

## Poetry.

## LITTLE DUDE. BIG BICYCLE.

Now vas der merry mont' of May,  
Ven all der bull-frogs sing so gay,  
Und Vinter's cold vas shased away,  
Und melted vas der icicle.

Now comes der leedle dandy dood,  
Resplendent in his nobly suit,  
Und mit his mustache curled so cute,  
A-riding on his bicyele.

Und in her "bloomer" by his side  
Der shweet doodline does swiftly glide,  
A-ishing do she vas his bride,  
Oupon a brand-new tricycle.

Und he vish too dot very same;  
So riding oop to her he came  
Und tried a radher risky game—  
To kiss her on dot tricycle.

Youst den von leetle shone he shtruck,  
Und mit his vheel von heddar took,  
Und pitched head first, gonfound der luck!  
Oupon her mid his bicyele.

Dot settled him youst like a book;  
Der doodline gwick dot fresh dood shook,  
Und gave him youst von icy look  
Dot freeze him like an icicle.

—Boston Globe.

## HE STAYED RIGHT WITH 'EM.

[The Wheelmen's Record.]

The other day, a party clothed in grey jeans and the delicate odor of new-mown garden truck, came shuffling into our office, cast a suspicious glance around him and asked: "Is this here where you print the *Wheelmen's Record*?"

We admit the truth.

"An' you print about races, an' sich like news, I reckon?" he ventured inquiringly.

Another candid admission on our part.

"Don't charge nothin' for printin' about 'em, I reckon?"

We assured him that we published such things as a matter of news.

"Well, bein' as I was comin' to town to-day, Pete Burgess, he 'lowed he'd like to have me come up here an' tell you about them Terry Hut races last week. Pete, he was afear'd some other fellers would git in ahead of him an' tell their side of the story an' git you to print what wasn't true. You see, they was right smart prejudice agin Pete at Terry Hut, jist 'cause he went in an' won their blamed old race, when they wasn't expectin' it."

"Very well," we said, "let us have your report. Just as briefly as possible, please."

"That's what I was comin' to," he drawled. We've only got one velocipede rider in Shuckville, but he's a daisy!

"One day I says to Pete, says I: 'I hear they's to be some big races at Terry Hut; what hosses is entered, eny of your pap's?'"

"Pete says, says he: 'There ain't no hosses entered. It's a bisickle race.'"

"Then I says, says I: 'Why don't you go in an' jine 'em?' But Pete, he was kinder afear'd he wouldn't stand no show. He said they was goin' to have some mighty big races there at Terry Hut. They had fast men comin' from Chicago, an' Sent Louis, an' Boston, an' Pennsylvania, an' all them big towns."

"I says to him, says I: 'What do you care for them fellers, can't you run, too? Didn't you an' your velocipede run away from Squire Burk's bull dog last Saturday? Didn't you beat Abe Parker's yaller mare, out on the mill road? What are you afraid of, anyhow? I'll back you up, I says, says I: 'You jist go into that race an' stay tight by 'em!' An' he done it."

"Me an' him went over to Terry Hut the day

be'ore the races, an' Pete, he entered in the five mile championship race. That was the longest, and I advised Pete to go into it 'cause I know that his main holt would be in stayin' right with 'em. An' he done it, too.

"When the time come to race, all the big guns from Crawfordsville, an',—an' all them places, was there, with their spidery lookin' velocipedes. As they come up into line, one at a time, each feller's friends reared up an' hollered for their man. But you'd ought to seen 'em cheer when Pete come up to the line! Why, every last one of 'em yelled like he'd split his neck!

"I reckon they kinder suspicioned that Pete would win.

"They all fetched up in line; six of 'em; an' each racer had a man standin' back of him to give him a shove. I was back of Pete an' jist before they started I whispered to him: 'Pete, recollect I've got four dollars an' a yallar cow up on this race. Stay right with 'em.'"

"Then somebody fired a shot gun, an' when I seen all the rest startin', I jedged that was the sign to start, so I jist gave Pete a shove an' I reckon I sent him about a hundred yards. I was feelin' a little frustrated an' I kinder started him off a little might crooked, an' he slammed up agin another feller an' knocked him clear off the track. But Pete, he didn't have time to stop, he jist stayed right with 'em.

"Perty soon the other racers shot ahead of Pete, but I didn't let that scare me none, 'cause I knowed what Pete was. He wasn't goin' to wear himself out at first—he 'lowed to wear the rest of 'em out.

"So before Pete had got around once, the rest of 'em was comin' around the second time an' jist as they was goin' to pass him, Pete kinder edged across the track so as to git on the other side for a change, an' a couple of 'em what had their heads down an' weren't lookin' where they was goin', run smack into him. Pete, he didn't let that bother him none. He steadied himself up a little, an' stayed right with 'em, but the other two dropped all in a heap an' they carried 'em off the track.

"Jist about this time, one of the men that was hossin' the race seen how things was goin'. He knew by the way Pete stayed with 'em, that he was sure to win. I reckon he had it fixed up with some other feller to do the winnin' an' he didn't want no foreign talent to come in an' bust his man. So he run around to where Pete was, an' hollered at him an' tried to git him to come off the track, but Pete, he didn't pay no more attention to him than he did to the rest of 'em. He jist kept on an' stayed right with 'em.

"They was only two others runnin' now he sides Pete, but I wasn't gittin' scared. Pete, he jist kept right on without tryin' to wear himself out, 'cause it was his plan to take it easy, you see, an' stay right with 'em.

"By an' by the other boys began to ketch up with Pete agin, an' jist as I came down to the track to give him a drink of water, Pete stopped an' one of 'em ran plump into him agin. Broke his leg, but it served him right for tryin' to race when he didn't know how to ride no better than that. But it didn't addel Pete none. No sir-ee, he stayed right with 'em.

"Pete, he started out agin. There was only him an' the other feller on the track then, an' as they was a right smart piece apart, Pete didn't have no more trouble about bein' run into.

"They was gittin' mighty near to the end of the race an' all the crowd got to yellin'. Some of 'em was hollerin' for the other man, but most of 'em was yellin'. 'Go it, hay seed! Git there, old corn stalk!' an' all the while Pete was stayin' right by him.

"When the feller passed him fer the last time, I reckon they wasn't more'n a dozen yards from home. But jist then Pete, he fetched a powerful whoop, jist to let the young feller know he was right with him, an' he looked around kinder scared like, an' jist then he took the worst gosh-all-hemlock fall you ever seen; went right through his machine like it was a paper hoop, an' Pete he went in an' won. An' you'd ought to heard 'em yell.

"But they was a few of them that was mad, an' wanted to lick Pete, 'cause the other fellers run

into him. Jist as if he could help it! But I says, says I: 'The man that licks Pete licks me too, 'cause I'm here to back him up. I've won four dollars an' a cow on this here race an' I can afford to blow in a little fer a 'salt an' battery fine jist as well as not.'

"They didn't say no more about fightin', but they cheated him out of his brass medal jist the same. They had a lot of fine drawn excuses to git out on. Said he run into the other fellers an' fouled 'em when anybody could saw that they run plump into him. An' they said that Pete didn't finish the race by two miles; but I took notice that Pete was the only one of 'em that had the sand to stick to it till the race was over, an' if he didn't win, I'd like to know who did.

"As I said before, they is right smart hard feelin's over this thing at Terry Hut, an' some of them fellers may come around here tryin' to work some lies into your paper about it. But what I've been tellin' you is the solid truth, an' whatever you say about the race, you jist make this remark: 'Pete Burgess went into that 'ere race to stay right by 'em all the way through. An' he done it.'"

## THE SYRACUSE CLUB'S TOUR.

The Syracuse correspondent of the *Bicycling World*, telling of the Ontario tour of the Syracuse club, says:—"God save the Queen." The Canadian trip is a thing of history, and all the party live to spin their yarns. At Lewiston a boat was taken for Toronto. The party was the guest of the Wanderers' Club at Toronto, and the visitors were enjoyably entertained by Captain Orr and several club members. Friday's ride was to Bowmanville, a distance of about fifty miles, through Norway, Highland Creek, Pickering and Whitby. Notwithstanding the fresh gravel these fifty miles are a good day's pull, as the road is full of grades and hills. There is nothing whatever to see after Toronto is left, and a wheelman would lose nothing by beginning his trip at Bowmanville or New Castle. Toronto is about all there is in the line of a town on the entire route. The Canadian cities are fair American towns. But from Bowmanville on, the roads, scenery and country itself, all improve. The party, the second day out from Toronto, made eighty miles with ease, riding to Belleville. Port Hope and Cobourg are good sized towns and quite lively for Canada. Dinner was had at Cobourg, and the party increased by three Port Hope wheelmen who were bound for Belleville. The afternoon ride was through Graton and Newton to Brighton, where the party was joined by two wheelmen, members of the Star Club of Cleveland, Ohio, who are touring to Boston, and the entire company made the run from Brighton to Belleville, twelve miles, in fifty-five minutes. The night and Sunday morning was passed in Belleville, and the remaining fifty miles to Kingston made Sunday afternoon, the riders receiving a cordial welcome at the hands of the Napanee wheelmen. Monday morning an early boat was taken for the Thousand Islands, and Monday and Tuesday spent at Round Island Park and on the St. Lawrence. The entire road riding distance covered was 225 miles, and for a week's outing this trip cannot, in the estimation of the "Big 68," be excelled. There is a variety to it that few trips afford, and the scenery in the region of the Falls, Niagara River and Lake Ontario is, grand. The Ilderan club of Brooklyn, is travelling the same trip at this time, and we hope they are enjoying themselves, and meeting with as kind hospitality at the hands of wheelmen along the route as we did.

Twenty-two members of the Portland Wheel Club arrived at Quebec, July 25th, from Cacouna. The party left Portland on July 14, by train for Bangor, Me.; from Bangor by wheel to Edmundston, N.B.; thence to lake Temiscouata; from the lake to River du Loup en Bas, thence to Cacouna, where they put up at the St. Lawrence Hall, where they were tendered a grand reception. They rode out on their wheels to the falls of Montmorency, and during the afternoon they visited all the places of interest.