

# PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

By Samuel Travers Clover | Copyright 1901, by Lethrop Publishing Co.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Farewell to Australia.

**D**R. TOLMAN greeted the young American very cordially when, unannounced, Paul walked into the physician's private office at the hospital.

"Why, my dear boy," he exclaimed, "I had about given up all hope of seeing you again. I have had just one letter since you went away. Ah, you youngsters are so fickle; the friend of a week ago is forgotten in the friend of today. But I'm glad to see you looking so well; sit down and give an account of yourself since we parted."

For an hour Paul entertained the doctor with the story of his trip to Fiji; his days of ease and his days of hardship at Sydney; the ink-peddling incident, bird-whistle transactions, gold-mining episode and his attempt at balloon voyaging. The doctor was highly amused at the graphic description Paul gave of his efforts to introduce "Kaiser-Tinte" in the collegiate circles of Sydney. Referring to the bird-whistle episode, he laughingly declared the partners deserved the drubbing administered by the colonials, whereat Paul waxed indignant and protested it was an honest transaction, in which the Sydneysites were worsted only because they did not prove apt pupils.

"Oh, that was it," observed the doctor, dryly; "well, of course, you couldn't expect them to be as smart as two Yankees."

The succeeding week, which Paul passed with his friend, was devoted to rambles thru the botanical gardens and in delightful excursions to the many charming suburbs for which Melbourne is noted. One day, toward the close of his visit, as the two sat on the bench at St. Kilda watching the bathers, the doctor suddenly asked Paul if he had any definite plans for getting back home.

"Yes and no," answered the lad. "I have a hope of getting a berth on one of the Orient steamers at Sydney which will carry me thru to London, but whether I succeed is doubtful. Judging from past experiences, it isn't an easy matter, but having come so far 'right side up,' I'm not going to borrow trouble at this late day. After I reach London, I'll trust to luck to get to New York. That looks simple enough compared with the problem that confronts me now."

The doctor chuckled softly. "You're a queer boy, Paul. Here you are, twelve thousand miles from home, with barely enough money to pay your fare to Sydney, and yet you are as free from care as my dog. I confess I am envious of so tranquil a disposition."

"Well, what's the good of fretting?" returned the lad. "I entered into this state deliberately and of my own free will and accord, as the lawyers say; I should be an idiot to whine over hardships and trials for which I alone am responsible. No, sir; when I get to my troubled bridges I'll cross them, but no worrying in advance if I can help it."

"Right you are, Paul; that's good, sound philosophy, and I hope you will live up to it. After all, the more experiences you get the better qualified you will be for the profession you are ambitious to enter."

The older man parted from Paul with genuine regret. He had taken a great fancy to the sturdy American lad whose acquaintance he had so strangely formed. As he said his last good-bye down at the dock, just as the bell warned all visitors ashore, there was a tremor in his voice

which indicated the depth of his feelings. "Some day we shall meet again, my boy, so I won't say 'farewell,' but 'auf wiedersehen,'" as the Germans so beautifully express it." Then he slipped a sealed note into Paul's hand, and, hastily crossing the gangway, disappeared in the crowd.

In his cabin, after tea, Paul opened the letter which Dr. Tolman had so hurriedly given him at parting. It contained a brief message and a banknote to the value of £5. The lines read:

Dear Paul: Don't refuse the little gift I inclose, as it is merely a token of my regard for a brave young traveler who has fully demonstrated his ability to get along without money. But it will make me feel easier to know you are not penniless when you get to Sydney, so I entreat you to keep it. With deepest affection and wishing you a safe return to Chicago, I am, sincerely your friend,

—Henry Bertram Tolman.

One of the uses to which Paul put the money on his arrival at Sydney was to buy a watch charm of the famous greenstone, on the gold mounting of which he had engraved, "Paul to H. B. T. Fideliter." This he sent, with his best love, to his good friend, together with a long letter, expressing his deep appreciation of the many kindnesses he had received and which he assured the doctor he could never forget.

As he had divined, getting a berth on a London-bound steamer was by no means an easy job. For several weeks Paul haunted the quay, alongside which the colossal ocean steamers unloaded their cargoes, but, altho he boarded many and assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the under stewards, he could find no opening. One after another he saw the big liners discharge their passengers and freight, fill up again and slowly steam out into the bay, bound for the port he so earnestly desired to reach.

By carefully hoarding the money which the doctor had so generously given him, he was able to live in a fairly comfortable way during this disheartening period, but as the weeks slipped by his funds grew lamentably smaller. It was his custom every morning to scan the bulletin board in front of the Herald building, in the hope of finding a situation which might tide him over until his prospects brightened. Running his eyes down the "lost and found" column one day, when he had been nearly a month in Sydney, he saw an advertisement for a lost key of peculiar shape, which the finder was requested to bring to the manager of the Queensland Bank and receive a reward.

It suddenly occurred to Paul that he had that same key in his vest pocket. The night before, while standing in front of the Royal theater, he had seen it glistening on the pavement, and, picking it up, had stowed it away in his clothes after a cursory glance at its curious shape.

He now took it out and compared it with the description. Yes, there were the numbers, 121307 stamped in the steel, corresponding exactly with those advertised. Clearly the key belonged to the manager of the Queensland Bank, and in search of that official Paul at once bent his steps.

"You can't see the manager; he's engaged," was the somewhat curt answer which a tall young man, wearing a huge choker collar, made to Paul's polite request.

"Then I'll wait till he's disengaged," was the lad's cheerful response, plumping down into a bench placed for the convenience of bank patrons.

The owner of the collar made a sneering remark, the purport of which Paul did not catch, and resumed his work of adding a column of figures, the interruption of which had ruffled his temper.

Half an hour elapsed without the sign of a caller emerging from the manager's room. Paul began to suspect the surly clerk of tampering with the truth. "Are you sure the manager's engaged?" he suddenly ventured. "That's what I said," was the snappish reply, "and you'll have to wait."

A few minutes later one of the employees went in to see the manager, leaving the door at such an angle that Paul's eyes could rove over the entire room. The manager was alone, save for the presence of the clerk.

The lad's ire was aroused. He was justly incensed at the uncivil treatment accorded him by the ill-bred clerk and he fairly ached to punch the fellow's head.

Raising his voice a trifle and addressing the unmannerly youth, he exclaimed, "Excuse me, sir, but will you ask the manager to give me five minutes of his time? I want to see him on a matter of business."

Paul noticed the gray head perk up a bit in the inside room as the sound seeped thru, and presently a brusque "Mr. Peters!" floated outward.

The proprietor of the tall collar unwound his long legs from the stool and, with a black look at Paul, disappeared in the private room.

In a few minutes he emerged, still wearing a scowl, and, walking over to Paul, jerked out, "He'll see you now."

"Oh, thank you," returned the lad with one of his blandest looks; "sorry to have put you to so much trouble."

He wasted no time in stating his business when he stood before the manager. "I saw your advertisement about a lost key," he began. "I found it last night in front of the Royal theater. This is the article, I believe," and he placed the key on the banker's desk.

The manager picked it up, saw the number was correct, and said: "This is certainly the key I lost. Permit me to pay you for your trouble."

"It was no trouble at all, sir, and you don't owe me a cent," was the respectful but emphatic reply. "I found the key by the merest chance, and, noticing your advertisement this morning, brought it over at once, because I had nothing else to do. I am glad to have obliged you, but it really isn't worth talking about."

The banker smiled. "You are an American, aren't you?" he pleasantly asked.

"Yes, sir; from Chicago."

"A great city and a great country," he observed. "If you won't let me pay you for the key, at least tell me if there is anything I can do for you while you are in Sydney."

One of his happy inspirations seized Paul. "If you would be kind enough to give me a letter to the agents of the Orient Steamship company I would be greatly obliged," he said. "I don't mind telling you that I have been trying for some time to get employment on one of their homeward bound boats, but I don't receive any encouragement. A good word to the agents would be a great help, I am sure."

"I'll give you the letter with pleasure. I happen to know the gentlemen intimately. Let me have your name, please."

"Paul Travers, sir."

"Just be seated a few moments, Mr. Travers, and you shall have what you want." Then he rang a bell and a stenographer appeared, to whom the banker dictated a short letter, overhearing which Paul mentally decided his vexations and disappointments were nearing an end.

"I gather you are trying to see a bit of the great world," remarked the bank manager while the letter was being typewritten.

"Yes, sir; for that reason I prefer the roundabout way home instead of returning to San Francisco. Not having much money, I, of course, work my passage from point to point. So far I have done fairly well, and with good luck I expect to be back in Chicago six months from now."

"And then what? A second long tramp in some other direction?"

"No, sir; I am planning to be a newspaper man and hope to go to work on one of the big Chicago dailies when I get back."

The door opened and a clerk brought in the expected letter. Taking the envelope, the banker wrote in the lower left-hand corner, "Introducing my young friend, Paul Travers." "There," he exclaimed, handing it over to Paul, "if that doesn't do the business, come back and let me know." The he shook hands with the youngster as if he were really interested in him and wished him a safe and pleasant voyage back to America.

In the outer room Paul brushed by the pin-headed youth on the stool. "Good-bye, collars," he murmured as he passed. "Try to be a little more accommodating to the next stranger who wants to see your manager." Without waiting for a response or even turning his head to note the effect of this flippancy he kept serenely on thru the office until he reached the street.

It was the junior member of the firm of steamship agents who received the letter of introduction which Paul brought from the banker. He told the lad it was beyond his power to make a position for him on any of the company's boats, but he would furnish him a letter of recommendation to the captain of the incoming steamer, which was due in a few days, and if there chanced to be a vacancy he had no doubt it would help him to secure it. Thankful enough to get this concession Paul went away, after arranging to call for the letter as soon as the Chimborazo was bulletined.

The Chimborazo had scarcely made fast to her dock when Paul sought the captain and presented his credentials. Glancing over the letter, the skipper scribbled a few words across its face, and instructed the lad to present it to the chief steward. The latter was a keen-faced Englishman, with eyes that looked out from the corners, and a square, firm chin that denoted a constant exercise of authority. He read the letter very deliberately, meantime taking mental note of Paul's personal appearance.

"Ever do any stewarding?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Got your sea legs, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"When can you come to work?"

"In an hour."

"All right; get back here promptly and report to me."

This was the extent of his catechism, and that was the way in which Paul became one of the crew of the steamship Chimborazo, as staunch a vessel as ever breasted the waves of the Indian ocean or plowed between the sun-baked shores of the Suez canal.

On the ship's books he was rated merely as "general servant," in which classification all the under stewards were entered. If Paul had an easy time ashore, he soon made up for it by his labors aboard the Chimborazo, which in the week prior to sailing he found arduous enough. He was one of a score of youngsters, ranging in age from 16 to 20, whose duties were confined exclusively to caring for the main deck and saloon when not engaged in waiting on passengers. The chief steward and his brawny first assistant saw to it that no one loafed or shirked his work, their constant supervision rendering any "soldiering" out of the question.

While the ship lay at her docks, and before the passengers came aboard, the lads were kept very busy scrubbing the paintwork, cleaning the silverware, getting in stores, and holy-stoning the main or saloon deck, which the sailors were not supposed to touch. Holy-stoning began immediately after coaling, which latter operation left the boards in inky blackness. It was a job the boys had to do on their hands and knees, pumice-stone instead of soap being the chief accessory in removing the dirt. Paul's back ached for a week following this assignment, while his skinned knees and sore fingers bore tribute to the thoroughness of his work.

(To Be Continued.)

## WORSE THAN ALL.

A certain junior Rugby football team is composed of stalwart young Welsh colliers who bear the reputation of being none too gentle in their play. This team was playing another local fifteen when a woman, bareheaded and bare and brawny of arm, rushed on the field, and seizing a huge forward of the latter team by the collar of his jersey, hustled him off the ground, to the huge delight of the crowd.

"What's the matter, Mari?" cried a spectator.

"The matter?" screamed Mari. "He's my boy, Dafydd. Here he is!" (shaking him furiously). "He did have his father and was brother kill in the pit, another brother was kill in the war and his brother Twm was beat in the prizefight, and here I do catch him playing football with these boys!"

## GEOMETRICAL NOTE.



Describing an Angle.

## THE SOUVENIR BUTTONS

A Junior button is given to every contributor for his first paper printed, provided it is neither a prize winner nor an "honorable mention." Only one Junior button is given a year, and this is sent without application. The new year began Sept. 16, 1906.

An Honor button is awarded for an "honorable mention," and is sent without application.

An Honor button is awarded to every Junior who has three papers printed which are neither prize winners nor honorable mentions. These must be claimed by the winners, giving dates of publication.

An Honor button is awarded for an accepted contribution to the storyteller column, and is sent without application, together with an order for a book.

Any number of Honor buttons may be won.

A Prize button is awarded for every prize paper, without application.

Only one picture prize a year will be awarded to the same Junior.

All of these, except the Honor buttons awarded for three papers printed, are sent out the day of publication, and all notices of failure to receive them must be sent to the editor within the week following publication.

### THE HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT CONTESTS.

These contests are for writers in and above the ninth grade.

Two prizes of \$10 each for pictures or books for the schools are awarded every three months to the two high schools winning the highest number of credits. Winners of these prizes are barred from further contests for the school year, tho their contributions will be printed.

No school in Minneapolis, and no town in the northwest will be given more than one credit a week. At least four papers must be sent in on a topic for a high school to be considered in the contest.

A Journal Junior Prize button is sent for the first high school credit paper of each competitor during the quarter. The first quarter began September 16, 1906, and ends December 9, inclusive.

### THE PRIZE PICTURES.

The pictures which are given as prizes during the school year become the exclusive property of the schools upon whose walls they are hung. They are to remain permanently in the school which the winner attended when he or she won the prize and under no circumstances are to be removed to another school or to a private house.

Express charges on all prize pictures are prepaid by The Journal.

### HOW TO PREPARE THE PAPERS.

Write in ink and on only one side of the paper. Leave a space of three inches at the top of the first page. Use no headlines. Put the number of words in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. Sign the name and residence at the end at the right, the grade and school at the end at the left.

### THE STORYTELLER.

Any pupil of a public school, in any part of the United States, who is in or above the fifth grade, may contribute to the Storyteller. These stories may be true or fiction, and upon any subject preferred by the writer. They must not be less than 500 words in length, nor more than 1,000.

### TOPICS FOR OUT-OF-TOWN WRITERS.

All writers outside of Minneapolis are to use the topics headed "Out-of-Town Topics." Pupils in the public schools anywhere in the United States may write for The Journal Junior, but must use only the topics under the head.