The ROCKET Book

by PETER NEWELL

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by PETER NEWELL

The story—in words and finely detailed illustrations—of what one small boy can accomplish all on his own if left unobserved and unattended by a parent, and the results thereof.

This is a precautionary tale, so parents... take note!

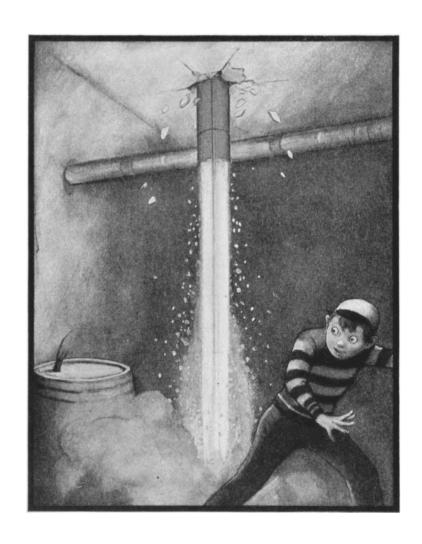
A bonus story appears beginning on page 49

THE SLANT BOOK

THE BASEMENT

When Fritz, the Janitor's bad kid, Went snooping in the basement, He found a rocket snugly hid Beneath the window casement.

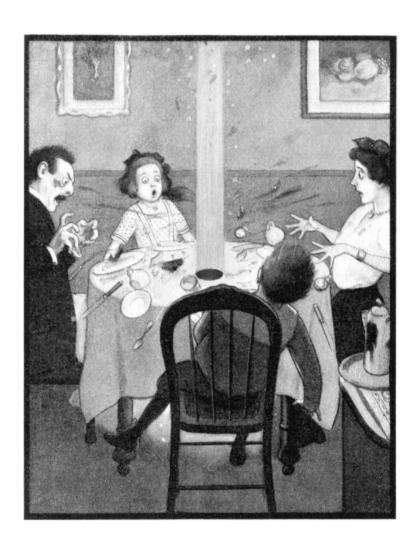
He struck a match with one fell swoop; Then, on the concrete kneeling, He lit the rocket and—she—oop! It shot up through the ceiling.



FIRST FLAT

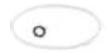
The Steiners on the floor above
Of breakfast were partaking;
Crash! came the rocket, unannounced,
And set them all a-quaking!

It smote a catsup bottle, fair, And bang! the thing exploded! And now these people all declare That catsup flask was loaded.

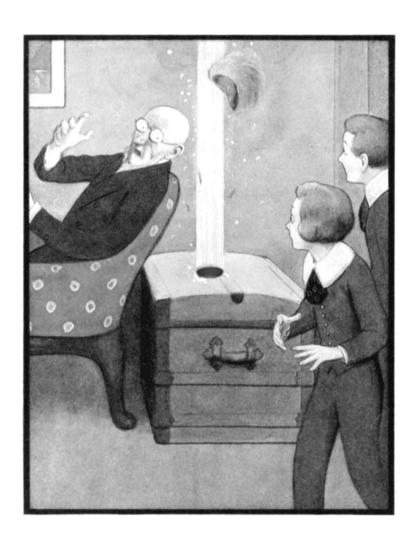


SECOND FLAT

Before the fire old Grandpa Hopp Dozed in his arm-chair big, When from a trunk the rocket burst And carried off his wig!



It passed so near his ancient head He roused up with a start, And, turning to his grandsons, said, "You fellows think you're smart!"



THIRD FLAT

Algernon Bracket, somewhat rash, Had blown a monster bubble, When, oh! there came a blinding flash, Precipitating trouble!



But Algy turned in mild disgust, And called to Mama Bracket, "Say, did you hear that bubble bu'st? It made an awful racket!"



FOURTH FLAT

Jo Budd, who'd bought a potted plant, Was dousing it with water. He fancied this would make it grow, And Joseph loved to potter.



Then through the pot the rocket shot And made the scene look sickly! "Well, now," said Jo, "I never thought That plant would shoot so quickly!"



FIFTH FLAT

Right here 'tis needful to remark That Dick and "Little Son" Were playing with a Noah's ark And having loads of fun,



When all at once that rocket, stout, Up through the ark came blazing! The animals were tossed about And did some stunts amazing.

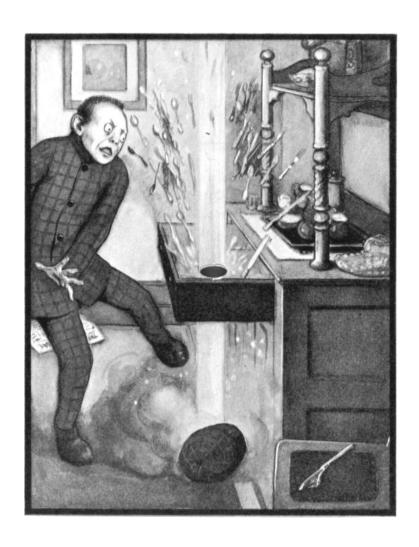


SIXTH FLAT

A Burglar on the next floor up The sideboard was exploring. (The family, with the brindled pup, Were still asleep and snoring.)



Just then, up through the silverware The rocket thundered, flaring! The Burglar got a dreadful scare; Then out the door went tearing.

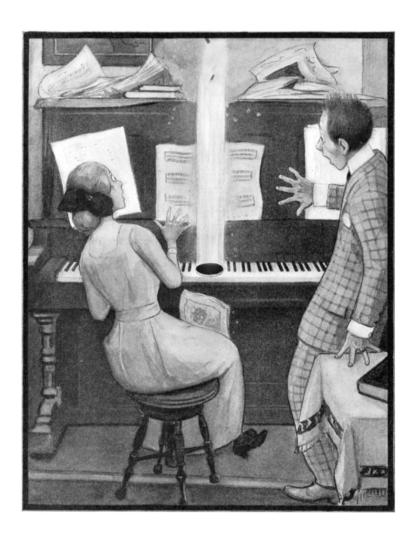


SEVENTH FLAT

Miss Mamie Briggs with no mean skill Was playing "Casey's Fling"
To please her cousin, Amos Gill, Who liked that sort of thing,



When suddenly the rocket, hot, The old piano jumbled! It stopped that rag-time like a shot, Then through the ceiling rumbled.

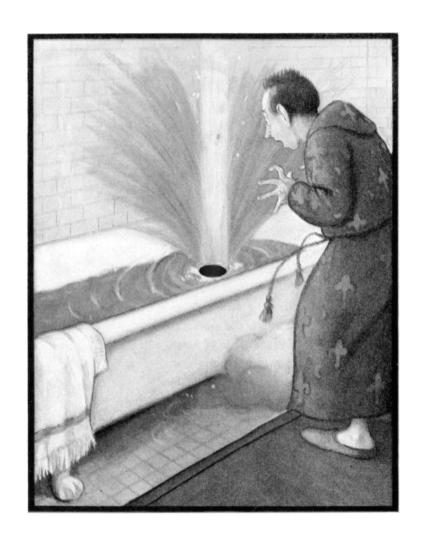


EIGHTH FLAT

Up through the next floor on its way That rocket, dread, went tearing Where Winkle stood in bath-robe, gay, A tepid bath preparing.



The tub it punctured like a shot And made a mighty splashing. The man was rooted to the spot; Then out the door went dashing.

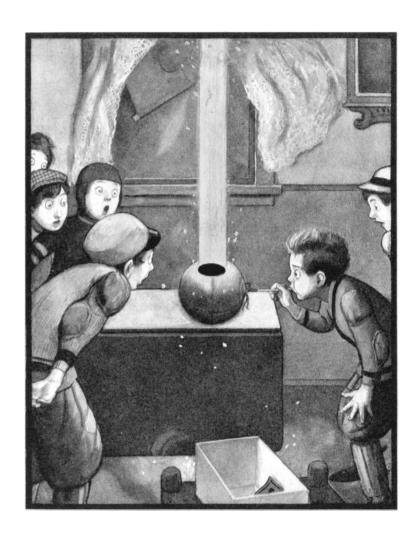


NINTH FLAT

Bob Brooks was puffing very hard His football to inflate, While round him stood his faithful guard, And they could hardly wait.



Then came the rocket, fierce and bright, And through the football rumbled. "You've got a pair of lungs, all right!" His staring playmates grumbled.

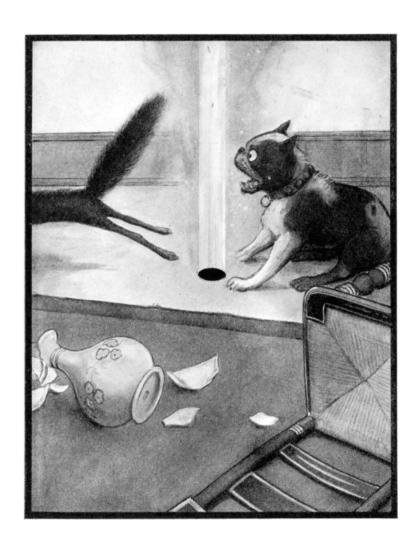


TENTH FLAT

The family dog, with frenzied mien, Was chasing Fluff, the mouser, When, poof! the rocket flashed between, And quite astonished Towzer.



Now, if this dog had wit enough The English tongue to torture, He might have growled such silly stuff As, "Whew! that cat's a scorcher!"



ELEVENTH FLAT

While Carrie Cook sat with a book The phonograph played sweetly. Then came the rocket and it smashed That instrument completely.



Fair Carrie promptly turned her head, Attracted by the roar.

"Dear me, I never heard," she said, "That record played before!"



TWELFTH FLAT

De Vere was searching for a match To light a cigarette, But failed to find one with despatch, Which threw him in a pet.



Just then the rocket flared up bright Before his face and crackled, Supplying him the needed light—"Thanks, awfully," he cackled.



THIRTEENTH FLAT

Home from the shop came Maud's new hat

A hat of monstrous size! It almost filled the tiny flat Before her ravished eyes.



When, sch-u-u! up through the box so proud The rocket flared and spluttered.
"I said that hat was all too loud!"
Her peevish husband muttered.



FOURTEENTH FLAT

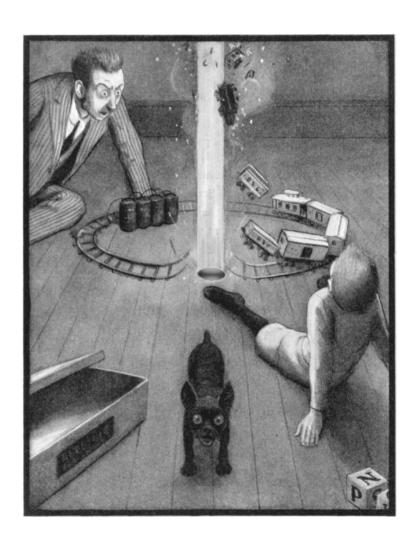
Tom's pap had helped him start his train, And all would have been fine Had not the rocket, raising Cain, Blocked traffic on the line.



It blew the engine into scrap,
As in a fit of passion.

"Who would have thought that toy," said pap,

"Would blow up in such fashion!"



FIFTEENTH FLAT

Orlando Pease, quite at his ease, The "Morning Star" was reading. "My dear," said he to Mrs. Pease, "Here's a report worth heeding."



The rocket then in wanton sport Flashed through the printed pages. The lady gasped, "A wild report!" Then swooned by easy stages.

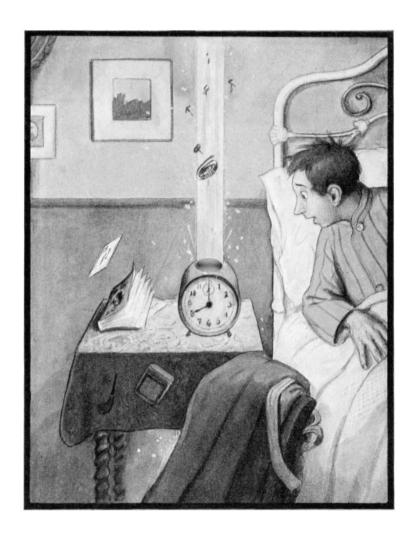


SIXTEENTH FLAT

Doc Danby was a stupid guy, So, lest he sleep too late, He placed a tattoo clock near by To waken him at eight.



But, ah! the rocket smote that clock And smashed its way clean through it! "You have a fine alarm," said Doc, "But, say, you overdo it!"

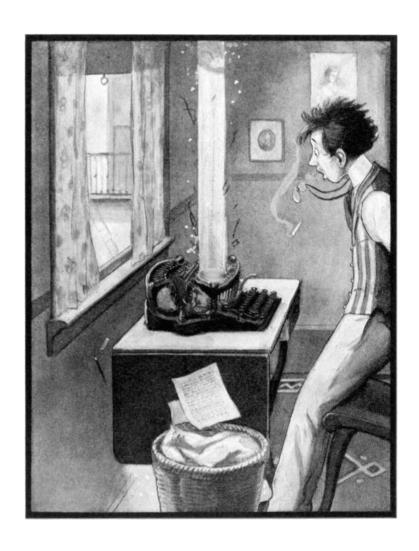


SEVENTEENTH FLAT

A penny-liner, Abram Stout,
Was writing a description.
"The flame shot up," he pounded out—
Then threw a mild conniption.



For through his Flemington there shied A rocket, hot and mystic.
"I didn't mean to be," he cried,
"So deuced realistic!"



EIGHTEENTH FLAT

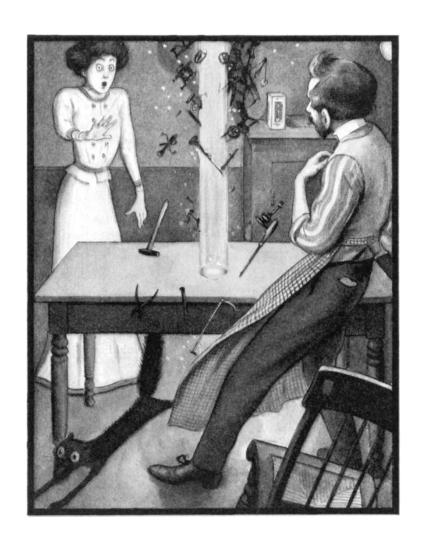
Gus Gummer long had set his head Upon some strange invention.

"Be careful, Gus," his good wife said;

"It might explode. I mention—"



Just then the pesky rocket flared And wrecked that Yankee notion. "I feared as much!" his wife declared; Then fainted from emotion.

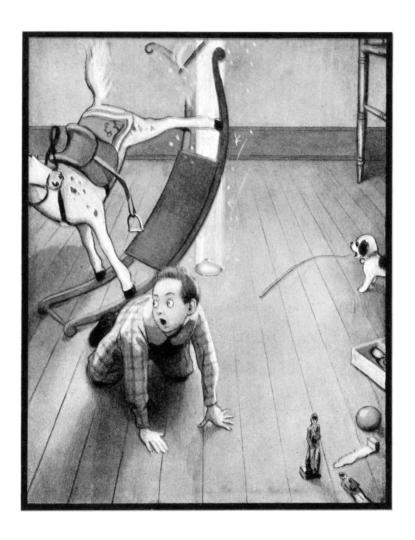


NINETEENTH FLAT

While Burt was on his hobby-horse And riding it like mad, The rocket on its fiery course Upset the startled lad.



The frightened pony plunged a lot,
Like Fury playing tag.
"Whoa, Spot!" said Burt. "Who would have
thought
You such a fiery nag!"

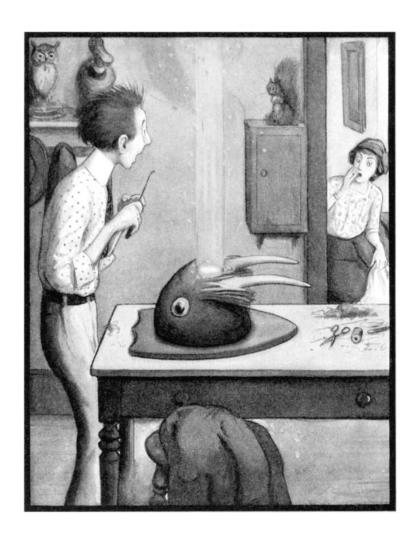


TWENTIETH FLAT

A taxidermist plied his trade Upon a walrus' head. It really made him quite afraid To meet its stare so dread.



When suddenly the rocket, bright, Flared up and then was off!
"Oh, Minnie," cried the man in fright,
"Just hear that walrus cough!"

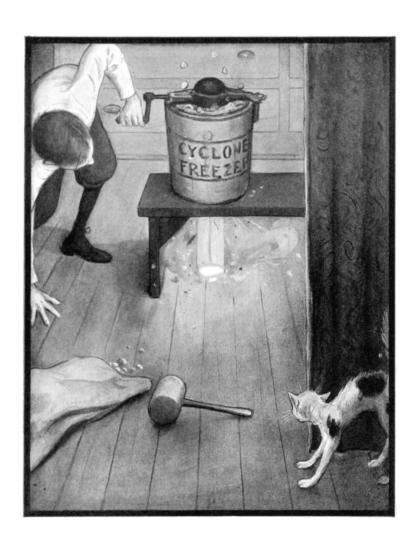


TOP FLAT

Oh, it was just a splendid flight— That rocket's wild career! But to an end it came, all right, As you shall straightway hear.



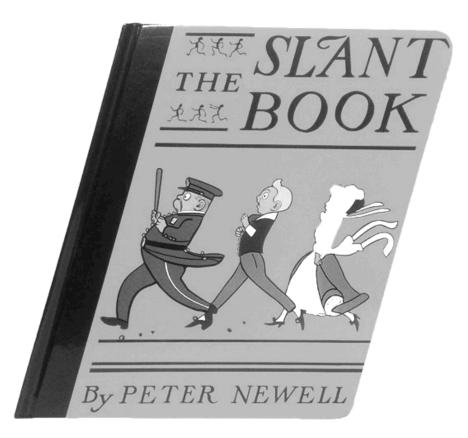
It plunged into a can of cream That Billy Bunk was freezing, And froze quite stiff, as it would seem, And so subsided, wheezing.



THE END

Up through the roof it left the flats And no one's seen it trail. But to one bad boy came a swat Once his Pa was told the tale!





(a small bonus for patient readers)

THE SLANT BOOK By PETER NEWELL This uphill work is slow, indeed, But down the slant ah! note the speed!

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE SLANT BOOK,

By PETER NEWELL

This uphill work is slow, indeed, But down the slant—ah! note the speed!

> HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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SLANT SHE BOOK

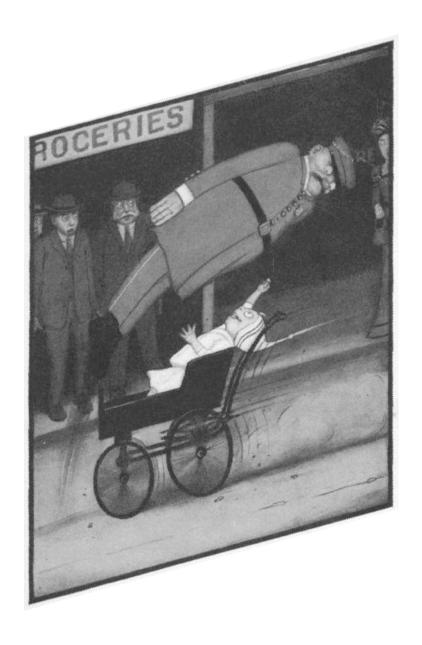
Where Bobby lives there is a hill-A hill so steep and high, Twould fill the bill for Jack and Jill Their famous act to try Once Bobby's Go-cart broke away

And down this hill it kited. The careless Nurse screamed in dismay But Bobby was delighted

He clapped his hands, in manner rude, And laughed in high elation While, close behind, the Nurse pursued In hopeless consternation



An Officer slid off the lid
As Bobby hove in sight,
And bellowed out, "You're scorchin', kid—
But down the Go-cart swiftly sped
And as he sailed o'er Bobby's head
Bob Shipped a button neatly!



A funny Son of sunny Greece
Beside his push-cart the curb,
That naught could well disturb
The Go-cart speeding down,

Collided with his fancy stock

And littered up the town,



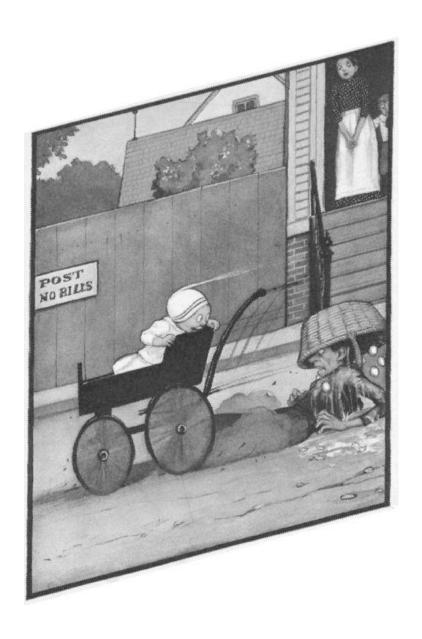
The runaway then swerved a bit which accident proved quite a hit

The water spouted in a jet As much as ten feet high, who chanced to be nearly! choked

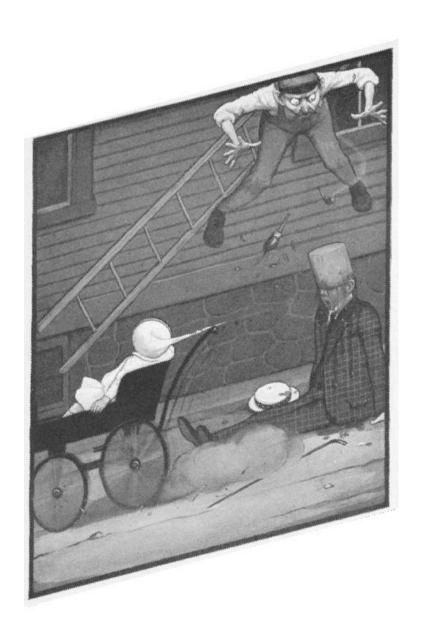


A farmer's wife, Miss' Angy Moore, A basketful of eggs she bore

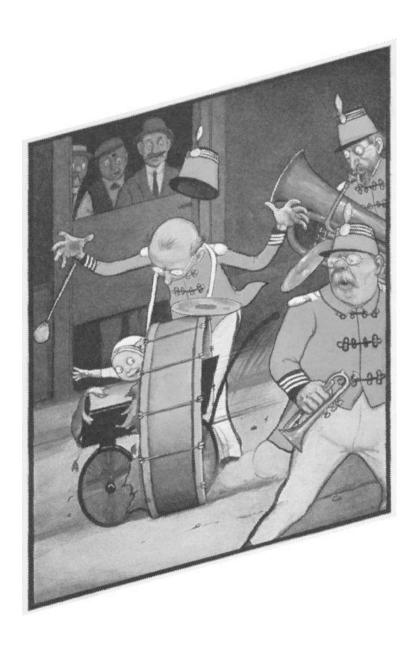
The Go-cart and the Lady met And made a sort of omelette about!



A Painter Was working at his calling.
Against its foot the Go-cart lurched,
And sent the fellow sprawling
And wrong side up, it settled
Oh, my! but he was nettled!



A German Band across the street
Which was a movement indiscreet
The way that things were tending
The Go-cart struck the bass drum square,
And passed completely through it.
And said, "Vy did you do it?"



Some Workingmen were putting in The Go-cart then came rushing in

It smashed to bits a crystal pane And sped on down the slanting plane and swearing,



An automobile big and brown
And met the Go-cart plunging down
With speed that boded ill
At once there rose a noise and din
A Sandwich man then butted in



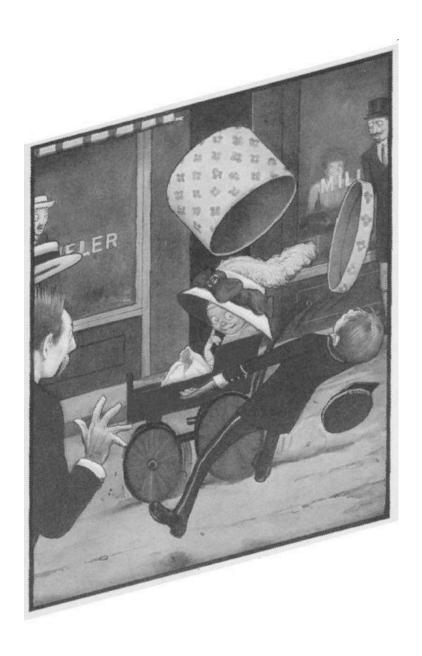
A Lad was rushing with a Hat
The Go-cart caught—and laid him flat,
And sent the hat-box flying

The Hat fell out and settled down
The precious rascal said.

A Lad was rushing with a Hat
With a Hat
A Hat
And sent the been buying

The Hat
And sent the hat-box flying

The Hat
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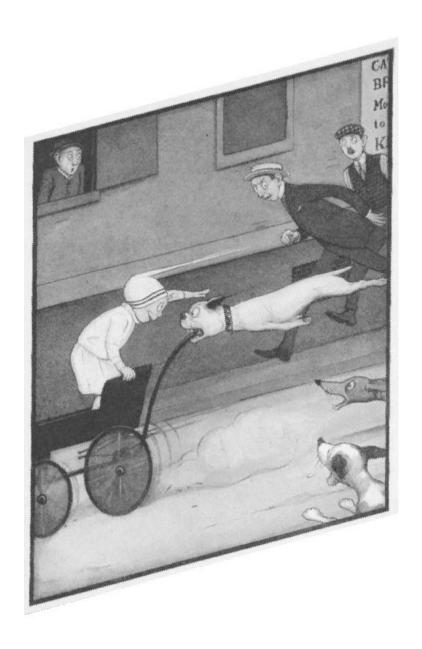


A Newsboy next was somehow hitContrived to muss him up a bit
with extra

One copy Bobby neatly scooped,
In type so bold it fairly whooped,
BREAKS AWAY!"



Then as the Go-cart speeded by,
Seized on, quite pugnacious,
And clung with grip tenacious,
The Go-cart's speed was so increased
Which didn't seem to mind it!



Perambulating down the street
The Go-cart knocked her off her feet
And took on board the Lady
One chubby hand extending.
With shrieks the heavens rending



A Herder up the weary grade
The creature was leading.
And lunged about, unheeding

The Go-cart caught the rope midway

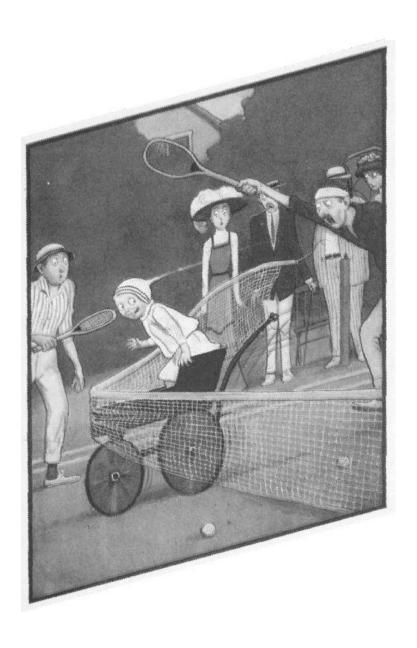
And both fell in behind the shay

"Murder!"



Two Chappies at a tennis meet
The Go-cart skidded off the street

The game was "forty all," but then And carried it away! the net



On came the Go-cart down the fown was now behind it) grade

Where Providence resigned it!

But then it only grazed a tree

And set it all a shiver;

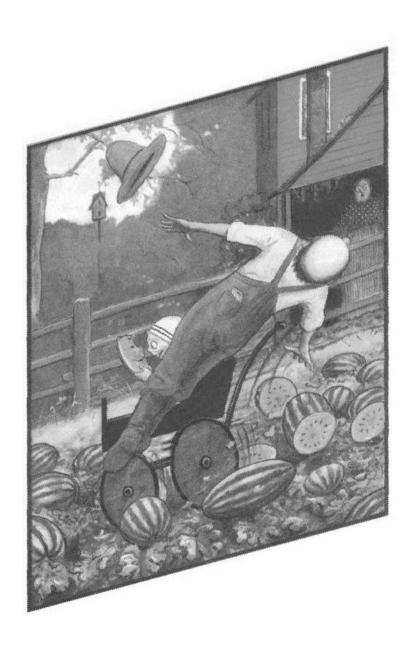
And likewise Sammy Sliver!



Then through a watermelon patch And split the melons by the batch—

And tried to stop its wild career,

It passed him promptly to the rear

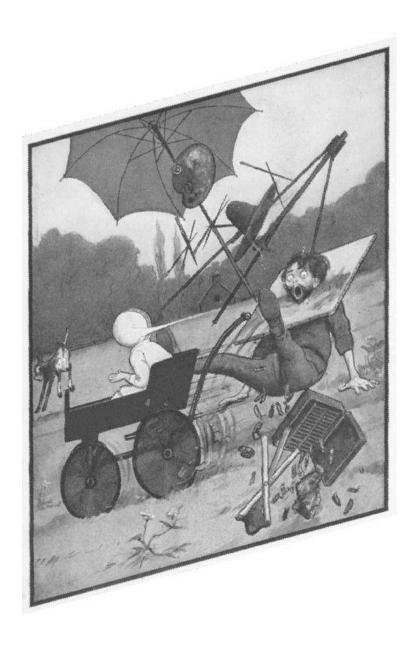


A Picnic Party on the green
The Go-cart dashed upon the scene
And through the happy bunch!

Sardines and pickles, ham and cake,
And shouted for redress!

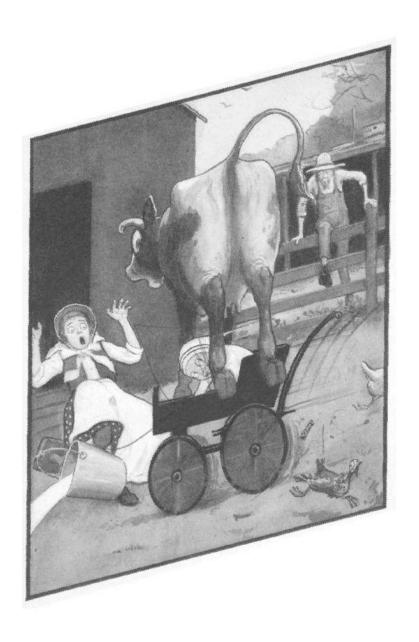


An Artist sketching on the slope
And so absorbed was humming,
To note the Go-cart coming
A crash! The circumambient air
Was filled with miscellany,
Was Cremnitz White Mulvaney!

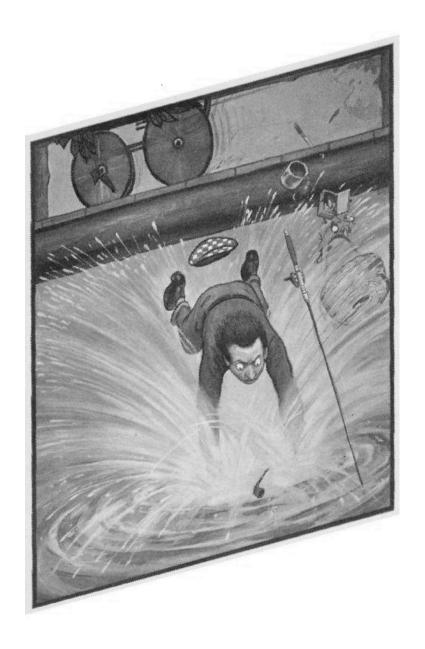


A Damsel milked a brindled Cow
The Birdies sang from bush and bough

When suddenly a thunderbolt
The Go-cart gave the twain a jolt,



Upon a rustic bridge a Chap
And presently he took a nap
Then came the forcart like a gale
At first he thought he'd caught a whale,



The longest night must have an end As well as a beginning; was bound to cease its spinning. It crashed into a hemlock Stump And Bobby made a flying jump

