

THE

# SLANT BOOK



By PETER NEWELL



RARE BOOK COLLECTION

Joseph Abell Beckwith

from Uncle Frank.

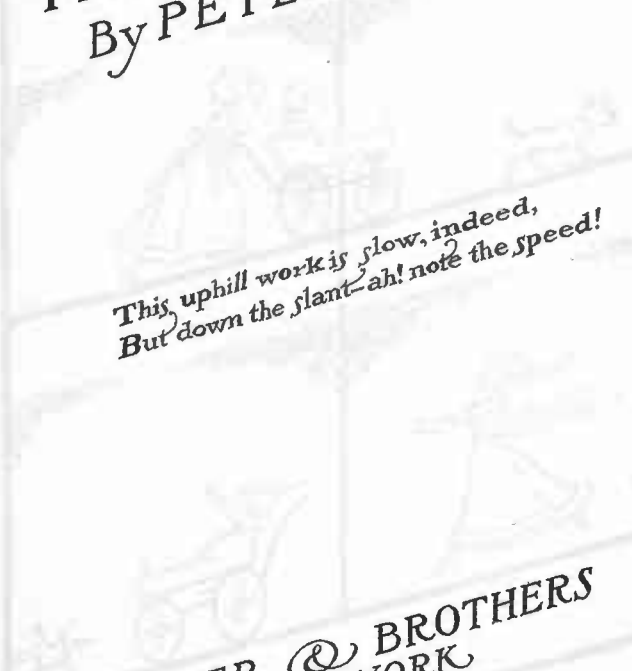
Christmas, 1910.



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# THE SLANT BOOK

By PETER NEWELL



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

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九九九  
THE  
九九九 SLANT  
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—  
I'll run you in all right!"

But down the Go-cart swiftly sped  
And smashed that Cop completely,  
And as he sailed o'er Bobby's head  
Bob snipped a button neatly!



A funny Son of sunny Greece  
Was standing near the curb,  
Beside his push-cart, wrapped in peace,  
That naught could well disturb

But all at once he got a shock—  
The Go-cart speeding down,  
Collided with his fancy stock  
And littered up the town!



The runaway then swerved a bit  
And snapped a Hydrant, short;  
Which accident proved quite a hit  
Of rather novel sort

The Water spouted in a jet  
As much as ten feet high,  
And all were soaked and nearly choked  
Who chanced to be nearby!



A farmer's wife, Miss' Angy Moore,  
Was trudging up the grade.  
A basketful of eggs she bore  
To barter with in trade

The Go-cart and the Lady met  
(Informally, no doubt)  
And made a sort of omelette  
And spread it round about!





A Painter on a ladder perched,  
Was working at his calling—  
Against its foot the Go-cart lurched  
And sent the fellow sprawling  
His pot of paint came tumbling down  
And wrong side up, it settled  
About a Chappie's flaxen crown—  
Oh, my! but he was nettled!



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



Some Workingmen were putting in  
A heavy plate-glass front.  
The Go-cart then came rushing in  
And did its little stunt

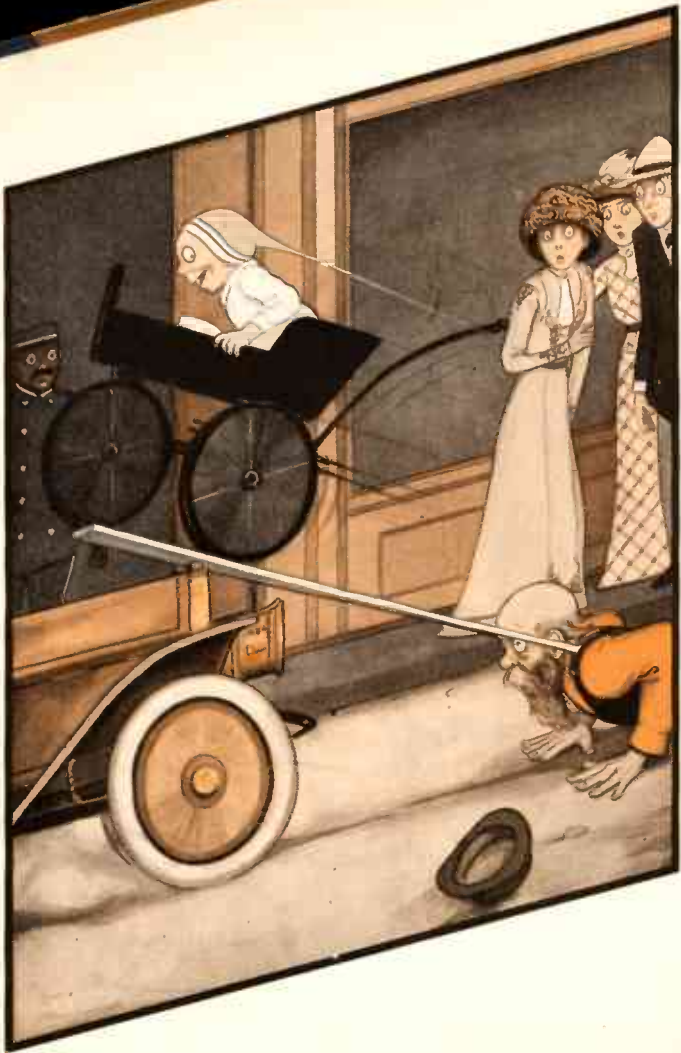
It smashed to bits a crystal pane  
Two sweating men were bearing,  
And sped on down the slanting plane,  
And left them mad and swearing!



An Automobile big and brown  
Was chugging up the hill,  
And met the Go-cart plunging down  
With speed that boded ill

At once there rose a noise and din  
Of people in dismay.  
A Sandwich-man then butted in  
And opened up a way!





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

The Hat fell out and settled down  
Upon our Bobby's head.

“Say, I'm the swellest kid in town!”  
The precious rascal said



A Newsboy next was somehow hit—  
The Go-cart, swift and dextrous,  
Contrived to muss him up a bit  
And fill the air with extras

One copy Bobby neatly scooped,  
And saw this wild display,  
In type so bold it fairly whooped:  
“A GO-CART BREAKS AWAY!”



Then as the Go-cart speeded by,  
A Bulldog, quite pugnacious,  
Seized on the handle on the fly  
And clung with grip tenacious

The Go-cart's speed was so increased  
The Dog streamed out behind it,  
And Bobby turned to pet the beast  
Which didn't seem to mind it!



Perambulating down the street  
Was Miss Lucile O'Grady—  
The Go-cart knocked her off her feet  
And took on board the Lady

“Your fare!” said Bobby, with a shout,  
One chubby hand extending.  
But Miss O'Grady tumbled out  
With shrieks the heavens rending





A Herder up the weary grade  
A yearling Calf was leading.  
The creature was a stubborn jade  
And lunged about, unheeding

The Go-cart caught the rope midway  
Between the Calf and Herder,  
And both fell in behind the shay  
With cries of "Ba-a!" and "Murder!"



Two Chappies at a tennis meet  
Were battling fast and hard—  
The Go-cart skidded off the street  
And shot across the yard

The game was "forty all," but then  
It didn't end that day—  
The Go-cart dashed into the net  
And carried it away! .



On came the Go-cart down the grade  
(The town was now behind it)  
And ran into an orchard's shade  
Where Providence resigned it!

But then it only grazed a tree  
And set it all a-shiver;  
The ripened fruit fell merrily  
And likewise Sammy Sliver!



Then through a Watermelon patch  
This awful cart descended,  
And split the melons by the batch—  
The Farmer was offended

And tried to stop its wild career,  
Which was a silly notion—  
It passed him promptly to the rear  
With quite a rapid motion!





A Picnic Party on the green  
Were seated at their lunch—  
The Go-cart dashed upon the scene  
And through the happy bunch!  
Sardines and pickles, ham and cake,  
Were jumbled in a mess.  
Then straightway rose these Picnickers  
And shouted for redress!



An Artist sketching on the slope  
A lively air was humming,  
And so absorbed was he, he failed  
To note the Go-cart coming

A crash! The circumambient air  
Was filled with miscellany,  
And damaged quite beyond repair  
Was Cremnitz White Mulvaney!



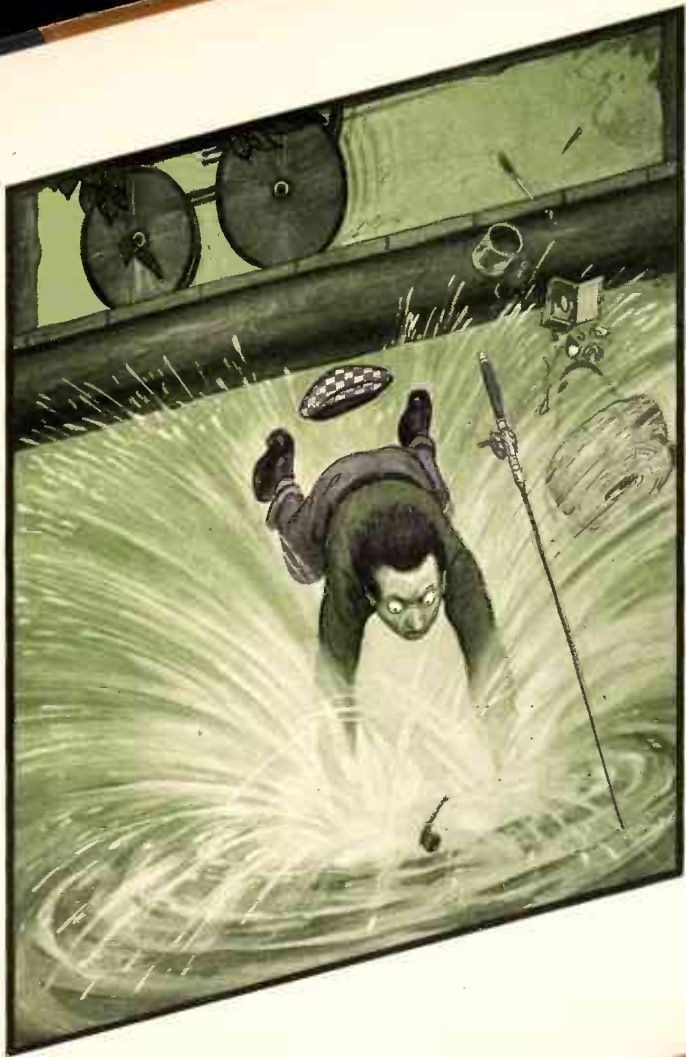
A Damsel milked a brindled Cow  
Out in a pasture green,  
The Birdies sang from bush and bough—  
All Nature was serene

When suddenly a thunderbolt  
Dispelled the sweet illusion—  
The Go-cart gave the twain a jolt,  
And all was wild confusion!



Upon a rustic bridge a Chap  
Cast out a bait inviting,  
And presently he took a nap  
And dreamed the fish were biting  
Then came the Go-cart like a gale  
And rudely him awakened—  
At first he thought he'd caught a whale,  
But found he was mistaken!



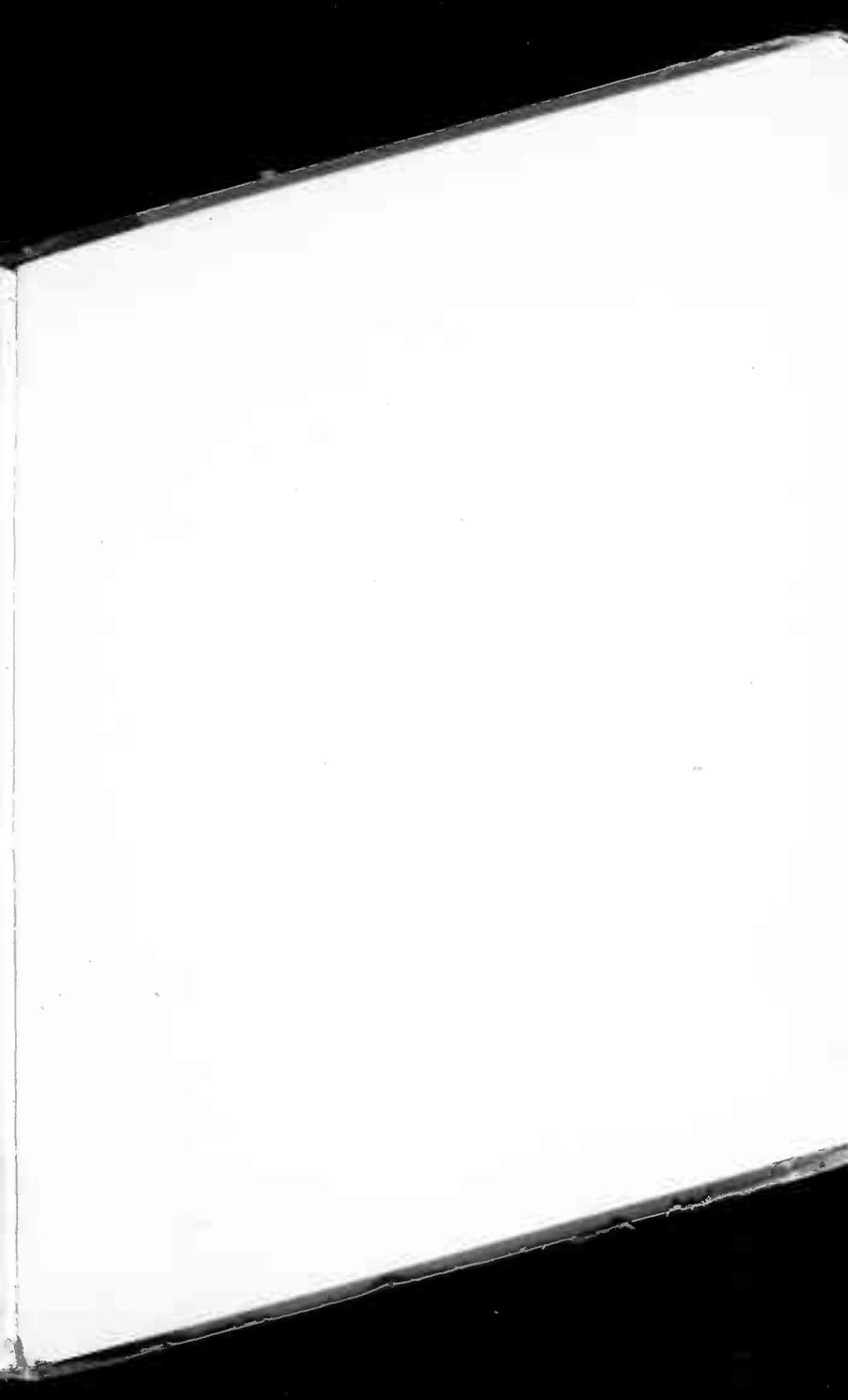


The longest night must have an end  
As well as a beginning;  
And so this Cart, you may depend,  
Was bound to cease its spinning

It crashed into a hemlock Stump  
That chanced to block its way,  
And Bobby made a flying jump  
And landed in the hay!







Gift  
Mrs. Jefferson Patterson  
February 12, 1980

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Peter Sewell