



January 1st, 1916

## THE ADVENTURES OF BREEZY BEN AND DISMAL DUTCHY ON JUNGLE ISLAND!



1. "Ha, ha! Make us stay in school working overtime when there's lovely snow on the ground, would they?" grinned the Merry Pongo, as he busily sawed through the school door. "We'll show 'em what's which, me hearties!" "Hooray, look at teachers trying to touch clouds with their feet on our slides!" laughed the others. "Hurry up, Pongo," said Tiger Cub, "they'll be here in a minute!"



2. And the youngsters, on the alarm being given, had only just time to tear off round the school when Ben and Dutchy, full of dire revenge, appeared. "Cover up their slides for us to bounce around on, would they?" growled Ben. "Now when I open the door, rush in, Dutchy, and they are ours!" "Go on," said Dutchy. "I'm itching to start the leathering!" "Ready?" hissed Ben.



3. And the next second Ben flung the door open and in they rushed. At least, half the door opened, and, oh crumpets! what a couple of bangs they got on their noses. "My nose'll never be the same again!" howled Ben. "Its spine's broken!" "And I'll have to buy an umbrella for mine to keep the rain out!" howled Dutchy. And the nippers danced for joy.



4. But they didn't dance long. No fear. Trouble got on its hind legs quick, and they had to do a swift scoot with the aching teachers in hot pursuit. "Look out for that man-trap there, Dutchy!" panted Breezy Ben. "The young cubs think we can be caught twice in one day!" "They also think we can't jump, I s'pose," gurgled Dutchy, "but we vos show 'em!"



“This is chum where we vos ged ‘em py der necks, mate. You yatch!” spluttered Dutely, as they gaily floated over the fence. “Spike me lee scappers, I’m just panting to start the carpet beating on their britches, mate. We’ll soon teach them to love their teachers. Tee-hee!” chuckled Ben. And in the meantime that artful Pengo just yanked the man-trap through the hole—



6. And when our two heroes arrived once more on our earth, well — "Howtin' needles and bayonets!" yelled Ben. "Help! A crocodile's got us and I'm an orphan!" "Oh, mudder! Vy vos I ever so mad as to leave dear old Amsterdam?" shrieked Dutchy. And then the nippers did a delighted departure. No catch being tender to these kids, is it? Soom mustard, eh? What next we wonder!

OUR SPLENDID NEW FEATURE.

## FOR HIS CHUM'S SAKE!

A MAGNIFICENT STORY, DEALING WITH  
THE ADVENTURES OF TEDDY BAXTER,  
OF CLAREMONT SCHOOL.

BY PROSPER HOWARD.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

## In the Teeth of the Storm.

Teddy Baxter, of the Third Form at Claremont School, drew the collar of his raincoat more tightly about his neck, and, with his face set and determined, tramped doggedly along one of the most precipitous paths of Highdown Hill.

Teddy was engaged on a mission of life and death. A thick, heavy mist hung everywhere, and rain or sleet might come hustling down at any hour; and, to make matters worse, the junior had not the slightest liking of his whereabouts.

He and his chums—Merivale, Marsh, and St. Clair—had set out only that afternoon on an exploration of Highdown Heath, with the intention of climbing to the loftiest summit. But, young and thoughtless as they were, the Claremont juniors had not taken into consideration the fact that the December day would draw to an abrupt close, and that they might be overtaken by a fierce storm. And now the crisis had arrived. The little party had lost its way owing to the intense fog, and Teddy Baxter, with characteristic pluck, had volunteered to venture forth in search of aid. He was well-nigh exhausted, but kept on resolutely, hoping fervently that he would soon light upon some cottage or farmhouse on the hillside.

It was for Aubrey St. Clair that Teddy was mostly concerned. The millionaire's son was unused to hardship and exposure. Compared with the others, he was as a frail piece of Dresden china. The climb alone had taken all the stuffing out of him, and with the arrival of the storm, which had raged with tropical violence for over an hour before Teddy started on his mission, the lad's nerve had completely failed him, and he had become ill and delirious. "Poor kid!" muttered Teddy, as he stumbled along the rugged path. "He's soaked to the skin already, and he'll get 'is death if he don't get food and warmth in time."

The brave lad knew well that the fate of the others hung on his coolness and steadiness. A false step and he would be sent sprawling over into the yawning abyss. For Highdown Heath was one of those hills, not infrequent, which was on one side abrupt and bounded by a wall of almost fathomless precipice, and on the other by a sheer descent to the plain. A night spent in such circumstances as the present would be indeed terrible, and Dick Merivale & Co. would each be landed with very severe chills, if not worse. Mist and cold, hunger and darkness, had assailed them, and unless help were speedily forthcoming the issue would be one which Teddy Baxter shuddered to contemplate.

Teddy had left his chums far above him; but, despite the climatic conditions, he was certain of being able to find them again, as he had kept to the same path throughout. Paths were made for a purpose, he argued, and it was quite on the cards that he would soon hit upon some human habitation.

But just then the rain began to fall once more, heavily and relentlessly. It blinded Teddy's eyes, and lashed his cheeks, causing him to start with a groan of his three chums, who were without shelter of any description.

For a moment he was moved with a desire to throw up the sponge, but only for a moment. Delay might prove fatal, and it was Teddy's duty to carry through what he had undertaken to do.

For upwards of half an hour he staggered on. Luckily, he kept his faculties in perfect control, or he would most assuredly have fallen.

At last the steep path came to an abrupt end, and Teddy found himself in a bleak stretch of greenwood, now swamped by recent rains. Not far away the junior discerned, to his indescribable joy, the faint lights of a dwelling-house in the mist, and he wended his way thither in eager haste.

This place proved to be a shepherd's hut, crudely built, and with a thatched roof, but no mansion or fairy palace could have thrilled poor rain-soaked Teddy Baxter so much at that moment as did this humble dwelling. Groping his way to the door, he knocked loudly, and a sturdy, jovial-faced rustic put in his appearance.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, peering through the gloom at Teddy's dripping figure. "What be it, dear? 'ere, me lad, this hour o' night?"

Teddy Baxter was incapable of replying for a moment. The countryman hauled him into the little kitchen, where a fire crackled merrily in the grate, and, observing his faint and famished condition, prepared at once a large cup of beer. This Teddy gulped down gratefully, and then proceeded to explain the pitiable plight of his comrades.

"They're a couple of miles from 'ere," he said, "and to the very skin, and without food and drink. If they don't get 'elp at once I don't dare go for to say what might 'appen."



TEDDY BAXTER.

The shepherd nodded. This was not the first time in his life, by any manner of means, that he had been called upon to render aid in such circumstances.

"Don't know which way then came?" he asked.

"Yes, I kept to one path all the time."

"The Devil's Ridge? You my soul, but there are the pookiest lad I've slipped eyes on for many a long day!"

"We must get back over it, too," said Teddy; "and every minute's precious. You'll 'elp us, of course? I ain't wot you might call well off myself; but Master Merivale, as is a well-to-do young gent, will pay you well for comin'."

"That be all right," said the man. "I don't want no money. If it were only a dumb sheep in danger I'd come like a shot."

"Heaven bless you!" said Teddy fervently.

Then, lighting a lantern, and seizing a couple of stout sticks and a quantity of food, the good-hearted shepherd set out with Teddy into the night.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

## The Devil's Ridge.

The storm still raged with unabated fury as the would-be rescuers tramped along the Devil's Ridge, a name which admirably suited the precarious path by which Teddy had come.

"There be a rare pooked 'un!" said the countryman approvingly. "Look 'ee 'ere. There bein' no call for you to lag right up 'ere agen. Tell me where the young gents are, an' you can go back to my 'ut."

"No, no!" replied Teddy firmly. "I must come, to see 'ow they're a-gettin' on. Do let's 'urry!"

A vision had risen before the little wail's eyes—a vision of Aubrey St. Clair's pallid, appealing face. He seemed to hear again his chum's frenzied cry:

"I can't go any more! I'm whacked!"

"Don't then worry, young master," said the shepherd. "I'll soon put 'em to rights!"

Habit made the Devil's Ridge seem nothing to this hardy mountaineer, who went ahead with fearless, unflinching steps. They covered the two miles at a much better speed than Teddy had accomplished on his first journey, and presently, not far above them, they espied through the mist three figures.

Teddy Baxter raised a shout:

"Aho!"

Faintly through the storm came back the welcome answer. Famished and exhausted though Dick Merivale and his two companions must be, they yet had the power of speech—at least, two of them did—and this thought was as balm in Gilead to Teddy Baxter at that moment.

Shortly afterwards the rescuers appeared on the scene, and Merivale and Marsh, their faces white and strained, pressed forward and wrong Teddy Baxter warmly by the hand. They felt that his courage had saved them from a danger the intensity of which they had never experienced before. Already they were in a state of acute hunger, and were chilled to the very core by the cruel elements of that December night. Their limbs were numb and their teeth chattering.

"Heaven bless you for this night's work, Teddy!" said Merivale.

It was not usual for the captain of the Third to speak in such a way, and it was not difficult to see that he was deeply and genuinely moved.

"You're a brick!" chimed in Marsh—"a stunning, gift-edged brick!"

"But, Aubrey?" panted Teddy.

"He's ill, poor kid," said Merivale. "I'm as strong as a horse myself; but what's happened to night has completely hooded his over, so you can guess how St. Clair must have felt it."

Aubrey was indeed on the verge of fainting, and it was fortunate that old shepherd had brought a stimulant with him. He forced a few drops of brandy between Aubrey's lips, and the lad revived almost at once.

The countryman led the way back, and the journey was accomplished only at considerable risk, for Aubrey St. Clair was unable to walk. To make matters worse, Merivale and Marsh were far too fatigued to be able to carry him, so the task devolved upon Teddy Baxter, as the shepherd would have all his work cut out to act as guide.

But all things have an ending, and in little over an hour the shepherd's hut was reached. The good fellow at once set about preparing a solid meal for the unhappy exploration party, who dried their wet garments by the blazing fire, and meanwhile wrapped themselves in warm blankets.

"We're well out of a jolly nasty hole!" said Merivale. "Goodness only knows what would have happened to us if Teddy hadn't gone to get help! Aubrey would have died of exposure, that's certain!"

"He don't seem far off now!" said Teddy Baxter.

"Rats! I'm all right!" murmured Aubrey, but his looks belied the assertion.

"Look here!" said Jack Marsh, turning to the old rustic. "Tell us your name, and then we shall always remember you and give you a look in sometimes!"

"Watts be my name," replied the shepherd. "I'm a lonely old feller, an' the sight o' you young gents makes me wish as 'ow I 'ad boys o' my own."

"He's a real sport!" said Teddy Baxter. "And he won't take a penny for wot he's done to-night!"

"Then p'raps he'll take this!" said Dick Merivale, and he drew from his pocket a magnificent, strong-bladed knife.

"You must take it!" said the junior firmly. "It's only a poor return for a really great service!"

The old shepherd was profuse in his thanks, and then the four Claremont fellows settled themselves before the fire and slept soundly. They awoke when the first rays of dawn streamed in at the window, and, after again thanking their benefactor, made their way to the school.

There had been great excitement at Claremont in the juniors' absence, especially in the ranks of the Third. All sorts of conjectures had been put forward concerning their fate, and Dr. Sterne was greatly relieved to find that they were safe. He promptly ordered Aubrey to bed in the sanatorium, and excused the other three from lessons for that day, since they were not feeling at all fit.

"After this, my boys," he said, "you will know better than to explore Highdown Heath on such a day as yesterday!"

And for once in a way the juniors heartily agreed with him.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

## A Life at Stake.

Later on that day Dick Merivale, Jack Marsh, and Teddy Baxter were seated at the table in No. 1 Study, regaling themselves with the good things to their hearts' content. They were little the worse for their terrible experiences overnight, and chatted away right merrily as if nothing of any moment had happened.

Suddenly Duff, of the Third, put his head in at the door of the study.

"Come in, Duffer!" said Merivale cheerfully. "There's a sardine left, and a small portion of doughnut."

But Duff, usually only too eager to devour a meal, looked serious.

"Heard about St. Clair?" he asked.

"No! What's up?" exclaimed the three chums together.

"He's ill—dangerously ill!"

"Great Scott!"

"I got it from Maxwell, of the Sixth," explained Duff. "They've wired for a special nurse from London, and St. Clair's father has been sent for."

"My 'ut!" said Teddy Baxter. "He's real bad, and no mistake! Let's ask old Wickers if we can go up and see 'im!"

Mr. Wickers, the poetically inclined master of the Third, was at work on a denuncatory ode to the Kaiser. He looked up with a worried frown as the three juniors entered his study.

"Arise and look upon the slain, thou dreaded monster of Louvain!" he exclaimed.

"Sir!" said Merivale, thinking for the moment that Mr. Wickers had lapsed into lunacy.

"Fair Belgium's kingdom, mine a neutral State, bears Hunnish legions thundering at the gate! Alas! What is it, Merivale?"

"We came to ask you if we could go and see St. Clair, sir," explained Dick.

"St. Clair's bad, the foolish lad!" said Mr. Wickers. "He got wet through on Highdown Hill, and now is lying very ill. However, you three wayward boys can see him if you make no noise."

"Thank you, sir!" said Merivale, and he and his two chums wended their way to the sanatorium.

They were alarmed by what they saw. Aubrey St. Clair was propped up upon the pillows, and he welcomed them with an eager light in his eyes; but his face was strangely pale, and it was obvious that the experience of the night before had told upon his nerves and feeble frame.

"I'm so glad to see you fellows!" he said, smiling. "It might be my last chance!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Marsh, gripped in the throes of a sudden fear.

"I don't suppose I shall see another sunrise at Claremont!" said Aubrey very quietly. "The doctor has been here, and he said the Head that grave complications might set in. They thought that I was asleep at the time, but I wasn't. I heard what they said, and the doctor's right. I shan't get over this!"

"Oh, Mr. Clair, we can't get on without you!" said Merivale.

"St. Clair! I hardly know the name!" said the sick boy, with a faint smile. "No, Merivale, old man; let it be Aubrey, as of old."

"You—you ain't so bad as all that?" gasped poor Teddy Baxter, holding his chum's hand tightly. "The doctor was wrong—I'm sure he was wrong!"

"I don't think so in this case," said Aubrey. "I feel sure I shan't hang on much longer. Naturally weak, you know. It's the heart!"

"And it's all through me!" burst out Jack Marsh miserably. "It was I who suggested the excursion, and if you leave us, Aubrey, I shall never forgive myself—never!"

"Pooh! Don't be absurd!" said Aubrey, trying to rally him. "How did you know we were booked for a storm, and that I'd be taken queer like this? Cheer up, Jacky!"

"I—I— Good-night!" said Marsh abruptly. "I can't stay!"

And, pressing Aubrey's hand, he hurriedly quitted the room, to indulge in a burst of grief which he could not control, for beneath Marsh's cheerful and happy-go-lucky exterior beat a very warm heart.

"Poor old Jacky!" said Aubrey. "He's taking it much too seriously, and so are you, Teddy, old boy. Surely you're not blubbing!"

But Teddy Baxter was. He had thrown himself on the end of the bed, and given way to an abandonment of grief.

"Stay with us, Aubrey!" he sobbed. "I can't bear the thoughts of you going!"

Just then the nurse announced Aubrey's father, and Merivale and Teddy Baxter withdrew. Their hearts were black, for they feared the worst.

"Life won't be worth living if he goes, Teddy!" said Merivale wretchedly. "I shall take no more interest in my work and my play, or in Claremont either!"

"Nor I!" added Teddy Baxter. "But we'll 'ope for the best."

There was a still solemnity in the atmosphere during the next few days. The merry thrud of the football in the quad was not heard, and voices were hushed, for Aubrey St. Clair still hung between life and death in the sanatorium.

But at last the day came when he was pronounced out of danger, and his chums were allowed to visit him. He had been brought very low—to death's door, in fact—but Providence decreed that he should be spared, and he was, much to the delight of Claremont in general, and his three chums in particular.

The shadow which had overhung the school was now happily lifted, and when Aubrey became convalescent his father entreated the Head to let the four chums pay a visit to his Richmond mansion; and after the banqueting and revelry were over Mr. St. Clair did not forget to generously reward plucky Teddy Baxter, who had undertaken that perilous walk along the Devil's Ridge for his chum's sake.

## THE END.

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