Good-deeds perched on Mr. Moneyfellow's shoulder. Gladness put her little arms around Billy. Gentleness, Good-humor, and Gratitude stood on the table, singing:

"There can be no signs of sadness,
When hard gold is left for gladness.
Mr. B. I. G. Moneyfellow
Has a heart of golden yellow;
Little Sunbeams mark and trace
Smiles and kindness on his face."

The Sunbeams Change a Man from
Beets to Peaches

“JUST look, Hope,” said Helpfulness, “at that man waving his umbrella and stamping his feet because an electric car did not stop for him. He is growing as red as a pickled beet. Let us see if we cannot say something that will change him back to his natural color.”

“How do you do, Sir,” began Helpfulness. “Wouldn’t you like to go a-sunbeaming with Hope and me this morning?”

The man made no response.

“He has not changed color yet,” whispered Hope. “Try something else.”

With a bright smile, Helpfulness spoke again to the man.

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“Your heart seems a little squeaky this morning. May I help you oil it, with the oil of Gladness?”

In tones of thunder the man shouted, “I’ll get that stupid motorman’s number and make him lose his job for passing me by in this way;” and he grew redder than he was before.

Helpfulness flew up to his ear and called loudly! “Look out for the Growley-rowleys, Mister,—Criticism, Cross and Cranky! They are members of the coal-hod crowd; they will drag you into the chilly cellar and you will get corroded under your collar if you don’t let us Sunbeams help you.”

Just then Gentleness and Gratitude appeared. Gratitude whispered, “Oh, dear gentleman, think how much harder it would be to get to town if you lived on a ranch, away

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out West, and had to ride to your business on a bucking broncho!"

The man began to fade out, like pink rompers in the sun.

"I was thinking," said he, as if he had always been as calm as a Teddy Bear, "how grateful I am for the splendid street car service we have in this city. What a slight inconvenience it is to lose a car now and then! Well, I must be off, friends. Here is a trolley, now, and I want to get to town as quickly as possible to buy a ticket for the Motorman's Benefit Association."

He jumped upon the car, waved his hand to the Sunbeams and rode away, looking just the color of peaches-and-cream.

“The Sunbeams have a rule that everyone must find something good to say about every day and everybody.”



The "H Quartette" Invites Bessie
Brown to a Sunbeam Party

“LOOK up at that house, Helpfulness,”
L said Hope. “There are Bessie Brown
and her mother looking out of the window at
the rain. How Growley-rowley they look!
What do you suppose is the matter?”

“How do you do, friends?” called Hope,
tapping on the pane.

Bessie opened the window a little crack.
“How do you do?” she said stiffly. “This day
is too horrid to say many ‘How d’you do’s,’ to
anyone. I want to go out to play and I can’t,
because this mean shower keeps me in.”

“I was to go out to a tea this afternoon,”
said Mrs. Brown. “How very disagreeable it
is to be obliged to stay at home. I positively
despise such weather.”

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“Those whose homes are in Sunshine Land never mind the weather,” said Hope. “The Sunbeams have a rule that everyone must find something good to say about every day and everybody.”

“Well, I’d like to have you find something nice to say about this horrid day,” whined Bessie.

“Good for the crops,” replied Hope.

“I don’t care anything about crops,” snapped Bessie.

“You looked as if you did, Bessie, when you were eating that bread covered with currant jelly yesterday; and I thought you had a very kindly feeling toward the crops while you were eating the piece of squash pie, when you came home from school so hungry today,” laughed Hope.

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“There is another good thing about **this** rain,” continued the Sunbeam.

“What is it?” asked Mrs. Brown, who was becoming interested.

“No dust,” answered Hope, promptly.

“I must recite some little verses to you that the Sunbeams like,” continued the Sunbeam.

In a sweet voice she repeated:

“Fault-finding chases the sunshine away.

Good-finding causes the sunshine to stay.

Fault-finding makes one lonesome and sad.

Good-finding makes one joyous and glad.”

“Really, Mrs. Brown, you and Bessie would have so much fun if you would hunt for something good to say about everything. Let’s all have a Sunbeam party this afternoon.”

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“What are they?” asked Bessie, eagerly.

“To have a real Sunbeam party you must do something for someone.”

“Oh, I’ll make a paper doll for Nellie Noodles,” said Bessie with glee. “You know she is our washer-woman’s child.”

“And I’ll trim a hat for Nellie,” said Mrs. Brown, joyously.

Hope flew off and called the other members of the “H. Quartette”—Helpfulness, Happiness and Harmony. By this time the window was wide open, and, with their harps, they flew in like streaks of sunshine, and stood with Hope on the top of the book-case.

As Bessie and her mother worked for Nellie Noodles, the quartette sang:

“Happy, hopeful helpers we;
No time to pity self, you see.

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Heavy rainstorms bring no sadness,
When we work to give folks gladness."

"Aren't we having the best time you ever knew?" laughed Bessie. "O Hope, I have just thought of something nice to say about the rain. You know water makes such good lemonade!"

The Sunbeams Teach Mr. Sourheart to Take Care of His Corners

“GOOD afternoon, Mr. Sourheart,” said Laughter, to a very tall man, as he was going home from business. “Look out for corners!”

“Who are you?” asked the man, in a crabbed manner.

“I’m Laughter, and my work in the world is to help people look out for corners.”

“Corners of what?” growled Mr. Sourheart.

“Corners of your mouth,” answered Laughter. “You see when the corners of your mouth are like this,” and she pulled up his lips with her tiny fingers, “everyone is glad to see you, and your supper has so much more honey taste about it. When the corners turn

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down, it makes you look just like a bull terrier; for his corners, you know, always turn down. If you should go on in the way I saw you, soon you would not want anything but dog-bread to eat.”

Suddenly Mr. Sourheart smiled.

“Oh Mr. Sourheart, you don’t know how sweet you look when you take care of the corners!”

It makes a great, big difference
Which way your mouth is curving;
For if you would have joy and friends
Your heart must be a-serving.

When the corners of your mouth turn down,
And your forehead has an ugly frown,
You shut away all sense of fun,
And everyone from you will run.

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Then turn the corners up, and smile,
For it is not hard, and is worth while.
Upturned corners help the race;
Strive on, then, for a smiling face.

Mr. Sourheart went up the street, humming a merry tune, with Laughter riding on his ear. His name was changed to Honeyheart that very day.

All Growleys, you see,
Are so timid and wee,
They will pack up and flee
When you just laugh, "he! he!"

The Sunbeams Sing the Dish-Washing
Song with Sunshine Susie

“**W**HAT are you doing here?” said Laughter to Fun and Frolic, whom she found sitting on the roof of the school house.

“Waiting for Sunshine Susie. Do you know her?”

Light, Love and Laughter all answered together, “Of course we do;” and Love said, “We know that is not her real name, but everybody calls her Sunshine Susie because she loves the Sunbeams. I never have seen her without the Sunbeam Thankfulness. When her mother calls her in the morning she always says, ‘Thank you, mamma, dear.’”

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“And she never goes to school whining,” said Fun; “she goes singing, with the Sunbeam Courage riding on her hat brim. The Growley-rowleys never bother her.”

“Of course they don’t,” chimed in Laughter, “a Growley-rowley could not sit on a hat brim with a Sunbeam. Oh, school is out! There is Sunshine Susie with a crowd of children around her, as usual. The other children love her, for she is never cross.”

“Hello, hello! Sunshine Susie!” and all the Sunbeams flew down from the school-house roof, and holding hands danced around her as children play “ring around a rosie.”

“You mustn’t keep me, my dear little friends,” Susie said to the Sunbeams, “for I promised mamma that I would go right home to wash the lunch dishes, for she had to go out.”

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“Let us go with you,” cried the Sunbeams.

“Yes, the more the merrier. It is you, dear Sunbeams, that help me to wash dishes, and put away my clothes and clear up my room and make my bed. When you are with me work is fun, like play. Fun and Frolic taught me such a cunning little Sunbeam song which I always sing when I wash the dishes.”

“Oh yes,” said Light, Love and Laughter, “we all know it.”

They ran to the kitchen with Susie, sat on the edge of the dishpan, and kicking their little feet against the pan for accompaniment, sang in joyous tones:

“Splash! splash! hear the water dash.

Care! care! not a cup to spare.

Now it is my wish

To take the little dish

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And wash its little hands
All shiny like the sands.

See the spoons run!
Aren't they having fun?
It is a pretty sight
To see things polished bright.
Hear the children say
That work is fun like play.
As the soap they float
They sign this joyous note:

Splash! splash! hear the water dash.
Care! care! not a cup to spare."

Tommy Tompkins Plays with the
Echo Boy

TOMMY TOMPKINS was sailing his boat
under Echo Bridge.

“Ha-ha!” cried Tommy, as his little boat
sailed off.

“Ha-ha!” came back the echo.

Thinking that there must be another boy
about, Tommy called,

“Come over here.”

The echo said, “Come over here.”

“Who are you?” called Tommy.

“Who are you?” replied the echo.

“You are mean,” shouted Tommy.

“You are mean,” replied the echo.

“I hate you!” screamed Tommy.

“I hate you!” came the echo.

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The Sunbeam Love was flying overhead in the Sunshine car, and heard these naughty words. She flew down at once.

“Oh, Tommy Tompkins, you mustn't say you hate the little echo boy, for Growley-rowleys of a letter go together. Hate brings his friends, Hornet-bites and Hiccoughs; Selfishness and Sourness bring Sneezes and Sunburns. If you will call to the little boy and say, 'I love you,' he will tell you that he loves you.”

“Who is the little boy, anyway, Sunbeam?” inquired Tommy.

“He is a little boy who lives in the stone bridge,” said Love. “His name is Echo. *Do* call and say that you love him.”

“But he's just told me that he hates me, Sunbeam,” said Tommy, “and he will not change.”

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“Yes, Tommy, he is just like other little boys; he will treat you the way you treat him. Call loudly and say, ‘I love you.’ He will answer.”

“I’ll try,” replied Tommy. “I love you,” he called.

“I love you,” came back the response.

“Sunbeam, Sunbeam,” cried Tommy, jumping up and down with delight, “the little echo boy says that he does love me!”

“Don’t you see, Tommy,—

If you slap and snarl and sneer,
You cannot hear sweet words of cheer;
But if you speak with love and glee,
Back will come sweet words to thee.”

The Sunbeams Show Polly Perkins
How to Play the Gardening Game

“COME,” said Love, to Light and Laughter, “let us see how many children we can teach to play the Gardening Game today. When we really think of it, men and women, as well as children, ought to learn to play the happy gardening game. If they would, Growley-rowley’s would be as scarce as whales,” she laughed. “Let’s peep into this window and see what Polly Perkins is doing. Oh, look at Polly! There she stands, in the middle of the floor, with the Growley-rowleys, Slap, Scowl, Slat and Stamp sitting on her shoulders.”

“I want a new doll,” screamed Polly. “I will have a new doll.”

“Polly dear, you have just had a new doll,” replied the troubled mother.

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“But I want another; I want a new muff; I want a dog; I want—I want the moon!” cried Polly, stamping her feet.

“I am going in to help the poor mother,” murmured the little Sunbeam Love; and she flew right into the room and perched herself on the back of a chair.

“Good morning, Polly.”

“Who are you?” snapped Polly.

“I am the sunbeam Love, the sister of Light and Laughter. Don’t you want me to teach you to play the gardening game? It’s lots of fun.”

Polly smiled, ever so little, and Scowl — crawled away.

“How do you do it, Sunbeam?”

“The gardens are our hearts,
The flowers our good deeds.

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We are the gardeners ;
Naughty ways, the weeds,"

repeated Love.

Slat and Stamp were nowhere to be seen.

"Get a piece of paper, Polly, and we'll write a list of the flowers, and a list of the weeds. You write the weeds first as I give them to you. Put the word 'Weeds' at the top of your paper. Under it write, 'Want, Whine, Worry. Willful, Won't, Weep, War, Whim, Wrangle, Worst, Woe, Wicked, Wrath, Why, Whimper.' "

"How do you spell 'Whimper,' Sunbeam?"

"W-h-i-m-p-e-r. That's right, Polly. Now put 'Sweet P's (Sweet Peas), at the top of the next page, and under it write, 'Peace, Pleasantness, Politeness, Patience, Promptness, Perseverance, Penitence, Purity, Pity, Praise, Peace-making, Prayer.' "

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Polly could not write very fast, but she wrote neatly, and this is how her work looked after she had put down what the Sunbeam said.

Weeds

Want	Weep	Woe
Whine	War	Wicked
Worry	Whim	Wrath
Willful	Wrangle	Why
Won't	Worst	Whimper

Sweet P's (Sweet Peas)

Peace	Promptness	Pity
Pleasantness	Perseverance	Praise
Politeness	Penitence	Peace-making
Patience	Purity	Prayer.

"Polly," called her mother, "come to try on the little frock that mother is making."

"No, I won't. I'm playing with Sunbeam."

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“Oh, Polly! Look on the list of weeds,” said Love, “and see if you don’t find ‘Won’t’ there.”

“Yes, Sunbeam, I find it.”

“Then pull it right up, dear, and drop a sweet-pea seed in its place. Run and try on the frock, and carry mother the sweet-pea, Pleasantness.”

“All right, Mother, I’m coming,” cried Polly.

She tried on her little frock, but did not like the sash.

“Oh, this is the worst old dress I ever saw!” snapped Polly, as she and the Growley-rowleys, who now came back, pulled it off and ripped the sash.

“Polly, Polly,” whispered Love, “you just said ‘Worst’. You know ‘Worst’ is a naughty weed: pull it up.”

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“I won’t pull it up! Go away from me, Sunbeam.”

Mother took Polly and put her in the corner, telling her that she must stay there, with her face to the wall, until she was good. Polly wept in anger.

“Dearie,” said Love, “do you know that weeping waters weeds and makes them grow up tall and hide the flowers? Take the little sweet-pea called Penitence, and tell mother how sorry you are.”

“Yes,” said Polly, meekly. “Mother, I do like my sash. Will you let me leave this corner to give you a little bunch of sweet-peas,—Penitence, Patience, Politeness? They are such lovely flowers.”

All went well until mother told Polly it was time for her to practice her piano lesson.

“Why must I practice?”

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“Look out, little gardener,” cautioned Love. “‘Why’ is a weed, and the flowers can’t grow while you leave it in the garden.”

“I won’t pull up the ‘Why’ weed, Sunbeam,” whimpered Polly. “I will not practice.”

“Dearie,” said Love, “‘Willfulness’ is such a naughty weed! You do want to have only lovely flowers in your garden; for then you will be happy, and everybody will love you and will want to see Polly’s beautiful garden. Run to the piano; for ‘Practice’ and ‘Promptness’ are lovely sweet-peas.”

Off ran Polly, singing.

“That is right, little gardener; ‘Praise’ is a beautiful sweet-pea; and think how happy such posies make mother!”

When Polly went to bed, she said, “Mother, come and hear my prayer. I love to say my

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prayers now, for Sunbeam says 'Prayer' is the loveliest sweet-pea in my garden."

As she finished, her mother heard her say:
"Help me, dear God, to be a better gardener. Help me to pull up every willful, whimper, whine, want weed, and to be a polite, patient, prompt, sweet-pea all day; yes, all day, dear God."

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The Sunbeams' Evening Song

LULL-A-BY, rock-a-by, children so bright,
The sunbeams are singing,
"Good-night, good-night."

The little star-lanterns will soon be in sight;
So now we must leave you;
Good-night, good night.

All day you have stood for the things that are
right;
How happy your hearts, as you sing
"Good-night!"

Then by-lo-by, sleep-a-by, children of light.
We love you, we kiss you—
Good-night, good-night.

SCHOOL SONG

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The first measure has a whole rest in the treble clef and a bass clef with a whole note chord. The second and third measures feature a melody in the treble clef with chords in the bass clef. The fourth measure continues the melody and chords, ending with a double bar line.

Briskly

Ding Dong! Ding dong! Oh: hear the school gong. We

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics consists of four measures. It features a melody in the treble clef and chords in the bass clef, mirroring the piano introduction.

like it, we' like it, and hap - py our song. Ding

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics consists of four measures. It continues the melody and chords from the previous system.

ding, Ding dong, oh hear the school gong. We like it, we like it and

The piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics consists of four measures. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass clef.

SCHOOL SONG

hap - py our song. We spell and read, We sing and re - cite, We

do it with joy, we do it with might. Ding dong! Ding dong! Oh

hear the school gong. We like it, we like it and

hap - py our song. We

A little slower

turn from the wrong And we stand for the right, So that

out in the world We can shine like the light. We

turn from the wrong And we stand for the right, So that

out in the world We can shine in the light. Ding ding! Ding

Lento

SCHOOL SONG

Briskly

dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! . Then to school we go with

sing - ing you know. Oh hear the school gong, And hap - py our song, Ding

dong! Ding dong! Hey Dong, Ding dong, We like it, we like it, And

hap - py our song.

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