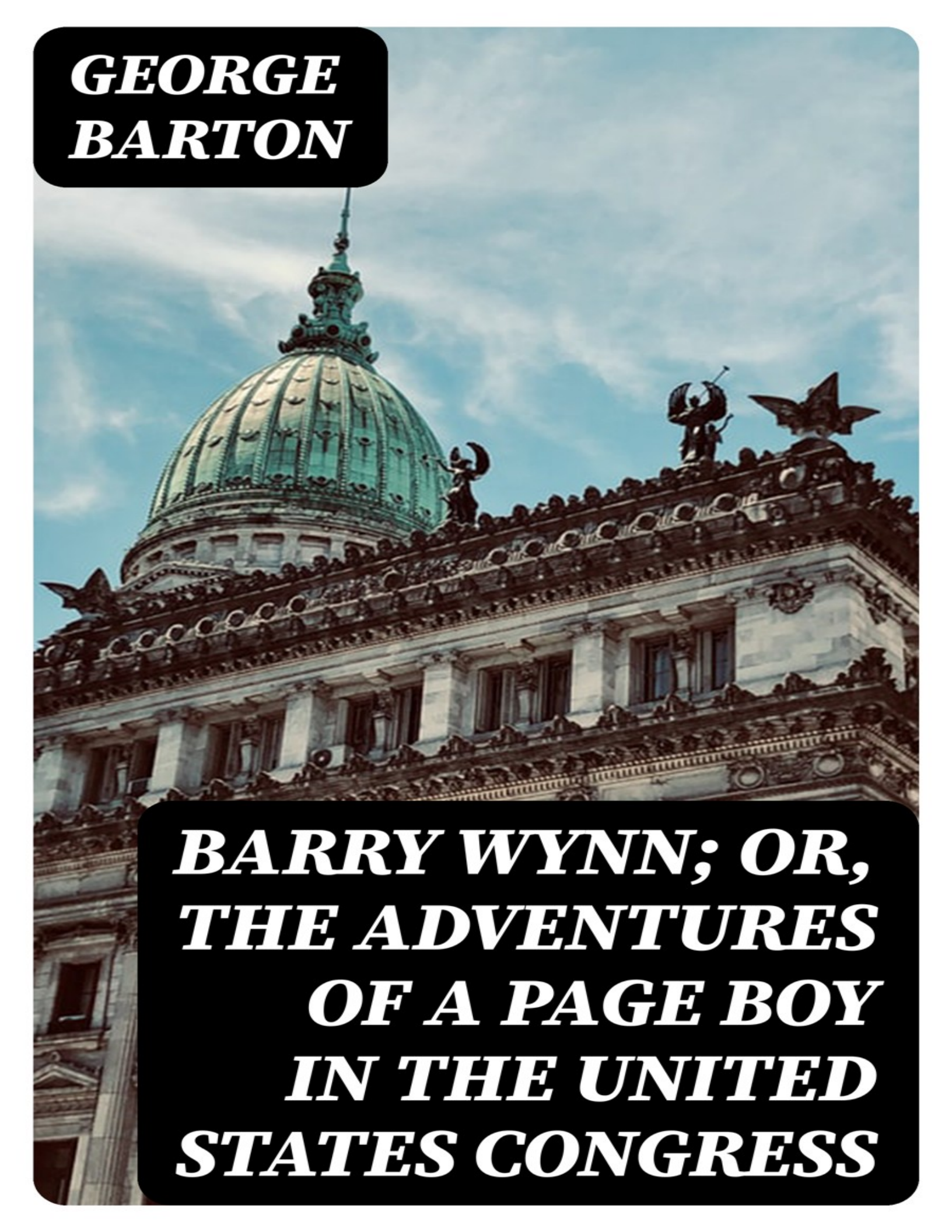


***GEORGE  
BARTON***



***BARRY WYNN; OR,  
THE ADVENTURES  
OF A PAGE BOY  
IN THE UNITED  
STATES CONGRESS***

**George Barton**

# **Barry Wynn; Or, The Adventures of a Page Boy in the United States Congress**

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# CHAPTER I UNDER THE BIG DOME

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Barry Wynn grabbed the rail of the day coach of the Washington Express and swung himself on to the platform of the car with the ease and enthusiasm of a healthy boy of fifteen. The world had suddenly expanded for him and he was aglow with life and vitality. He had been appointed a page in the National House of Representatives, and now, in response to a telegram from Congressman Carlton, he was about to go to the Capitol to take the oath of office and assume the duties of his position.

His heart was swelling with the thought of the big things in the future. He had studied the history of his country in the Cleverly schools and he had also an intelligent idea of the great organization which we call the United States Government. He had not neglected to read the debates of Congress in the daily newspapers and now he was to be in the midst of great events, to be a part of our great central law-making machine at Washington. He was dwelling on this thought when his attention was attracted by a voice from the crowd on the platform.

"Barry! Barry!" it shouted above the puffing of the locomotive, "Wait a minute."

The call came from Mr. Smithers who had been his school teacher and who now was also the President of the local Board of Trade. Barry leaned over the platform and Mr. Smithers, making his way through the throng, handed the boy a bulky manilla envelope fastened with rubber bands.

"Give this to Congressman Carlton as soon as you arrive in Washington," he said.

"All right," replied Barry.

"Be careful with it," continued the man; "it contains a matter of vital importance to the people of Cleverly."

"You can depend on me," was the confident response.

The conductor gave the final warning, the bell began to clang, and the train steamed out of the station with Barry standing on the platform waving good-bye to his faithful friends. His eyes were so dimmed with tears that could not be suppressed that he scarcely recognized the upturned faces that were shedding their good will upon him in such generous measure. One exception to this was his mother. She seemed to stand out from the crowd, fluttering a little lace handkerchief until the station at Cleverly became a mere speck in the distance.

The journey in itself was uneventful, although it furnished constant interest and amusement for the boy who was about to get his first large view of the world. Thoughtful ones at home had provided him with a dainty box of lunch, and before long he was attacked with the pangs of hunger and devoured every last scrap of the cake and fruit and sandwiches.

Finally, after a ride of nine or ten hours the city of Washington began to come in view. The outlying section was not very inviting, but as the train came near to its destination the view improved. A sudden turning of the train brought the magnificent dome of the Capitol into the range of his vision. Barry gasped with wonder and delight. It was as though some magician had waved his wand over vacant

space and suddenly brought the wonderful creation into being. In all of the time he was in Washington Barry never lost his sense of delight at each recurring sight of that noble specimen of architecture. To him the solidity and beauty of the Capitol seemed symbolic of the strength and splendor of the Republic.

As the train came nearer and nearer to the new Union Station the boy was enabled to get a closer view of the great structure which stood outlined on the horizon in all of its majestic proportions. He had an instinctive sense of the beautiful and the symmetrical pile of marble filled him with an unexplainable joy. The main building, with its two finely designed wings, more than realized Barry's anticipations. But it was the dome rather than the Capitol itself, which kept him under its magic spell. He felt for the first time the full force of the poet's words, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The vaulted roof of the rotunda, with its gradual swelling sprang into the air so gracefully that one could hardly look upon it as a thing of iron and steel and marble. And overtopping it all was the colossal statue of Freedom, typifying everything for which the Republic was founded and maintained.

The cry of "All out for Washington" brought to an end Barry's meditations, and also announced the fact that he had finally reached his destination. He picked up his suitcase and hastened out of the train and into the great Union Station which burst upon his astonished vision like another scene from the Arabian Nights. It was so great and so impressive that it fairly took his breath away. In a few minutes he was seated in a trolley car and on his way

toward the Capitol. He was so eager to see everything that was to be seen on the way that he almost twisted his neck out of shape. In a very short time the car reached the foot of the hill where the great edifice is located. When Barry alighted he stood for a moment undecided which way to turn. There seemed to be all sorts of entrances to the building. He chose the nearest one, which led him to the basement of the great structure. Looking about, he saw an elevator standing with the door invitingly open. Without further ado, he hustled into the door. The attendant turned to him with a smile:

"Have you got your credentials?" he asked, tauntingly.

"My credentials," retorted Barry; "what do you mean?"

"I simply want to know whether you are a member of the Supreme Court."

"Why?"

"Because this elevator is for the exclusive use of members of the Supreme Court."

And so it proved to be. Barry turned aside a little bit confused at his first lesson in American democracy. Finally he found an elevator that was used by the public. He boarded it and in a few minutes found himself standing in the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol. It is, as most boys are aware, the great hall which stands in the centre of the Capitol between the House of Representatives and the United States Senate.

Barry set his suitcase on the floor and gazed up at the interior of the vast dome, spellbound with wonder and delight. The light, coming through the windows of the great ceiling, revealed a wilderness of art. In the very centre he



beheld the marvelous allegorical fresco called the "Apotheosis of Washington." Beneath this were designs in panels and medallions showing Raleigh, Columbus, Cabot, La Salle, and the other great characters that Barry had studied about in school, and below these he gazed on a series of brilliant pictures showing scenes in the Revolutionary war.

How long he remained there in this attitude of wrapt admiration he could not tell, but when he glanced down at the floor to look for his suitcase, he found that it was gone. He rushed over to a gray-coated guide:

"Did you see anything of my suitcase?" he cried in alarm.

"Your suitcase," smiled the man; "I didn't know you had one."

"I had a minute ago," said Barry; "I set it on the floor here and now it is gone."

"Where could it go to if you had it by your side?"

"Why, I was looking at the pictures in the ceiling," said the agitated boy, "and someone must have crept along and stolen it."

"Well, I didn't see anything of it," was the calm response.

In despair, Barry ran from one person to another until the marble space below the dome was a scene of unusual excitement. In the midst of the agitation a bright-looking, well-dressed young man came striding across the hallway leading from the House of Representatives. He noticed the stir, and something about Barry's manner attracted him. He went up to the boy and said in kindly tones:

"What's the trouble, my son?"

Barry explained as best he could.

"Do you expect to meet someone here?" asked the stranger.

"I do. I was to report to Congressman Carlton."

"Why, I know him well," was the comment of the young man. "He is one of my best friends. We will have to see if we can't recover your suitcase for you."

At that moment the alert young man happened to see a red-headed youngster peeping from behind one of the pillars that supported the dome. Instantly he understood the situation.

"Joe," he called, in authoritative tones, "come here at once."

Joe, thus called, responded obediently. The stranger took Barry by the arm, and pointing to the other, said:

"This is Mr. Joseph Hart, one of the pages of the House of Representatives. Joseph, I want you to meet Mr. Barry Wynn, who is to become your associate."

"Hello," said Joe.

"How are you?" greeted Barry, taking the outstretched hand.

"Joe," continued the gentleman, "get the young man his property."

Very sheepishly Joe went behind the pillar and, bringing out the suitcase, handed it to Barry.

"Now, I will introduce myself," said the stranger, with an engaging smile. "My name is Felix Conway. I am the correspondent of a New York newspaper, and if you ever need any assistance while you are in Washington, don't fail to call on me."

"Thank you," was the grateful reply, "I am not likely to forget you."

"Now, Joe," said the correspondent, turning to the second boy again, "why did you take Mr. Wynn's suitcase?"

Joe gazed at the floor in an embarrassed manner for a moment and then, raising his head, said defiantly:

"I couldn't help it. He looked so green that I simply couldn't resist hiding his bag."

"Well," said Mr. Conway, "if you hope to be respected in this world, you'll have to resist a good many temptations."

At this point in the conversation, Congressman Carlton, of all persons in the world, came along. He recognized Barry at once, and going over, shook his hand warmly. He also talked pleasantly with Mr. Conway concerning matters in which they were both interested.

"Barry," he said, finally, "I'm awfully busy this afternoon, but I'm going to put you in care of Joe Hart here. He'll take you to a pleasant boarding-house and see that you are properly installed. Report to me here in the Capitol at ten o'clock in the morning. In the meantime, Joe will post you on your duties. You will find him a very nice boy."

"Yes," said Barry, gazing at Joe somewhat skeptically, "I suppose I will find him to be a very nice boy."

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## CHAPTER II THE NAVAL REPAIR STATION

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Mr. Carlton had only gone a few yards when Barry suddenly remembered the bulky manilla envelope that had been entrusted to his care as the train was leaving Cleverly. He ran after the Congressman and handed him the package. Mr. Carlton opened it in the boy's presence and his eyes lighted with pleasure.

"It's just what I've been waiting for, Conway," he said to his newspaper friend.

"Good; then you can present the whole business to the Secretary today."

"Precisely; that's what I intend to do."

"Suppose you take Barry along with you," suggested the correspondent.

"A good idea. I might want to send for some papers."

"Would he know where to go?" asked Conway, laughingly. "You know he's a stranger in a strange land."

"That's easily fixed," smiled the Congressman.

"How?"

"We'll take Joe along as a guide for Barry."

The two men and boys boarded a Pennsylvania Avenue trolley and were soon proceeding to the other end of the thoroughfare.

"My boy," said Mr. Carlton to Barry, "I think we might as well take you into our confidence."

"Yes, sir."

"Years ago, when your father and I were young men we conceived the idea that the Government should build a

great naval supply station at Cleverly. He even went so far as to draw up rough plans. But the time was not ripe for it and the notion was abandoned. Since your good father's death there have been spasmodic attempts to revive the plan, but they never amounted to anything. Now, however, the conditions are all favorable, and I believe that with a little strategy and a great deal of industry, I can win the fight and make Cleverly a household name in the United States instead of a mere speck on the map."

"That would be splendid," cried Barry, his eyes glowing with pleasure.

"The big secret," continued the Congressman, "is the fact that the Government is now ready to act."

"Do you mean that they're going to build a station at Cleverly?" asked Barry, excitedly.

Mr. Carlton laughed.

"No; hardly that. I mean that the officials of the Government who have charge of our Navy have decided that we need a new Naval Repair Station. It remains for Congress to say where the station shall be located and to appropriate the money to pay for it. Now, I think, and Mr. Conway thinks, too, that the City of Cleverly can furnish the ideal site for this station."

"I don't suppose," chimed in the journalist, "that Barry can have much interest in the subject."

"Yes, I have," exclaimed the boy; "I think it's real exciting."

Both men laughed at the boy's enthusiasm.

"The excitement," observed the journalist, "will come when it becomes known that the Government intends to

build the new station."

"When will it become known?"

"Very soon, I think. Mr. Carlton is going to have an interview with the Secretary of the Navy this afternoon. A great deal depends on the result of that talk."

Little Joe Hart had been listening to the conversation with great intentness. He looked up now with a comical twist of the mouth.

"Mr. Conway," he exclaimed, with mock seriousness, "you can depend on my support."

They all laughed heartily at this sally. Mr. Carlton turned to the newspaper man:

"You see," he said, "we have two young gentlemen with us already."

"Yes," was the retort, "but, unfortunately, they have no votes."

"They will have some day," commented the Congressman soberly, "and I hope they will exercise that power for the good of the country."

By this time the car had reached the Treasury Department and was going around the massive pile of granite which houses the officials and the employees who look after the finances of the nation. Mr. Carlton and his friends alighted at the next corner and walked the remainder of the distance to their destination. They passed the White House, the modest looking dwelling which is the home of the President of the United States. Barry looked at it curiously.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mr. Conway.

Barry hesitated.

"Come out with it," insisted the journalist.

"Well," said the boy reluctantly, "it doesn't look much."

Mr. Conway laughed.

"That's the opinion of most strangers. But as you grow older you will realize that it typifies the strength and simplicity of the people. We have wealth enough to give the President a palace that would rival the homes of the sovereigns of Europe, but, thank goodness, we haven't the desire."

The large stone building, which is the headquarters of the State, War and Navy Departments, was now in sight. As they walked up the high steps of the main entrance, Barry and the journalist found themselves temporarily separated from Mr. Carlton and Joe Hart. It gave Mr. Conway an opportunity of speaking of the Congressman.

"He's one of nature's noblemen," he said, fervently. "I've been here many years," he added, "and I've seen public men come and go, but I never met a cleaner, abler man than John Carlton. Only his modesty has prevented him from being the leader of Congress. He's as clean as a hound's tooth, but he would no more boast of his integrity, than he would brag of saying his prayers. He takes it as a matter of course. He despises grafters, but he also detests self-sufficient reformers who are forever flaunting their virtues in the face of the public. But," with a laugh, "I'm afraid I'm talking over your head, Barry."

"Not at all," retorted the boy. "I know just what you mean; and, besides, I love to hear anyone talk about Mr. Carlton. He was my father's best friend. That's why he had me appointed a page boy. He says it will give me a chance

to see life and mix with big people and that it may lead to something better."

"That's true, and I think that even in your modest position you may be very useful to him."

"I hope so. He seems very much interested in the Naval Repair Station."

"It's the biggest thing he has ever attempted. If he succeeds the people of Cleverly will never forget him. It will mean that he will not have to fight for re-election at the end of every two years. In short it will be a monument to him."

At the head of the steps the two were joined by Mr. Carlton and Joe Hart. They proceeded along the corridor and then up another flight of stairs and presently were ushered into the office of the Secretary of the Navy. The two boys seated themselves on a leather covered sofa near the door, while the Congressman and Mr. Conway walked up to a desk where a young man was writing. He greeted them pleasantly, took their cards and disappeared into a smaller apartment in the rear of the large room. He returned in a few moments followed by an older man. The newcomer hurried over to where the Congressman was standing.

"Hello, Carlton," he cried, cheerily, "I'm glad to see you."

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Secretary," smiled the statesman.

"And you too, Conway," exclaimed the cabinet officer, extending his hand to the newspaper man.

The three of them took chairs. The Secretary looked at his visitors inquiringly.

"What's in the wind?" he asked, in his affable way. "It must be important when a Congressman and a journalist



call together."

"It is," said Mr. Carlton, soberly. "It's about the proposed new Naval Repair Station."

"So that's got out, has it?" he remarked, musingly.

"Well, it's not exactly public property, but we've learned enough to know that Congress will take up the matter at this session."

"Really, it's no secret," admitted the Secretary, "and I'm frank enough to say that we need it very badly at this time. What's the use of spending millions of dollars in creating a first-class Navy unless we keep the battleships in first-class condition. We have a number of good navy yards, but we could use an additional Naval Repair Station to great advantage."

"I know that, and I'm going to offer a bill in Congress at an early day."

"You are?"

"I am, and I would naturally like to have the support of the Department."

"Of course," said the Secretary, hesitatingly, "it would be impossible to pledge myself in advance."

"I understand that perfectly," was the prompt reply. "I have been on the Naval Committee of the House long enough to know that these things must come up in an orderly manner and go through the regular channels."

"Certainly, certainly," echoed the cabinet officer, relieved to know that he was not going to be asked to depart from the usual method of procedure.

"I came today," continued the Congressman, "to show you a set of plans that have been prepared for a Naval

Repair Station at Cleverly. I don't want to go at this matter blindly. I want you to look at our papers. Of course, later on they will be submitted to any Board of Experts that you may see fit to appoint."

"I'm sure that I would be delighted to look them over," was the quick response.

Thereupon Mr. Carlton drew forth the bulky envelope that had been entrusted to Barry on his departure from Cleverly. The Secretary became interested at once. In order to get a better view of the papers the three men walked over to a large flat-top table in the centre of the room. Here the blue prints were spread out and held down with paperweights in order that they might be intelligently studied. The Congressman, who knew his subject by heart, explained the advantages to be gained by locating the station at Cleverly. The Secretary asked many questions, which were answered promptly, satisfactorily and with confidence.

"How much of an appropriation did you think of asking for?"

"A million dollars," replied the Congressman.

"That would not pay the entire cost of the station," said the Secretary.

"No; but it would answer all present needs. Additions could be made from time to time."

Presently the Secretary pressed a button and a messenger appeared.

"Tell the Admiral I would like to see him at his convenience," he said.

In a few minutes an old gentleman, with snow white hair and moustache and ruddy cheeks, entered. He was

faultlessly, almost nattily, dressed and he had an alertness about him which suggested that he might have discovered the fountain of eternal youth, whose source had been so vainly sought by the gallant Ponce de Leon.

"That's the Admiral," whispered Joe to Barry from his secluded corner of the leather sofa.

"What? The real Admiral?"

"Sure."

"Where's his cocked hat and his sword and his uniform?"

"Oh, say," cried Joe, disgusted at such evident lack of knowledge, "he doesn't wear them in his office."

"Where does he wear them?"

"When he's fighting—on the quarter deck of his flagship."

"He doesn't look like a fighter."

This was too much for Mr. Joseph Hart. He stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth to keep from screaming. He butted his head against the cushioned back of the sofa, and he performed various other silent, but none the less effective, gymnastic exercises. After he had exhausted his merriment, he turned to the Cleverly boy and said, reproachfully:

"Can he fight? Why that man sunk the entire navy of a great European nation in about twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes?" gasped Barry, awe stricken.

"It was less than that," cried Joe, following up his advantage, "it happened this way. The Admiral was taking breakfast in the cabin of his vessel with some friends. He took a sip of his coffee and then said, 'please excuse me.' He went up on deck, and in a few minutes he returned to finish his coffee, saying, 'ha, I'm glad that's done.'"

"What had he done?" asked Barry.

"Sunk the Spanish navy."

"He doesn't act like a ferocious man."

"Real fighters never do," said Joe.

In the meantime the newcomer had joined the Secretary of the Navy and had been presented to the Congressman and the journalist. He was asked to examine the plans. He did so, at first in a perfunctory manner. But presently he became interested, and went over the blue prints with greater care. Finally he began to ask questions.

"Where would you put the dry dock?" he queried.

"Right there," replied the Congressman, indicating the spot with the tip of his little finger.

"This looks as if it might be a fresh water basin," suggested the Admiral.

"It is."

"And yet you are near the ocean."

"Within two miles of it."

Presently the Admiral finished his inspection of the plans. He leaned back in his chair, with his eyes half closed. The other three men looked at him intently. His expert opinion was of the highest value.

"Well," said the Secretary, finally, "what do you think of it?"

"Splendid," was the reply. "It looks as if it had been carved by nature for our present needs."

Five minutes later the Congressman was on his way back to the Capitol. He was bubbling over with good humor. He put his hand on Barry Wynn's shoulder:

"We've got a bully start, Barry," he said. "I do believe you're going to be my mascot."



## **CHAPTER III THE NEW PAGE**

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After a few minutes at the Capitol with Congressman Carlton, Barry found himself walking along the streets of Washington with Master Joe Hart, who had graciously volunteered to pilot him to his boarding house, which was located on a street radiating from one of the avenues surrounding the Treasury Department. It was some distance from the hall of the House of Representatives, but as Barry desired to see as much of the city as possible, they walked instead of taking a trolley car.

The two boys made the trip by way of Pennsylvania Avenue, and at every turn in that noble thoroughfare, Barry found himself gasping with undisguised admiration. Joe Hart, who had lived in Washington for a number of years, and who was old in the ways of the world, seemed greatly amused at the frank astonishment of his companion; in fact, Master Joe indulged in a good deal of sarcasm. He told Barry that if he did not stop looking up at the buildings, he would get a kink in the neck and that would disbar him from the position as page in Congress. He wanted to know how crops were coming on "down home"; whether they were having much rain in Cleverly, and finally asked him if this year's corn would be equal to the kind that was grown last year. Barry took all of this with perfect good nature. He realized that Joe was worldly-wise, and that his manners were not as good as they might be, but something about the Washington boy attracted him mightily.

Finally they reached the boarding house. It was a three-story brick house with an air of genteel decay about it. Joe, who had a latch key, walked in without knocking. As they passed the parlor an elderly lady, who stood at the window, approached them.

"Mrs. Johnson," said Hart, "this is Barry Wynn, who is to live here for a little while."

The lady approached Barry with a smile and shook hands with him cordially.

"Mr. Carlton has been telling me about you," she said graciously, "and I think I can give you a third story back room that will suit your purposes."

"Thank you," said Barry.

"If you will come this way I will show you the room."

The boarding house mistress and the two boys walked to the third story and looked at the room that had been assigned to Barry. It was plainly but neatly furnished. The outlook was very pleasant, because for a distance of many blocks there were no buildings to obstruct the view, and most of the surrounding plots were tastefully laid out in grass and flowers. Barry learned later that the cause of this unusually luxurious outlook was a public park which was almost on the edge of Mrs. Johnson's dwelling.

"I can give you this room, with board," said Mrs. Johnson, interrupting the boy's musings, "for six dollars a week."

It seemed like a large sum to Barry, but he said bravely, and with a show of cheerfulness: "All right, Mrs. Johnson; I'll take it."

Supper at the Johnson boarding house was a very modest meal, and after it was over Barry and Joe went out, in order