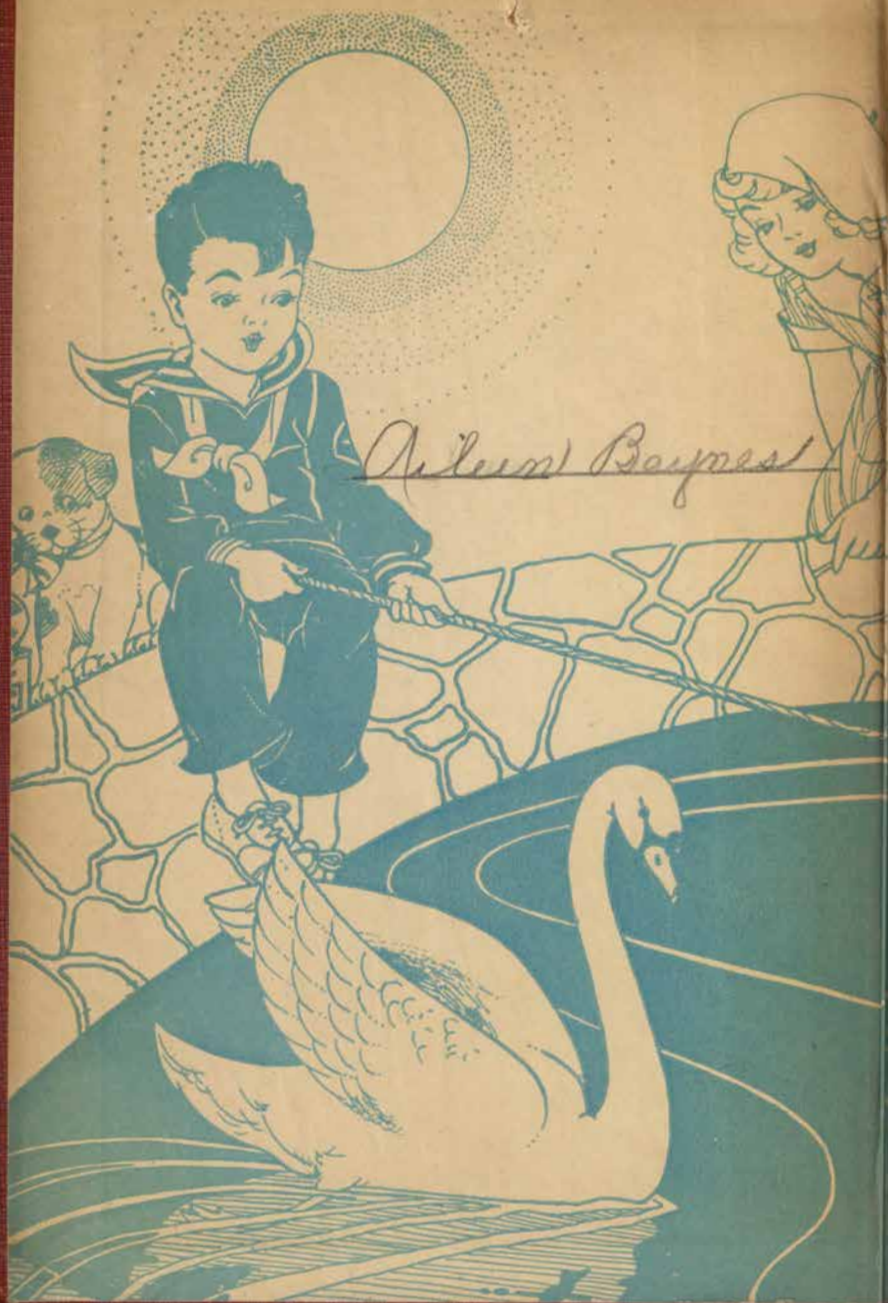


HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST VISIT TO THE SEASHORE

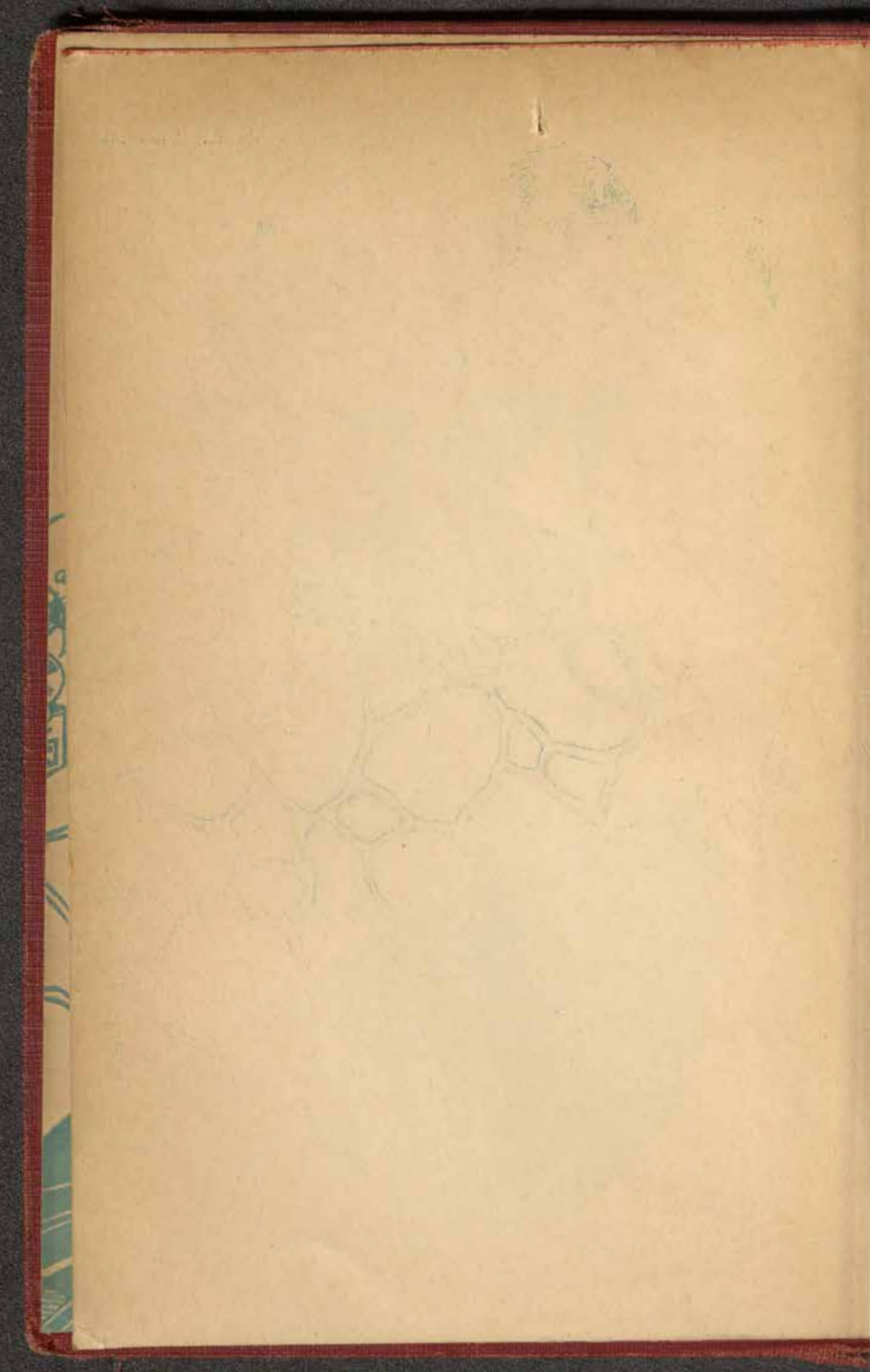


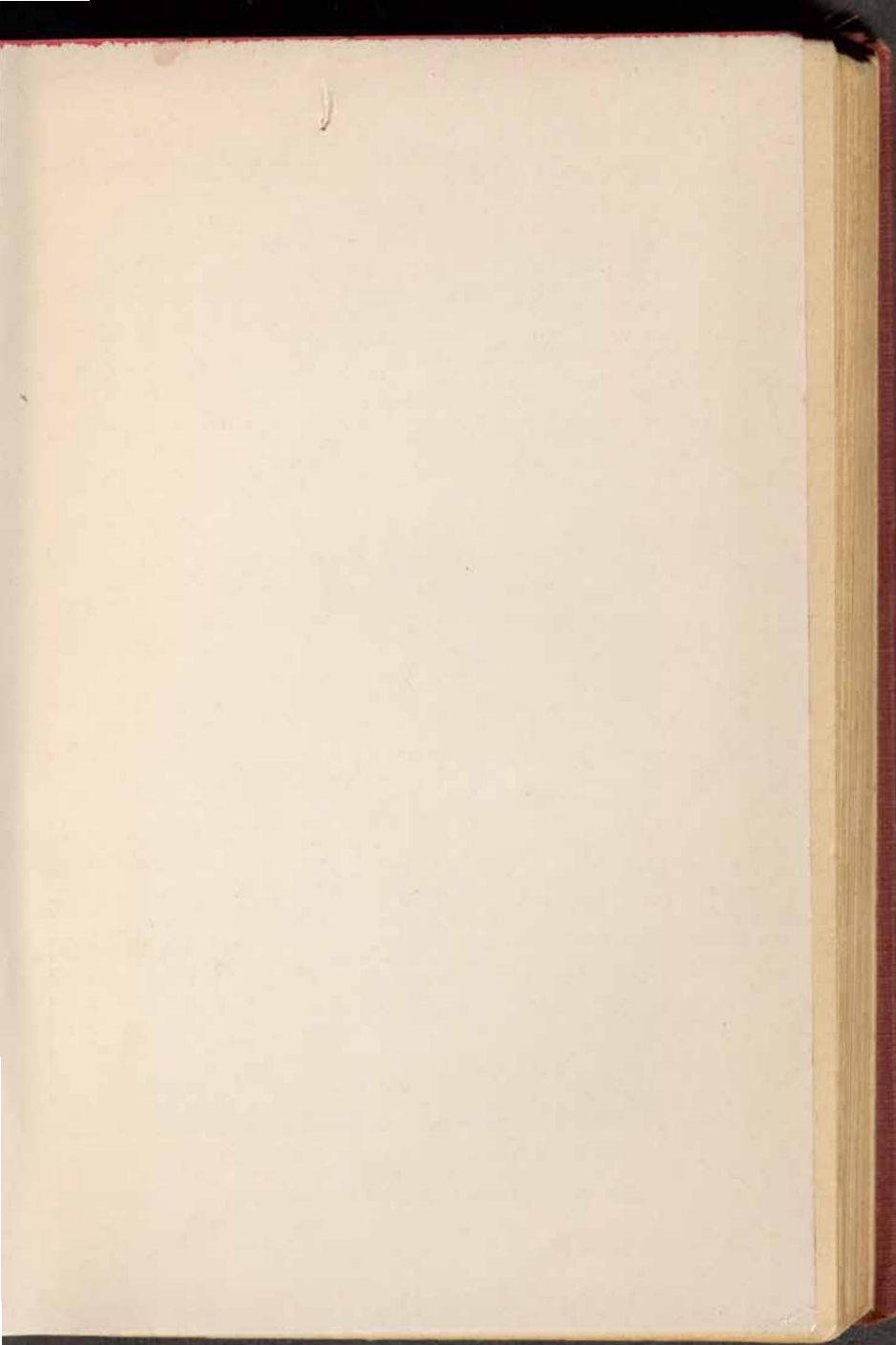
HELEN LOUISE THORNDYKE



Aileen Baynes









THE PONY WALKED INTO THE WATER ALTHOUGH JULIE
TRIED TO STOP HIM.
Honey Bunch : Her First Visit to the Seashore. Frontispiece—(Page 140)

HONEY BUNCH:
HER FIRST VISIT TO THE
SEASHORE

BY
HELEN LOUISE THORNDYKE

AUTHOR OF "HONEY BUNCH: JUST A LITTLE
GIRL," "HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST
DAYS ON THE FARM," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER S. ROGERS

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Honey Bunch: Her First Visit to the Seashore

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. A VISITOR	1
II. PRESENTS	12
III. HELPING MRS. MILLER	24
IV. THE TEA PARTY	36
V. ON THE SHORE ROAD	48
VI. TWO LITTLE STRANGERS	60
VII. HONEY BUNCH MEETS THE OCEAN	72
VIII. ON THE BEACH	84
IX. ANNE WADE'S SAND PAIL	96
X. SWIMMING WITH DADDY	107
XI. HAPPYDAYS PARK	119
XII. AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE	131
XIII. IN THE PINES	143
XIV. FISHING—AND A BITE	156
XV. THE PAGEANT	168

THE HONEY BUNCH BOOKS

BY HELEN LOUISE THORNDYKE

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HONEY BUNCH: JUST A LITTLE GIRL
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST DAYS ON THE FARM
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST VISIT TO THE SEASHORE
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST LITTLE GARDEN
HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST DAYS IN CAMP
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HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST LITTLE CIRCUS

GROSSET & DUNLAP

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New York

HONEY BUNCH: HER FIRST VISIT TO THE SEASHORE

CHAPTER I

A VISITOR

HONEY BUNCH held out two very small black overshoes. These were her "rubbers" and she wore them when she went out on rainy days.

"I'll need these, Mother," she said.

"I suppose it may storm while we are at the shore," Mrs. Morton answered; "but I don't believe you'll wear them many times, Honey Bunch."

"Oh, yes, Mother," said Honey Bunch seriously. "I spect I'll need my rubbers every day; to walk in the water with, you know."

Mrs. Morton smiled. She was sitting in a low rocking chair before her bed on which were piled neat little heaps of clothing.

There were socks for Honey Bunch, and belts and ties and gay-colored dresses and orderly piles of petticoats and bloomers and waists. Honey Bunch was always surprised to find how many clothes she had when they were all put out on Mother's bed.

"Honey Bunch," asked Mrs. Morton, hunting through the rolls of socks for a white one with a plaid border to match the one she held in her hand, "do you plan to wear your rubbers when you go wading in the ocean?"

Honey Bunch nodded her yellow head. She began to hunt for the missing sock, too.

"Why, yes," she said, "I'll wear my rubbers and my rain cape and then I won't get wet."

"But that is just the reason people go in the ocean," her mother explained. "To get wet. They like the big, salty waves to dash over them. So will you."

"Shall I?" asked Honey Bunch. "Does Julie?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Morton. "Julie is a regular little fish. Daddy will

help you get acquainted with the ocean, Honey Bunch; and after you find what fun wading is, you won't want your rubbers."

Honey Bunch got down on her hands and knees to see if the missing sock could have dropped under the bed. She did not understand why, if she could not play in the rain puddles without her overshoes, it seemed to be all right to go wading in the ocean—which was surely larger than the biggest rain puddle—without rubbers or rain cape. However, if Mother said it was all right and Daddy was going to be there, there was nothing for Honey Bunch to worry about. She sensibly decided to wait and see what Julie, her cousin, did.

"Here's the sock, Mother!" cried Honey Bunch happily. "I found it under the edge of the bed; shall I put it in the wash?"

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Morton, rolling it up with its mate into a neat ball. "That sock is spandy clean, Honey Bunch, and Mrs. Miller has all the clothes she can attend to without being asked to wash clean ones; we

HONEY BUNCH:
HER FIRST VISIT TO THE SEASHORE

brought home a big wash from the farm for her."

"Mrs. Miller likes big washes," declared Honey Bunch, scrambling up on the footboard of the bed. "She says so. Is she coming to-morrow, Mother? And will she bring Lady Clare?"

"She is coming to-morrow morning," answered Mrs. Morton, moving a pink organdy dress to a safer place in case Honey Bunch should topple over, "and we must be up early and have breakfast over before she comes. We have not much time, and there is a great deal to be done before we are ready to go."

"I think we go a great deal," said Honey Bunch soberly. She had heard some one say that.

Mrs. Morton laughed. She was a very pretty mother and she laughed often. Honey Bunch liked to hear her.

"You and I have been great travelers this year, Honey Bunch," she said gayly. "But we have had lovely times, haven't we?"

"Yes, we have," agreed Honey Bunch. "I like going visiting and I like coming home. I like to see Mrs. Miller and Lady Clare and Ida Camp and Grace Winters. I like to go riding with Daddy in the automobile and I like helping to pack trunks. I like to——"

Honey Bunch had been making a little song of the things she liked and she was so interested in singing it that she forgot she was sitting on the footboard of the bed. Suddenly she lost her balance and fell down, landing on the soft mattress and bouncing a little with the springs.

"I like everything!" announced Honey Bunch, sitting up and smiling.

And she did. She was that kind of little girl.

"Honey Bunch," said her mother, lifting her down from the bed and giving her what they called an "extra special kiss"—Honey Bunch divided Mother's kisses into good-morning and good-night kisses and extra special kisses—"Honey Bunch, don't you want to run upstairs and bring me the list that is

hanging on the wall outside the storeroom? I think you can reach the nail."

Honey Bunch trotted off and found the printed list hanging on the nail beside the storeroom door. She knew the list told what was put away in that close, dark room where the trunks and winter clothes were kept. She had to stand on her tiptoes to unfasten the string, but she did it and was coming downstairs again when she remembered her dolls.

"I'd better not 'sturb them," she said aloud. "Mrs. Miller says it is upsetting to have people running in on you. But I'll tell Mother."

Honey Bunch meant she would tell her mother of the thought that had just popped into her little head. Honey Bunch was used to thinking aloud, and she often borrowed words she had heard grown-up people use.

"Mother," she said seriously, handing the list to her mother, "I didn't run in on my dolls, but I think they miss me."

"Why didn't you run in on them, darling?" asked Mrs. Morton, opening her desk and beginning to look for a pencil.

"It's upsetting," explained Honey Bunch. "Mrs. Miller said so. She says it puts her out to have folks drop in to surprise her. She likes to be surprised, but she wants to know about it in time."

"And you think the dolls wouldn't want to be surprised?" asked Mrs. Morton.

Honey Bunch sat down on the floor. She could think better sitting on the rug than she could in a chair and much better than standing up.

"I don't think they would mind being surprised, Mother," she said slowly; "but they might think I meant to stay at home all summer, and when they found we were going away again, I think they might—some of them—cry."

"I see," Mrs. Morton replied. "Do you know, Honey Bunch, I have a little plan: To-morrow I shall be very busy with Mrs. Miller, but the day after that will be easier. I think it would be nice if you gave a little party to a few of your small friends and your dolls—you won't see them again this summer.

"That would please the dolls, wouldn't it?"

Honey Bunch thought it would. She was delighted with the idea of giving a party, and she said she knew her dolls would be contented the rest of the summer if they were invited.

"Show me on the calendar, Mother, please," she begged.

So Mrs. Morton took her pretty desk calendar and marked the days with pencil for Honey Bunch.

"This is to-day," she said, pointing to a square marked "Tuesday." "To-morrow Mrs. Miller comes to wash and we'll be, oh, so busy. The day after that she will finish the ironing and help me in the morning and in the afternoon you may have your party. And the day after that we start for the seashore to visit Aunt Norma and Julie!"

"Maybe I'd better go and tell the girls to come to the party," said Honey Bunch, feeling more excited every minute. "Shall I, Mother?"

"Yes, you may tell them," answered Mrs. Morton. "Ask them to come about half-past

three, Honey Bunch, and to bring their dolls. Goodness, there's the doorbell. Who can that be?"

She hurried out into the hall and after her went Honey Bunch. She hoped it was her daddy, home earlier than usual. But then, he would not ring the bell. He had his key. It must be some one else.

Mrs. Morton ran downstairs and Honey Bunch followed more slowly. She liked to go downstairs with one hand on the banisters.

"Peter!" she heard her mother cry, as she opened the screen door. "Peter, dear! Where did you come from?"

"Uncle Peter! Uncle Peter!" shouted Honey Bunch, forgetting the banister rail and tumbling downstairs as fast as her little legs would carry her. "You darling Uncle Peter!"

She ran toward the tall young man who stood smiling in the hall, and he caught her up and tossed her so high that her head almost touched the ceiling. Almost, but not quite; there was no one more gentle or careful than

this same Uncle Peter, and it would never have entered Honey Bunch's head to be afraid if he had tossed her up into the white clouds in the sky. She knew he would catch her safely when she came sailing down.

"Are you glad to see me, sweetheart?" he asked her, putting her down on the floor, but keeping one of the little hands fast in his own.

Honey Bunch looked up at him and her blue eyes danced.

"You ran in on us," she said.

How Uncle Peter laughed! He picked Honey Bunch up again and carried her upstairs, following Mrs. Morton into the pleasant front room that served as a living room. Honey Bunch lived in a rather small, cozy house and Uncle Peter was so slim and tall that he could easily pretend to knock his head against the doorways when he passed through. But he was only pretending. He was not as tall as that.

"This seemed to be my only chance, Edie," he said, sitting down on the cushioned window seat with Honey Bunch on his lap. "I'd

about decided that you were never going to spend any time at home. This invitation came for me to visit one of the fellows before college opens. I had to come through Barham, and I called up David and he said you were at home for a few days. So here I am."

Uncle Peter was Mrs. Morton's younger brother. He went to a big school that was called a college and he worked very hard. That is, part of the time he worked very hard. But he seemed to find time to have much fun, too, and whenever he came to see his sister and her husband—who, of course, was Honey Bunch's daddy—he had a great deal more to tell them about the fun than about the hard work. Honey Bunch loved Uncle Peter dearly and he loved her. He said she was the only little niece he had.

"If you'll tell me all you've been doing since I saw you last, Honey Bunch," said Uncle Peter now, "I'll give you something I have downstairs in a package."

CHAPTER II

PRESENTS

HONEY BUNCH began to tell her Uncle Peter all the good times she had had. She found so many to remember that she herself was surprised. She had been visiting, you see, since Uncle Peter had been to see them, and no wonder she had a great deal to tell him.

"And now you're going away again!" he said, when she had finished.

"To the seashore!" replied Honey Bunch, nodding her head. "To see Julie! Friday!"

"My, my!" said Uncle Peter. "I'm lucky for once."

Honey Bunch looked puzzled.

"Why are you lucky?" she asked.

"I wanted to bring you a present," Uncle Peter explained. "You'll find it down on the hall table. And perhaps it will be the kind

of present a little girl who is going to the seashore will use."

Honey Bunch thought this sounded delightful. Uncle Peter never came to see her without bringing her something nice. She wondered what it would be this time.

"Suppose you run downstairs and get that flat box on the table," said Uncle Peter, smiling. "Bring it up and I'll help you open it."

Away ran Honey Bunch. She was back in a minute. Her cheeks were pink and she was quite out of breath.

"Let Uncle Peter cut the string for you, dear," said her mother, handing Uncle Peter the scissors. "Then you may unwrap it and open the box."

Honey Bunch sat down on the floor and held the box in her lap. Uncle Peter went Snip! Snip! with the shining scissors and the string was unfastened.

"Why, there are more boxes!" cried Honey Bunch, when she lifted up the cover of the large box.

Sure enough, there were three boxes inside,

each one carefully wrapped in paper and tied with string. Honey Bunch was so excited she almost stuttered when she tried to talk.

"It's like Christmas," she said. "Cut quick, Uncle Peter."

Uncle Peter snipped the strings on the three boxes and Honey Bunch tumbled them over till she had the paper off and the lids lifted. In one box she found what looked like a set of tin cooking dishes, only they were not like any dishes she or Ida Camp had for their dolls; these were queer dishes, shaped like fish and stars and four-leaf clovers.

The second box held a toy—four little buckets on a chain and they went up and down, up and down, if you turned a small handle at the side. And the third box was also packed with a toy—it looked like a little coal car that ran up and down a track.

"They're sand toys, Honey Bunch," said Mrs. Morton. "Julie will show you how to play with them on the beach. And you can make sand tarts and pies in those dishes."

"Oh!" said Honey Bunch, gathering her

new toys up in her arms. "Oh, Mother! I wish I could go and play on the beach this minute."

"You won't have long to wait," Uncle Peter told her, folding up the paper and picking up the pieces of string scattered about on the rug. "Perhaps I'll run down to Glenhaven while you're there, Edie."

"If you ever saw Honey Bunch in the blue bathing suit I've bought for her, you couldn't stay away," declared Mrs. Morton. "Do come, Peter; come down with David and we'll all drive home together."

Uncle Peter said he would "think about it." He then made Honey Bunch run and get her bathing suit and show it to him. He said that if he came down to the seashore, he would take her and Julie out beyond the breakers and perhaps teach them both to swim.

"I can't get any work done while you two chatterboxes are here," said Mrs. Morton, when Uncle Peter tried to show Honey Bunch how to swim on the rug and they laughed so much they had to give up the lesson. "It is

almost time for Daddy to come, Honey Bunch; you and Uncle Peter go down and sit on the steps and wait for him. I'll start dinner."

"We'll help you, Edie," offered Uncle Peter, putting his arm around his sister.

But Mrs. Morton thanked him and said no. She thought she could get dinner better if he and Honey Bunch sat quietly on the front steps. Perhaps she could. Uncle Peter might have tried to teach Honey Bunch to swim while he was carrying in the bread and butter, and that would never have done at all. You can see that.

So Honey Bunch, in her pongee dress, and Uncle Peter went out and sat on the front steps to wait for Daddy Morton. And now I must stop just a minute and tell you about this little girl, if you do not already know her.

Of course, if you have read the first book in this series, called "Honey Bunch: Just a Little Girl," you *do* know her. You know, then, that her truly name was Gertrude

Marion Morton and that she lived in the town of Barham with her mother and her daddy and Lady Clare, the black cat who wore a collar of white ermine fur around her pretty throat. Gertrude Marion was a name for a grown-up daughter, Daddy Morton said, so he called his little girl "Honey Bunch" because while she was just a small girl, five years old she was, she was all that was lovely and good and sweet.

Honey Bunch had cousins—the Turner twins, Bobby and Tess. They lived in New York, and Honey Bunch and her mother went to see them. That was one of the things she had to tell Uncle Peter. The story of Honey Bunch's visit to the twins is told in the second book about her, "Honey Bunch: Her First Visit to the City." New York is a wonderful place, and to a little girl five years old it is an amazing place. She went shopping and rode on the subway and made new friends and might have remembered enough to tell Uncle Peter till bed time, if it had not been for the visit to the farm. Honey Bunch had as much

to tell about her visit to the farm as about New York.

You see, Stub Morton was another cousin. Stub lived on a farm, "Broad Acres," and Daddy Morton took Honey Bunch and her mother in their new car to visit Stub and her mother and daddy. Long, happy, sunshiny days Honey Bunch spent with Stub, sliding down the hay, climbing trees in the orchard, talking to Michael and Liny who helped to make the farm work move smoothly. All the fun that Honey Bunch had on Uncle Rand's farm is told in the book called, "Honey Bunch: Her First Days on the Farm." Perhaps it would have been harder for cheerful and loving little Honey Bunch to leave Stub if she had not known about the seashore visit.

For Honey Bunch had still another cousin—wasn't she a lucky little girl? This cousin of hers who lived at the seashore was Julie Somerset. Julie's mother was Honey Bunch's Aunt Norma and she was a sister of Mrs. Morton's and of Uncle Peter's. Honey

Bunch had never been to see her, so it is no wonder that when she came home from the farm and Mother said it was time to plan for a visit to Julie, Honey Bunch forgot to be sorry that her stay at Broad Acres was over. You cannot be sorry and happy at the same time—no, indeed.

Now that you are acquainted with Honey Bunch, we'll go out and see how she and Uncle Peter are getting along on the front steps.

"There's Daddy!" cried Honey Bunch, spying a tall, familiar figure just turning the corner of their street.

She ran down the steps and flew toward him, and Uncle Peter ran after her. They both reached Mr. Morton at the same time and he held up his hands.

"I surrender!" he cried. "Take my newspaper and my bundles, but spare me the box of blackberries; they're soft now."

Uncle Peter laughed, and he and Daddy Morton shook hands. Then Honey Bunch took a hand of each and they walked more quietly to the house.

"How long can you stay, Peter?" asked Mr. Morton at the dinner table that night.

"Just one night," replied Uncle Peter. "I'm to get out of Barham on the eleven-thirty train. Nelson Rainey is to meet me. We're going camping on one of the islands his father owns."

"But you're coming down to the seashore, aren't you, Uncle Peter?" asked Honey Bunch eagerly. "Come while we're there and take Julie and me swimming."

"I'll try to come," answered Uncle Peter. "I think I can manage it at the end of the season."

Soon after dinner it was time for Honey Bunch to go to bed, and to her delight Uncle Peter said he would put her to bed. He often did this while he was visiting them, and though Mrs. Morton said she never could see why he and Honey Bunch called it they were "getting her ready for bed," Honey Bunch and her uncle were sure that was exactly what they did.

They usually giggled a great deal and there

was sure to be a pillow fight or two. This evening Uncle Peter tried to teach Honey Bunch to swim, using the bolster as an ocean, and they made so much noise that Mrs. Morton had to come up and scold them both. After that Uncle Peter said they must be very good, and he sat down close beside Honey Bunch in her little white bed and told her a story about a little mermaid who lived in the sea. Honey Bunch went to sleep in the middle of the story and woke up to find that morning had come.

As soon as she was dressed she trotted downstairs, and there in the kitchen she found good Mrs. Miller and the beautiful Lady Clare. Mrs. Miller had washed and ironed pretty dresses for Honey Bunch ever since the little girl could remember, and she had taken Lady Clare, the cat, to stay with her while Honey Bunch and her mother were visiting at the farm. She meant to take care of Lady Clare while Honey Bunch went to see Julie, too, but she thought the little girl would like to see her pet "in between visits," she said.

Honey Bunch hugged Mrs. Miller—who was so large that you could hug only parts of her at a time—and she hugged Lady Clare. She took the cat in to breakfast with her, and Uncle Peter insisted that she must sit in a chair and wear a napkin. He asked Lady Clare all kinds of funny questions, too, that made Honey Bunch laugh—whether she had fried mice at Mrs. Miller's house and if she liked creamed canary birds to eat.

"I don't know what I should do if you were a part of our household, Peter," said Mrs. Morton, shaking her head at her brother. "After you had lived with us a month or two I'm afraid I should expect Honey Bunch and her daddy to sing at their meals."

Honey Bunch's blue eyes were staring at Uncle Peter over the rim of her silver mug. She thought he was very dear and funny.

"I'll behave better next year," Uncle Peter promised, getting up from his seat and going to sit on the arm of Mrs. Morton's chair, where he poured himself another cup of coffee, kissed his sister and went back to his place,

carrying the coffee carefully so as not to spill it.

"When I am good—next year—you'll love me more, won't you, Honey Bunch?" asked Uncle Peter.

"Oh, no," said Honey Bunch gravely. "I love you now. Just the way you are, Uncle Peter."

At this Uncle Peter jumped up again from his place and hugged her so hard she almost dropped the silver mug of milk she held in her hand.

CHAPTER III

HELPING MRS. MILLER

HONEY BUNCH was very glad indeed that Mrs. Miller and Lady Clare were there for her to talk to that morning. She would have felt lonely when Uncle Peter went away if there had been no jolly Mrs. Miller to listen to her and no Lady Clare to purr when she was tickled under her ermine collar.

"I'll come down to see you and Julie—sure!" promised Uncle Peter, kissing Honey Bunch good-bye.

And she clung to him until he had to run to catch the car at the corner.

"Well, now, Honey Bunch, what kind of a visit did you have with Stub?" asked Mrs. Miller, the moment Honey Bunch put her yellow head inside the laundry door.

How could Honey Bunch feel sorry for one

instant when she had so much to explain to Mrs. Miller?

The most important thing was, of course, the poetry.

"Oh, Mrs. Miller!" Honey Bunch climbed up on a chair to get nearer to Mrs. Miller, who was rubbing away at the clothes in the tubs. "Oh, Mrs. Miller, I brought home some poetry for you!"

Mrs. Miller's round red face beamed.

"Good land, what do you think of that?" she cried. "More poetry, Honey Bunch? Your mother sent me some in a letter, you know."

Honey Bunch nodded. She knew all about that. She had asked her Uncle Rand, who was Stub's daddy, to write her a verse for Mrs. Miller to say when that good woman burned her thumb. Uncle Rand, you must know, was famous for writing rhymes for people to say to make them forget their troubles. He had taught Stub a verse to say when she stubbed her toe—she was always stubbing her toe, and that is why she was called "Stub" instead of by her own name, "Mary";

and Mrs. Miller burned her thumb so many times that Honey Bunch had been sure she would like a verse to say when that happened. Uncle Rand had written one for her and Mrs. Morton had sent it to her. But Mrs. Miller did not know that Honey Bunch had coaxed her uncle to make up another rhyme especially for her.

"I learned it all by heart, Mrs. Miller," announced Honey Bunch earnestly. "It is for you to say when it rains on wash days."

"Well, now, that's what I call thoughtful," declared Mrs. Miller, rubbing away at a white apron that belonged to Honey Bunch. "If there is one thing I cannot bear calmly, it is a rainy wash day. Give me a nice, clear, sunshiny day, say I, and enough wind to dry the clothes, but not enough to tear them, and I'm a satisfied woman."

"Uncle Rand says it has to rain some of the time to please the farmers," said Honey Bunch, rubbing the cake of yellow soap over the wash-board and cutting ridges in it at every rub. "He says too much sun spoils the

crops; they have to have drinks of water."

"I suppose they do," admitted Mrs. Miller. "But I'm like the little boy who wanted to play baseball every minute he wasn't asleep. He said he didn't see why, if it had to rain, it didn't always rain at night when no one would care."

Honey Bunch herself thought this would be a very good plan, but before she could think it over Mrs. Miller asked her for the poetry.

"Did you write it down, or can you tell it to me?" the washerwoman asked.

"I can say it," Honey Bunch assured her proudly. "I have to think just once, then I'll tell you."

So Honey Bunch thought "just once" and she was ready.

"This is the way it goes, Mrs. Miller," she said.

" 'Though it be rainy, what care I?
There's lots of time for wash to dry;
The clouds were dirty, I suppose,
And asked the rain to wash their clothes.' "

"There!" exclaimed Honey Bunch. "Don't you like that, Mrs. Miller? Uncle Rand said he was sure if you'd say that whenever it rained on wash day, you'd feel ever so much better."

"Of course I will!" answered Mrs. Miller, letting fresh water run into her tub. "That kind of poetry will cheer a body up quicker than medicine. Now I have two verses to keep me happy, haven't I, Honey Bunch?"

"Yes, you have," replied Honey Bunch. "Two nice ones. Have you burned your thumb while I was away, Mrs. Miller?"

Mrs. Miller shook her head.

"I didn't burn my thumb, but I pounded it with the tack hammer," she replied. "I was aiming to drive a nail and I hit the wrong place. But it didn't bother me only for a minute."

"Oh me, oh my! Sometimes you burn your thumb, and sometimes you pound it!"

Honey Bunch thought that Mrs. Miller's thumb gave her a great deal of trouble. As

a matter of fact, it did. But it was because she was always using it.

"What did Lady Clare do while I was up at the farm?" Honey Bunch wanted to know.

She scrambled down from her chair to pick up the beautiful black cat that came marching into the laundry at that moment. Lady Clare had been over the house to see if any mice had come to live there in her absence. She had not found any, but she was still suspicious.

"Oh, Lady Clare acted as though she liked to live with me," replied Mrs. Miller, bluing the clean water in the tub by swishing a rag around in it and squeezing it so that the dark bluing ran out and colored the water blue. "Every morning, as soon as she had her breakfast, she sat down on the kitchen windowsill, beside my best pink geranium, and washed her face. Then she jumped into my rocking chair with the cushion in it and took a long nap. No one ever disturbed her. In the afternoon she usually went out and played in the yard."

"Do you suppose she missed me?" asked Honey Bunch, tickling Lady Clare till she purred sleepily.

"Why, of course she missed you," Mrs. Miller replied, turning the wringer so fast she was almost out of breath. "Of course she did! But I told her where you were, and, like a sensible cat, she tried to be contented and good till you came home."

"Maybe she won't like me to go and see Julie," suggested Honey Bunch. "Mother says we can't take her with us, because cats don't like the ocean. It's too wet."

"Lady Clare is used to my house now and she won't mind staying a few more weeks," said Mrs. Miller comfortably. "She's cleared my pantry of mice, and I'm mighty glad to have her around. Nights she sits opposite me while I knit and we have real comfortable, cozy times together."

Honey Bunch was glad to hear this. She had often wondered, during her visit to Stub, whether Lady Clare was happy.

Talking about Lady Clare reminded her of

the family of kittens she had seen in a farmhouse where her daddy drove into the barn to escape a thunder shower. By the time she had told Mrs. Miller about these kittens, the basket was filled with clean clothes ready to be hung out in the yard.

"I'll help you," offered Honey Bunch, who often held the clothespin bag while Mrs. Miller fastened the clothes on the line.

The grass had been cut in the yard, but the bushes and flowers looked strange to Honey Bunch. They were much taller—they had been growing all the while she was at the farm. So had Honey Bunch. But flowers and bushes grow much faster than little girls, as she explained to her daddy later.

"Hello!" some one called, as she followed Mrs. Miller into the yard.

Honey Bunch looked. There on the fence sat Norman Clark, a little boy who lived next door. That is, his yard was next door to Honey Bunch's yard, but his house faced on another street. The Clarks had moved in a week or so before Honey Bunch and her

mother went to the farm, so she had not really had time to become very well acquainted with Norman.

"Hello," answered Honey Bunch, a little shyly.

"You've been away, haven't you?" went on Norman.

"I've been visiting my cousin Stub," Honey Bunch told him. "She lives on a farm. Her name is Stub."

"Is it nice on a farm?" asked Norman.

You cannot answer that kind of question without explaining what makes a farm nice, and Honey Bunch was so busy telling Norman about Broad Acres that Mrs. Miller had all the clothes hung out and they were beginning to dry in the sun before the little girl had finished.

"And I'm going to visit another cousin, day after to-morrow," said Honey Bunch, when she had told Norman about the farm. "Julie lives at the seashore. I've never been to the seashore before."

"I have," declared Norman. "Lots of

times. But we're not going anywhere this year. I'll be glad when school opens. I'm big enough to go. This is a lonesome town, isn't it? Do you know any boys who live around here?"

"I know Elmer Gray—he's a little boy. And I know Ned Camp—he's Ida Camp's brother and he goes to high school," said Honey Bunch. "But I know ever so many girls. They're coming to my party to-morrow. I'm going round to invite them this afternoon."

As soon as Honey Bunch said that, she looked quickly at Norman. She thought it sounded rather selfish to talk about giving a party to Norman when he wasn't invited. And then kind little Honey Bunch had another thought.

"I don't suppose you like dolls," she said, a bit timidly. "Do you? This is going to be a dolls' party. But if you don't mind the dolls coming, you could come, too. We're going to have ice-cream cones—Mother said so."

Now Norman did not like dolls at all and

he did not like to play with girls. But he was a very lonely small boy and he was tired of playing by himself. A party was a party, after all, even if girls and dolls were to be there.

"I'll come," he said, as much to his surprise as to Mrs. Miller's, who was listening. "What time does it begin? Shall I bring a present?"

"Oh, my, no!" cried Honey Bunch hastily. "'Tisn't a birthday party. And come at half-past three in the afternoon," she added politely.

Norman scrambled off the fence and ran in to tell his mother that he was invited to a party, and Honey Bunch helped Mrs. Miller carry back the empty basket to the laundry. Then she went upstairs to tell *her* mother that she had asked Norman to come to the party.

"I'm glad you did, dear," said Mrs. Morton. "He'll be lonely till he goes to school this fall and makes new friends. I'm glad my little girl tries to be hospitable."

That afternoon, as soon as lunch was over,

Honey Bunch started out to ask her seven little girl friends to come to the party the next afternoon. They all lived on the same street that Honey Bunch did and it did not take her long to ask them. They were all at home and each said she would come and bring her doll with her.

CHAPTER IV

THE TEA PARTY

WHO do you suppose was the first guest to arrive the next afternoon?

Why, Norman Clark!

He walked up the steps of Honey Bunch's house and rang the bell at quarter-past three. He was dressed in a white linen suit and he looked as nice as any little boy who was going to a party could look.

"My land!" whispered Mrs. Miller, who had answered the doorbell and asked him to go into the parlor. "My land, Mrs. Morton, it's that little Clark boy. I never thought he would come!"

Mrs. Morton laughed and Honey Bunch hopped up and down in excitement.

"The party's begun, Mother!" she cried. "The party's begun and my hair-ribbon isn't tied!"

Mrs. Morton tied the ribbon in just a moment and she and Honey Bunch went downstairs together to see Norman.

"You said there would be dolls," said Norman, when he had shaken hands with Mrs. Morton. "But I didn't have any dolls; so I brought this."

He took a lead soldier out of his pocket and showed it to Honey Bunch.

"Isn't he nice!" she said. "Uncle Peter used to play with lead soldiers when he was little. He said so."

In a few minutes the seven little girls came in. They looked surprised to see Norman Clark, but Honey Bunch showed them the lead soldier and then they showed Norman their dolls and presently every one was talking at once and that, you know, is a sign that every one is having a good time. The little girls were Mary and Fannie Graham, Kitty and Cora Williams, Anna Martin, Grace Winters and Ida Camp—Ida was Honey Bunch's chum.

"We're going to have the party out in the

yard," said Honey Bunch, who couldn't help wishing that Stub could be there.

Not that Stub would care for a dolls' tea-party; she didn't play with dolls often, but she liked parties.

"It's so hot to-day," said Honey Bunch, "that Mother said it would be nicer out in the yard. It's shady now."

It was a warm day and Honey Bunch's yellow hair curled in little tight rings all over her head. Her cheeks were pink but Mrs. Miller's were red—indeed good-natured Mrs. Miller told every one she met that she was "melted." There seemed to be a good deal of her left yet, in spite of what she said, and each time she came upstairs with an armful of clean clothes to go in the trunks that Mrs. Morton was packing, the stairs and the floors creaked. The trunks were to go that night to Glenhaven by train and Honey Bunch and her mother and daddy were to go in the automobile the next afternoon. No wonder Honey Bunch said it was an exciting day.

"What a pretty middle!" said Ida Camp,

when they went out into the yard and saw the table set for them.

She meant the centerpiece on the table, a low white bowl filled with blue flowers. There was a little blue box at each of the nine places and little blue bows of crêpe paper tied to each doll's chair.

"Your lead soldier can stand on the table," said Honey Bunch to Norman. "He's too little to sit in a chair."

So the lead soldier stood among the blue flowers and behaved, as Mrs. Morton said, "perfectly." He didn't step on anything or tip over anything and he never once asked for a bite to eat.

The children had just sat down at the table when out marched Lady Clare. She liked a party as well as any one, she seemed to say, and was there any good reason why she should not be invited to this one?

"Let her sit on the grass and watch," suggested Norman. "Is she a new cat? Did you have her before you went away?"

Honey Bunch told him about Lady Clare

and her ermine collar while she poured the tea—ice-cold milk—out of a real china tea pot. They had bread and butter sandwiches to eat with their tea and little round crackers with chocolate icing on them.

While they were drinking their tea and eating their sandwiches, Mrs. Miller was hurrying down the street to get them some ice-cream cones. Mrs. Morton had offered to telephone for the cones, but, no, Mrs. Miller was sure that the only way to get the right kind was to go after them. She wanted large ones, she said, and she didn't want the ice-cream too soft—she wanted it just right.

"Let's open the blue boxes now," said Grace Winters.

She was a curious little girl and she had been pinching and poking her box ever since she had seen it, trying to find out what was inside.

"Shall we open them, Honey Bunch?" asked Ida.

"Oh, yes, let's," said Honey Bunch.

She did not know what was inside the boxes.

Her mother had said that every party should have a little surprise in it and she had put a piece of a surprise in each of the boxes.

"Why, it's a number!" cried Grace Winters, looking at the slip of blue paper in her box. "Nothing but a number!"

"I've hidden nine packages in the yard," explained Honey Bunch's mother, who just then came out with the ice-cream cones Mrs. Miller had bought. "You must not touch a package that has not your number on it. When you find one with the same number, that is meant for you. But eat your cones first, before you begin the hunt, for the ice cream will melt."

The cones were beautiful to see—large and heaped up and white and you would have thought that no child could fail to be pleased with them. But Grace Winters noticed at once that hers did not have a piece of cherry on the top.

"I haven't any cherry," she announced. "Every one else has cherry on the top of her cone."

Honey Bunch had waited till the last to take her cone. She had not touched it yet.

"Take mine, Grace," she said quickly. "I don't like cherry—that is, I don't like a cherry very much."

"Then, if you honestly don't mind, I'll take your cherry," replied Grace. "You keep your cone, but I'll take the cherry."

"That's because she took the largest cone there was," whispered Norman Clark to Ida Camp.

Honey Bunch held out her cone to Grace so that she could pick the candied cherry off the top. Alas, for Grace's eagerness—she tried to hold her own cone and take the cherry at the same time. Down went her cone into the soft grass, and with a flash of four swift feet, Lady Clare leaped gayly upon it. She rolled over and over, hugging the cone, and the children shouted with laughter.

Grace did not laugh, though. She looked ready to cry.

"I haven't any ice-cream!" she wailed.

"Not a bit! That nasty old cat grabbed my cone and now it's spoiled!"

Mrs. Morton had gone into the house to help Mrs. Miller—for of course they had ever so many things to do to get ready for the trip to the seashore—or she might have offered to send for another cone for Grace.

"You take mine," said Honey Bunch bravely. "I don't mind—I'll have ice-cream cones down at the seashore."

Honey Bunch was very fond of ice-cream cones and she had not had many while she was visiting Stub. She could not get a cone there unless some one took her to town. There were no stores near the farm. So Honey Bunch had really looked forward to this treat as much as any of the other children.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Norman. "We'll each give Grace some of our ice-cream. Then she'll have some and Honey Bunch will, too."

And that was what they did. They took the plate that had held the chocolate crackers

and each child put a spoonful of the ice-cream from her cone on the plate. To be sure Grace had no cone to hold and eat, but she had the two crackers that were left over, and that made everything fair.

After the ice-cream was gone, it was time to hunt for the packages with numbers on them. They hunted under the bushes and among the flower beds along the sides of the fence. It was great fun, for at first the numbers did not match at all. Honey Bunch found a box that said 4 when her slip of paper read 8 and Norman found a box marked 7 when his paper had the number 3 on it. As fast as some one found a box with the right number on it, it was opened and every one stopped hunting to look.

"I have a cape for my doll!" cried Ida Camp, when she had found her box.

Ida's doll was a little china one and the cape was just the right size. Anna Martin found a sash for her doll and Grace Winters' box contained a pattern for a doll's dress and pretty pink material to make it.

"They're all things for dolls!" said Cora Williams, and so they were.

Each little girl had something for her doll and each had found her box before Norman discovered his—tucked behind a crooked branch in a rose bush.

"You haven't any doll," said Grace Winters.

"Well, I know I haven't," retorted Norman. "If mine is for a doll I'm going to give it to Honey Bunch. She's always satisfied with what she gets."

Grace Winters looked as though she wished she had not spoken. She had meant to tease Norman, and she never dreamed he would give his present away.

But, as it happened, Norman did not get something for a doll to wear. When he opened his box there was an envelope in it and inside the envelope a dozen paper soldiers to be cut out.

"I have a cannon that shoots marbles and it will just fit these soldiers," cried Norman. "Gee, they're great! Where's Mrs. Morton? I want to say thank you to her."

It was really time for the party to be over now, so they all went in to find Mrs. Morton and to say thank you and tell her what a nice time they had had. When all the good-byes had been said and every one had gone, Honey Bunch went downstairs to see Mrs. Miller and talk over the party with her.

"I'm glad Norman didn't get a girl present," she said, watching Mrs. Miller putting away her ironing things. "He wouldn't like a girl present, I know. But how did Mother know he liked soldiers? He didn't say he was going to bring his lead soldier to the party."

"Well, you know your mother remembers what your Uncle Peter liked when he was a little boy," answered Mrs. Miller.

Then Honey Bunch wanted to know if all little boys liked paper soldiers and lead ones, too, and Mrs. Miller said she thought they did.

"You want to say good-bye to Lady Clare now, Honey Bunch," she told the little girl. "I'm going to take her back with me to-night."

HONEY BUNCH:

47

HER FIRST VISIT TO THE SEASHORE

I'll be around to-morrow to help your mother close the house, but I can't bring Lady Clare. Just think, this time to-morrow night you'll be down at the seashore!"

Honey Bunch stooped down and gathered Lady Clare into her loving arms.

"Good-bye, darling Lady Clare," she whispered to the cat, who seemed to understand. "I'll try to bring you a nice fish from the seashore."

CHAPTER V

ON THE SHORE ROAD

THE day after the tea party every one in Honey Bunch's house was up early. There were ever so many things to be done before they would be ready to start for Glenhaven, where Julie lived. Mrs. Miller came before breakfast to help and she packed a lunch for them because Mrs. Morton said that they might feel hungry when they were miles away from a town or that they might not want to take time to stop somewhere and eat when noon came.

Daddy Morton was to drive Honey Bunch and her mother to Glenhaven in his car, and he could stay one night. But, like so many busy daddies, he could not stay at the sea-shore all the time. He said he must come back to Barham and work in his office. But he would, he told Honey Bunch, come down

to the seashore before it was time for her to come home and stay a few days—perhaps he and Uncle Peter would come down together.

“Well, anyway, you are going to go with us in the car, Daddy, aren’t you?” said Honey Bunch.

She could see a pleasant thought in every plan, and wasn’t it sensible of her to see only the pleasant part and not worry and fret over the rest? Oh, Honey Bunch was a wise little girl, if she was only five years old.

She helped all morning long. She found ways to help her mother and Mrs. Miller and they both said they never knew how useful a little girl could be. Ida Camp came over, and she and Honey Bunch carried bundles out to the car—the trunks had gone on the train—and ran upstairs and down to get the things that Honey Bunch’s mother or Mrs. Miller wanted.

At last all the window shades were down and all the doors locked—except the front one, and of course they had to go out that way—

and Honey Bunch was dressed in her pongee dress and coat and hat that matched and Mrs. Morton was ready, too, and it was time to go. At the very last minute—when no one was looking—Honey Bunch ran back into the parlor and dragged a chair up to the mantel-piece. She hopped up from the floor and took something from the mantel, slipping it into her coat pocket. Then she ran out and was ready to get in the car.

Daddy Morton said he liked company when he was driving, so Mrs. Morton sat in front beside him and Honey Bunch sat on her lap. The lunch box and the toys Uncle Peter had given Honey Bunch and some other bundles that would not go in the trunks were on the back seat.

"Good-bye, Honey Bunch!" called Mrs. Miller and Ida. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Honey Bunch!" shouted Norman Clark, dashing around the corner just as the car started. "Bring me a starfish to hang on the wall! Will you bring me a starfish, Honey Bunch?"

Honey Bunch leaned out of the car to wave to her friends.

"I'll bring one, if I can find it," she promised Norman. "Good-bye, Mrs. Miller! "Good-bye, Ida!"

Honey Bunch thought about the seashore as the car rolled through the Barham streets. She pretended they were near the ocean, though really they were many miles from the salt water.

"Daddy," said Honey Bunch, when they had to stop for the street traffic to go another way.

"Yes, dear," answered Daddy Morton, watching a little boy who stood on the curb and who looked as though he might be the kind of little boy who dashes across the street without thinking about the automobiles that may be coming toward him. "What is it, Honey Bunch?"

"Could we ride right through the ocean?" asked Honey Bunch.

"Well, not directly through the middle of the ocean," replied Daddy Morton, smiling.

"It would be too deep. We could go along the edge of the sea, but never out among the breakers. It would be too deep for us."

The traffic policeman blew his whistle just then and they shot across before the little boy could jump from the curb. Honey Bunch looked back and saw him start to cross. The policeman came over and took hold of his hand to make him wait.

"Well," said Honey Bunch, "if we can't go through the ocean, can we cross a river, Daddy?"

"If the river isn't too deep," replied Daddy Morton. "Sometimes automobiles do cross rivers, but usually at places where the water is shallow. You don't mind if we go over the Haverstraw river on the bridge, do you, Honey Bunch?"

"Oh, no," said Honey Bunch contentedly. "I never went over a river on anything—did I, Mother? It will be fun to see a bridge."

"Why, dearest, those were bridges we crossed on the way to Broad Acres when we went to see Stub," Mrs. Morton explained.



A LITTLE TURTLE APPEARED—MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF
HONEY BUNCH.

Honey Bunch: Her First Visit to the Seashore.

Page 57



"To be sure, there were only little brooks to be crossed, but bridges were built over them. You remember, dear; you liked to hear the boards rattle when we went over them."

"I know what Honey Bunch means," said Daddy Morton, smiling at his little girl. "She wants to see a high bridge—one she can tell Ida Camp about when she goes home. I think Honey Bunch has been looking at the big geography book in my bookcase."

Honey Bunch nodded. She had seen pictures of bridges and she knew they did not look like the little flat platforms they had crossed on their way to see Stub.

"When we get to the Haverstraw bridge, I'll stop," promised her daddy, "and you shall get out and look down at the river from the rail of the bridge. But we won't come to the river for several hours yet, so don't expect to see it too soon."

In spite of the breeze, it was warm riding and Honey Bunch soon took off her hat. Then she decided she would be more comfortable without her coat.

"What on earth is this in your pocket, Honey Bunch?" asked her mother, as she helped her slip off the pretty silk coat. "It is pulling your pocket out of shape."

"Keys," said Honey Bunch wisely.

"Keys?" echoed Mrs. Morton, puzzled.

"Why, what in the world——"

She put her hand in the pocket of Honey Bunch's coat and pulled out half a dozen keys.

"Where did you get these, dear?" she asked.

"Are they our keys? And what are you doing with them in your pocket?"

"I saved them for Daddy," said Honey Bunch seriously. "To go on his round ring."

"But where did you get them?" asked her daddy. "Looks to me like a clock key—that brass one."

"That's the parlor clock key," explained Honey Bunch. "I found it underneath. We almost forgot it, Daddy."

Mr. and Mrs. Morton had to laugh, though Honey Bunch could not see what there was to laugh at. She and Ida had gone carefully over the house and taken all the keys left in

the door locks—the keys that are seldom used, like bedroom and closet keys. Then, at the very last moment, Honey Bunch had remembered the fat brass key that was always kept under the clock on the parlor mantelpiece and she had run back and taken that. She was sure her daddy would be glad to find she had remembered to bring all the keys he had forgotten. Honey Bunch thought he would put them on the “round ring” he carried in his pocket. This was a key ring and Honey Bunch thought it must be fine to be grown up and carry a bunch of keys that rattled cheerfully every time one was to be used.

“I’ll put these keys away in an envelope, Honey Bunch,” said her daddy, “and Mother will keep them till you go home. I could not carry them all—dear me, there wouldn’t be room in my pocket for any pennies for a little girl I know if I carried all those keys. But it was very nice of you, dear, to try to help daddy when you knew he had so many things to remember.”

They had left Barham about half-past ten

o'clock and they were out in the open country, far from any houses, when Daddy Morton's watch said it was noon.

"Shall we keep on till we come to a town and perhaps a hotel?" he asked. "Or would you rather stop now and have lunch under a tree?"

Both Honey Bunch and her mother said they thought it would be much nicer to eat the lunch Mrs. Miller had packed for them, and they could pretend they were having a picnic.

So Mr. Morton ran the car to one side of the road, near a large tree, and they had lunch under this tree, which was on the other side of a wire fence. It wasn't very easy to get through the fence without tearing your clothes, unless some one was there to hold the wires apart.

"I wish," said Honey Bunch, eating a sandwich comfortably in the shade, "I had something to take to Julie that she never saw before."

And my goodness, in a moment or two she found it! Something moved near her foot,

and there was the cunningest little turtle you could wish for!

"Julie's present!" cried Honey Bunch excitedly. "Julie's present! I don't b'lieve she has a turtle! Has she a turtle, Mother?"

Both Mother and Daddy were quite sure that Julie had no turtle, and Daddy took the box that had held one kind of sandwiches and punched holes in the lid for breathing spaces and put the turtle in the box. Honey Bunch put in some grass to make him a soft bed, and then she and Daddy tied on the lid, and there was Julie's present all ready to take to her.

"I just wished for something and there it was," said Honey Bunch, as they went back to the car. "Maybe this is a fairy place, Mother. Do wishes come true if the fairies are listening?"

"Yes, I think they do," answered Mrs. Morton, smiling. "Don't they, Daddy?"

"I hope the fairies will listen while I make a wish then," said Mr. Morton. "I wish that I knew some one who was hungry—Mrs. Miller made too many sandwiches and we can

not throw away good food. Mother says it is wasteful."

"Well, it is," declared Mrs. Morton, laughing as she put the second box of sandwiches back in the car. "Never mind, Daddy, your wish may come true and we'll meet some one who will ask us for something good to eat."

Honey Bunch sat in her mother's lap, holding her turtle box in her hands, for she was afraid the turtle would be "jiggled" if she put him on the back seat. However, when her daddy told her presently that she might begin to look for the bridge they were to cross, she did consent to put the box down carefully on a pair of blankets on the floor of the car.

"Look ahead and you'll see where we are going, Honey Bunch," said Daddy Morton, as the car turned into a beautiful smooth white boulevard.

Honey Bunch stood up and looked. The road went straight up, up and ahead of her she saw great stone pillars standing like monuments on either side of the road.

In a few minutes they had driven on the

bridge and wherever Honey Bunch looked there was nothing but a soft blue haze. Mr. Morton stopped the car—the road was wide and there were not many driving at that time of day—and lifted Honey Bunch out so that she stood on the stone coping.

CHAPTER VI

TWO LITTLE STRANGERS

DADDY MORTON held Honey Bunch tightly so that she could not fall.

"Look down," he said. "Look down, and tell me what you see."

Honey Bunch looked and there, far below the bridge, were shining water and boats—two little fast-moving boats that went "put-put-put" as they dashed along.

"The river!" cried Honey Bunch. "It *is* the river, isn't it, Daddy?"

"You are looking at the Leigh River and you are standing on the Haverstraw bridge, dear," said Daddy Morton. "Those chimneys and roofs you see over there belong to the city of Haverstraw."

"I like bridges!" exclaimed Honey Bunch.

And indeed she seemed to. She stood on the coping, holding fast to her daddy's hand

and watching the shining water, till her mother said that they really should be going on or Julie's mother might wonder what had happened to them.

"Norman has blocks to make bridges with, Mother," said Honey Bunch, when she was back in the car. "He told me so. I could build a bridge like this if I had some blocks."

"Perhaps Santa Claus will bring you some next Christmas," answered Mrs. Morton.

"You and Julie can build bridges in the sand, Honey Bunch," said her daddy, starting the car.

Haverstraw was a fairly large city and there were a great many factories and warehouses there. Honey Bunch liked to watch the crowds of people in the streets and she had a good chance to see them because there were so many automobiles and trolley cars that it was impossible to drive fast.

"There—I'm glad we are out of Haverstraw!" said Mrs. Morton, as they left the crowded streets behind them and the car rolled over a road where the houses were fewer

and further apart. "I don't like traveling through cities."

"Look over to your left, Honey Bunch, and tell me what you see," said Daddy Morton after a time, his eyes fixed on the road.

"Sky," reported Honey Bunch staring. "Just sky, Daddy."

"The ocean is over there," her daddy told her. "The big, blue ocean, Honey Bunch."

The little girl looked again. All she could see was a line where the earth seemed to meet the sky.

"The same ocean Julie has, Daddy?" she asked.

"The very same ocean," he replied. "Miles and miles of towns like Glenhaven are built along that same ocean."

"See the sand along the road, Honey Bunch," said her mother. "All this coarse grass is growing in sand. You are really at the seashore now although you cannot see the water."

"It smells good," declared Honey Bunch, taking a deep breath.

"That's the salt—the wind is blowing in from the sea," explained her daddy. "And you have new little curls at the back of your neck, Honey Bunch. That means the salt air is curling your hair for you."

Honey Bunch thought nothing had ever smelled as delicious as that salty wind. She kept sniffing it. Once they passed a broken shell in the middle of the road and Mother told her some little girl had probably dropped it from another car.

"You must save the pretty shells you find, too, Honey Bunch," said Mrs. Morton. "Ida and the other little girls you know will like to have you bring them home shells and pebbles."

"I have to get Norman Clark a starfish, and I promised Lady Clare I'd bring her home a fish to eat," declared Honey Bunch. "But I'll get shells for Ida, too."

They had just passed a sign that said "three miles to Glenhaven"—Honey Bunch could not read it, even if Daddy had driven past it more slowly, but her mother read it for her—

when they saw two little girls standing at the side of the road.

Honey Bunch was the first to see them. They reminded her of Kitty and Cora Williams, she thought, though afterward she found they were several years older. They stood, almost in the path of the car, holding out two big bunches of wild flowers.

"Look, Daddy!" Honey Bunch pointed ahead. "Look at the little girls—there!"

Mr. Morton stopped the car when he reached the girls, and they jumped up on the running board.

"Don't you want to buy some nice flowers?" they asked, both speaking at once. "They're fresh picked this afternoon."

Honey Bunch stared at the girls. They were barefooted and their faces were streaked with dirt and perspiration. Thin, brown faces they were, with bright blue eyes. Neither girl wore a hat, and their dresses were old and thin in some places and torn in others—Honey Bunch had never seen such dresses.

She was sure Mrs. Miller could not have ironed them smoothly.

"Do you live near here?" asked Mrs. Morton, nodding to her husband as a sign that he was to buy the flowers.

"Back in the pines," replied the taller girl, jerking her head backward to show where the pines were.

Honey Bunch's daddy dropped a shining piece of money into the thin little brown hand she held out and the two bunches of flowers were carefully placed on the back seat. They were rather wilted posies, but the girls said they would come up again when put in water.

"What's your name?" the shorter girl suddenly asked Honey Bunch.

"I'm Honey Bunch," answered the little girl.

"I'm Jane," said the girl. "And she's Sarah," she pointed to the other. "She's my sister."

Daddy Morton was anxious to go on, but the two girls stood on the running board, look-

ing at Honey Bunch. As they looked, a kind thought came to her.

"Mother, maybe they're hungry," she whispered. "Jane and Sarah maybe didn't have any lunch."

To tell the truth, the girls did look hungry. It wasn't that they were thin. Grace Winters was very thin, and goodness knows she had enough to eat. Jane and Sarah were not as thin as Grace Winters, but they looked thinner—so Honey Bunch said afterward. What she meant, and could not explain, was that their eyes looked eager—as though they spent much of their time hunting for something they did not find.

"There are those sandwiches, Edith," said Mr. Morton.

"We have a box of lunch we haven't touched," Mrs. Morton said to Jane and Sarah, who had listened intently. "We shall be very glad if you will take the sandwiches and cake and eat them. Wait! I'll get the box for you. Or can you reach it? It is the one tied with the string."

Sarah put her arm into the tonneau and picked up a box.

"That's Julie's turtle!" cried Honey Bunch. "Don't take the turtle! Mother, don't give away Julie's turtle."

"Sarah and Jane couldn't eat the turtle, dear," replied Mrs. Morton, laughing a little. "See, Sarah, I mean that box on the seat—that's the one. There, now you have it."

Sarah hugged the box tightly to her. She looked very happy.

"Thank you," she said shyly, as she and Jane stepped back from the car. "If you come back this way, maybe we'll have some more flowers for you—I don't mean you to buy 'em; we'd like to *give* you some to take home."

"We shan't be back for several weeks, for we expect to visit in Glenhaven," explained Mrs. Morton. "I suppose you have been there?"

"Lots of times," replied Jane. "It's a nice place. Good-bye, little girl," she added, waving to Honey Bunch.

"I do believe those children were hungry,"

announced Mrs. Morton, turning to look back as Mr. Morton drove on. "Yes, they're sitting down right where we left them and opening the lunch box."

"They probably have to take the money home, but they feel free to eat the food," said Mr. Morton. "Honey Bunch, why are you staring at me with those big blue eyes of yours?"

"Your wish came true, Daddy!" Honey Bunch cried. "It was a fairy place—that tree. You said you wished we would meet some one who was hungry."

"So I did," said her daddy. "Well, you and I seem to have good luck with our wishes, don't we? I don't like to think of little girls being hungry, that's a sure thing."

Honey Bunch didn't like the idea either. All the rest of the short way to Glenhaven she asked her mother questions about Jane and Sarah. If they had always sold wild flowers—who bought them other days—how much wild flowers were—where they grew—and many more questions.

"Do Jane and Sarah live in a house?" asked Honey Bunch.

"Why, yes, of course they must," replied her mother. "Some kind of a house, dear. You remember they said they lived in the pines—I suppose there must be a settlement somewhere in those woods."

"But they didn't have nice dresses on, or any shoes and stockings," said Honey Bunch. "Daddy went barefoot when he was a little boy for fun; but I don't believe Jane and Sarah go barefoot for fun."

"I'm afraid they do it because they have no shoes or stockings to wear," declared Mrs. Morton sadly. "However, they may have better dresses put away. No child would put on her best dress to go out and gather wild flowers to sell along the dusty road."

It was not long before they came to Glenhaven, the pretty town where Julie lived with her daddy and mother. Julie's daddy was far away this summer—across the ocean in England—and that was one reason Julie's mother wanted Honey Bunch and her mother

to come and visit them. It would not seem so lonely, she said.

Glenhaven was the whitest town Honey Bunch had ever seen. The roads were white and the fences were white and even the big boulders that marked some of the lawns were whitewashed. Rows of white clam shells outlined the flowerbeds on many of the lawns and the paths were filled in with glistening white pebbles. It was the cleanest town surely, as well as the whitest, the visitors from Barham had ever been in.

Julie lived on Beach avenue, and Mr. Morton had to stop at the drug store and ask where that street was. Then, when he turned down it, the salt smell of the ocean came in their faces and ahead Honey Bunch caught a glimpse of the ocean.

"Some day I'm going to have a garden of my own," murmured Honey Bunch, which was not at all what her daddy expected to hear her say when she was coming nearer to the ocean every minute.

But Honey Bunch was still thinking about

Jane and Sarah. She forgot them though, and even the seashore, when a gay little figure in a red frock came dancing out from one of the pretty white cottages—the one on the corner.

“Mother! They’ve come!” shrieked Julie wildly. “They’ve come! Here’s Honey Bunch!”

CHAPTER VII

HONEY BUNCH MEETS THE OCEAN

ALTHOUGH Honey Bunch had her first real view of the ocean after supper that night, it must be confessed that she did not pay much attention to the wonderful sea. The long drive in the open air had made her dreadfully sleepy, and though, when Julie asked her if she wanted to go out on the beach "just a minute," she said "yes," she was too tired out to do more than stare sleepily at the beautiful, quiet breakers slipping in so evenly and breaking on the sand in such orderly fashion.

"Isn't it a nice noise?" said Honey Bunch, her head nodding on Daddy's shoulder as he carried her back to the cottage.

All night long the noise of the ocean went on, as the waves came in, ran up the beach and ran back again, never tiring and never stopping. Honey Bunch did not hear the waves,

for she was asleep before she was in bed—indeed she went to sleep while her mother was undressing her.

In the morning—oh, that was quite different. She woke up as soon as Daddy and she was dressed and downstairs before he was. Only a second or two before, though, and then he came out and Julie came tumbling down the stairs. They ran a race to the beach, which was just around the corner. Julie's house was the last on the block and there was nothing between it and the ocean except the sand.

"Oh! Oh! My!" said Honey Bunch, when she saw the ocean that morning.

She pressed a little closer to Daddy and stood quite still. Blue and sparkling in the sun, miles and miles of beautiful dancing water lay spread before her. The waves were still running up on the sand and back again, but as each one ran back it left a ring, a wet ring, and on the edge sparkled hundreds of bubbles with rainbows flashing through them. As Honey Bunch stood staring, funny little

long-legged birds ran along the wet sand, keeping just out of reach of the water.

"They're sand snipes," said Julie, who of course had seen the ocean all her life.

Honey Bunch took a long breath.

"I like it!" she said. "Daddy, I *like* it!"

He bent down and kissed her.

"Why, dear, of course you do!" he answered.

"With Julie and an ocean and a beach, think what a beautiful time you are going to have!"

They walked a little way along the beach after that, not very far, for Julie said breakfast would soon be ready, and though Honey Bunch did not find a starfish, she found half a dozen pretty shells which she decided would be nice to take to Ida.

"I'll get you a box to put them in and you can save them all the time you're here," said Julie. "And now I think we ought to turn around and go back, 'cause Pauline doesn't like to have to keep the coffee hot."

Pauline was Aunt Norma's helper, and Honey Bunch had seen her when they first went into the house. Honey Bunch was

anxious to get back—she wasn't interested in the coffee for, of course, neither she nor Julie were allowed to drink coffee—but she had suddenly remembered the turtle!

"Daddy," she whispered, as they went up the steps to the porch where her mother and aunt were waiting for them, "I left Julie's turtle in the box!"

"It's all right, dear. I took it out before I ran the car to the garage," Daddy Morton whispered back. "You were so sleepy last night you forgot him, but Mother and I found him when we were carrying in the other packages. You'll find the box on the back porch."

So Honey Bunch ran around to the back porch, and, sure enough, there was the turtle box on a little shelf.

"Good morning," said Pauline, coming to the door when she heard steps on the porch. "How do you feel after your trip?"

Honey Bunch smiled shyly.

"I'm very well, thank you," she answered.

"I came to get the turtle I brought Julie."

"She'll love to have a turtle," said Pauline.

"I expect she'll build it a house to live in—Julie is a great one to build things. Are you ready for breakfast? Because I'm going to put it on the table now."

Honey Bunch said she was ready, and she ran back to the front porch and put the box in Julie's hands.

"A turtle!" squealed Julie, when she looked inside. "A cunning little turtle! I'm going to call him Barham—you brought him from there, didn't you, Honey Bunch?"

"No-o. I found him under a tree where we ate our lunch," answered Honey Bunch. "But I think Barham is a nice name for a turtle."

"So do I," agreed Julie's mother. "If I were you, Julie, I'd name him that, anyway. Honey Bunch lives there and she gave you the turtle, and that is a good reason to name him that."

Pauline came to tell them that breakfast was ready just then, but Julie told them all that the turtle was to be called "Barham," and he was from that moment. Julie had

him several years—till she was quite a big girl—and then one summer he wandered off and did not come back. She wrote Honey Bunch that every one said he must have gone to the woods to live, and Honey Bunch thought that quite likely. She had found him in the country, and she supposed he had tried to go back to his home, perhaps to visit his brother and sister turtles. This happened long after she gave him to Julie, however, and Barham was a great pet with the Somersets for many summers.

"Now we want to go and play on the beach," said Julie, as soon as breakfast was over. "I have to show Honey Bunch how to play in the sand."

Mrs. Somerset laughed and said she thought Honey Bunch would not need much teaching.

Honey Bunch ran upstairs to get the toys Uncle Peter had given her; and it was lucky that she had the beach and the sand to look forward to, for when she came down she found her daddy ready to go back to Barham.

"Oh, Daddy!" Honey Bunch climbed into

his lap and looked ready to cry. "I thought you'd stay a little—just a little, Daddy."

"Can't, sweetheart!" he said, with a kiss. "Remember, I'm coming for you when it is time for you to come home. And Uncle Peter and I hope to find you as brown as a berry."

Honey Bunch asked doubtfully what kind of a berry was brown, but Julie's mother asked another question just then and she had to wait for an answer.

"Where are you going to stay, David?" asked Julie's mother. "I thought you and Edith closed the house?"

"I'll stay at the club, and be quite comfortable," replied Mr. Morton. "What was it you asked me, Honey Bunch?"

"What kind of a berry is brown?" repeated Honey Bunch.

"Oh, the nice ones that don't get eaten, but stay in the sun," declared her daddy. "You run along to the beach with Julie, dear, and have a lovely morning."

Honey Bunch took the chain of buckets and Julie carried the little tin car and they were

half way down the block when Honey Bunch remembered something she wanted to ask her daddy. She ran back and stopped him just as he was getting into the car.

"Daddy!" she called. "Daddy, will you see Jane and Sarah?"

"Jane and Sarah?" questioned Daddy Morton, puzzled. "Who are they, dear?"

He had forgotten the names of the two little girls, you see.

"Why, Daddy, don't you remember?" asked Honey Bunch. "They sold us wild flowers yesterday. I thought perhaps you'd see them on your way home."

"I hardly think it likely," said Mr. Morton. "I don't believe Jane and Sarah will be out so early in the morning to sell flowers; they probably pick them in the morning and try to sell them in the afternoon."

"But you will buy the flowers, if you see them, won't you, Daddy?" Honey Bunch urged. "Please, Daddy, buy the flowers."

Mr. Morton promised he would buy wild flowers from Jane and Sarah, if he passed them

on the road and they had flowers to sell, and then Honey Bunch ran back to Julie, who had waited for her.

"Some day," said Honey Bunch, after she had told Julie why she had wanted to speak to her daddy again and Julie had heard all about Jane and Sarah, "I'm going to have a flower garden all my own."

"Are you going to sell flowers, too?" asked Julie.

"No, I won't sell 'em," replied Honey Bunch seriously. "But I'll give my flowers to Jane and Sarah and they can sell them. I don't think I'd like to stop people I don't know and ask them to buy flowers."

Julie said "oh!" to this and then she hurried Honey Bunch along toward the beach.

They were going "the long way," as Julie had explained. They could have walked out of the front yard and found the sand almost at their feet. But Julie wanted to show Honey Bunch how pretty Glenhaven was, and so she was taking her through some of the streets first.

Honey Bunch thought the cottages were very pretty. Most of the people in them, Julie said, lived somewhere else during the winter. They came to Glenhaven only for the warm weather.

"We really live in Glenhaven," said Julie proudly. "I like the winter just as much as the summer; well, almost as much," she added. "Of course we can go bathing in the summer and there isn't any school then. But in winter Daddy is at home."

When they came to the beach they found it dotted with people. There were gay-colored umbrellas stuck in the sand and under the umbrellas were ladies sitting. Some were knitting and some were sewing while others were holding babies on their laps. Little boys and girls ran about and a little black and white dog was chasing after a ball.

"Julie," said Honey Bunch, after she had taken a few steps, "there's sand in my shoes."

"That's all right," answered Julie. "Sand always gets in your shoes. Mother won't let me go barefoot unless I'm going wading, and

we can't go wading unless she or Aunt Edith comes with us. So you'll just have to stand it."

"I could take my shoes off and shake them out," said Honey Bunch.

She meant she could shake the sand out of her shoes.

"You can't shake them every minute," argued Julie. "When we get to where we want to play, then you can take off your shoes. You'll get used to the sand. Come on."

So Honey Bunch followed Julie and every step she took more sand got into her shoes. Julie was most particular about where they played, and she would not stop till she came to the right place—it was a very nice place, Honey Bunch admitted. There was a strip of hard, wet sand between them and the ocean and plenty of dry sand to play in, and the boardwalk curved near so that they could go and sit under it for shade if the sun was too hot."

"Hello, Julie!" called a little girl from the

boardwalk. "Is that your cousin? How does she like the ocean?"

Honey Bunch sat down and unbuckled her sandals. She poured out a little heap of sand from each shoe.

"There's a lot of seashore in my shoes," she said earnestly.

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE BEACH

THE little girl on the boardwalk laughed when she heard Honey Bunch talk about the sand in her shoes and saw her emptying it out in two little heaps.

"I'm coming down to play with you," she called, and they saw her run toward the flight of wooden steps that led from the boardwalk to the sand.

"Hello!" she said, coming up to them. "What are you going to play, Julie?"

"This is my cousin, Honey Bunch Morton, Anne," said Julie primly. "And, Honey Bunch, this is Anne Wade. She lives in the Hatfield cottage."

Anne Wade laughed again. She laughed most all the time, Honey Bunch was soon to discover. She was a fat little girl and so cheerful!

"What a funny name—Honey Bunch!" she

giggled. "I never heard a name like that before."

"Oh, Honey Bunch has another name! She is Gertrude Marion Morton," explained Julie. "But everybody calls her Honey Bunch."

Anne stared at Honey Bunch, who was putting on her sandals.

"Doesn't she ever talk?" Anne demanded. Poor Honey Bunch blushed.

"Of course I talk," she said indignantly. "Don't I, Julie? I talk ever so much."

"Some people talk too much," said Julie crossly. "You don't do that."

Anne only laughed and picked up the sand toys Uncle Peter had given Honey Bunch.

"I know how this works," she announced, turning the little crank that made the buckets go up and down. "Come on, let's play."

Julie looked as though she would be happier if Anne didn't play with them, but she said nothing, only began to scoop up sand to fill the buckets.

"You get the sand," directed Anne, "and I'll fill the thing and make it go."

She sat down and took Honey Bunch's two toys between her knees.

"Let Honey Bunch turn it," said Julie. "It's her toy, and she never played in the sand before—did you, Honey Bunch?"

"Well, not here," replied the honest Honey Bunch. "But Stub has a sand box and I've played in that."

"You can take my bucket," said Anne, pointing to the small tin bucket and shovel she carried. "You can take my bucket and fill it with sand, Honey Bunch, and pour it in; then I'll show you how to make this go round."

Honey Bunch took the bucket and was shoveling sand into it when the little black and white dog came bounding past her.

"Here's Anne Wide!" shouted a boy who was chasing the dog. "Oh, look! Here's Anne Wide!"

Anne scrambled to her feet, her eyes flashing angrily.

"Don't you call me that, Harvey Garrett!" she scolded. "Don't you dare call me that!"

"Anne Wide!" chanted Harvey. "Anne

Wide! She cannot run—just think of that—and why? Because she is too fat!”

“I’ll show you whether I can run!” screamed Anne, and she started after Harvey, who ran up the beach shouting: “Anne Wide! Anne Wide!” and running as fast as he could, because Anne really could run fast herself.

“I hope she doesn’t come back!” exclaimed Julie, her brown face looking happier. “We can have lots more fun without her.”

Honey Bunch thought so, too, and she and Julie took turns filling the buckets with sand and making them go up and down on the chain. Then they filled the little car with sand and watched it run down and dump its load and scurry back.

“Uncle Peter would like to play in the sand,” said Honey Bunch. “I know he would. And so would Daddy.”

“My daddy would take us in the water, if he were here,” Julie said. “But he has to work most all the time. I guess your daddy does, too. Does Uncle Peter have to work all summer, Honey Bunch?”

"I don't know," replied Honey Bunch. "I don't b'lieve so. Anyway, he isn't working now. He's gone camping with somebody he knows. Look, Julie, that girl is something like Sarah, only Sarah isn't as tall as that."

Julie looked up from her sand heap and saw a girl in a ragged dress walking along the beach.

"I guess she came in with vegetables this morning," said Julie. "She has a basket and she looks like the girl who brings stuff in to sell to the boarding houses."

"Where is she going now?" asked Honey Bunch interestedly.

"Home, I suppose," answered Julie. "She likes to go home the beach way because she hasn't any shoes or stockings on and she can wade in the water and pick up things."

"What kind of things?" asked Honey Bunch.

"Oh, shells and seaweed. Some of the people back in the pines make pin cushions out of shells," explained Julie. "They sell them."

There—I expect she's found a shell now."

Honey Bunch wanted to run and ask the girl if she had found a shell, but Julie said no, she mustn't.

"You don't know her, and besides she'll be half way up the beach before you get to her," said this wise little cousin. "I'll show you how to build a castle now, Honey Bunch."

Building a castle was great fun, Honey Bunch thought. She and Julie used Anne Wade's pail and shovel—she had forgotten to take them with her when she chased after Harvey—and they filled it full of damp sand which would, Julie said, stay in shape longer than the dry. They made a large, square wall first and then inside the wall they built a castle and put a flag at the top. It was a brown flag because the only piece of paper they could find was a wrapper from a bar of chocolate, but it made a nice looking flag even if they didn't know what country it represented.

"It must be eleven o'clock," said Julie, when the castle was finished.

"Is it?" asked Honey Bunch, who had not

thought of time. "Why is it eleven, Julie?"

"See everybody going in to bathe?" said Julie, pointing to the water. "It's high tide at eleven this morning—Pauline said so. And the crowd always goes in at high tide. Let's go nearer and watch them, Honey Bunch; it is lots of fun."

They could hear the bathers from where they sat. They were laughing and screaming and splashing each other. Honey Bunch had never seen so many people having a good time together at once. That is, she had never seen so many people playing in the sunshine—she had seen crowds in New York, when she visited the Turner twins, but they had not been laughing and playing, they had all been going somewhere as fast as they could hurry; and in the theater and restaurants she had seen people enjoying themselves and laughing, but not like this.

"Look, Julie!" cried Honey Bunch. "Look! What is she doing?"

Honey Bunch pointed to a pretty girl who

was wading out into the water, carrying a large board in her arms.

"It's a surf board," said Julie. "Watch and you'll see her ride in on it. I wish Daddy would let me have a surf board."

Honey Bunch watched, staring so hard that she screwed her blue eyes into little holes. She saw the girl turn around in the water and scramble on the board. Then she stood up and a wave lifted the board. "My goodness, she was riding along on top of the water! The breaker carried her in, almost to shore, and then, swish! she tumbled off into the water and in a moment Honey Bunch saw her laughing and shaking the water out of her eyes.

"You can't do that till you're grown up," said Julie sadly. "They won't let you have a surf board, or even an inner tire, till you are big."

Julie meant the inner tires that Honey Bunch saw later floating in the water with people floating in them as though they were life preservers.

"Who's the man in the high chair?" said Honey Bunch suddenly.

She didn't see what made Julie laugh, because the man was certainly sitting in a high chair. Honey Bunch had often seen the Winters baby in Barham sitting in a chair very much like this one, except that the Winters baby chair was not quite so high. The man in this chair was up so high that all Honey Bunch could see of him was his feet. His head was hidden by a large canvas umbrella. There he sat, in his high chair, facing the ocean. Honey Bunch thought the Winters baby would like to have his chair face the ocean, too, instead of the back yard which was all he could see from his nursery.

"That man," announced Julie kindly, "is the life guard. He sits there and watches to see that nobody drowns. He makes folks come in, if they swim too far out, and on rough days he warns every one who goes in. Lots of people are foolish when they're in the water," remarked the little seaside girl, in a very grown-up manner. "And if they aren't

careful or aren't watched they drown. If you were drowning, the life guard would swim out and get you."

Honey Bunch said she didn't want to drown, though she would not mind sitting in the high chair and watching to see that no one else did.

"I used to think it would be lots of fun, too," said Julie. "But Daddy says it is hot and tiresome to sit there for hours and stare out over the water. And rowing a boat around is even harder."

"He's getting in the boat now," said Honey Bunch.

Sure enough, the life guard had climbed down from his high chair and was pushing a rowboat down the sand to the water. Several men in bathing suits helped him push. The life guard wore a bathing suit, Honey Bunch saw now, and a flopping straw hat. He climbed into the boat as it touched the water and picked up the oars.

"Where is he going?" asked Honey Bunch curiously.

"He'll row out beyond the breakers and stay

there a little while," said Julie. "See the other man in the boat with him? That's the other guard. They take turns watching and rowing."

Honey Bunch had not seen the other guard climb into the boat, but there he sat, looking exactly like the first life guard. The two little girls watched till the boat had bounced up and down, over the breakers, and reached a smooth place some distance beyond the bathers. Then it turned sideways and one of the guards stood up and waved his arm.

"Is he waving to us?" asked Honey Bunch, wondering if she should wave back.

"He's telling that girl to come in," said Julie, who had lived so long at the seashore she knew all about the bathing rules. "She is going too far out by herself. See; now she is swimming in."

They saw the floating red cap of the girl move slowly toward a group of other bathers, and then the guard sat down. Honey Bunch and Julie watched a little longer, and then a maid in a blue dress and white apron came

down close to the water and called: "Jim-ee! Jim-ee! You have to come out now—it's quarter of twelve!"

"We'd better go home, too," said Julie, "for Pauline will have lunch ready at twelve. My goodness, Honey Bunch, you just ought to see your nose!"

CHAPTER IX

ANNE WADE'S SAND PAIL

HONEY BUNCH trotted up the beach after Julie.

"What's the matter with my nose?" she kept asking anxiously. "What's the matter with it, Julie?"

"Wait till you get to the house and you'll see," was all Julie would say.

Honey Bunch's mother and Julie's mother were sitting on the porch, but Honey Bunch could hardly stop long enough to speak to them when she and Julie reached the house.

"I have to look at my nose, Aunt Norma," she told Julie's mother. "It's important."

Aunt Norma laughed and kissed her and said, yes, she thought a nose *was* important. Honey Bunch, running upstairs, scarcely heard her. She was so eager to see her nose!

When Mrs. Morton came into their room a

few minutes later, she found Honey Bunch standing on a chair by the window, staring at herself in the hand glass.

"Why, what in the world are you doing, Honey Bunch?" asked Mother quickly.

"Looking at my nose," said Honey Bunch, "and, oh, Mother, it's all red!"

"Just pink," replied Mrs. Morton, smiling. "A pretty pink, Honey Bunch. And by and by the pink will go away and your nose will be brown. You are getting sunburned, dear—that's all."

"Shall I be as brown as a berry?" asked Honey Bunch hopefully, and she felt much better about her red nose when her mother said she was sure that in a few weeks she would be as brown as Julie.

"I think it would be nice to go down to the pier this afternoon," suggested Aunt Norma, when they had had lunch and were sitting again on the porch. "It is shady there and usually one can depend on a breeze."

"Honey Bunch will want to send some postals to the little girls she knows in Barham,"

said Mrs. Morton. "There is a stand on the pier, isn't there?"

Mrs. Somerset said yes, and in a few minutes they were all walking down to the pier, which was three blocks from the house. The two mothers carried parasols and work bags, but Honey Bunch and Julie did not want parasols, though they wore no hats. Julie was already as tanned as she could get and not even to save her red nose would Honey Bunch carry what she called an "umbrella."

The pier was delightful—clean and cool and shady. It ran far out into the ocean, and before they sat down Honey Bunch and Julie walked to the very tip end and stood looking down into the dashing water which rolled and tossed and tumbled against the heavy wooden supports which held the pier in place.

"It shakes!" Honey Bunch told Mother, when they got back. "It shakes every time a wave hits it, Mother."

"But it is too strong for the waves to hurt, dear," said Julie's mother. "Julie, Aunt Edith wants to get some postals for Honey

Bunch. Suppose you two go over to the stand and select the prettiest ones."

Together Honey Bunch and Julie picked out cards to send Ida Camp and Grace Winters and Cora and Kitty Williams and the other little girls Honey Bunch knew. They bought a postal for Norman Clark, too, and one for Mrs. Miller and even a postal card for Lady Clare! Honey Bunch said that Mrs. Miller could read it to her and she was sure the cat would be pleased to hear that her little mistress had not forgotten her.

"Hello! Where's my pail and shovel?" said some one, as they came out of the little pavilion where postal cards and stamps were sold.

It was Anne Wade, and Honey Bunch and Julie had never thought of her pail and shovel till that minute.

"It—it must be down on the sand," stammered Julie. "You left it, Anne, when you started to chase Harvey Garrett."

"Well, I thought you'd take care of it for me," grumbled Anne. "I should think you

might have taken it home with you and saved it for me. Now some kid will pick it up and I'll never see it again."

"Maybe we can find it, Julie," said kind little Honey Bunch. "I think I remember where we left it; let's go look."

"It's too hot to hunt for it," retorted Julie. She didn't want to go looking for a pail and shovel at that minute.

"I'll go look," said Honey Bunch. "I'm pretty sure I can find your pail and shovel, Anne."

"We'll have to go and tell Mother we are going down on the sand," said Julie. "And maybe she won't want us to go. And you'll get your shoes full of sand, Honey Bunch, and you won't like that."

"All you have to do is to show me where you left the pail and shovel," said Anne.

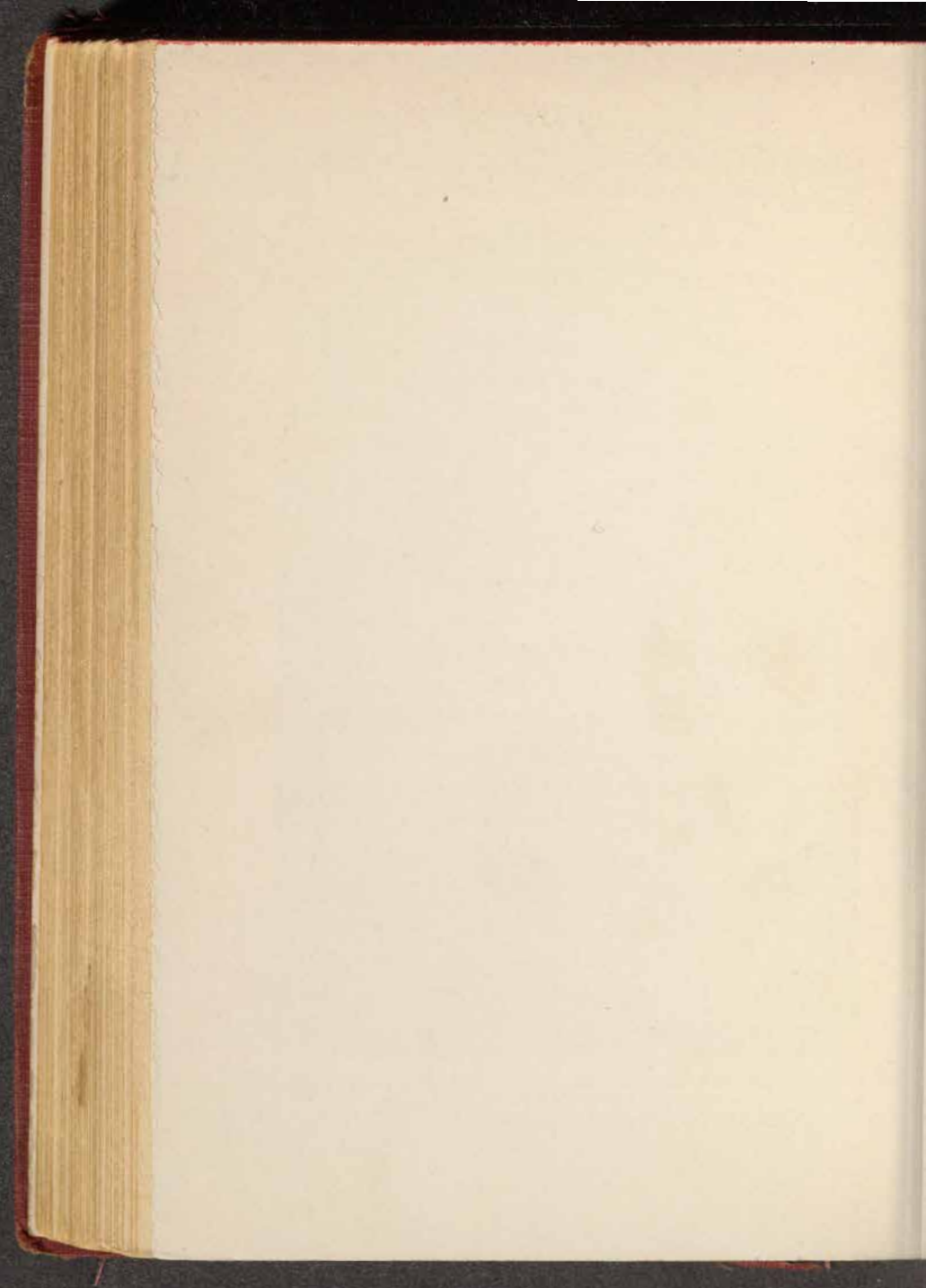
Julie really had a right to be cross this time. Anne, she knew, was very apt to leave her pails and shovels on the beach, and she lost two or three every summer. She was old enough to take care of her own things, and Julie didn't



HONEY BUNCH WAS STANDING UP AND HOLDING ON TO THE
SIDE OF THE BOAT.

Honey Bunch: Her First Visit to the Seashore.

Page 105



see why she should have to go and look for a "silly pail and shovel" as she told her mother.

"But we did leave it," argued Honey Bunch, in her soft little voice. "We did leave it, Aunt Norma. I can find it—Julie needn't come."

"Of course Julie will go," said Julie's mother. "You might easily get lost on the beach, Honey Bunch. I think an excursion must be in to-day, there is such a crowd. If this pail and shovel cannot wait till morning, Julie will help you hunt for it now. But if you are too warm, my dears, come back here and rest; Anne wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable."

Anne said no, of course she wouldn't, and the three little girls went down the steps at the end of the pier and walked across the beach. But although Honey Bunch was sure she could remember where they had played, they could not find the pail and shovel.

"You took your own toys home," Anne kept saying. "I notice you didn't lose your own toys. I think you might have kept my pail and shovel for me."

Julie grumbled every time Anne said this, but Honey Bunch continued to hunt. She was sure that she would find the missing pail and shovel "in a minute."

"What's that man doing?" asked Julie suddenly. "Oh, he's carving in the sand—let's go look."

A crowd surrounded the man who was making statues out of wet sand. Julie and Anne pressed closer, but Honey Bunch turned away.

"If I could just find the castle," she said to herself, "I know the pail would be there, by the gate."

Honey Bunch did not know that boys, playing ball after she and Julie had gone home to lunch, had knocked the castle wall flat and trampled down the lovely sand castle and the chocolate paper flag.

Up and down went Honey Bunch, searching for the pail and shovel. She came up to the lifeboat—drawn up on the shore now—and looked carefully in the sand around that.

"What are you looking for?" asked a boy, who was leaning against the boat.

He had his trousers turned up and was barefooted. There were half a dozen boys playing leapfrog on the sand near him and they came running to see what Honey Bunch was hunting for.

"Did you lose a gold ring?" asked the boy. "A lady lost a gold ring when she was in bathing last week."

"I'm looking for a pail and shovel," explained Honey Bunch, pushing the wet yellow hair away from her blue eyes. "Did you see a pail and shovel anywhere?"

Then that boy did a mean thing to tired little Honey Bunch. He thought it was a joke, but it was a very poor joke indeed.

"Maybe it's in the boat," he said. "Climb in and see. Here, I'll help you get in."

Before she knew what he was doing, the boy had lifted Honey Bunch into the deep rowboat.

"Come on, fellows!" he shouted. "We'll

give her a sail! Come on, let's push the boat off."

The life guards were both up the beach, dragging in a stray log of wood that had come drifting in and which might easily injure a bather if allowed to float about in the water. They had not pulled their boat very far up on the beach, and the seven boys, all pushing at once, were able to shove it off into the ocean.

There were only a few bathers in at this hour and these were swimming far out. All the people on the beach were busy watching the sand artist do his carving. There was no one to stop the mischievous boys.

"Please!" cried Honey Bunch, beginning to feel frightened. "Please, I don't want to go sailing; I want to get out."

"You'll like it in a minute," said the boy who had first spoken to her. "Wait till you get out where it's smooth and you'll like it."

There was a shout from the beach, and, looking back, the boys saw the life guards running toward them.

"Duck!" cried the leader. "Duck and then run! The guards are coming!"

Without a thought for Honey Bunch, those boys abandoned the boat and splashed noisily through the surf, struggling to get further down the beach. One of the guards ran after them and the other plunged into the water after Honey Bunch.

"Sit down!" he called to her, for she was standing up, holding to the side of the boat with both hands as it bounced and swayed heavily. "Sit down and keep perfectly quiet! You're all right."

Honey Bunch sat down very suddenly in the bottom of the boat. Two of the bathers had heard the guards shouting and now they were coming toward her, swimming as fast as they could. They reached the bouncing boat at the same time the life guard grasped it.

Honey Bunch looked up to see a brown face with water running off the dark hair, peering into the boat.

"Christopher Columbus!" gasped the life guard. "You're only a little girl."

Honey Bunch had been crying, but now she smiled.

"I'm Honey Bunch," she said clearly, "and I want to go home."

"Of course you do," said the life guard. "And you're going ashore this minute. Push, you fellows!"

The other bathers had all swum over to the boat by now, and they put their hands on the boat and pushed it in. It had not drifted very far out, and the guard said he would not bother to get in and row because then he would get Honey Bunch's dress wet.

"Now, never——" he said, as the boat touched shore and he lifted her gently out, "never get into a boat again without first asking."

CHAPTER X

SWIMMING WITH DADDY

"BUT I didn't!" said Honey Bunch.

She was standing beside the lifeboat and she looked very small and forlorn.

The tall life guard looked down at her earnestly.

"Weren't you playing with those young rascals who ran away?" he asked her.

Honey Bunch shook her head till her yellow curls jumped.

"I was hunting for Anne's pail and shovel," she said. "And one boy said I might find it in the boat, so he lifted me inside; and then they pushed the boat in the water to make it sail."

"Couldn't catch them!" said the other life guard, coming up quite out of breath. "This the little girl they were scaring?"

"From what she says, they must have dumped her in the boat for a joke," declared

the guard who had swum out to the boat. " 'Tisn't my idea of a joke, but I suppose as long as the child is all right it doesn't really matter."

Then he shook hands with Honey Bunch and told her he was glad to hear she had not been playing in his boat.

"I'll see you again, if you are staying down here," he said, with a pleasant smile. "George and I like little people who don't meddle in things they shouldn't."

Honey Bunch went off to find Julie and Anne, and the two guards sat down by their boat. Although it seemed a long time to Honey Bunch since she had been to sea and back again, it had not really been longer than twenty minutes. Julie and Anne, when she found them on the edge of the crowd watching the sand artist, had not even missed her.

For some reason she could not explain, Honey Bunch did not feel like telling her cousin and Anne about her experience. She was very quiet the rest of the afternoon, and Julie thought it was because she was disap-

pointed that they had not succeeded in finding the pail and shovel. When that night Honey Bunch told her mother what had happened, Mrs. Morton held her close and said over and over how glad she was that nothing had happened to her little girl.

But the tanned young life guard had made a mistake when he said that he supposed it "didn't matter." For Honey Bunch could not be induced to go in another boat for a long time. She was afraid. She would not go even with her mother and Julie's mother. Indeed it was not till her daddy came down that they could persuade her to go near enough to a boat to touch it.

Honey Bunch had been at Glenhaven two weeks—and her nose had turned from pink to brown—when her daddy gave them all a delightful surprise by coming down for the week-end. He drove up to the curb Friday evening in his car and almost the first thing Honey Bunch asked him was whether he had seen Sarah and Jane and whether he had bought their wild flowers.

"I haven't seen them, dear," he told her. "I don't think they try to sell flowers every afternoon. Then, too, they may go to different places. Are you going swimming with me to-morrow, Honey Bunch?"

"Oh, yes," replied Honey Bunch. "Let's go swimming, Daddy."

Honey Bunch had a brand new bathing suit—blue with white trimming—but she had not been in the ocean yet. She had been wading many times with Julie and Anne and she had watched Anne and her cousin frolic in the water in their bathing suits. But each time they asked her to come in with them, Honey Bunch always said politely: "Please, I would rather not."

But the next morning after breakfast she and Daddy and Mother put on their bathing suits. Aunt Norma—who said she wouldn't go in that day but would sit on the beach and hold their sweaters and handkerchiefs—and Julie, who looked like a pretty little bumble bee in her yellow suit, went with them down to the beach.

"I spect it's pretty wet," said Honey Bunch, holding fast to her daddy's hand.

"Why, yes, it is wet, Honey Bunch," he answered cheerfully. "But, you see, we get used to it gradually. We don't go in with a rush and let the ocean surprise us; we get acquainted a little at a time."

This sounded wise to Honey Bunch, and so, while Julie sat down beside her mother on the sand to watch, Honey Bunch gave one hand to Daddy and one to Mother and walked right into that beautiful blue ocean.

"It—it's a little cold," she said. "And it *is* wet. But I like it, don't I, Daddy?"

"Of course you do!" he told her. "Now let Daddy hold you where a wave can go over you, darling, and you won't feel cold. Daddy will hold you fast—see, here comes a breaker—we'll let it go right over our heads."

And that is just what that big, white-topped wave did. It came rushing at them like a high wall, and then, with a crash and a roar, it went over their heads while Honey Bunch clung to her daddy's neck with both hands.

How she sputtered! There was water in her eyes and water running down off her chin. She opened her eyes and tried to see where the wave had gone. It was running back to the sea as fast as it could go.

Honey Bunch put out her pink tongue and tasted the water on her lips. It was salty—oh, very salty.

"Daddy!" cried Honey Bunch, having made a discovery, "I like it! Do it again, Daddy!"

So then Daddy Morton held her and let several more waves wash over her, and next he took her back to the sand and put her down to play with Julie while he and Mother went out, as far as any one went, as far as the girl with her surf board had gone.

"They can swim," said Julie. "I can swim a little. Some day I mean to swim out to the lifeboat and back."

When Mr. Morton came in, Mrs. Morton sat down beside Aunt Norma to rest, and the two little girls went into the water with Honey Bunch's daddy.

"You can't make Honey Bunch go near a

boat," said Julie, looking out to where the life guards sat in their bobbing boat, watching the bathers. "She won't even touch a boat when it is tied to the pier."

"I know—her mother wrote me," replied Daddy Morton. "But you will go with Daddy, won't you, Honey Bunch?"

"Please," said Honey Bunch, "I would rather not."

"When a little girl has her daddy to take care of her, it is quite different," explained Mr. Morton, lifting Honey Bunch to his shoulder and wading ashore while Julie hopped along, almost running to keep up with him. "You wouldn't be afraid if Daddy took you out to the life guards' boat and put you in it, would you, dear?"

"No-o," said Honey Bunch, but she did not seem to be at all sure.

"The first moment you want to come back, we'll come," her daddy promised her. "Come now, and we'll show Mother how far we can swim, Honey Bunch."

Even with the restless waves all about her

and now and then breaking over her head, Honey Bunch felt quite safe. She knew that in Daddy's arms nothing could hurt her or frighten her. But when they reached the boat, dear me, how uncomfortable Honey Bunch felt.

"Well, if it isn't Honey Bunch!" said the black-haired life guard, who knew her very well by this time. "Did you swim out to see us?"

Honey Bunch and Julie had talked many times to him on the beach, though Honey Bunch had never been near his boat since the day the boy had lifted her in. Now she tried to smile, but she was nearer crying.

"I want to show a little girl that boats may be pleasant places," said Daddy Morton. "Honey Bunch might want to go sailing when she grows up, and it will never do for her to have the wrong idea of boats and ships."

Then the guard leaned down and lifted Honey Bunch in his strong arms and put her on the seat beside him. The other life guard—whose name was George—smiled at her,

and Daddy Morton floated comfortably in the water, holding fast to one end of the row-boat.

At first Honey Bunch shut her eyes. Nothing happened. She opened them. Three smiling faces greeted her. Over her head was the beautiful blue sky with pretty white clouds lazily drifting across it. All about her spread the sparkling water. There was scarcely a ripple under the boat. It swayed just a little, as the rocking chair on Aunt Norma's porch sometimes swayed in the wind when no one was sitting in it.

Honey Bunch gave a little sigh. She smiled. After all, there was nothing to fear about a boat—if you had your daddy with you and two strong life guards to hold the oars.

"It is a nice boat," said Honey Bunch.

Daddy Morton reached up his arms and the two guards gently lowered Honey Bunch into them and waved good-bye to her as her daddy swam away with her. They were both glad that Honey Bunch was no longer afraid of boats.

After she and Julie had played a little while on the beach, it was time to go back to the house and dress. And as soon as they were dressed, Pauline came to tell them that lunch was ready.

"I feel like celebrating," announced Mr. Morton at the lunch table. "Here I am with an unexpected vacation handed to me—I thought I couldn't get away till I came down with Peter next month—and if anything is worth celebrating, it is a vacation. Where does one go, Norma, when an occasion like this demands a party?"

Julie's mother laughed and said she thought he would be glad to rest.

"I'll ask Julie," said Mr. Morton, smiling. "After all, it is the children who know how to have a good time. Julie, where would you go if you wanted to have an exciting afternoon and wanted to take two little girls and two mothers with you?"

"Happydays Park," replied Julie instantly.

She bounced about in her chair and almost upset her glass of milk.

"Oh, Julie!" Mrs. Somerset looked dismayed. "That's an amusement park, David," she explained to Mr. Morton. "You know what that means—merry-go-rounds and chutes and all kinds of queer things to eat."

"It's perfectly lovely, Uncle David," said Julie. "The horses on the merry-go-round go up and down and the chutes are so exciting! And there is a scenic railway, and fat mirrors——"

"We must go," declared Mr. Morton, his eyes twinkling. "Nothing short of a fat mirror will satisfy my desire to celebrate. I'll get the car and be around for you in five minutes."

Honey Bunch and Julie went with him to get the car, and when the two mothers came out the children were talking as fast as they could about the things to be seen at Happydays Park.

"We'll go on everything there is," said Mr. Morton, helping Honey Bunch into her sweater, which her mother said she would need. "We'll go into everything and on to

everything and through everything. And whatever there is to eat, we'll eat it."

"Then don't blame me for your feelings to-morrow," said Julie's mother, but she looked at Honey Bunch's mother, and they both laughed.

Julie knew the way to the Park, and twenty minutes' driving brought them to the great whitewashed gates. Spelled out in huge red letters over the arch were the words "Happy-days Park."

CHAPTER XI

HAPPYDAYS PARK

HONEY BUNCH and Julie bounced up and down in excitement as Mr. Morton drove the car through the gates and found a space reserved for parking.

"Now, then," he said, smiling as he helped the two mothers out and then lifted Honey Bunch and her cousin to the ground, "where shall we go first?"

"I see you are determined to be reckless, David," Julie's mother said, pretending to scold. "Suppose we go over first to the merry-go-round; there are chairs there where Edith and I can sit and watch you and the children."

"The merry-go-round it is," answered Mr. Morton, taking Honey Bunch by one hand and Julie by the other. "But you can't sit and watch us—you'll have to come riding."

"Oh, yes, Mother!" begged Honey Bunch.

"Please, Mother! You will like to ride on a horse that goes up and down!"

Mrs. Morton laughed and said she didn't care much about horses that rode up and down, but when they reached the beautiful shining carrousel, where the bright-colored prancing animals "went up and down" and the music played gaily, she really did let Daddy Morton help her on. So did Julie's mother. She sat on a lion's back and Mrs. Morton rode a tiger, while as for Honey Bunch and Julie, they could not decide which they would rather ride—one of the horses with lovely flowing manes or the giraffe whose neck was so long it reached far up into the wires over their heads.

"Ride the horses first," advised Mr. Morton, lifting Honey Bunch on one and putting Julie on the one opposite. "Next time you may try the giraffe."

Daddy did not ride any of the animals, but stood between Honey Bunch and Julie to see that neither one fell off.

You know, of course, what fun it is to ride

on a merry-go-round, and you will be able to imagine how Honey Bunch looked with her curls flying and her eyes shining as she went around and around and the music played and the horse pranced under her.

"What's the bell for?" asked Honey Bunch, when one rang suddenly.

"The merry-go-round is going to stop," answered her daddy. "See, we are slowing down. You stay where you are, till I help Mother and Aunt Norma off and then I'll help you get on the giraffe."

Sure enough, the big platform went more and more slowly and presently it stopped. Mr. Morton helped the two mothers down from the lion and the tiger, and they walked over to the wall where chairs were placed for people who did not want to ride on the merry-go-round.

"Was it the zebra you wanted to ride, Honey Bunch?" asked her daddy, coming back to her.

"The giraffe, Daddy!" urged Honey Bunch. "The giraffe—and Julie wants one, too."

Mr. Morton knew they wanted to ride the giraffes, and he was only teasing. He lifted the two little girls to the backs of their strange steeds and the bell sounded again. This was the signal for the merry-go-round to start revolving slowly.

"Do you want a ride, son?" Mr. Morton called to a boy who stood watching them. "Hop on—it will be all right."

He looked as though he might be twelve or thirteen years old, and Honey Bunch had seen him when they first came in. She had not thought anything about it, but now she began to think that it could not be much fun to watch other people riding on the merry-go-round and never once ride on it yourself.

"Look, Daddy, he's riding on the camel," she whispered, for the boy had jumped for the platform as soon as Mr. Morton spoke to him.

All the rest of her ride, Honey Bunch stared at the boy. She had never seen any one have such a good time. He whistled and he sang and he reached up and tried to take a brass

ring from a bar each time he passed it. Honey Bunch could not see what he wanted with that—it was just like the brass curtain rings her mother had at home.

"I've got it!" shouted the boy at last, and there he had the ring in his hand.

"Now he can ride again without paying," said Julie. "Isn't that nice?"

But when the merry-go-round stopped, the boy came up to Mr. Morton and held out the ring.

"Doesn't your little girl want it?" he asked shyly. "I caught it."

"You keep it. I'm glad you were lucky," said Mr. Morton, lifting Honey Bunch and Julie to the floor. "We've had two rides, and that is enough for any one; once more might make us wish we had not been greedy."

So the boy stayed on, and as they walked away Julie explained to Honey Bunch that whoever caught the brass ring was entitled to ride on the merry-go-round free. Then, of course, Honey Bunch was glad to think the boy had caught the ring. He did not look

like a boy who had much fun. Honey Bunch wondered if he could be a brother of Jane and Sarah.

"My goodness, you talk about those girls all the time," said Julie, when Honey Bunch asked her this. "You're always wanting to send them dresses and shoes and things, and all you know about them is that their names are Jane and Sarah. I do hope you'll ask them their last names, if you ever see them again, Honey Bunch."

Honey Bunch said she would, and they trotted off to show Mr. Morton the "fat mirrors." Julie was sure she knew where they were. But before they came to the mirrors, they heard loud shouts and laughing.

"They're shooting the chutes over there," said Julie, who knew all about the Park. "Just listen to the people scream!"

"Are they putting coal in for the winter?" asked Honey Bunch, a little timidly. "We did that at our house."

Julie was a dear cousin, but Honey Bunch had learned that, although she was only two

years older, she seemed to know about many things that Honey Bunch did not and she was rather inclined to laugh at some of the things Honey Bunch said.

She laughed now, but just a little chuckle. "

"Wait till you see how to shoot the chutes, Honey Bunch," she giggled. "You won't think they're putting in coal when you see them hit the water!"

"We'll have to try it ourselves, and then Honey Bunch will know," declared Daddy Morton. "Where's the ticket stand? I see it! Don't let go my hand, Honey Bunch."

Honey Bunch had no intention of letting go her daddy's hand. As they came nearer to the chutes, the noise of laughter and shouting grew louder. Then, through a cleared space in the crowd, Honey Bunch saw a sheet of water that looked like a lake. Above this lake rose a hill—at least, it looked like a hill. But never had Honey Bunch seen boats sliding down a hill, and as she watched three came down this one—came so fast that she hardly realized they were filled with people who were all

screaming and laughing at once. Splash! the boats left the hill, rose in the air and came down in the water!

"Oh—my!" gasped Honey Bunch. "Are they drowning, Daddy?"

"Hear them laugh—why, no, dearest, they are having a fine time," said her daddy. "Do you think you would like to try that sport, Honey Bunch?"

Honey Bunch looked again at the hill. Two more boats were rushing down, headed for the water. As she watched they rose in the air and fell to the lake—splash! Shrieks of laughter filled the air.

"Let's go do it, Daddy!" cried Honey Bunch eagerly.

It was exciting to settle into one of the long boats, Julie on her mother's lap, then Mrs. Morton, then Daddy Morton and Honey Bunch in his lap. Honey Bunch's heart came right up into her mouth when the "boat" started.

It was exciting to dash down so swiftly—Honey Bunch caught her breath. But when

they reached the bottom of the hill and shot out into the air over the water, then fell with a splash that sent a shower of water drops high above them—oh, then Honey Bunch found she was squealing like the excited little white mouse Michael had found in Uncle Rand's barn at the farm.

"Do it again, Daddy!" cried Honey Bunch. "Do it again!"

And all the other people in the boat laughed, for it was plain that Honey Bunch liked shooting the chutes.

They came down the hill and sailed over the water twice more, and then Daddy Morton said it was time they found the "fat mirrors" Julie had told him about. And the first thing Honey Bunch knew, she was staring at the fattest little girl she had ever seen! This little girl had cheeks that puffed out like big balloons; her socks, and the little legs inside them, were as large around as fence posts—almost; but, strangest of all, although her hat was wide enough to shade three ordinary-sized little girls, it was trimmed with

buttercups, just as Honey Bunch's hat was trimmed.

"Why, it's me!" cried the astonished Honey Bunch.

And it was. But her mother and her daddy and her Aunt Norma and Julie looked just as fat and funny when they stood before this mirror, so Honey Bunch did not mind.

Next to this funny mirror was another, one that made people look thin. In this mirror Honey Bunch became a regular "tooth-pick" little girl, her daddy said. He declared it made her look so thin that he was sure she must be hungry, and he marched them all off to have ice cream under some pretty trees. They sat at small birch bark tables and the ice cream had three colors in each piece. Honey Bunch and Julie had great fun "taking turns" with each color. It made the ice cream last longer, they thought.

After this they went riding on the scenic railway, that is, Mr. Morton took the two little girls while Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Somerset rested quietly on a bench. Honey

Bunch and Julie sat in a little car, and when they came to the dark tunnels they held on to Mr. Morton's coat pretty tightly. The little train of cars wandered through towns built underground and over strange mountains and finally took them up, up, into the air where they could see over the whole Park. Honey Bunch was sure she could see their automobile parked over by the gate.

Swish! down came the cars so fast that Honey Bunch closed her eyes in the rushing wind and never opened them again till her daddy lifted her out.

"You didn't yell once," said Julie.

"Well, the lady in the seat back of ours did, so that's all right," returned Honey Bunch. She had been too busy having a good time to scream herself.

There was a band playing now—Julie said a concert was given every afternoon—and they walked over to the pavilion where they could hear the music and listened a little while. When Mrs. Morton said she was thirsty, Mr. Morton brought them lemonade

in paper cups and a box of popcorn for Julie and one for Honey Bunch.

"If we don't go home this minute," declared Mrs. Somerset, when she saw the popcorn, "no one will want a bite of Pauline's good supper; and she has planned to have blackberry shortcake, too."

CHAPTER XII

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE

HONEY BUNCH's daddy said that nothing but blackberry shortcake would have made him think of going home. But as soon as he began to think about the shortcake, he discovered that it was half-past five o'clock and in a few minutes they were back in the car and turning around to leave Happydays Park.

"I'm going to open my popcorn now," said Julie, as soon as they were out on the road.

And though her mother said she thought that ice cream and lemonade ought to be enough for one small girl in an afternoon, Julie was so hungry that she ate all her popcorn. Of course she passed the box, but no one wanted popcorn, and that left it all for Julie.

"Don't you want any, Honey Bunch?" insisted Julie, shaking the box so that the popcorn rattled.

Honey Bunch said she didn't want any popcorn and she did not open her own box. Julie thought she was saving it to eat later, but when they reached the house Honey Bunch went straight to the kitchen.

"I brought you some popcorn, Pauline," she said, peeping in through the kitchen door at Pauline, who was mashing blackberries in cream for the shortcake. "We had the nicest time!"

Pauline was as pleased as pleased could be that Honey Bunch had thought of her, and if it had not been for Honey Bunch's mother, that little girl might have made herself sick by eating too much shortcake. Every one laughed when Pauline brought in Honey Bunch's plate—Pauline had cut a piece for her that was three times as large as an ordinary sized piece. Mrs. Morton cut it in half and then cut one of the halves in half again, and *that* was just right. Honey Bunch ate it, and very good it was.

The next day was Sunday, and Honey

Bunch and her daddy and Julie went to Sunday school and then spent the rest of the day on the beach. They had a very quiet, happy time and built a new castle. At sunset, Julie's mother came down to tell them that they were going to have supper on the beach, and that was just like a picnic.

Monday morning, alas, Daddy Morton had to go home. But he was coming again in a few weeks, and he would bring Uncle Peter with him, so Honey Bunch did not feel so bad as she might have felt.

Now, of course, she was used to her bathing suit. She said she was. And very often Julie and she put on their suits and went down to spend the whole morning on the beach. Dear me, soon Honey Bunch was as brown as Julie—little nose, face, hands and arms and legs—she surely was as "brown as a berry." Every one said so.

Sometimes Anne came and played with them—that missing pail and shovel were never found—and sometimes Harvey Garrett came

and teased them all. He had no sisters of his own, and that may have been the reason he was not more polite to little girls.

The two mothers went in bathing almost every day, and often Julie and Honey Bunch would go out into the water with them. They thought it more fun, though, to dig a little hole, close to the edge of the water, and sit in it and let the water come and fill it up. Oh, how cold it was at first and, when they were used to it, how pleasant!

"Mother," said Julie one afternoon, when they were sitting on the shady pier, "Honey Bunch hasn't had a ride on the ponies yet. You said we could take her some afternoon."

"Yes, I know I did," replied Mrs. Somerset, smiling. "But you have been such busy little girls there really hasn't been a spare moment. Are the ponies on the beach to-day, Julie?"

Julie stood up and shaded her eyes with her hand. She looked far up the boardwalk to a place where a little shed was built.

"They're leading them out now, Mother!"

cried Julie. "Honey Bunch ought to go riding to-day, oughtn't she?"

Honey Bunch looked interested. She had never ridden on a pony.

"I rode one of the horses at Stub's farm," she told Julie. "His name was T. Foote, and he was very high from the ground."

"These ponies are little," said Julie. "It's fun to ride on them. Sometimes they just take you up and down inside the fence, but sometimes the men take them down to the beach. It's heaps more fun down on the beach."

Julie's mother folded up her sewing and Honey Bunch's mother folded up her knitting and they followed Julie, who dragged Honey Bunch along so fast her feet had to run. Julie was afraid the spotted pony wouldn't be there unless they hurried.

But he was. They found a boy holding him when they reached the beach. The spotted pony was a beautiful little creature, with a soft cream-colored mane and tail and white patches on his cream-colored body.

Julie said he was the nicest pony of all the seven that stood there, and she should have known. She had ridden every one of those ponies.

"I'd like to see you do it," said Honey Bunch, stepping away from the four little polished feet of the pony.

His hoofs were as black and shining as Honey Bunch's best patent leather slippers.

"You take a little ride first, Julie," said Julie's mother. "Then Honey Bunch will ride the pony."

Julie scrambled up on the pony's back and grinned down at Honey Bunch from the saddle.

"He's the dearest pony," she cried, taking the reins. "You'll love him to pieces!"

Julie was so used to riding a pony that the boy did not lead her up and down. No, she said "gidap!" and sent the pony scampering over the wet sand all by herself.

"There, that's all you have to do!" she said to Honey Bunch, when she had turned the pony around and had come flying back.

There were chairs on the sand—without legs, Honey Bunch said. She meant, of course, that the chairs had no legs. They were of canvas and very comfortable with high backs. Honey Bunch's mother and Julie's mother sat down in two of these chairs and the boy lifted Honey Bunch to the back of the spotted pony.

"I'll come, too," said Julie, and she ran alongside, one hand on the saddle, while the boy led the pony.

"What's your name?" whispered Honey Bunch into the left ear of the pony.

He wiggled his ear, but the boy had to answer for him.

"His name is Callie," said the boy. "That's short for 'Calico.' Are you comfortable, Miss?"

Honey Bunch said she was comfortable, and indeed she was. Callie was much nearer the ground than T. Foote had been and he picked up his feet so carefully and put them down so gently that any one would have known at once that he was a polite pony.

"Why do you call him 'Calico'?" asked Honey Bunch, stroking his mane.

"'Cause he has those spots," explained the boy, leading Callie around a deep hole some children had dug in the sand. "They look like pieces of calico."

Honey Bunch did not think they did. They looked like spots to her, but she did not say so. Instead, she whispered into the pony's other ear that she hoped he wasn't tired.

He shook his head at that, and of course that showed he wasn't tired at all.

They had gone almost to the point where the pony should turn around when a sudden breeze lifted the straw hat the boy wore off his head and sent it spinning along the beach.

"You stay still, Callie—whoa!" cried the boy, and, dropping the halter, he ran back to get his hat.

Honey Bunch always declared that the pony did not hear what the boy said. She was sure he would never have acted as he did had he heard plainly.

For the moment the boy left him and ran

up the beach, Callie turned and walked deliberately toward the ocean.

"Stop him!" cried Julie. "Pull on the lines, Honey Bunch!"

Honey Bunch pulled on the lines, but Callie paid no attention. He continued to walk toward the ocean. Julie tried to pull on the lines, too, but she wasn't very tall and she could hardly reach up to the saddle.

"He'll go in the ocean!" screamed the frightened Julie. "Make him stop, Honey Bunch!"

It was a lonely strip of sand and there were no other people near. Honey Bunch tugged on the reins and she asked Callie please, *please*, PLEASE not to go into the water, but that pony acted as though he did not hear her. He went straight toward the water, and when he heard the boy shouting to him, he began to run a little.

Then Julie, who was as brave as a little girl seven years old could be, made up her mind that she wasn't going to let her cousin go to sea on a pony's back. What she did was funny

and not exactly helpful, but she meant it for the best. She seized Callie's beautiful, long, wavy tail and she held on with all her strength. But even that didn't stop the pony.

Splash! There, he had stepped into the water and in a few minutes Honey Bunch felt the spray from the waves. Julie let go the pony's tail and stood crying on the edge of the creeping waves that went on laughing as they ran up on the beach and back, exactly as though there were no unhappy little girls in the world.

"I'll get him!" shouted the boy, running past Julie and making more noise than the pony did.

Indeed Callie was picking his way through the waves as carefully as he had walked over the sand. Honey Bunch wasn't the least bit wet. But she was not very comfortable. No one wants to go riding in the ocean unless it is in a boat or on a surf board. What she wanted most of all—even more than she wanted Callie to go out of the water on to the shore, she thought—was her mother. And

Mother was far up the beach, talking comfortably to Aunt Norma.

Callie didn't want to come out at all—perhaps his feet were hot and the cool water felt good to them. Anyway, he tried to pull back, and at last one of the life guards came running to help, and then, after more pulling and pushing, that obstinate little pony walked out of the sea.

"Well, my goodness, Honey Bunch," cried the life guard, when she and the pony were safely on land, "are you going sailing on a pony? What won't you do next!"

Honey Bunch laughed.

"He didn't sail," she said. "He didn't even swim. How could you be so bad?" she added to Callie, who looked ashamed of himself and shook his head a great many times as if to say he didn't understand it himself.

You may be sure that the boy didn't drop the halter once on the return ride, and Callie behaved as well as any pony could until Honey Bunch was lifted down from his back. The two mothers had not seen him go into the

water, for a turn in the beach had hidden part of the beach from them. Honey Bunch and Julie told them what had happened and they both agreed when Honey Bunch said thoughtfully:

"Lots of things go right on happening to me."

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE PINES

"WE must go to the woods while you are here," said Julie's mother one morning a week or two after Honey Bunch had the experience with the pony.

The weather had been close and hot for many days, but this morning was one of those breezy, cool times that often follow what many people call a "hot spell." The great blue ocean lay shimmering and sparkling in the sun and the curtains in the dining room billowed in and out because the wind was blowing straight off the water.

"I think this morning will be a good time to go," continued Aunt Norma, sugaring Honey Bunch's cereal for her. "We can take the trolley and get off at the crossroads; it's only a step from there into the pines."

They started as soon as they had finished

breakfast. Julie's mother said they would be home for lunch, because the woods were not far away and they did not want to spend the day there. They had only to walk a block and a half from the house, and there was the funny little trolley car that ran on a single track. The motorman was the conductor and the conductor was the motorman, Julie had told Honey Bunch when she first came to Glenhaven, and Honey Bunch had never really understood this. But, as she told her daddy, she knew there was only one man to run the car, instead of two as the cars in Barham had.

"Here are the crossroads. We get off here," said Aunt Norma, after they had ridden a short distance.

Honey Bunch looked around in surprise when she found herself on a country road. The ocean was nowhere to be seen, but in one direction—across the trolley track—stretched the forest. This was "the pines" that Aunt Norma had spoken of at breakfast.

"What great, big trees!" exclaimed Honey

Bunch, as they crossed the car track and walked down the road.

They met no one and it was very still. The road was of white sand, and it did not look as though many wagons traveled over it. A small yellow butterfly skimmed ahead of Honey Bunch, and she thought it might be a fairy come to show them the way to the heart of the forest.

"Oh, it's dark!" cried Honey Bunch, when they left the road and went in among the trees.

It wasn't dark, but the sun on the white sand had been so bright that just at first it seemed dark under the heavy branches. Straight and tall the pines stood, and there wasn't a rustle to be heard. The yellow butterfly had disappeared. He preferred to stay outside in the sunshine.

Honey Bunch and Julie ran ahead, and the two mothers followed more slowly. There was a thick covering of dried pine needles on the ground, and this made a slippery surface. Honey Bunch found she could run and slide as she could on the ice in winter.

When they were tired of walking they sat down under one of the trees and rested. Mrs. Morton suggested to Honey Bunch and Julie that they might gather some pine cones to take back with them, and they had a little heap ready when Julie's mother said suddenly:

"Hark!"

"What is it, Norma?" asked Honey Bunch's mother.

"There it is again," said Julie's mother. "I thought I wasn't mistaken. Listen!"

Honey Bunch listened and her mother listened and Julie stopped counting pine cones and listened.

They heard a low muttering sound, like a dull rumble.

"Thunder!" cried Mrs. Morton, rising so quickly that she spilled all the pine cones out of her lap. "And we must be two miles from the trolley!"

The low rumble sounded again. It grew darker under the trees.

"I think we'd better try to find a shelter of

some sort," said Aunt Norma decidedly. "There are some houses scattered through the woods. If we can only get to a clearing, we'll probably find a house there. I believe there are picnic pavilions, too, but I'd rather not try to stay under the trees if we're going to have a storm."

That thunderstorm tried its best to hurry! Honey Bunch knew it did, because every time it thundered it sounded louder than the last time. And it grew darker and darker and every bit of breeze died away.

Julie made Honey Bunch laugh. She had hold of her mother's hand and Honey Bunch had hold of her mother's hand, and each step they took Julie scolded.

"I never heard of a thunderstorm in the morning!" complained Julie. "We never have thunderstorms in the morning, do we, Mother? And it wasn't hot to-day, either—it was nice and cool! I don't see why we have to have a thunderstorm in the morning!"

But in spite of Julie's scolding, the thunder-

storm came nearer and nearer. There was even one flash of lightning that made Honey Bunch say, "Oh!"

"I didn't know it was going to lighten," she apologized. "I don't mind lightning, if I know it is going to happen."

"Thank goodness, there's a house, though I doubt if it has a rain-tight roof," said Julie's mother, pointing ahead.

There, through the trees, they could see a cleared space where the pines had been cut down. A rough-looking house, shabby and untidy, stood in the center of this clearing and there was a woodshed and a well at one side. As they looked a great rain drop spattered Honey Bunch's nose and made her jump.

"Run!" said the two mothers at once. "Run—it has started to rain!"

Honey Bunch and Julie took hold of hands and raced for the house. They ran faster than their mothers and reached the doorstep first. The door was open, and in they dashed. Two girls, seated at a table near the window, looked at them in surprise.

"Mother!" shouted Honey Bunch, just as a crash of thunder sounded over their heads and the two mothers came into the room breathlessly. "Mother, here's Jane and Sarah!"

Mrs. Morton had almost forgotten the two girls who had stopped the car that afternoon and offered wild flowers for sale, but she remembered them as soon as she saw them. Jane and Sarah simply stared. Visitors were the last thing they expected, for they had no neighbors.

"Do you live here?" asked Honey Bunch, when she had heard her mother introduce the girls to Mrs. Somerset and had herself told them that Julie was her cousin. "Do you live here all alone?"

Jane was putting down one of the windows where the rain was driving in—it was pouring now—and Sarah answered.

"Sure, we live here," she said. "Always have."

"But not alone?" said Honey Bunch's mother.

"There's Mother," replied Sarah. "She's gone to Glenhaven to get the wash from a boarding house this morning. Last week our well went dry and we couldn't wash any clothes. But it's rained since."

Sarah and Jane were wearing dresses that were worse than those they had worn when Honey Bunch first saw them. Or perhaps the dresses were the same, but more ragged. Their house apparently had only the one room and it was used as a kitchen and a bedroom. A bed stood in one corner and the stove in another.

The thunder was rolling overhead and the rain came down in torrents. Jane put a tin basin under a wet spot that showed in the ceiling.

"Roof leaks," she said. "You're lucky you found the house before the storm caught you."

Julie's mother said something to Mrs. Morton in a low tone.

"Have you sold any more wild flowers?" asked Honey Bunch, poking Julie to tell her to stop staring at the bed. "I told Daddy to

watch for you when he went home, but you weren't there."

"We've sold some, but they wilt too fast in this weather," replied Jane. "And it's awful hard work to walk over to the main road. I tried to sell flowers to the boarding houses and the big hotel in Glenhaven, but most of 'em have gardens of their own."

"I'm going to have a garden some day," declared Honey Bunch. "A garden just for me; and you can have my flowers to sell."

"That'll be nice," said Sarah, putting up the window again, for the rain had almost stopped.

"Why does she put a stick under it?" whispered Julie.

"So it won't fall down," replied Sarah quickly.

"Have either of you girls ever worked out—I mean ever worked in Glenhaven as so many girls do during the summer?" asked Mrs. Somerset.

"No'm," answered Sarah. "You have to have references and you have to have clothes.

Besides, every one wants girls who are bigger than we are."

"Suppose I could arrange about the references and the clothes—and even the question of age—would you be willing to work in Glenhaven steadily?" asked Mrs. Somerset, smiling a little.

"Would we!" Sarah looked at Jane and Jane looked at Sarah. They both beamed.

"You would have to come home at night, because you would not want to let your mother stay alone," said Mrs. Somerset. "How near are you to the trolley line?"

"Pretty near," said Sarah. "Could we really get a job?"

"My sister and I will try to arrange it for you," answered Mrs. Somerset. "She thinks she can get you some plain, neat dresses, and I know many friends who need extra help during the summer. I think you are old enough to wait on table, perhaps, in a small house, or take care of a child for a busy mother. If you'll come over to-morrow morning, we'll see what we can do."

Sarah and Jane were speechless with delight. They listened while Julie's mother told them how to find her cottage; they took the money Mrs. Morton gave them for carfare; they smiled when Julie and Honey Bunch told them "don't forget—to-morrow morning." It was not till the visitors were ready to go that they really found their tongues.

"We'll show you the way to the trolley," said Jane.

It was not far, and they caught a car at once. Honey Bunch and Julie stood on the platform and waved to the two girls as long as they were in sight. Then they talked busily about Jane and Sarah—their house—and how it must feel to live in the woods—and what they did in the winter when it snowed and when the cold wind blew.

In another seat, just behind the little cousins, the two mothers were planning ways to help these girls and their mother.

Over and over, that afternoon, Honey Bunch demanded of her mother, of Julie, of

her Aunt Norma, of any one who would listen to her:

"Do you think Sarah and Jane will forget to come to-morrow?"

You know, without being told, that Jane and Sarah did not forget to come the next day. Kind Mrs. Morton had worked busily all the previous afternoon and part of the night, making over two of her own pretty gingham dresses to fit the girls. She was able to guess their size very nearly, and the dresses and petticoats made Sarah and Jane "look like new," as Honey Bunch observed.

Mrs. Somerset had telephoned to two of her friends—she knew practically every one in the summer, as well as the winter, colony at Glenhaven—and succeeded with little trouble in finding a place for Sarah with a family who wanted a girl to take their baby out in his carriage and care for and amuse him on the beach.

Next door to the cottage where this family lived was a small boarding house, and there they wanted a young girl to run errands and

set the table and see that the porch was kept in order.

Jane was quite sure she could do this, and she was so glad to be near her sister that Mrs. Somerset said she might try, though if the work was too hard she must not be afraid to come and tell her, and they would try to find something else for her.

CHAPTER XIV

FISHING—AND A BITE

JULIE said that Honey Bunch talked about Jane and Sarah in her sleep. She didn't really. That is, not more than once, and that was the time she had a dream about them. She dreamed that Jane was running the trolley car and Honey Bunch got on it to take a ride. The car, instead of running on the trolley tracks, went off into a field of wild flowers and there was Sarah picking them as fast as she could.

"Sarah!" called Honey Bunch in her dream. "Sarah! Wait a minute till Jane stops the car and I'll come and help you."

Then Honey Bunch's mother heard her calling and came and woke her up and told her she had been dreaming. That was the only time she talked about Jane and Sarah in her sleep.

Honey Bunch and Julie did not see much of the two girls after they started to work in Glenhaven. They went home as soon as supper was over and were busy all during the day. But they did come to call one Sunday afternoon, dressed in new clothes from head to foot, and they told Honey Bunch and Julie that they were "as happy as larks."

"Maybe next summer Ma won't have to take in washing," said Jane proudly. "Your aunt thinks we can live in Glenhaven this winter and go to school; work after school for our board, you know. And next summer we'll earn more money and take care of Ma. Soon as we get the roof mended, we're going to get a pump in the house so we can have water without going out to the well for it."

The very first thing Honey Bunch told her daddy, when he came down to see them, bringing Uncle Peter with him, was that Sarah and Jane had had their roof mended.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that!" cried Uncle Peter, putting down his bag and swinging

Honey Bunch up on his shoulder. "Who fixed the roof—Jane?"

Honey Bunch laughed. She knew her uncle was teasing her. He had never seen Jane or Sarah.

"Will you build us a bridge, Uncle Peter?" asked Julie, trying to lift the heavy bag and failing. "Will you build us a bridge on the sand?"

"Anything you want," said this obliging uncle, putting down Honey Bunch and picking up his bag. "Anything you want, Julie. But don't you live somewhere? Perhaps there will be supper at your house to-night."

Julie laughed this time, and she and Honey Bunch walked on ahead to show Mr. Morton and Uncle Peter the way.

The summer had been a very happy one for Honey Bunch, but she told her mother it was "nicer" with her daddy and Uncle Peter to play with her and Julie.

"There's such a lot to do," explained Honey Bunch, "and Daddy likes to do it and so does Uncle Peter."

The two mothers decided one fine morning that they would go to the city and shop, because Honey Bunch and her cousin would not be left alone now.

"We're going fishing from the end of the pier," said Uncle Peter, when the plan was explained to him, "and I don't see any reason why girls shouldn't go fishing as well as boys."

This suited Honey Bunch and Julie exactly, and down to the pier the four went. There were several men already hard at work fishing from the end of the pier when they reached there. Honey Bunch knew they were working hard, because they were not talking much and they stared so hard at the water.

"Is that how they know they have a fish?" Honey Bunch whispered to her daddy, who was fixing her line. "If they weren't looking, they wouldn't see the fish, would they?"

"No, you must watch your line," answered Mr. Morton. "Here you are now, Honey Bunch; I'll cast for you and then you stand right where you are and hold the line till you get a nibble."

Uncle Peter had a line fixed for Julie by this time, and he let it down into the water and then gave it to her to hold. He and Daddy Morton had little wheels on their rods. Neither Honey Bunch nor Julie had a little wheel, but they didn't mind. Not every one had a wheel—indeed, the man next to Honey Bunch had none.

"Fish are biting good to-day," he said, when he saw Honey Bunch's blue eyes looking at him. "You'll probably get a bite."

"You mustn't talk, though," Uncle Peter warned her. "Keep perfectly still and we'll see what happens."

Well, nothing happened for several minutes. That may seem like a long time when you are standing in the sun and waiting for a fish to bite. Julie stood first on one foot and then on the other. She looked at the sky. Then she looked at the other people fishing. She yawned.

"I don't call this much fun," she complained.

Honey Bunch held her finger up to her lips.

"I think," she whispered cautiously, "I *think* I have a bite."

Uncle Peter heard her. He fastened his rod between the pickets of the fence—have I told you that there was a fence around the pier just like the white picket fence around many of the gardens in Barham where Honey Bunch lived? This fence, of course, kept people from tumbling over into the ocean. Uncle Peter fastened his rod and came to Honey Bunch's rod and line. He pulled in on it, gently.

"No, dear, you haven't a bite," he said at once. "Are you tired? Do you want to stop and go play in the sand?"

Honey Bunch shook her head.

"I'll fish some more," she declared, taking hold of her rod, with both hands this time.

The noise of the bathers, shouting and laughing, came out to them from the beach. The breakers dashed against the pier, making it shake and sending white foam high into the air. Every now and then water would spatter over the picket fence, some of it to fall on the

people fishing. They did not care. They all wore their old clothes. Honey Bunch and Julie had on old dresses and their second-best sandals. When you go fishing, you do not want to have to be careful of your clothes.

Honey Bunch was staring at the water, watching her line where it disappeared into the green water. The ocean was green this morning, not blue; it was as green as Honey Bunch's green dress, though not as green as the grass.

"I have a bite!" cried Honey Bunch, forgetting to whisper. "Daddy, I know I have a bite! Come feel! Uncle Peter, come and feel!"

Uncle Peter hurried to her to "feel" her line.

"Well, you certainly have hooked something," he agreed. "Let me have your rod and I'll pull in for you; but I don't think it is a fish, Honey Bunch."

Honey Bunch was sure it was a fish. What else could it be? Hadn't Daddy put the same kind of bait on her hook that he used on his

own hook—he had taken it out of the same pail—and besides, what else could you catch in the ocean?

Several of the people on the pier crowded around to see what kind of fish Honey Bunch had caught, and Julie was so excited that if Mr. Morton had not kept a tight hold on her blouse sleeve, she would certainly have climbed up on the fence and perhaps have tumbled off.

"I'll ask Pauline to cook my fish," Honey Bunch was saying, and just as she said that her line flew high in the air and something landed with a splash on the floor of the pier.

"Why!" cried Honey Bunch, in great surprise. "Why, it's a pail!

The man who had stood next to Honey Bunch while she fished laughed. He thought it was a funny kind of fish. But Honey Bunch did not laugh. She stared at the pail.

"Julie, that's Anne Wade's pail!" she almost shouted. "The one she lost! Don't you remember hers was blue?"

Well, it did seem strange that Honey Bunch

should have fished Anne's lost pail out of the ocean, but apparently she had. She wanted to stay and fish for the shovel, but her daddy explained that she probably could not hook that. The reason she had found the pail, he said, was because her fish hook had caught the wire handle.

"Let's take it to Anne now," suggested Honey Bunch, when she understood that she couldn't depend on hooking the shovel. "Won't she be surprised!"

The two girls left Daddy Morton and Uncle Peter fishing and trotted off to find Anne. She usually played every morning at the foot of the boardwalk near the street where she lived, so it was not hard to find her.

"Anne!" called Honey Bunch, as soon as she saw the fat little girl. "Anne, what do you think we found? I fished it out of the ocean!"

"A string of pearl beads?" asked Anne hopefully. "A lady lost her necklace yesterday afternoon."

"No-o, I didn't find that," replied Honey

Bunch. "But maybe if I go back and fish some more, I might. Look, Anne, I found your pail!"

Anne was like some grown-ups. One way she was like them was that she never did what you expected her to do. Both Honey Bunch and Julie thought she would be pleased and astonished to have her lost pail brought to her—"and it wasn't hurt a bit," Honey Bunch told her mother that night—but all she said was:

"That old thing? I'd forgotten all about it!"

But the reason Anne did not say more about her pail was because she was interested in something else. She could not talk about the pail because she wanted to talk about the pageant.

"I'm going to be in it," she said. "I'm going to ride on a float and wear a white dress and maybe a silver cornet."

Anne meant a coronet which, you know, is not an instrument to make music, but something that looks like a crown.

"I was in the pageant last year," said Julie. "I won a prize."

"Well, I have to go uptown with my mother now to get the material for my dress," announced Anne. "My mother is taking a lot of trouble with my float. She'd like to have me win the first prize."

And Anne walked away, thinking so hard about her dress for the pageant that she left the pail Honey Bunch had brought to her lying in the sand.

"I guess she doesn't want it any more," said Honey Bunch, stooping to pick it up. "What is the pageant, Julie?"

"It's like a big parade," explained Julie. "It's miles and miles long and there are babies and children and floats and ponies and go-carts in it—and everything! Folks sit along the boardwalk to watch and there are prizes. Last year I won a silver bowl—the one Mother keeps oranges in."

Honey Bunch and Julie went back to the pier and found that Daddy Morton had caught three fish and Uncle Peter four.

"Anne didn't want her pail," said Honey Bunch sadly. "She's going in the pageant."

Then Daddy Morton looked at Uncle Peter and smiled and Uncle Peter said something that surprised Honey Bunch and Julie very much.

"Well, so are you!" he said. "And so is Julie. That's the reason your mothers went shopping to-day. You are both going to be in the pageant next week."

"Will you sit on the boardwalk and watch?" asked Honey Bunch eagerly.

"You couldn't keep me away," answered Uncle Peter.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PAGEANT

HONEY BUNCH was glad to hear she was going to be in the pageant. She did not know at all what a pageant was like—except from Julie's rather confusing description—but it sounded exciting, and Honey Bunch dearly loved excitement.

"Will you be in the pageant, Daddy?" she asked, as they walked home to lunch. "Will Uncle Peter?"

"Oh, my, no," answered her daddy. "We have to be the audience. "You and Julie and all the other little people do the parading."

When the two mothers came home from shopping in the city they brought several mysterious bundles with them, and the next day an automobile from one of the city stores came and brought some more.

Then such cutting out and fitting and trying on! Honey Bunch had to be measured

and she had to stand very still while her mother pinned up tucks and ran basting threads around hems and did all the skillful things that dressmakers do when they are making dresses. Honey Bunch's mother could make a dress as well as any dressmaker. Honey Bunch and her daddy both said so.

"What are you going to be in the pageant?" asked Anne Wade, when they met her in the grocery store a few afternoons later.

Honey Bunch and Julie were buying groceries for Pauline, and they were sitting on the counter while the clerk put the things Pauline had written on her list into the basket for them.

Anne had been told that the two little girls were going in the parade, and she was very anxious to know what they were going to wear and in what section they would be. The pageant was always divided into different sections, one division for the babies, another for the floats, another for the children who marched instead of riding on floats or in automobiles, and so forth.

"Are you going to walk or ride?" asked Anne curiously.

"Ride," answered Julie. "Come on, Honey Bunch, here's our basket."

Honey Bunch trotted out of the store and had to run to catch up with Julie.

"Anne was asking you something and you never stopped," said Honey Bunch. "She asked you if you were going to have a pony."

"I'm not going to tell Anne Wade what I'm going to wear," scolded Julie. "She never tells any one about her dress, and then she asks a lot of questions about all the other children. Don't you tell her a single thing, Honey Bunch."

As it happened, Honey Bunch did not. That was because she did not see Anne again till the day of the pageant. Honey Bunch could no more have refused to answer a question, had Anne asked her one, than she could have told a fib and said she didn't know what kind of dress she was going to wear in the pageant. Anne was busy, and so were Honey

Bunch and Julie, and they did not see each other again.

When Honey Bunch's dress was finished and Julie's was ready, too, then there were the carts to get ready. Mr. Morton and Uncle Peter worked on those. They hammered and sawed and cut and measured and made a great deal more noise out in the yard than the sewing machine had made in the house.

The greatest surprise came the day before the pageant was to be held.

"Honey Bunch, do you think you can drive a pony?" asked her daddy.

"Oh, yes, Daddy!" she answered. "I know I can! I can drive Callie."

"Well, this isn't Callie," said her daddy—of course he had heard all about the pony that had walked into the ocean with Honey Bunch—"this is a smaller pony. His name is Fairy. And another pony, that matches him, Larkspur, is for Julie to drive."

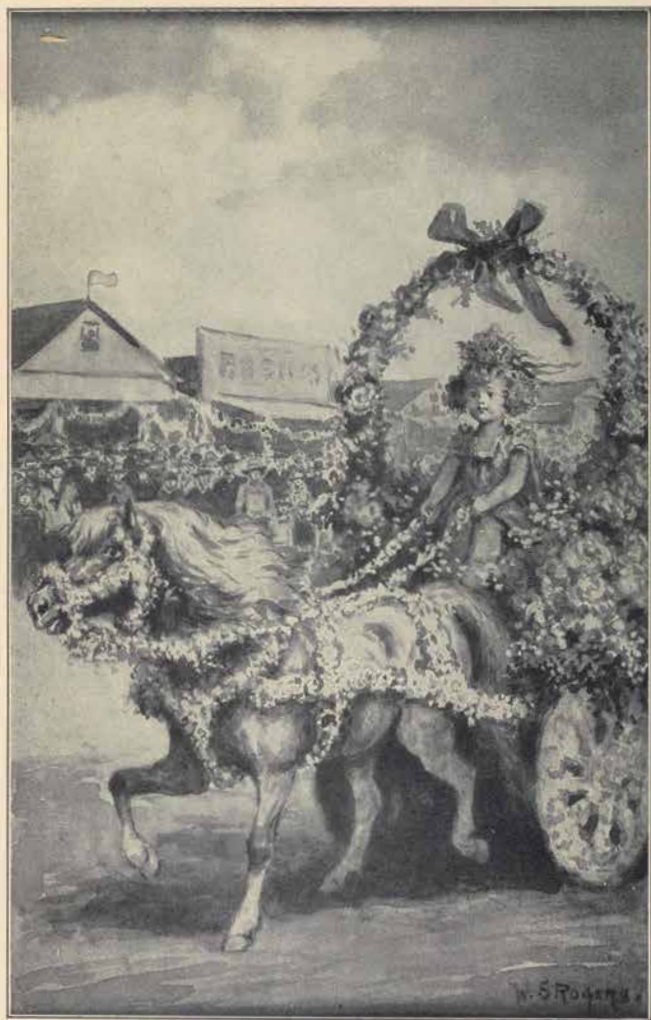
"They're white!" cried Julie happily. "I know 'em! The cunningest little white ponies, Honey Bunch! Won't it be fun!"

When Honey Bunch saw Fairy she knew she would like to drive him. He was a tiny pure white pony, not much larger than a large dog. Larkspur was exactly like him, and Honey Bunch could not tell them apart. The boy who came to harness the ponies, though, knew them from each other. He said that Fairy had a better shaped nose than Larkspur had.

"I think they both have nice noses," declared Honey Bunch.

There were so many people to help Honey Bunch and Julie get ready for the pageant that it was no wonder they were dressed and waiting an hour before it was time for the parade to start. Of course, their mothers were there, and Pauline. Then Sarah and Jane came running over with two large bunches of flowers they had picked—white for Honey Bunch and pink for Julie, you'll see why in a moment. Uncle Peter helped and Daddy Morton helped and even the boy who had brought the two ponies helped.

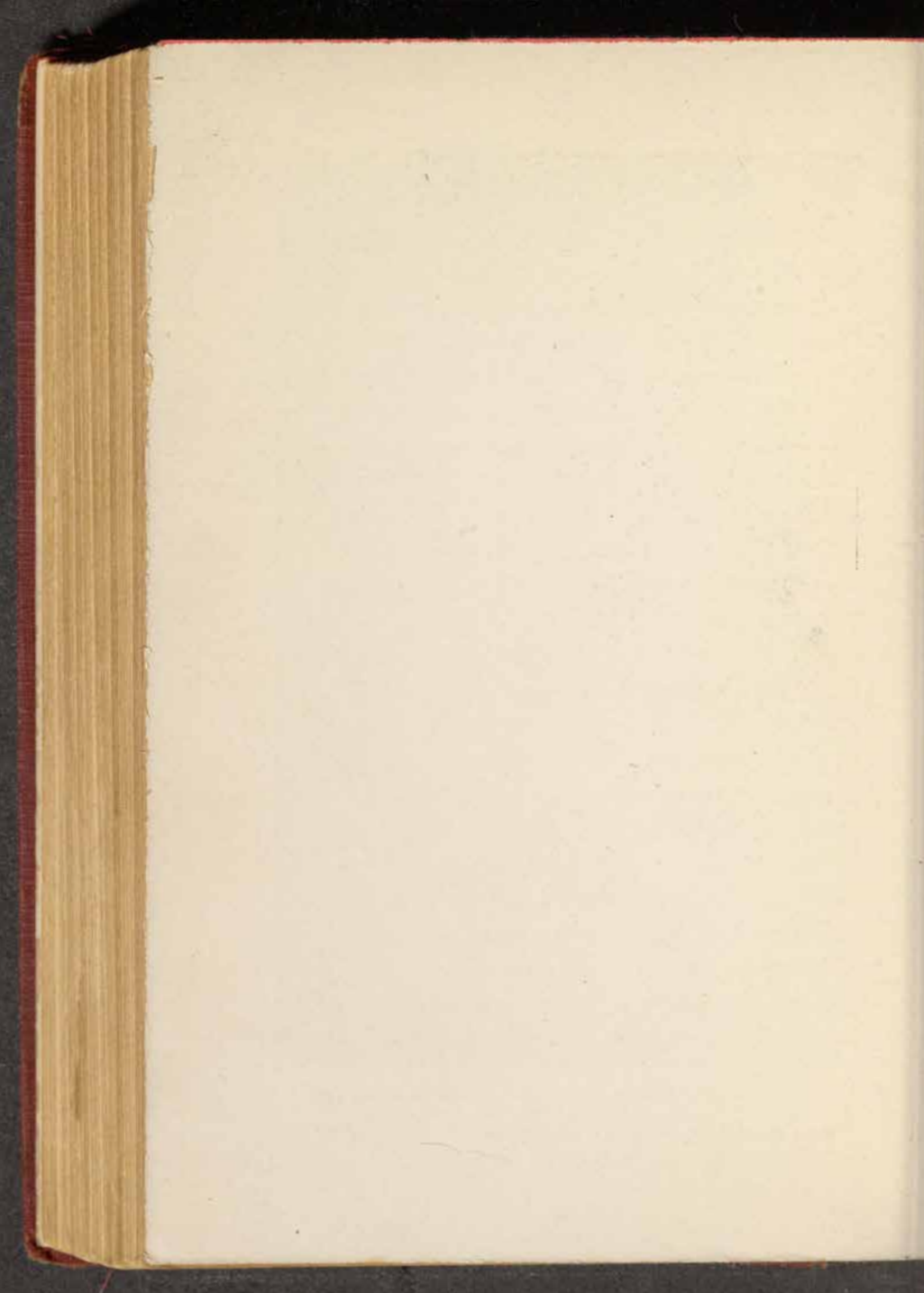
I wish you could have seen Honey Bunch



HONEY BUNCH FELT A THRILL OF ADVENTURE AS THE
PARADE STARTED.

Honey Bunch: Her First Visit to the Seashore.

Page 176



and Julie when they were all ready. Honey Bunch was dressed in white, from her little shoes to the bow of ribbon on her yellow hair. Fairy was white—you know that—and his harness was apparently made of all white flowers. There were leather straps under the flowers, but they did not show, and at first glance his collar, lines, and all the harness seemed to be made of ropes of white flowers. Honey Bunch rode in a little basket coach, painted white; that is, the wheels and wicker part of it were painted white, the top was a canopy of white flowers. In all that mass of white bloom the only spots of color were two blue eyes and a little head of yellow curls.

Julie's dress was rose color. So was the harness for Larkspur. She seemed to be riding in a little coach like the one Cinderella had for the ball, and pink flowers completely covered even the wheels.

"Perfectly lovely!" said every one.

The boy who led the ponies and Daddy Morton and Uncle Peter went with the two little girls to see that they got their proper

places in the line of parade. Each child had a number and had to go where the number said. Honey Bunch, for instance, was 11 and Julie was 12. That meant Julie was to be directly behind Honey Bunch.

Honey Bunch's mother and Julie's mother went down to the boardwalk to sit and wait. Next to their seats were two reserved for Honey Bunch's daddy and Uncle Peter, so they did not have to worry about standing during the parade.

"What a lot of people!" said Honey Bunch, sitting quietly in her cart.

Indeed the crowd was very large and every one seemed to be trying to talk at the same time. Children were running around, hunting for their places in line; ponies were shaking their heads and knocking off the decorations that were not fastened tightly to their harnesses. Fairy and Larkspur behaved nicely, and did not shake their heads. They were good ponies, and that was why Uncle Peter had chosen them for Honey Bunch and Julie to drive.

"Look, Honey Bunch!" called Julie. "There are some floats going by. Perhaps we'll see Anne!"

And, sure enough, they did. Anne was dressed as a fairy and carried a gold wand. She was sitting on a rock—at least, it looked like a rock—and a pail rested on top of a chimney near her.

"Maybe she's Mrs. Santa Claus," said the puzzled Honey Bunch.

"I wonder if that is the pail we found for her," said Julie.

Just then Daddy Morton and Uncle Peter said they must go, and the boy led the ponies into line.

"All you have to do is to hold the lines," said Honey Bunch's daddy, kissing her. "The pony will follow the cart ahead of him and Julie will follow you. Mother and Aunt Norma and Uncle Peter and I will be in the first row near Beach Avenue. Keep your eyes open, and you'll see us." Then, waving their hands to the girls, Mr. Morton and Uncle Peter disappeared in the crowd.

Honey Bunch felt a little thrill of adventure as the parade started. She wished that Stub and Ida Camp could see her. But she could tell them about it some day, and that would be almost as nice.

Somewhere ahead Honey Bunch could near the sound of music. A whole army of baby carriages was ahead of her section and the floats came afterward. Down the wide, white boardwalk swept the pageant, and on one side stretched long rows of seats black with people. On the other side the blue, blue ocean tossed and tumbled. A cool breeze blew in from the water, and though the sun shone brightly, it was not too warm.

"We're coming to Beach Avenue!" called Julie presently.

Honey Bunch looked ahead. She saw her mother's gray dress and Aunt Norma's pink one.

"Hello!" called Honey Bunch, as she passed them. "Do I look nice, Mother?"

"Yes, indeed, darling," answered her mother, and then Honey Bunch and her cart

had passed Beach Avenue and she could not talk any more.

It was a long pageant, and when they reached the end of the boardwalk Honey Bunch was surprised to find her daddy and Uncle Peter waiting. Julie was not surprised. She had been in a pageant before. Some one, she said, always "came and got" you at the end of the parade. Her daddy had come after her last year.

"Good news!" cried Uncle Peter, smiling, after the parade was over.

"Did we win a prize?" asked Julie, hopping up and down in her pink frock till she looked like a dancing sweet pea. "Did we win?"

Well, they had. Each of them had won a prize in the pageant. Honey Bunch had been so interested in driving Fairy and watching the people that she had forgotten to look at the judge's stand, though Julie had told her she could tell it by the decorations and the people standing up.

"What did Honey Bunch win?" asked Julie.

"I hope it was something nice. She ought to have a nice prize."

"It's a cup," explained Uncle Peter. "A silver cup. I'll have your name put on it, Honey Bunch, and the date, so you may always remember the Glenhaven pageant."

"What was Julie's prize?" asked Honey Bunch.

"Just like yours," said Uncle Peter. "And I'll have hers engraved for her, too."

"Isn't it lovely to get prizes?" sighed Honey Bunch, giving Uncle Peter a hug. "I'm glad Julie and I won the silver cups."

Then Mr. Morton told them that Anne Wade and her float had won a prize, not the first prize, on which she had set her heart, but a fourth prize, a cut-glass fern dish.

"Why was she Mrs. Santa Claus?" asked Honey Bunch.

"She wasn't. The title of her float was 'The Wishing Well,'" replied Uncle Peter. "Didn't you see her? She was sitting beside the well with a bucket on the well curb."

Honey Bunch looked at Julie and they both

giggled. They did not say that they had thought the well was a chimney and the bucket Anne's tin sand pail.

The pageant marked the close of the summer season. Within a few days people began to talk about going back to the city, and here and there you could see a cottage closed. Julie was already thinking of school. Mrs. Morton started to pack. Uncle Peter said he must get ready for college. Sarah and Jane brought Honey Bunch a big bouquet of goldenrod, the last wild flowers they expected to find that year, they told her.

"I'm going to have a garden," said Honey Bunch, sitting in Uncle Peter's lap on the porch the night before they were to go home to Barham. "I'm going to have a garden and give flowers to people, too."

"So you shall, sweetheart," Uncle Peter promised. "And I'll help you make the flowers grow."

Then Honey Bunch went to bed to dream that she planted seeds and the waves came in and washed them away. But what really did

happen to her and her garden, it will take another book to tell you. "Honey Bunch: Her First Little Garden" will be the name of the story, and you may read how Honey Bunch learned to plant and rake and hoe and how well her posies grew.

THE END

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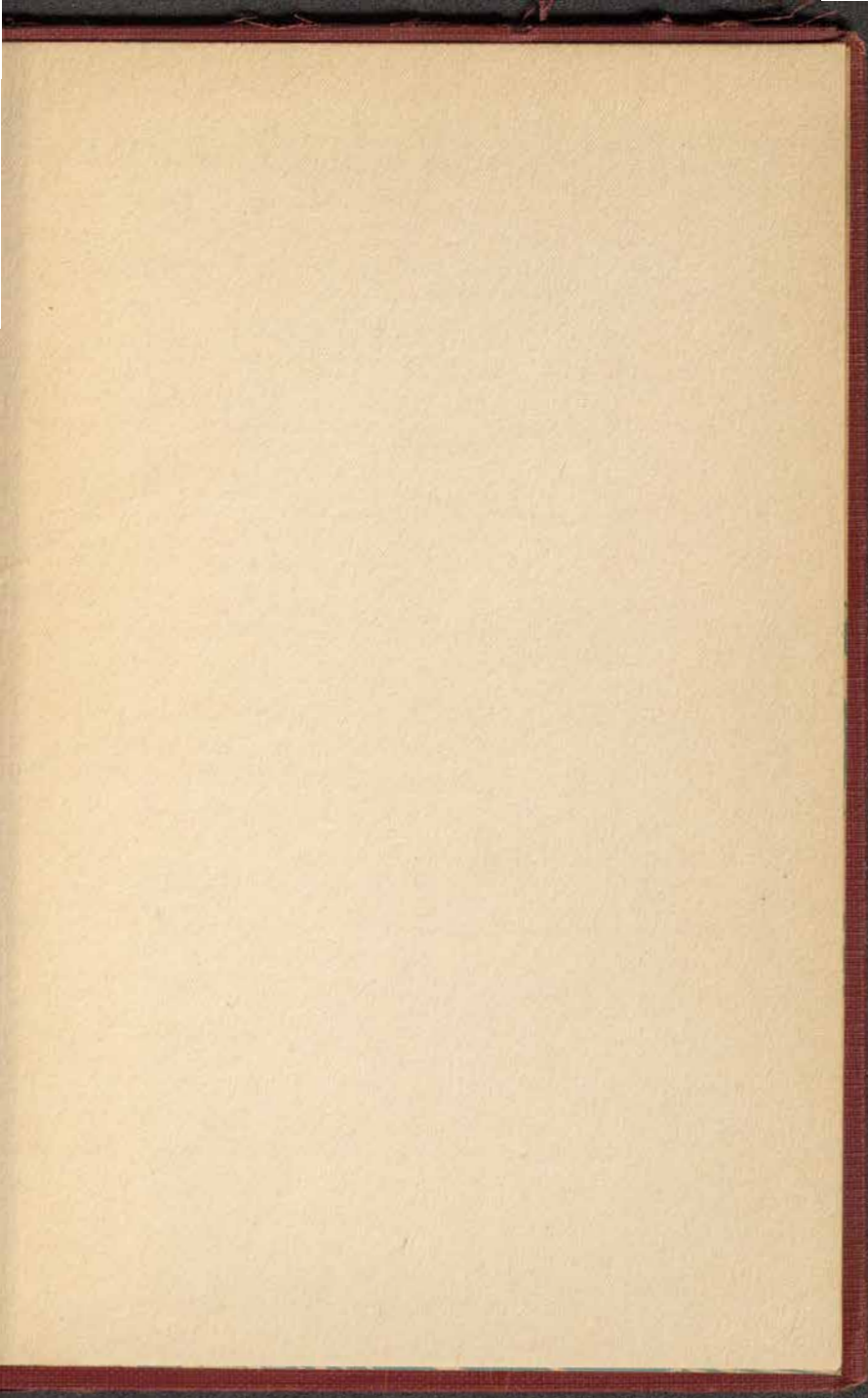
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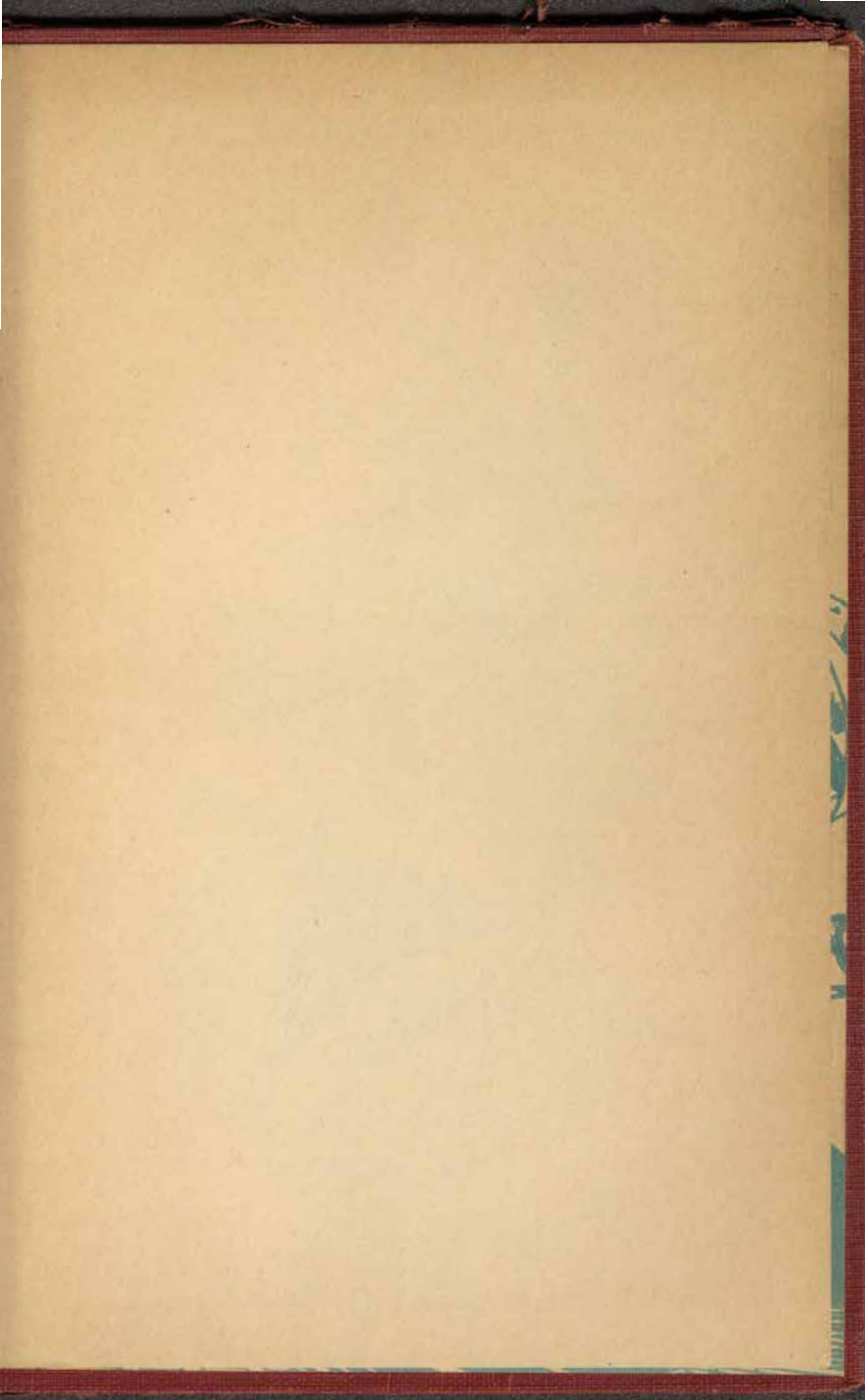
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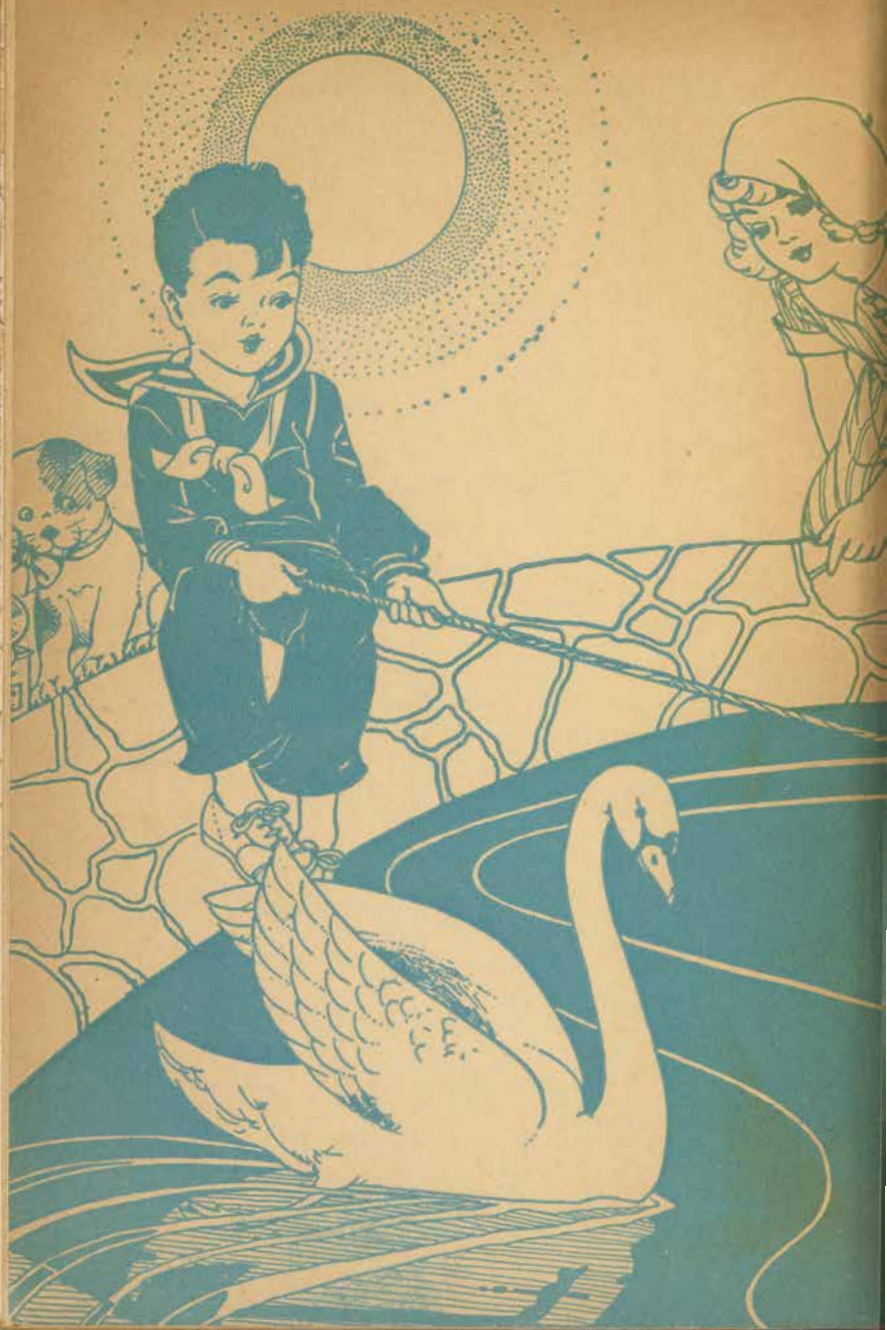
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