

**THE DOIN'S O' JIM O'  
DOADS: SKETCHES  
OF LANCASHIRE LIFE**

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The Doin's O' Jim O' Doads: Sketches of Lancashire Life by Arthur Smith

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**ARTHUR SMITH**

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*SKETCHES OF LANCASHIRE LIFE*

... BY ...

ARTHUR SMITH.

ONE SHILLING NET.

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## THE DOIN'S O' JIM O' DOAD'S.

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### LARNIN' TO RIDE A BISICKLE.

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“**N**AY, aw wonder what awae live to see next? Whativer arta bringin' that rubbish here for? As if we hedn't lumber enuff. Aw think tha gets sillier as tha gets owder, Jim. What's med thee bring that thing here!”

“That thing,” to use Sarah's expression, wur a bisickle. It wurn't exactly a new un, net bi a long way, an' its vary likely that at med Sarah give it sich a name. To tell t' truth, it wur an owd boan-shaker wi' solid tyres, at one o' t' weyvers at t' shade whêar Jim worked hed offered to lend him wel he larned to ride.

For some time Jim hed hed some longin's in that direction, an' when t' weather mended up, an' t' sun began to shine, an' bisicklers wur rushin' abeawt like flies at t' meauth of a sugar-bag, he began to think at it wur time he stirred hissel if he meant larnin'.

Neaw when Jim begins to think things ower he doesn't as a rule keep 'em to hissel, an' it wurn't long afore some o' t' club lot knew what he hed in his heead, or at leeast they knew what thowts he hed in his heead. So a relation of his, called Tom Dixon, a chap 'at wur nephew to

a cousin o' Jim's father, telled him 'at he'd larn him if he'd get a masheen to larn on; for Tom thowt 'at it ud be worth a bit o' summat to see heaw Jim framed.

"Whear does ta think ud be t' best place to larn, Tom?" axed Jim, when they wur tawkin' things ower after Tom hed offered to larn him.

"Wha it looks to me 'at Colne-road ud net be a bad shop, for tha sees its a bit o' good road, an' its pretty level, an' that's a gurt consideration; for if tha larned whear it wur hilly tha mud easy let t' bisickle run away wi' thee, an' that ud be a mess."

"Aw sud think it wud. Well, we'll say Colne-road; its happen as good a shop as ony. But when hev we to goa?"

"Aw hardly know; let me see, heaw wud to-morn at neet do for thee?"

"Its just my ticket," sed Jim, "tha mun meet me at Walton-loin Bottom at hawf-past six, an' aw'l call for t' masheen as awm goin' hoam fro mi wark."

"All reight then, that's settled; an' think on 'at tha keeps thi pluck up, for ther's nowt helps a chap when he's larnin' to ride a bisickle as mich as hevin' confidence in hissel."

Wi' that Tom left him, an' he fairly chuckled to hissel as he thowt o' t' fun he'd hev wel he wur larnin' Jim, an' Jim thowt he'd done rarely, cos he wur beawn to get a bisickle to larn on, an' a chap to larn him.

T' day after Jim telled Tom 'at he'd med it all reight wi' t' chap 'at belonged t' bisickle for that neet,



an' he'd nowt to do nobbut call for it as he wur goin' fro' his wark. That afternoon Jim wur war ner a young un. He could think o' nowt nobbut t' job 'at he hed on for that neet, an' when it coom stopping-time he wur eawt o' t' shade i' quicksticks, for he'd to go cawt of his way for t' masheen. Heauiver, that wur all reight, for t' chap hed left it ready for him when he called.

Although, as aw telled yo' afore, t' bisickle wurn't quite a new un, still Jim wur as preawd as a paycock when he wur goin' home, an' he ommost felt like an owd bisickler as he pushed t' masheen in front on him.

It wur when he'd gotten hoam at Sarah broke eawt i' t' way 'at hoo did, for he'd niver telled her owt abeawt what wur in his mind, eos he sed hoo niver encouraged him i' owt.

"An' what are ta beawn to do wi' that?" hoo went on. "Awm noan beawn to hev it here; aw'll chuck it into t' street first!"

"Nah look here, Sarah, tha just wants to wait a minnit, an' doan't get into sich a stew abeawt things. As for chuckin' it into t' street, doan't thee bother wi' it, or tha might get hurt. A bisickle's a thing a woman doesn't understand. It taks a chap to do that." An' Jim looked as preawd as if he'd invented bisickles.

"Doan't thee bother thisel; aw doan't want to understand it, net aw marry; but aw doan't want it here; we'en lumber enuff. But what are ta beawn to do wi' it, an' whear hes ta gotten it!"

"Aw've gotten t' off one o' eawr weyvers, an' aw'm beawn to larn on it if all goas on reight."

"Thee beawn to larn on that thing; then things arn't beawn to go on reight," hoo sed, when hoo'd gotten her breeath, for Jim's statement seemed to hev fairly upset her. "Hes ta noa more sense at thy age. Tha's less sense ner eawr Jack."

"Tha's noa need to tawk abeawt age; wha aw know three chaps at's all owder ner me an' they hev a bisickle a-piece. Ther's——"

"Eah, aw know who tha means, so tha doesn't need to tell me; but them's different to thee. They've sense to tek care o' theirsels."

"Thecar, tha's gotten on th' owd string agean. Iverybody's more sense ner me to hear thee tawk; aw wonder why tha wed me."

"Eah, that's what aw wonder missel mony a time."

After that Jim thowt it wur time to shut up, cos at ony rate he'd sense to know 'at hoo'd hev t' last word in, chuse what he sed, so he set deawn to his tay an' geet through it as soon as he could. After that he woshed hissels, an' wur soon off wi' t' masheen to'ards Walton-loin Bottom.

"Are ta trainin' for t' sports?" axed one chap as he passed deawn Leeds-road, "cos wi' a masheen like that tha'll win all afore thi." "Is that one at tha's med thisel?" axed another. "Back wheel's goin' reawnd!" yelled some youngsters, an' Jim wur so bothered in his mind 'at he looked back to see what wur wrong wi' it. "Tha wants to paint that masheen," suggested one young chap, "cos Adam hed a bisickle

stown, an' if t' police saw thi wi' that tha'd be sure to get runned in." "That'll shake thi boans, owd mon, tha owt to hev a cushion on that saddle," sheawted one chap 'at owt to hev hed more sense. But Jim went on an' took as little notice on 'em as he could

It wur just abeawt hawf-past six when he landed at Walton-loin Bottom, an' Tom wur waitin' for him wi' a smile all ower his face.

"So tha's managed to get it all reight, an' its noan a bad masheen nother. Tha'd better pin thi slops first, or else they'll happen catch t' masheen an' throw thi off."

"Aye, aw thowt abeawt that," sed Jim, "so aw browt two or three o' t' longest pins we hed in th' heawse."

"Tha owt to hev browt safety pins, but then we can happen mek thees do."

So Jim pinned his britches slops as tight as he could, an' then Tom sed he'd show him heaw to get on.

"Tha mun put thi foot on t' step like this, sithes, then push t' masheen a two-thri yards, an' wel its goin' tha mun jump on to t' saddle. Hev confidence i' thisel' an' its as easy as eytin' ice cream," an' wi' that Tom took a spring to'ard t' saddle. But someheaw t' front wheel twisted reawnd, an' asteead o' bein' on' t' saddle he wur laid i' t' road wi' t' bisickle on t' top on him.

"An' is that t' way aw've to get on?" axed Jim.

"Nowe, that's a miss do; aw didn't think aw'se manage t' first time, 'cos its a long time sin aw wur on