k it, come what might, but that was not his way; his way was with a pencil and to begin at the beginning again. "Now don't interrupt," he woul wo and six at the office; I can cut off my coffee at the s three nine seven, with five naught naugh on't speak, my own--and the pou seven? yes, I said nine n iced in Wendy's

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Darling quite a shoc

y had met their dead

not there when the

to wipe his feet," W

s to her. Unfortunate

My love, it is three fl

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ave been dreaming.

aordinary adventure

Darling had bathed

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e saw Wendy and Jo

ursery blew open, an

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was Peter Pan. If you

and the juices that

e little pearls at her.

nd she ran down int

s a shooting star. Sh

closed it quickly, too

he shadow carefully

A CULPA, MEA CUL

on the other side lik

aid Mr. Darling. "If o

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e." Many a time it wa

smallest detail of th

k yet. Oh dear, oh d

She had dressed ear

; she had asked for

ion of Wendy's birth

ed on the real occas

birth of a male, and

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"Then he had leapt

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ps there was some e

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is hand. "Why, what

es, twenty times ha

y, "I warn you of thi ffice again, you and

far too fine

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showed him the

ichael's medicine.

a weakness, it was f

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Stop that row, Mich

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Nana from the ken

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"That's right," he s

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. She growled and s

become intensely in

day in old-fashione

office, say ten shillings, making two nine t in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven--who is that moving?--eight n nd you lent to that man who came to the door--quiet, child--dot and carry child--there, you've do

a piece of paper, and if she confused him with suggestions he had

d beg of her. "I have one pound seventeen here, and t

and six, with your eighteen and three make

ine seven, dot and carry seven--d ne it!--did I say nine nin

But she was pr

t in my cheque-book makes eight nine seven-who is that moving?-eight n
the pou
ine seven; the question is, can we try it for a year on nine nine seven?" "Of course we can, George," she cried.

favour, and he was really the grander character of the two. "Remember mumps," he warned her almost threateningly, and off he
ne pound, that is what I have put down, but I daresay it will be more like thirty shillings-don't speak-measles one five, German measles half a
s two fifteen six-don't waggle your finger-whooping-cough, say fifteen shillings"-and so on it went, and it added up differently each time; but at last Wen
ith mumps reduced to twelve six, and the two kinds of measles treated as one. There was the same excitement over John, and Michael had even a narrower squeak; b
ou might have seen the three of them going in a row to Miss Fulsom's Kindergarten school, accompanied by their nurse. Mrs. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Mr. D
ke his neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children drank, this nurse was a prim Newfoundland dog, called Nana, who had b
ings engaged her. She had always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become acquainted with her in Kensington Gardens, where she spent most of her spare time p
by careless nursemaids, whom she followed to their homes and complained of to their mistresses. She proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough she was at bath-time, and up
made the slightest cry. Of course her kennel was in the nursery. She had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience with and when it needs stocking around your thr
remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a lesson in propriety to see her escorting the children to school, walk
ved, and butting them back into line if they strayed. On John's footer [in England soccer was called football, "footer" for short] days she never once forgot his sweate the Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reef which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut tast going to decay, and one very small old la dy with a hooked nose. It would be an easy map if that were all, but there und pond, needle-work, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate pudding day, getting into bry are another map showing through, and it is all rather confusing, especially as nothing will stand still. Of cooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it. John lived in a boat Michael had friends at night, Wendy had a pet wolf forsaken by its parents, but on the whole the Ne

and so forth. On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching the le islands the Neverland is the snuggest and most compact, not large an with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not in the least alarming, but through her children's minds Mrs. Darling found things she could not as here and there in John and Michael's minds, while Wendy's began and as Mrs. Darling gazed she felt that it had an oddly cocky a ppea g her. "But who is he, my pet?" "He is Peter Pan, you know, m embered a Peter Pan who was said to live with the fairies. Ther so that they should not be frightened. She had believed in him at ch person. "Besides," she said to Wendy, "he would be grown up by er size in both mind and body; she didn't know how she knew, sh has been putting into their heads; just the sort of idea a dog would h

Children have the strangest adventures without being troubled by them. ather and had a game with him. It was in this casual way that Wendy one ildren went to bed, and Mrs. Darling was puzzling over them when Wendy sai dy said, sighing. She was a tidy child. She explained in quite a matter-of-fact w she never woke, so she didn't know how she knew, she just knew. "What nons "Were not the leaves at the foot of the window, mother?" It was quite true; ismiss it by saying she had been dreaming. "My child," the mother cried, "why did t, on the other hand, there were the leaves. Mrs. Darling examined them very car with a candle for marks of a strange foot. She rattled the po ch as a spout to climb up by. Certainly Wendy had been of these children may be said to have begun. On the n

em and sung to them till one by one they had let go own tranquilly by the fire to sew. It was something for -lights, and presently the sewing lay on Mrs. Darling's , John here, and Mrs. Darling by the fire. There sho and that a strange boy had broken through from n. Perhaps he is to be found in the faces of so and Michael peeping through the gap. The a boy did drop on the floor. He was accom ust have been this light that wakened M rs. Darl r I or Wendy had been there we shoul ze out of trees but the most entranc

apter 2 THE SHADOW Mrs. Darling

ang at the boy, who leapt lightly thr the street to look for his little body, b ough the wind ut it was not th returned to the nursery, and found Na ate to catch him, but his shadow had no ut it was quite the ordinary kind. Nana had no doubt o ck for it; let us put it where he can get it easil dow, it looked so like the washing and lowered th e who winter great-coats for John and Michael, with a wet him; besides, she knew exactly what he would say: "It a put it away carefully in a drawer, until a fitting opportunity never-to-be-forgotten Friday. Of course it was a Friday. d, while perhaps Nana was on the other side of her, holding A." He had had a classical education. They sat thus night after the faces on a bad coinage. "If only had not accepted that in y I had pretended to like the medicine," was what Nana's wet

r and mistress." Then one or more of them would break dow Mr. Darling who put the handkerchief to Nana's eyes. "That f omething in the right-hand corner of her mouth that wante dreadful evening. It had begun so uneventully, so preci ack. "I won't go to bed," he had shouted, like one who s ar, I shan't love you any more, Nana. I tell you I won't b because Wendy so loved to see her in her evening-g e loan of it. Wendy loved to lend her bracelet to her m and John was saying: "I am happy to inform you, Mrs. n. Wendy had danced with joy, just as the real Mrs. Darli ichael came from his bath to ask to be born also, but Jo urse the lady in the evening-dress could not stand that. "I to her arms. Such a little thing for Mr. and Mrs. Darling an ollections. "It was then that I rushed in like a tornado, wa cuse for him. He, too, had been dressing for the party, ar knew about stocks and shares, had no real mastery of his t the house if he had swallowed his pride and used a mades the matter, father dear?" "Matter!" he yelled; he really ye e I made it up round the bed-post, but round my neck, no! mother, that unless this tie is round my neck we don't go

starve, and our children will be flung into the streets." ol hands she tied his tie for him, while the children stood ure for that; he thanked her carelessly, at once forgot his now, recalling it. "Our last romp!" Mr. Darling groaned. " were rather sweet, don't you think, George?" "And they Mr. Darling collided against her, covering his trousers w had to bite his lip to prevent the tears coming. Of cours na is a treasure." "No doubt, but I have an uneasy feelin Mr. Darling said thoughtfully, "I wonder." It was an opp hadow. "It is nobody I know," he said, examining it car u will never carry the bottle in your mouth again, Nana r thinking that all his life he had taken medicine bold s. Darling left the room to get a chocolate for him, a murmur. I said, 'Thank you, kind parents, for giving el, "That medicine you sometimes take, father, is mu not exactly lost it; he had climbed in the dead of ni is, father," Wendy cried, always glad to be of serv It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind." "It will soon b rfully quick," her father retorted, with a vindictiv u know," Mr. Darling said threateningly. "Come

he retorted. "The point is, that there is more in waiting," said Michael coldly. "It's all very wel take it." "Well, then, you take it." Wendy had a k his medicine, but Mr. Darling slipped his beh el. I meant to take mine, but I--I missed it." It w throom. "I have just thought of a splendid joke d they looked at him reproachfully as he pour er, "I have put a little milk into your bowl, Nan o sorry for noble dogs, and crept into her ken a joke," he roared, while she comforted her b outed. "Coddle her! Nobody coddles me. ey had got into the way of calling Liza t ana ran to him beseechingly, but he wa e," Mrs. Darling whispered, "remember

nel, he lured her out of it with honeyed iration. When he had tied her up in the d lit their night-lights. They could hear essing what was about to happen; "t hat is her bark when she smells danger." Danger! "Are you sure, Wendy?" "Oh, yes." Mrs. ppered with stars. They were crow

aces, say ninety-nine, three-pence for pulling out your tooth yourself, and ourse the Neverlands vary a good deal. John's, for instance, had a lagoon turned upside down on the sands, Michael in a wigwam, Wendy in a house o erlan ds have a family resemblance, and if they stood still in a row you c [simple boat]. We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of th rawly, you know, with tedious distances between one adventure and anoth two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very real. That is why there are understand, and of these quite the most perplexing was the word Peter. She knew to be scrawled all over with him. The name stood out in bolder letters than any of t rance. "Yes, he is rather cocky," Wendy admitted with regret. Her mother had her." At first Mrs. Darling did not know, but after thinking back into her childh e were odd stories about him, as that when children died he went part of the wettime, but now that she was married and full of sense she quite doubted whet this time." "Oh no, he isn't grown up," Wendy assured her confidently, "and he e just knew it. Mrs. Darling consulted Mr. Darling, but he smiled pooh-pooh. "Ma Leave it alone, and it will blow over." But it would not blow over and soon the t For instance, they may remember to mention, a week after the event happened, that wh orning made a disquieting revelation. Some leaves of a tree had been found on the nurse d with a tolerant smile: "I do believe it is that Peter again!" "Whatever do you mean, Wendy? ay that she thought Peter sometimes came to the nursery in the night and sat on the foot of h ense you talk, precious. No one can get into the house without knocking." "I think he comes in the leaves had been found very near the window. Mrs. Darling did not know what to think, for it you not tell me of this before?" "I forgot," said Wendy lightly. She was in a hurry to get her bre fully; they were skeleton leaves, but she was sure they did not come from any tree that grew i er up the chimney and tapped the walls. She let down a tape from the window to the pavemer dreaming. But Wendy had not been dreaming, as the very next night showe ight we speak of all the children were once more in bed. It happened to be her hand and slid away into the land of sleep. All were looking so safe Michael, who on his birthday was getting into shirts. The fire was war lap. Then her head nodded, oh, so gracefully. She was asleep. Loo uld have been a fourth night-light. While she slept she had a dream it. He did not alarm her, for she thought she had seen him befor dream by itself would have been a trifle, but while she was d nied by a strange light, no bigger than your fist, which dar . She started up with a cry, and saw the boy, and someh t he was very like Mrs. Darling's kiss. He was a lovely ut him was that he had all his first teeth. When he saw she wa r to a bell, the door opened, and Nana entered, re ling screamed, this time in distress for him, for as if in answe w. Again Mrs. Dar

ere; and she loo ked up, and in the black night she could see noth uth, which proved to be the boy's shadow. As he I ning in her mo get out; sla m went the window and snapped it off. You may be s the best thing to do with this shadow. She hung it ou ing the children." But unfortunately Mrs. Darling could ne of the house. She thought of showing it to Mr. Darling el around his head to keep his brain clear, and it seemed a Il comes of having a dog for a nurse." She decided to roll the came for telling her husband. Ah me! The opportunity came a wught to have been specially careful on a Friday," she used to say af er hand. "No, no," Mr. Darling always said, "I am responsible for it all. night recalling that fatal Friday, till every detail of it was stamped on th vitation to dine at 27," Mrs. Darling said. "If only I had not poured my eyes said. "My liking for parties, George." "My fatal gift of humour n altogether; Nana at the thought, "It's true, it's true, they ought not iend!" Mr. Darling would cry, and Nana's bark was the echo of it, b d her not to call Peter names. They would sit there in the empty nur sely like a hundred other evenings, with Nana putting on the wate till believed that he had the last word on the subject, "I won't, I w e bathed, I won't, I won't!" Then Mrs. Darling had come in, weari

own, with the necklace George had given her. She was wearing other. She had found her two older children playing at being h Darling, that you are now a mother," in just such a tone as Mr ng must have done. Then John was born, with the extra pomp t hn said brutally that they did not want any more. Michael had ne do," she said, "I so want a third child." "Boy or girl?" asked Mic Nana to recall now, but not so little if that was to be Michael's sn't it?" Mr. Darling would say, scorning himself; and indeed he ha d all had gone well with him until he came to his tie. It is an astoun e. Sometimes the thing yielded to him without a contest, but there as such an occasion. He came rushing into the nursery with the cr will not tie." He became dangerously sarcastic. "Not round my nec o be excused!" He thought Mrs. Darling was not sufficiently impre , and if I don't go out to dinner to-night, I never go to the office ag as placid. "Let me try, dear," she said, and indeed that was what ecided. Some men would have resented her being able to do it s nt was dancing round the room with Michael on his back. "How chael suddenly said to me, 'How did you get to know me, moth e gone." The romp had ended with the appearance of Nana, an ousers, but they were the first he had ever had with braid on the gan to talk again about its being a mistake to have a dog for a ren as pupples. "Oh no, dear one, I feel sure she knows they e Mrs. Darling brushed him, but he be g at times that she looks upon the child the boy. At first he pooh-poohed the story, but he became the rtunity, his wife felt, for telling him about efully, "but it does look a scoundrel." "We w , and it is all my fault." Strong man though he

ere still discussing it, you remember," says Mr. Darling, "wh

was, there is no doubt that he had behaved rather foolishly

In the meantime Mrs. Darling had

t Wendy was wiser. "That is not Na

Darling quivered and went to the

on in Nana's mouth, he had said reprovingly, "Be a man, Mi ness. "Mother, don't pamper him," he called after her. "Mich nd Mr. Darling thought this showed want of firm s was true, and Wendy, who was now in her night-gown, b ng said bravely, "and I would take it now as an example t me bottles to make me well." He really thought th ch nastier, isn't it?" "Ever so much nastier," Mr. Darli ght to the top of the wardrobe and hidden it there. Wha he did not know was that the faithful Liza had found it, a ice. "I'll bring it," and she was off before he could stop er. Immediately his spirits sank in the strangest way." ndy with the medicine in a glass. "I have been as quick I first," he said doggedly. "Father first," said Michael, rapped out. Wendy was quite puzzled. "I thought you ly bursting. "And it isn't fair: I would say it though it custard." "So are you cowardly custard." "I'm not "said Mr. Darling. "Are you ready, Michael?" Wen Wendy exclaimed. "What do you mean by 'O father' e over, father," John said cheerily, and then in rushed We e politeness that was quite thrown away upon her. "Michae on, father," said John. "Hold your tongue, John," his father my glass than in Michael's spoon." His proud heart was near to say you are waiting; so am I waiting." "Father's a cowardly splendid idea. "Why not both take it at the same time?" "Certain ind his back. There was a yell of rage from Michael, and "O father as dreadful the way all the three were looking at him, just as if they did not admire him. "Look here, all of you," he said e . I shall pour my medicine into Nana's bowl, and she will drink it, thinking ed the medicine into Nana's bowl. "What fun!" he said doubtfully, and they d it is milk!" It was the colour of milk; but the child id not dare expose him when Mrs. Darling and N a." Nana wagged her tail, ran to the medicine, and began lapping it. Then s ave Mr. Darling such a look, not an angry look: nel. Mr. Darling was frightfully ashamed of himself, but he would not give in. In a oys, and Wendy hugged Nana. "Much good," he said bitterly, "my wearing myself to Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled--why, why, why!" "he servants. "Let them!" he answered recklessly. "Bring in the whole world. But I ved her back. He felt he was a strong man again. "In vain, in vain," he cried; "the p what I told you about that boy." Alas, he would not listen. He was determined to show words, and solizing her roughly dragged her from the pursery. He was ashamed of him orrid silence Mrs. Darling smelt the bowl. "O the bone trying to be funny in this house." A George," Mrs. Darling entreated him, "not refuse to allow that dog to lord it in my nu roper place for you is the yard, and there who was master in that house, and whe words, and seizing her roughly, dragged her from the nursery. He was ashamed of hims back-yard, the wretched father went and sat in the passage, with his knuckles to his eye elf, and yet he did it. It was all owing to

ding round the house, as if curious to see what was to take place there, but she did not notice his, nor that one or two of t ss fear clutched at her heart and made her cry, "Oh, how I wish that I wasn't going to a party to-night!" Ev rbed, and he asked, "Can anything harm us, mother, after the night-lights are lit?" "Nothing, precious," she said; es winked at her. Yet á namele en Michael, already half as "they are the eyes a mother I s behind her to gua rd her children." She went from bed to bed singing enchantments over them, and little Michael flung his arms round h er. "Mother," he cried, "I'm glad of u." They were the last words she was to hear from him for a long time. No. 27 was only a few yards distant, but there had been a slight fall of snow, and Father and Mother Darling picked their way

er it deftly not to soil their shoes. They were already the only persons in the street, and all the stars were watching them. Stars are beautiful, but they may not take an active part

Nana barking, and John whimpered, "It is because he is chaining her up in the yard," bu

up tie. This w

Oh dear no! begs

out to dinner to-night ven then Mrs. Darling w

around to see their fate d

rage, and in another mom

O George, do you remember Mi

were ours, ours! and now they ar

ith hairs. They were not only new tr

and so now, when Michael dodged the spo

in anything, they must just look on for ever. It is a punishment put on them for something they did so long ago that no star now knows what it was. So the older ones have become glassy-eyed and seldom speak (winking is the star language), but the little ones still wonder. They are not really friendly to Peter, who had a mischievous way of stealing up behind them and trying to blow them out; but they are so fond of fun that they were on his side to-night, and anxious to get the grown-ups out of th e way. So as soon as the door of 27 closed on Mr. and Mrs. Darling there was a commotion in the firmament, and the smallest of all the stars in the Milky Way scr eamed out: "Now, Peter!" Chapter 3 COME AWAY, COME AWAY! For a moment after Mr. and Mrs. Darling left the house the night-lights by the beds of the three ch il dren continued to burn clearly. They were awfully nice little night-lights, and one cannot help wishing that they could have kept awake to see Peter; but Wendy's I ight blinked and gave such a yawn that the other two yawned also, and before they could close their mouths all the three went out. There was another light in the ro om now, a thousand times brighter than the night-lights, and in the time we have 'taken to say this, it had been in all the drawers in the nursery, looking for Peter's to rest for a second you saw it was a fairy, no longer than your ha eaf, cut low and square, through which her figure could be seen lump hourglass figure] A moment after the fairy's entrance th opped in. He had carried Tinker Bell part of the way, and h oftly, after making sure that the children were aslee liking it extremely; she had never been in a jug before. re they put my shadow?" The loveliest tinkle as rdinary children can never hear it, but if efore. Tink said that the shadow was ped at the drawers, scattering their nce to the crowd. In a moment he at he had shut Tinker Bell up in the ght, it was that he and his shadow, ter, and when they did not he was a but that also failed. A shudder pass bs woke Wendy, and she sat up in be y floo r; she was only pleasantly interested Id be ex ceeding polite also, having learned o her bea utifully. She was much please "he aske d. "Wendy Moira Angela Dar eter Pan." She was already sure that he mu Yes," he said rather sharply. He felt for the Angela. "It doesn't matter," Peter gulped. S on till morning." "What a funny address!" o, it isn't," he said. "I mean," Wendy said ni wished she had not mentioned letters. "Do v e a mother." he said. Not only had he no moth sons. Wendy, however, felt at once that she was in out of bed and ran to him. "I wasn't crying about to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying." "It has co and she was frightfully sorry for Peter. "How rying to stick it on with soap. How exactly like d, just a little patronisingly. "What's sewn?" he ígnorance. "I shall sew ít on for you, my little wing bag], and sewed the shadow on to said Peter, who was already of the o d did not cry, and soon his shadow uld have ironed it," Wendy said tho nd he was now jumping abou e owed his bliss to Wen "How clever I am!" of me!" It is hu nceit of Pet

qualities.

there n or the

shadow, rummaged the wardrobe and turned every pocket inside out. It was not really a light; it made this light by flashing about so quickly, but when it came but still growing. It was a girl called Tinker Bell exquisitely gowned in a skeleton! to the best advantage. She was slightly inclined to EMBONPOINT. [p e window was blown open by the breathing of the little stars, and Peter dr is hand was still messy with the fairy dust, "Tinker Bell," he called s p, "Tink, where are you?" She was in a jug for the moment, and Oh, do come out of that jug, and tell me, do you know whe golden bells answered him. It is the fairy language. Yo you were to hear it you would know that you had heard it on in the big box. She meant the chest of drawers, and Peter j contents to the floor with both hands, as kings toss ha'p had recovered his shadow, and in his delight he forgot th drawer. If he thought at all, but I don't believe he ever thou when brought near each other, would join like drops of wa ppalled. He tried to stick it on with soap from the bathroom ed through Peter, and he sat on the floor and cried. His so d. She was not alarmed to see a stranger crying on the nurs "Boy," she said courteously, "why are you crying?" Peter co the grand manner at fairy ceremonies, and he rose and bowed d, and bowed beautifully to him from the bed. "What's your n ling," she replied with some satisfaction. "What is your name st be Peter, but it did seem a comparatively short name. "Is that first time that it was a shortish name. "I'm so sorry," said Wend he asked where he lived. "Second to the right," said Peter, "and the Peter had a sinking. For the first time he felt that perhaps it was a funny addres cely, remembering that she was hostess, "is that what they put on the letters?" He n't get any letters," he said contemptuously. "But your mother gets letters?" "Don't ha er, but he had not the slightest desire to have one. He thought them very over-rated per the presence of a tragedy. "O Peter, no wonder you were crying," she said, and got mothers," he said rather indignantly. "I was crying because I can't get my shadow me off?" "Yes." Then Wendy saw the shadow on the floor, looking so draggled, awfu!!" she said, but she could not help smiling when she saw that he had been t a boy! Fortunately she knew at once what to do. "It must be sewn on," she sai asked. "You're dreadfully ignorant." "No, I'm not." But she was exulting in his man," she said, though he was tall as herself, and she got out her housewife [se Peter's foot. "I daresay it will hurt a little," she warned him. "Oh, I shan't cry," pinion that he had never cried in his life. And he clenched his teeth an was behaving properly, though still a little creased. "Perhaps I sho ughtfully, but Peter, boylike, was indifferent to appearances, a t in the wildest glee. Alas, he had already forgotten that h dy. He thought he had attached the shadow himself. he crowed rapturously, "oh, the cleverness

miliating to have to confess that this co

er was one of his most fascinating To put it with brutal frankness.

ever was a cockier boy. But f

moment Wendy was shoc . "You conceit [braggart] ," she exclaimed, with fr

aight for next morn ng to watch her. It i weet, pressing this the bottom of your ou, and your own m , and these are prob gnomes who are mo s also first day at sc o on, and either the h flamingoes flying eaves deftly sewn to ld say of them that urf, though we shall but nicely cramme ight-lights. Occasio f no Peter, a en d s jus t my siz my words," he said ublesome boy gave they were in the wo floor, which certain It is so naughty of h bed and played on h y the window," she seemed so natural fast. Oh, surely she England. She crawle and it was a sheer d the night on which t ana's evening off, a d cosy that she smil however, and the n at the four of them, he dreamt that the N n the faces of many ures the Neverland, aming the window o d about the room lik she knew at once t oy, clad in skeleton a grown-up, he gnas rned from her eveni e thought he was kill pt at the window Na e Mrs. Darling exam t the window, mean ot leave it hanging o am George Darling, did brains and came th dicine into Nana's b earest." "My touchin have had a dog for Mrs. Darling never u ry, recalling fondly or Michael's bath an her white eveningendy's bracelet on h elf and father on the arling himself may h t he conceived due y cried. "Nobody wa el, not too hopefully t night in the nurser been like a tornado. ng thing to have to re occasions when pled little brute of a Round the bed-post ed, and he went on , and if I don't go to had come to ask he ea th

dy just got

ut both were ke

arling had a passion

onged to no one in p

ping into perambula

t any moment of the t. She believed to h

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an umbrella in her m

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smoothed out Wen e city to consider. N

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easily, but Mr. Darlin dly we romped!" sa "I remembe mo , a rse ghtful wh Nana came in ver the medicine. If ael." "Won't; won't!" I, when I was your a eved it also, and sh you, Michael, if I ha put it back on his w n," he said, shudder s I could," she pant ho was of a suspicio ok it quite easily, fat re with my last brea ghtened." "Neither a gave the words, on Mr. Darling deman reatingly, as soon a did not have their t a returned. "Nana, g e showed him the g orge," she said, "it's still Wendy hugged loud; the servants ery for an hour long ou go to be tied up t commands would n is too affectionate n t the children to bed na's unhappy bark,' window. It was sec ed. She looked d the night

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