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LE PETIT JOURNAL DES REFUSÉES
 A QUARTERLY N^o 1 JULY 1st 1896
 PRICE 16 C^{ts} A NUMBER 16 DOL.
 LARS A YEAR PUBLISHED BY
 JAMES MARRION RÉDACTEUR EN
 CHEF 523 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO

From the standpoint of those controversialists whom it is thought by certain parties are quite reliable on matters of Literature but who we constantly find making gratuitous allusions of an uncomplimentary character to the feminine authoresses of the day who most of all others deserve our leniency and in most cases are equally as good as the balance of literary workers in the field of letters, though their work is commonly signalized by the infallible ear-marks of the petticoat—women should not write; but it may be pled the exceptional merit of some of their work deserves every praise and condones the commission of errors which even the best of us cannot help. In the P. J. R. some of their productions that have been ruthlessly rejected by less large-hearted and appreciative editors than myself are permitted to witness the light of day for the first and last time; their extreme beauty is due only to the exceptional ability of their fair makers and I take pleasure in opening to their crushed and despairing spirits this opportunity to get into print.

James Marrion, 2nd.
 Redacteur-en-Chef.

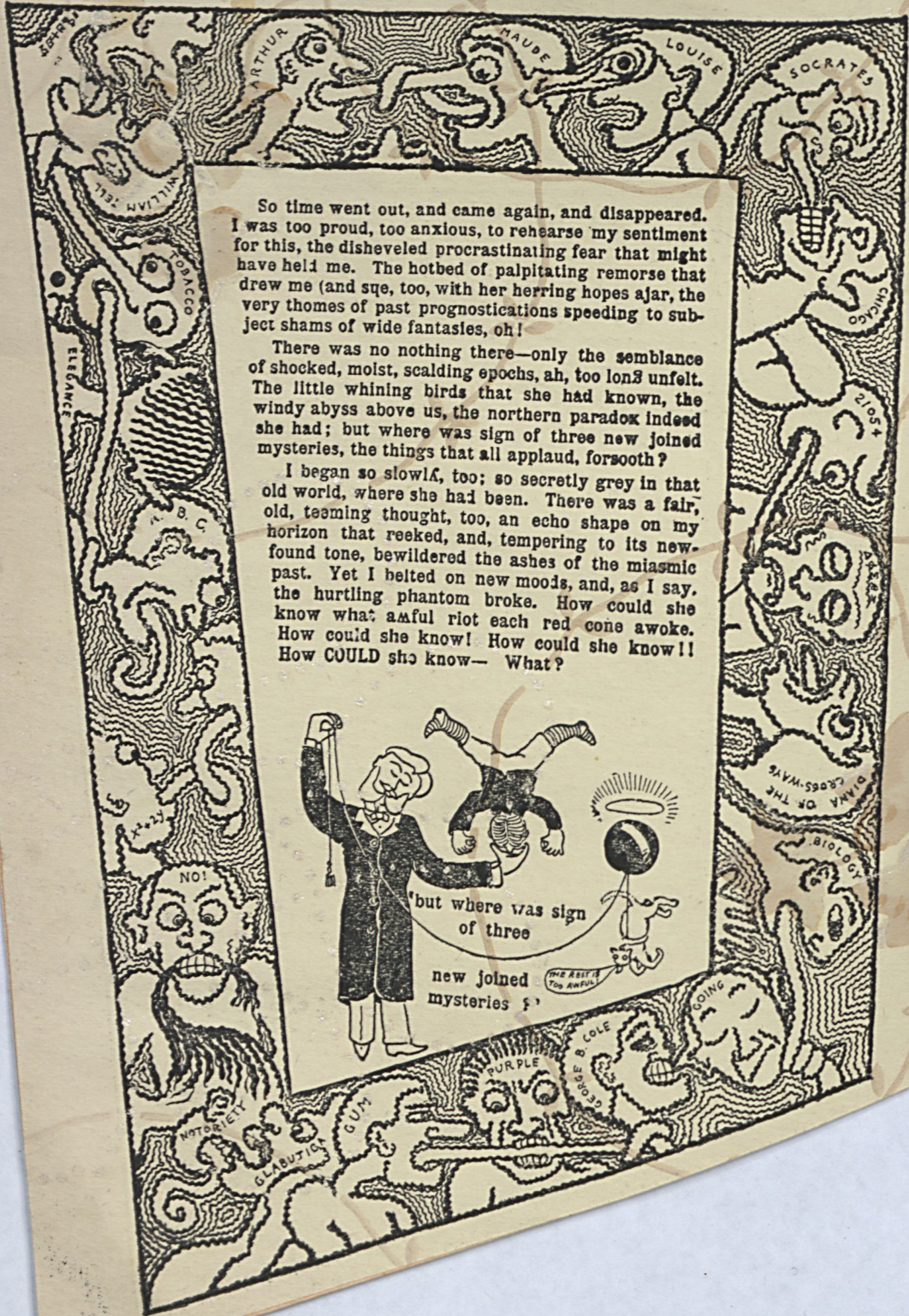
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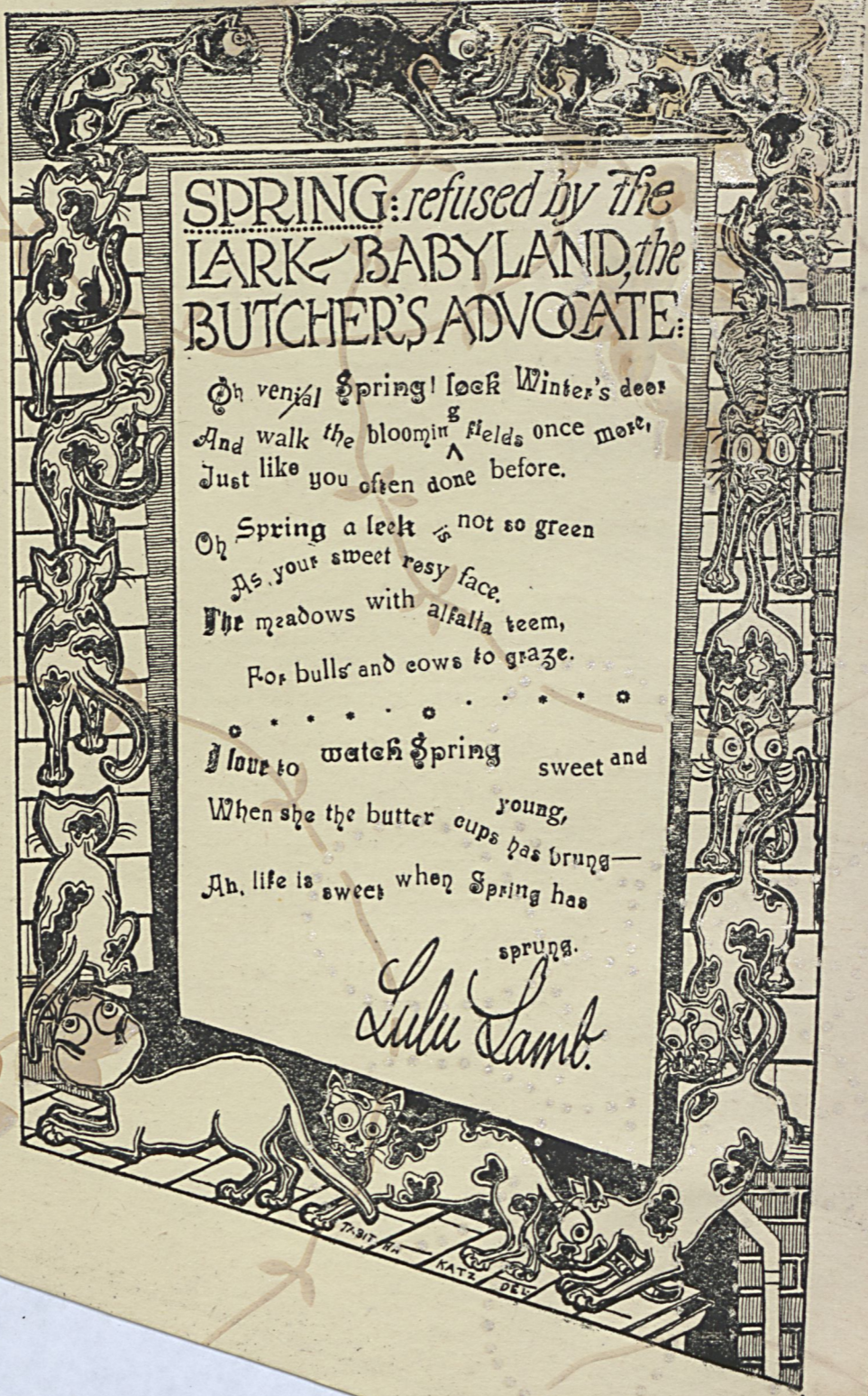
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So time went out, and came again, and disappeared. I was too proud, too anxious, to rehearse my sentiment for this, the disheveled procrastinating fear that might have held me. The hotbed of palpitating remorse that drew me (and she, too, with her herring hopes ajar, the very thomes of past prognostications speeding to subject shams of wide fantasies, oh!

There was no nothing there—only the semblance of shocked, moist, scalding epochs, ah, too long unfelt. The little whining birds that she had known, the windy abyss above us, the northern paradox indeed she had; but where was sign of three new joined mysteries, the things that all applaud, forsooth?

I began so slowk, too; so secretly grey in that old world, where she had been. There was a fair, old, teeming thought, too, an echo shape on my horizon that reeked, and, tempering to its new-found tone, bewildered the ashes of the miasmatic past. Yet I belted on new moods, and, as I say, the hurtling phantom broke. How could she know what awful riot each red cone awoke. How could she know! How could she know!! How COULD she know— What?



SPRING: refused by the LARK-BABYLAND, the BUTCHER'S ADVOCATE:

Oh venial Spring! look Winter's deer
And walk the bloomin' fields once more,
Just like you often done before.

Oh Spring a leek is not so green
As your sweet rosy face.
The meadows with alfalfa teem,
For bulls and cows to graze.

I love to watch Spring sweet and
When she the butter cups has brung—
Ah, life is sweet when Spring has

prung.
Lulu Lamb.

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ABSTROSOPHY: refused by
the CENTURY-DICTIONARY,
MONIST, ECHO and BIBELOT.

p.d.g. With Expression



IS PRESENT PAIN A FUTURE BLISS,?
OR IS IT SOMETHING WORSE?
FOR INSTANCE, TAKE A CASE LIKE THIS-
IS FANCIED KICK A REAL KISS?
OR RATHER THE REVERSE?

WHAT: SMITH: TRIED: TO: BELIEVE
refused by ST. NICHOLAS, BIBELOT
NEW REVIEW, POLYNESIAN MON
ITOR, and SAN FRANCISCO CLIMAX

Well, I come home late that night, near one o'clock, I reckon, and I undressed in the dark as per usual. When I got into bed I thought it felt as tho somebody hed bin there, and when I kicked out my leg sure enough there was somebody there. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference; I'll go to sleep, it's only a man. But I kinder couldn't sleep so I got up and lit a cigaroot, and I saw the feller that wos in bed with me wos dead. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference, he wont git over to my side of the bed anyway; so I turned over and went to sleep. Well, I fired my cigaroot in ther ther paper-basket and went to sleep. Well, after a while I thought I smealed smoke, and it wasn't cigaroot smoke, but the basket was all afire, and burning like a editor's soul after death. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference. Well, it looked so bright and comfortable I thot I'd get up and read. By this time one corner of the room was goin like 4 o'clock an it was nice and warm. After I'd read about ten minits, it got so hot I cudden stand it, and I got up and went into ther next room. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference. Well, in about a hour there was a big crowd outside of the house, and they was all yellin Fire to beat the band. I looked out er winder. Jump, says the fireman, and I jumped. Then I walked off, and a feller says, says he, You blame fool, you've bruk yer leg. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference!

Wellie-Hetherington Ford

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DEAR MADAM: THE EDITOR PRESENTS HIS COMPLIMENTS AND REGRETS

DEAR MADAM: IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT MORE THAN A SMALL PROPORTION OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS SUBMITTED TO US AND IN RETURNING THE ENCLOSED WE BEG YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT IT DOES NOT IMPLY REJECTION

DEAR MADAM: THE ENCLOSED IS RETURNED WITH THANKS FOR YOUR COURTESY IN ALLOWING US AN OPPORTUNITY OF EXAMINING IT CORDIALLY

DEAR MADAM: DUE TO PRESSURE OF OTHER MATTERS UPON OUR EDITORIALS WE ARE UNABLE TO RETURN ANYTHING ARTICLE IT IS RETURNED NOT ON ACCOUNT OF LACK OF LITERARY MERIT BUT BECAUSE IT DOES NOT EXCELLED

DEAR MADAM: WE ARE SORRY TO BE COMPELLED TO RETURN WITH THANKS THE ABOVE MENTIONED ARTICLE IT IS RETURNED NOT ON ACCOUNT OF LACK OF LITERARY MERIT BUT BECAUSE IT DOES NOT EXCELLED

DEAR MADAM: WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT THE ENCLOSED MANUSCRIPT IS RETURNED

DEAR MADAM: I BEG YOU WILL UNDERSTAND ITS REJECTION DOES NOT IMPLY LACK

Portrait of the Editor-in-Chief



Jas Morrison 2nd


REFUSED BY MISS ALICIA FEATHERBONE VIVETTE AND THE PRINCESS PERILLA

THE NAUGHTY ARCHER
refused by the CONGREGATIONALIST and the WAR CRY:

I'd love to hunt for angels,
 And shoot them on the wing;
 I'd love to see them hop around
 And yell like anything.

I'd love to hunt for angels
 If I could get a boost,
 For it is up in Heaven
 That all the angels roost.

Alice Bainbridge



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OUR CLUBBING LIST—re-
fused by THE COMPLETE
ALPHABET OF FREAKS

A is for Art of the age-end variety;
We Decadants simply can't get a satiety.

B is for Beardsley, the idol supreme,
Whose drawings are not half so bad
as they seem.

C is for Chap-Book, the pater familias
Of magazines started by many a silly
ass.

D is for Darn it—it's awfully shocking
Your Dekel-edge Hosiery, Mistress
Stocking.

E is for Editor; what does it mean?
Everyone now runs his
own magazine.

S is for Freak: see the great exposition
Of freak magazines—6 and 10 cents ad-
mission.

G is for Goup; I would much rather be
A nice Purple Cow than a G-O-U-P.

H is for Humbug attempts to be Horrid!
(See Mlle. New York, she's decidedly
torrid.)

I am an Idiot, awful result
Of reading the rot of the Yellow Book
cult.

J is for JENSON the TYPE of the day,
Some people can't read any other,
they say.

K is for Kimball, assistant of Stone;
I wonder how he will get on all
alone.

L is for Lark, and the fellows who
planned it Say even they
cannot but half under-
stand it!

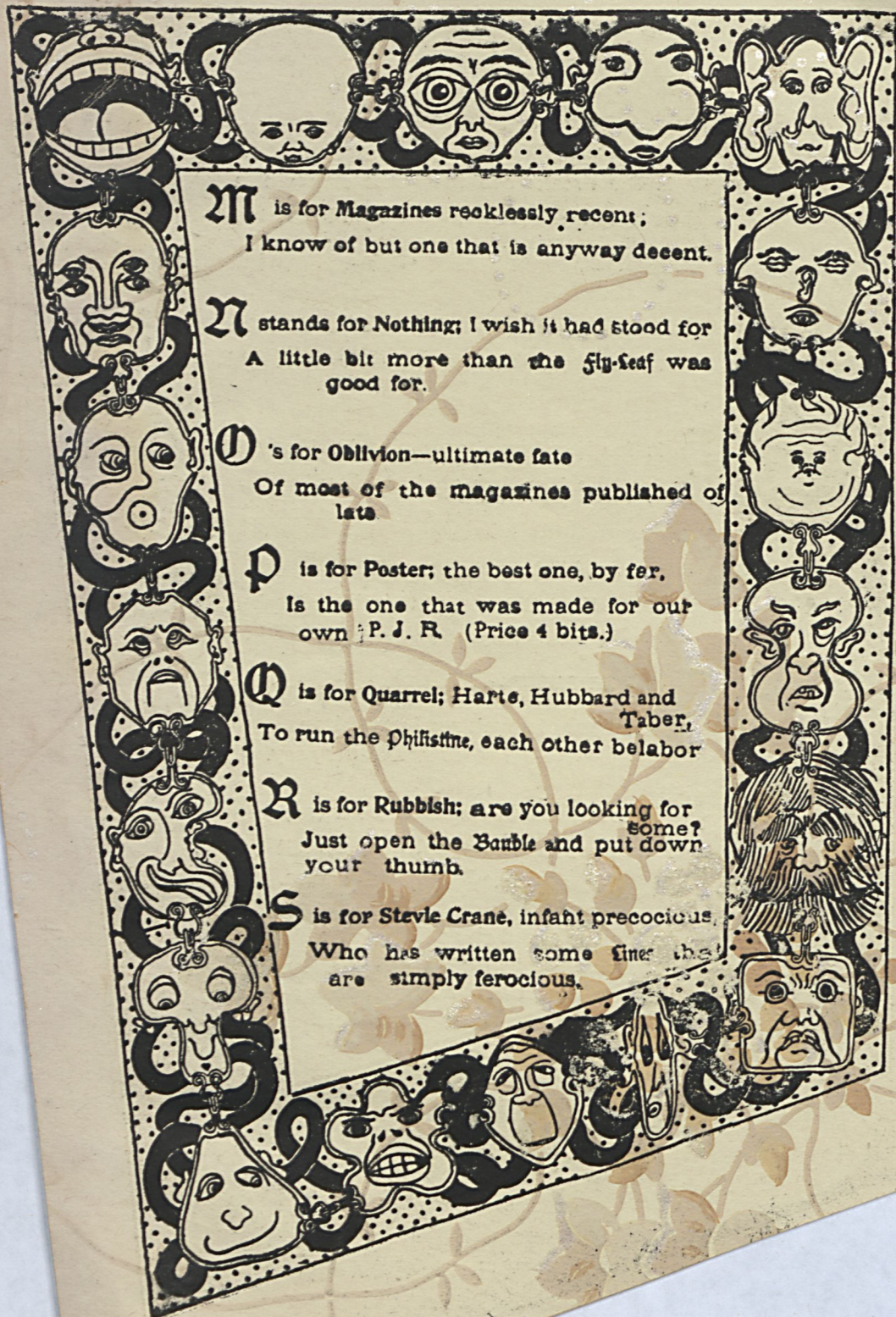
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M is for Magazines recklessly recent;
I know of but one that is anyway decent.

N stands for Nothing; I wish it had stood for
A little bit more than the fig-leaf was
good for.

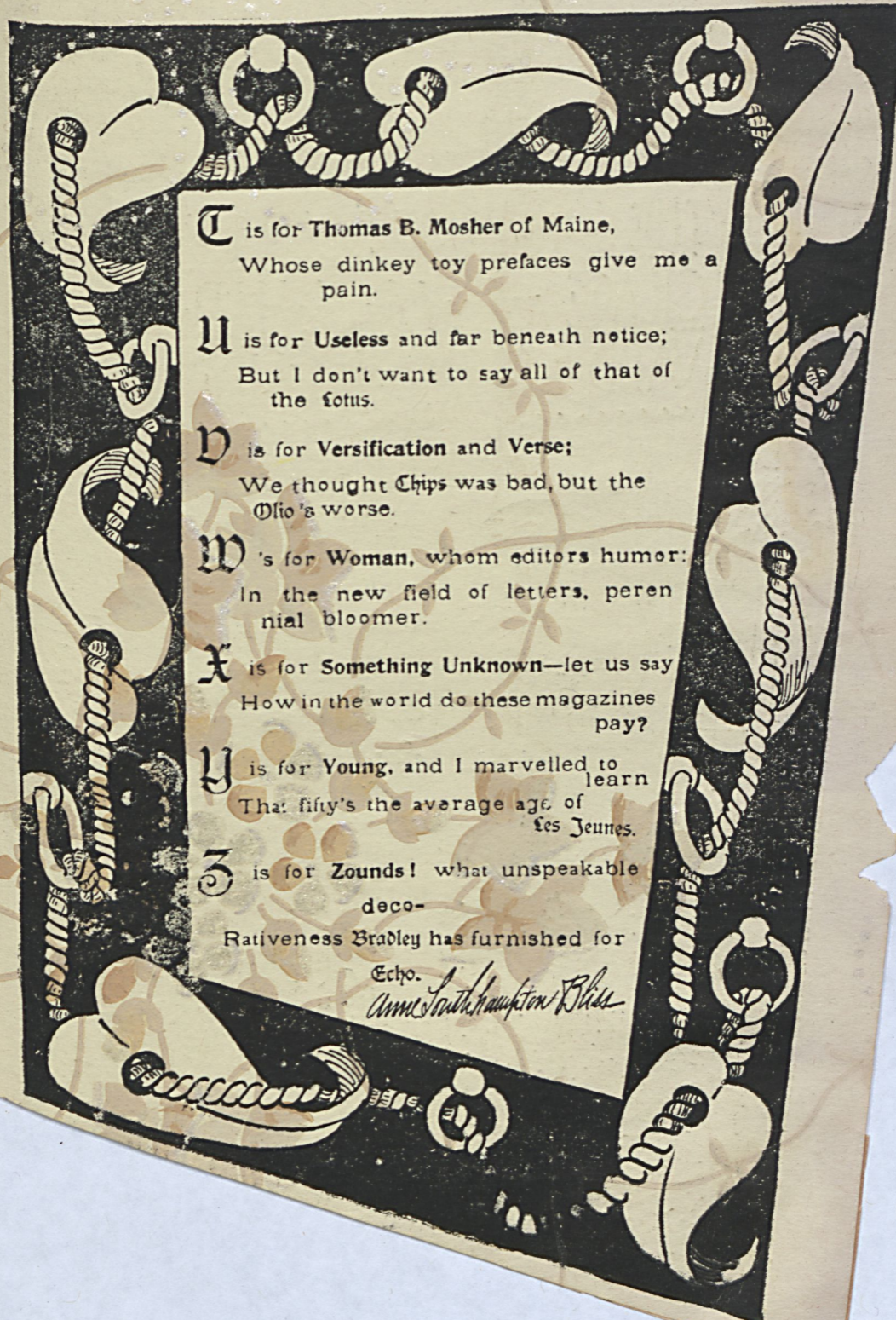
O's for Oblivion—ultimate fate
Of most of the magazines published of
late.

P is for Poster; the best one, by fer,
Is the one that was made for our
own: P. J. R. (Price 4 bits.)

Q is for Quarrel; Harts, Hubbard and
Taber,
To run the Philistine, each other belabor.

R is for Rubbish; are you looking for
Just open the Bamble and put down
your thumb.

S is for Stevie Crane, infant precocious.
Who has written some finer things
are simply ferocious.



T is for Thomas B. Mosher of Maine,
Whose dinkey toy prefaces give me a
pain.

U is for Useless and far beneath notice;
But I don't want to say all of that of
the totus.

V is for Versification and Verse;
We thought Chips was bad, but the
Olio's worse.

W's for Woman, whom editors humor:
In the new field of letters, peren-
nial bloomer.

X is for Something Unknown—let us say
How in the world do these magazines
pay?

Y is for Young, and I marvelled to
That fifty's the average age of
learn
les Jeunes.

Z is for Zounds! what unspeakable
deco-
Rativeness Bradley has furnished for
Echo.

Annie South Hampton Bliss

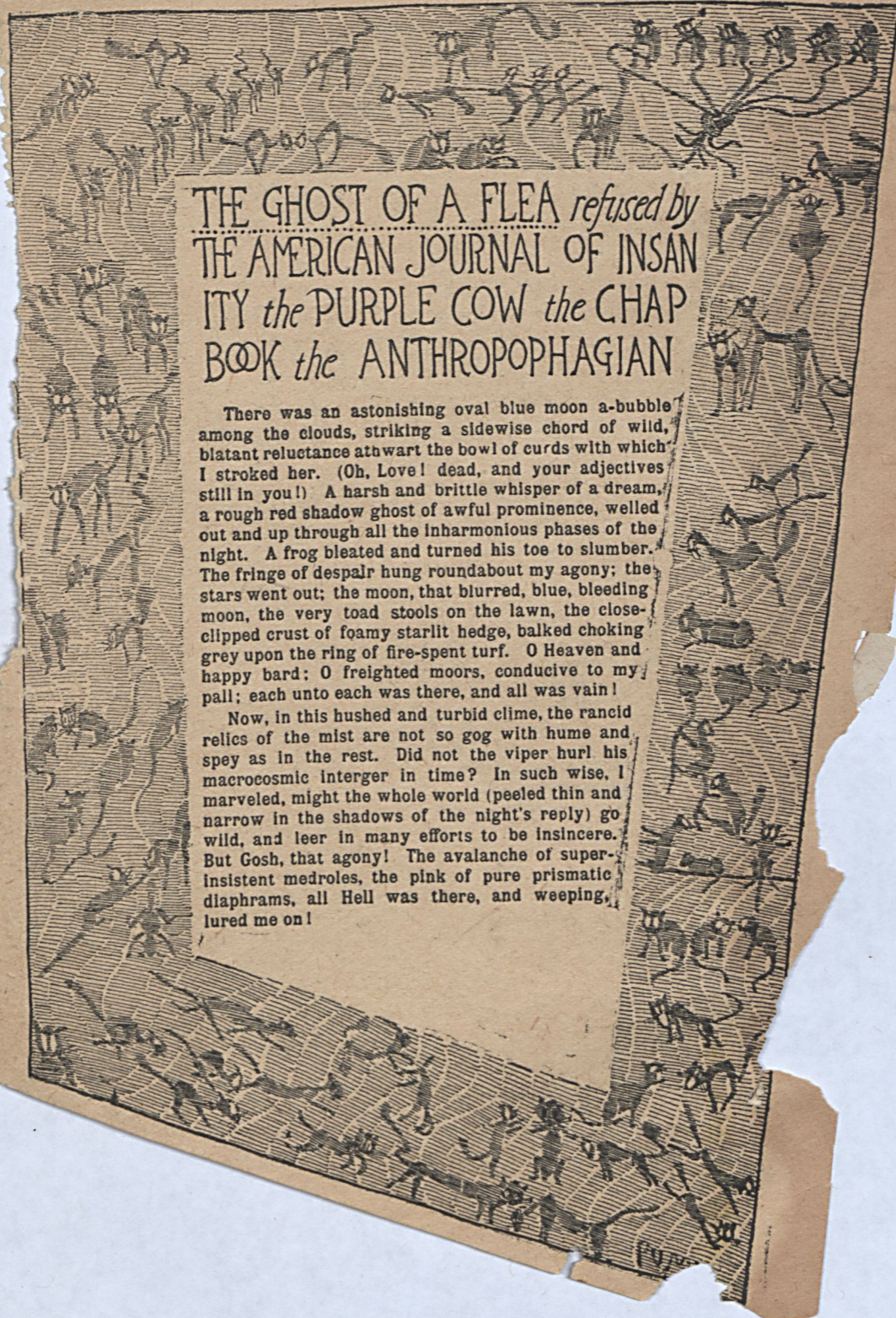
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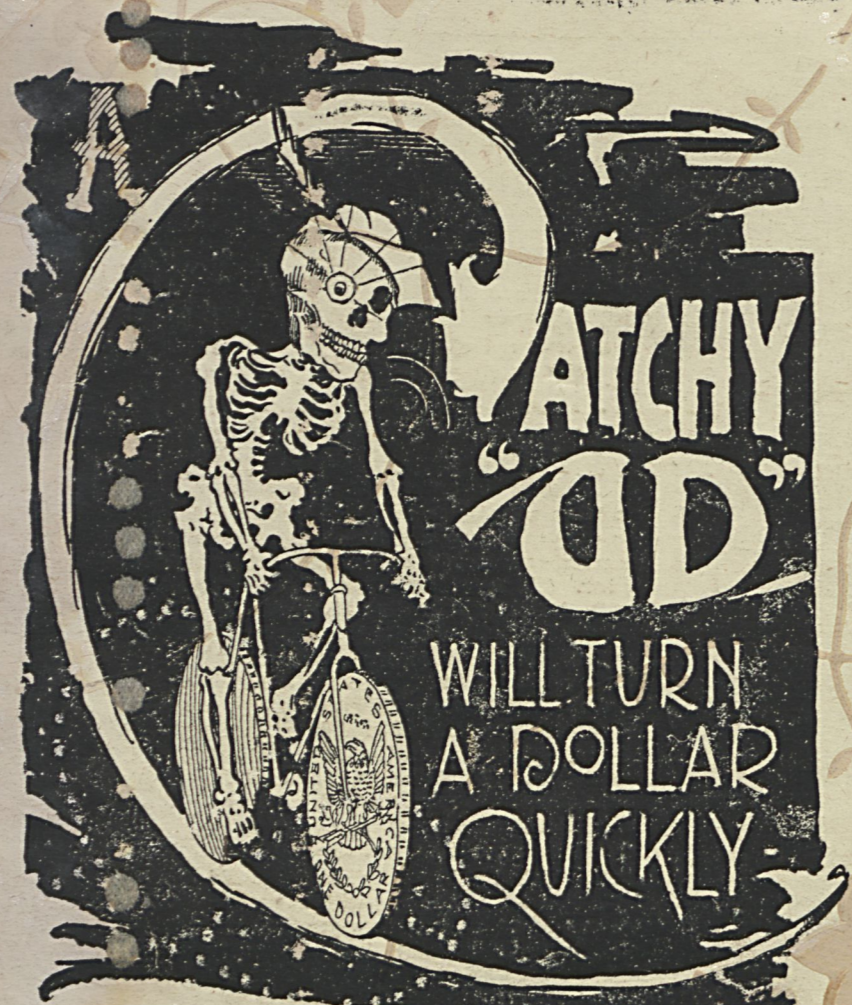
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