

The Box of Smiles

(AND OTHER STORIES)

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Table of Contents

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

TELL-TALE & TATTLE-TOO

LITTLE STAY-AT-HOME AND THE WISHING-PIN

THE LITTLE GIRL THROW-AWAY

THE ENCHANTED STAIRCASE (A BIRTHDAY STORY)

LITTLE DWARF COURAGE

DOROTHY ANN AND THE WEE LITTLE MAN (A
THANKSGIVING STORY)



THE WITCH DROPPED IN TWO STRAWS FROM HER BROOM

THE BOX OF SMILES

(Little Boo-Hoo—Is it Y-O-U?)

“What shall I do
For Little Boo-Hoo?”

cried mother one day.

Her little boy cried when he had his face washed, and cried when he had to get up, and cried when he had to go to bed, and cried when he went to school, or stubbed his toe, or lost a game of ball.

Little Fairy Light-Heart whispered to mother,

“I can help you soon it seems,
I’ll take him to the land of dreams.”

Before you could wink an eye-lash little Boo-Hoo was nid-nid-nodding, and in the twinkling of an eye Fairy Light-Heart said,

“The desert country is new to you,
We’ll travel together, Little Boo-Hoo!”

Little Boo-Hoo rubbed his eyes.

He was standing on a sand pile sure enough, and there were fairies all around him.

They were not fairies with happy, smiling faces, but they frowned and scolded while Fairy Long-Face cried,

“Little Boo-Hoo has cried for years,
He soon will be dissolved in tears!”

Then the most surprising thing happened!

Four and twenty little fairies came running with four and twenty little empty gold-fish bowls and Fairy Growly-Voice said,

“Really we don’t mean to tease, Sir,
Will you cry each bowl full please, Sir?”

The Elves and Fairies were very short of water in their desert home!

Before Little Boo-Hoo could shed a tear, Elf Big-Frown led a whole bucket brigade and said,

“Come, cry our buckets full for fun,
Then we can get our washing done.”

All the fairies set up a chorus,

“A bucket full, come cry with pleasure,
Little Boo-Hoo give good measure.”

Then Fairy Contrary said,

“Come cry a pond full, for we think
We’ll freeze it for a skating rink.”

Just as Little Boo-Hoo began to feel a tiny little bit scared under his left hand vest coat pocket, Fairy Light-Heart, who had left only for a minute, skipped first on one foot then on the other singing,

“In a hole, high in the tree,
See the little Wishing Key!”

Little Boo-Hoo looked above him, on a branch hung a little key.

He took it in his chubby little fingers and read on the key,

“If you travel miles and miles,
Perhaps you’ll find the Box of Smiles.”

Then the dimples began to play about his mouth, and because the fairy verse mentioned “miles” he thought as likely as not, the Box of Smiles might be near, for the fairies enjoy a joke!

He put his hand in the hole in a hollow tree beside him, and out came the Box of Smiles.

On the box was written,

“The Box of Smiles before you see,
Open with your Wishing Key.”

He put the key in the lock.

It turned with a click, click, click.

Out flew the smiles!

Big smiles, little smiles, middle-sized smiles,

“Smiles to fit most any face,
Smiles for every time and place!”

The fairies formed a magic ring and danced around Little Boo-Hoo, and while he was with them he never shed a tear! Every one smiled, and smiled.

Fairy Light-Heart took Little Boo-Hoo's hand and they danced away, away, away, and when he awoke it was the dawn of day, and there hung the Wishing Key on a little blue ribbon, round his neck.

Whether he ever found the Box of Smiles again or not I do not know, but he was always dimpling and smiling and speaking of fairy gold-fish bowls, and wondering if the fairies ever got their washing done, and talking about fairies skating on a pond.



HE WAS STANDING ON A SAND PILE SURE ENOUGH AND THERE WERE
FAIRIES ALL AROUND HIM

Whatever happened after that,

“He couldn’t cry and wouldn’t cry,
But he never told the reason why.”

If you find the Box of Smiles be very careful when you unlock it
for,

When you unlock the box of smiles,
They're apt to travel miles and miles,
They sing. It is true, to Little Boo-Hoo,
"Ha, ha, and ho, ho, we're looking for you
Fairy Light-Heart is full of wiles,
Just ask her for the Box of Smiles."

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
Oh, ho, it is fun to be making a shoe.”

sang the Fairy Shoemakers as Little June ran through the woods one day.

She stopped and listened and heard the fairy hammers, but she could not see where the fairies were hidden.

Little June looked down at her worn out slippers and said,

“I’d like new slippers, I’d like new shoes,
Of every color, if I could choose.”

She went on to the store, with a basket on her arm, for she was the little errand girl of the family.

As she came back home through the woods, she heard someone singing,

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
We are making a little red slipper for you.”

Little June looked under the broad leaves about her path, and under the toad-stools, but she could not see where the voice came from.

Every day she ran out and did errands willingly, and only once did she complain to her mother about her shabby slippers.

Mother put little bows of ribbon on the shabby slippers to cover the worn part, and she said everything cost so much this year June would have to wait for a new pair.



AT THAT VERY MINUTE A LITTLE FAIRY JUMPED RIGHT ON THE LITTLE TOE

Mother said pleasantly,

“Wait a little longer dear,
’Till coins, in my purse, you hear.”

Whenever June ran through the woods she heard a new song,
and every bird and animal she met made friends with her.

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
We’ll make a little slipper of blue,”

sang the Fairy Shoemakers, and Little June clapped her hands singing,

“I need new slippers, I need new shoes,
If they’re for me, that’s glorious news.”

One day June went on her way sadly, for one little toe showed through one little slipper.

By and by as she sat down on a log to rest two little tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

At that very minute a little fairy jumped right on the little toe, that peeped out from the little slipper, singing,

“A rat, a tat, tat, how can I see,
Who will thread the needle for me?”

It was a tiny needle of course, but Little June had bright eyes and she threaded it while the Fairy sang,

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
I make silver slippers with buckles new.”

Then June knew that she was talking to one of the Fairy Shoemakers and she said,

“Oh Fairy Shoemaker if you choose,
Could you make me slippers or shoes?”

The Fairy pretended he did not hear, but he blew a silver whistle, and four and twenty little Fairy Shoemakers came,

with their four and twenty little needles and one after another, they asked the little girl to thread them.

As they hopped about her, she never dreamed that they might be measuring her feet for a pair of slippers.

One of the Fairies hopped right up in her lap, saying,

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
We heard you were crying, oh was it true?”

Little June said, “How would you feel if you were in a performance to be given the last day of school, and what if you had to dance in the front row, with an old pair of slippers on?”

At that, the Fairy Shoemakers all sang in a chorus,

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
And in the front row, that will never do.”

Little June did not know that she had been dreaming in the woods that Saturday morning, until she felt a gentle tap on her shoulder, and there stood her teacher before her.

Little June cried again and told her teacher all her troubles, and her teacher said, “I love the fairies too, hark! what is that?”

They both heard the fairy song,

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
We are making little red slippers for you.”

Little June went merrily homeward.

The last day of school drew nearer and nearer.

The little slippers grew more and more shabby!

At last the great day came, and mother said she was sorry she had no new slippers for the willing little feet.

She said,

“I’m sorry when the day is here,
No coins are in my purse, I fear.”

Little June sat down and sang,

“I need new slippers, I think it funny,
I know no way of making money.”

Evening came, and she put on the little white dress she had ironed herself, and the little red sash and hair ribbons father had given her.

She looked at the little old slippers, with patches upon them. They had been carefully blackened.

At that very minute the door-bell went, “Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.”

She ran downstairs in her stocking feet.

There, on the door-step was a box marked, “For June.”

With trembling fingers she opened it, and took out a pair of little red slippers.

They were exactly the right size.

They had gilt buckles upon them.

Little June was so happy she danced the best of any one, she had to come out by and by all alone, in her little red slippers and dance for an encore.

The people said it was the prettiest little performance they had ever seen, and Little June knew that it was a fairy dance, and that she had learned it from the Fairy Shoemakers who measured her for a pair of slippers.

Even as she danced she thought she heard their fairy hammers ringing, and their fairy voices singing,

“A rat, a tat, tat, a rat, a tat, too,
We made the little red slippers for you.”

TELL-TALE & TATTLE-TOO

A Halloween Story for Me and You
On Halloween night, when the moon is bright
The witches are about,
On Halloween night, if you're not good, quite,
They'll scare you without doubt.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy who always told tales,
and always tattled on his playmates at school.

On Halloween night, a big Jack O' Lantern appeared on the
window-sill of his room, and called out of its crooked mouth,

“Tell-Tale and Tattle-Too,
It's Halloween, we've come for you.”

The little boy replied,

“I am a Tell-Tale, I've heard said,
That you are just a pumpkin head.”

At this very minute, a Black Cat jumped up on the window-sill,
winking and blinking her great round eyes, and she said, as she
showed her white teeth,

“Tell-Tale and Tattle-Too,
It's Halloween, we've come for you.”

The little boy answered,

“I am Tell-Tale, on Halloween,

I hear Black Cats are often seen.”

Then, whisk, bound, without any warning, a witch on a broom rode right up on the window-sill and shouted,

“Tell-Tale and Tattle-Too,
It’s Halloween, I’ve come for you.”

As she said the last word, the wind blew, “Ooo-ooo-” and it blew the little boy right on the witch’s broom stick and they blew away, away, away.

The Jack O’ Lantern and big Black Cat had to run as fast as they could to keep up.

By and by they sailed down, down, down into the heart of the deep green woods.

Brownies dance on Halloween,
Tripping lightly o’er the green.

There were Brownies sure enough, dancing in a circle. They waved their hands and made comical faces singing.

“Tell-Tale and Tattle-Too,
Join the ring, we’ve room for you.”

Before he knew it, the little boy was dancing round and round the ring with the Brownies.

He was all out of breath when they stopped dancing and the Jack O’ Lantern said,

“He tells tales as a rule,
On the playground or in school.”

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