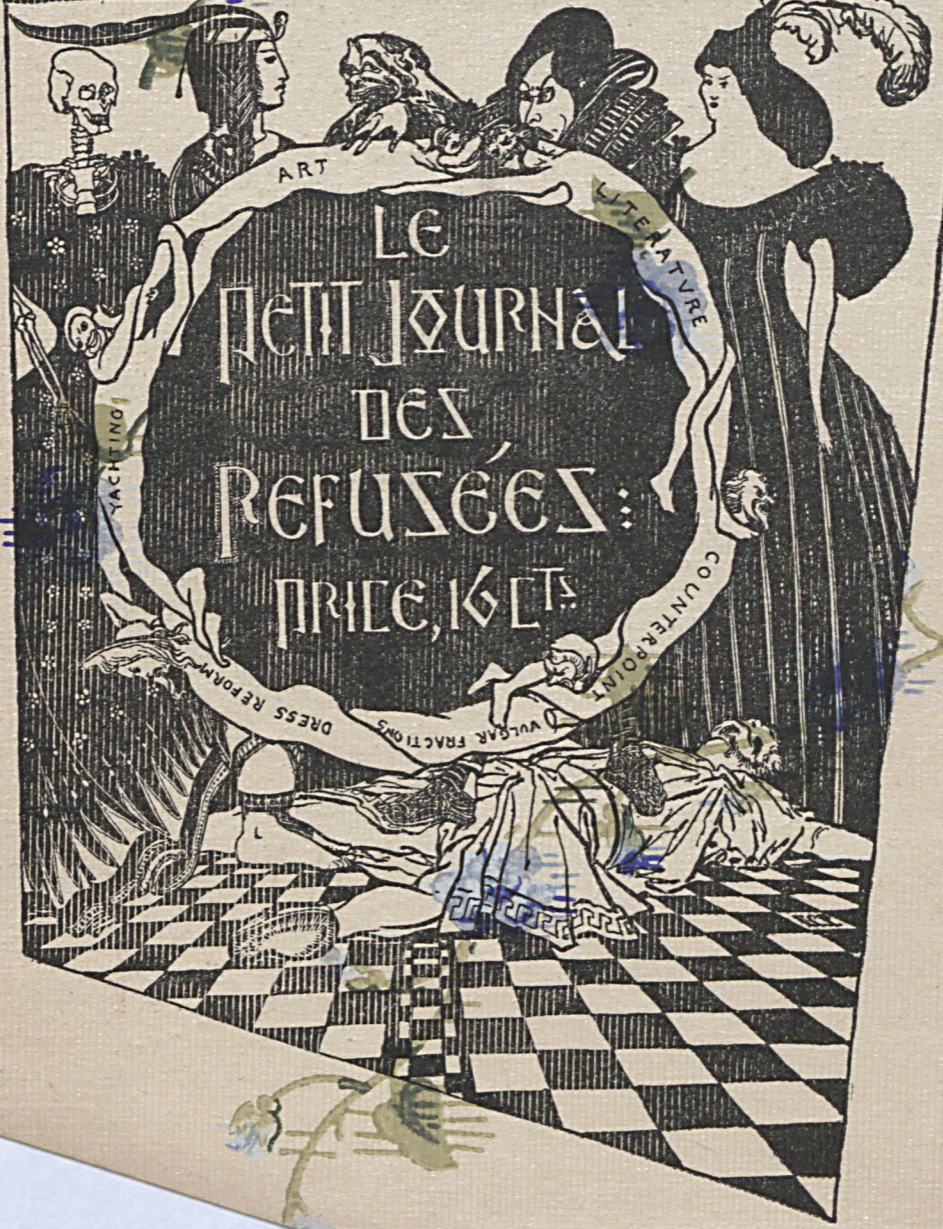
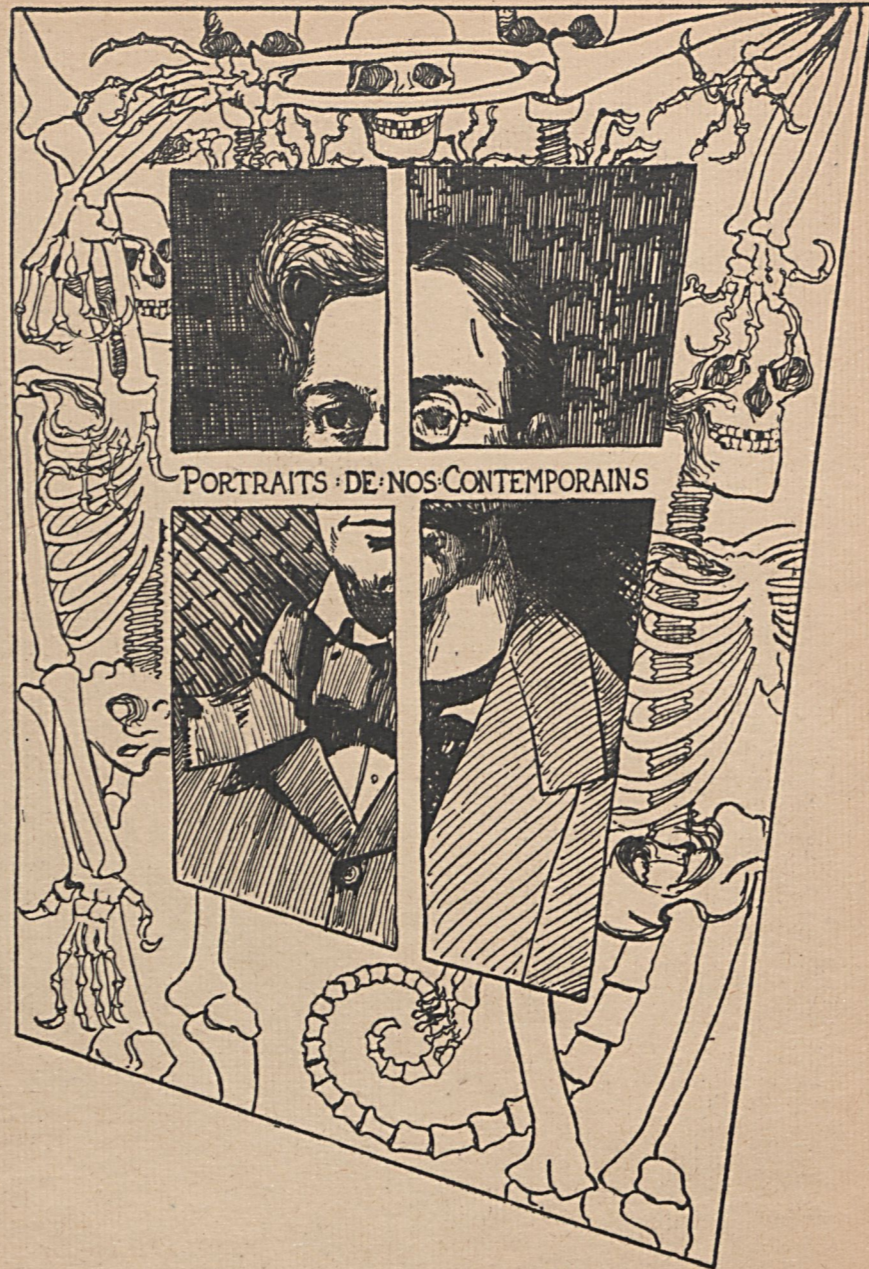


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 PUBLISHED AT 523 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO  
 JAMES MARRION 2<sup>ND</sup> RÉDACTEUR-EN-CHEF  
 A. DE CADENT-MATTOID PARTICIPE CRIMINIS

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.

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 A

DEAR MADAM: THE ENCLOSED MS. 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 HANDS WE ARE UNABLE TO

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

I BEG YOU WILL UNDERSTAND ITS REJECTION DOES NOT IMPLY LACK

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

# PORTRAIT-DU RÉDACTEUR-EN-CHEF



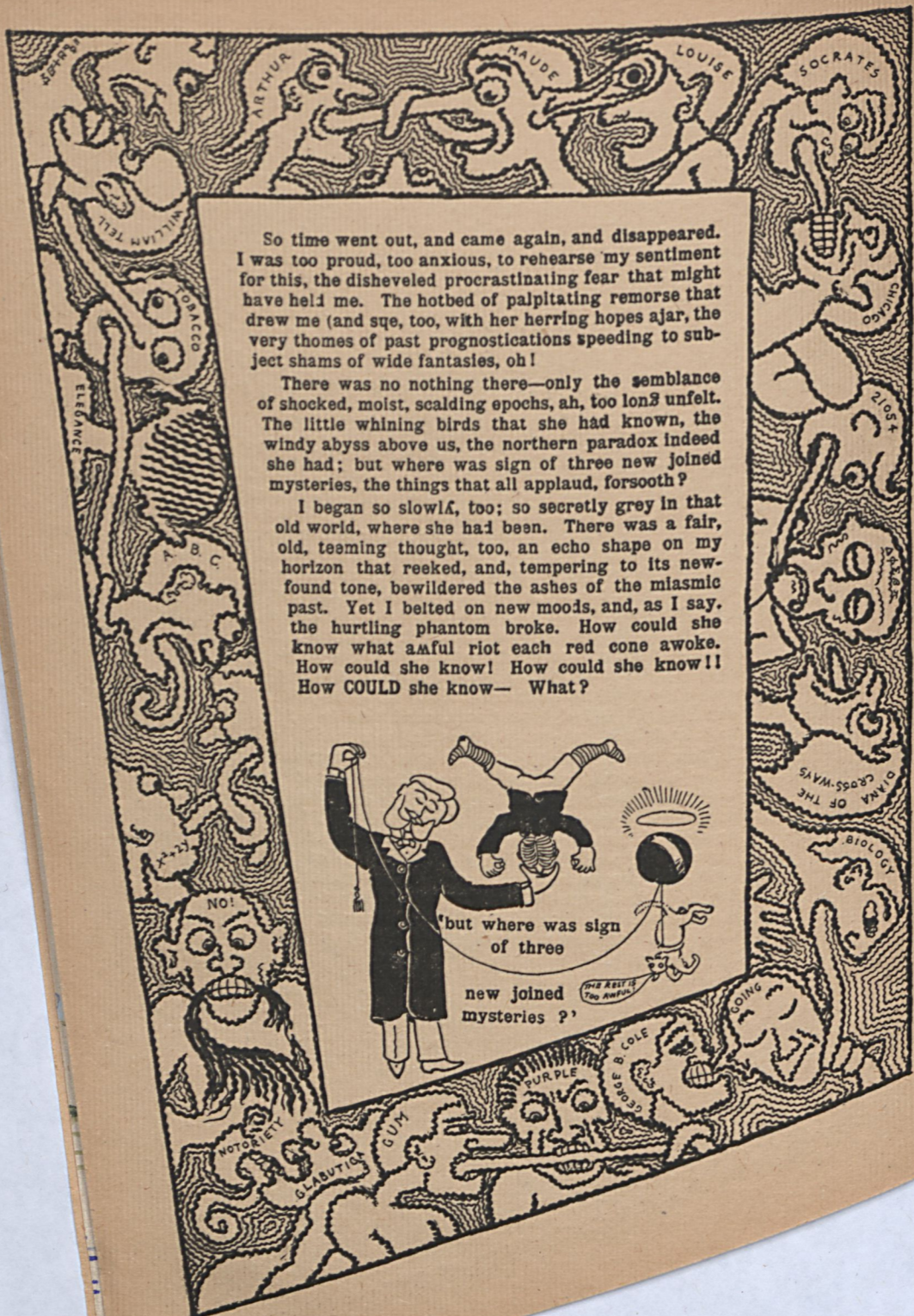
*Joe Morrison 2<sup>nd</sup>*

REFUSED BY MISS ALICIA  
FEATHERBONE VIVETTE,  
AND THE PRINCESS  
PERILLA

THE GHOST OF A FLEA *refused by*  
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSAN-  
ITY *the PURPLE COW the CHAP-  
BOOK the ANTHROPOPHAGIAN*

There was an astonishing oval blue moon a-bubble among the clouds, striking a sidewise chord of wild, blatant reluctance athwart the bowl of curds with which I stroked her. (Oh, Love! dead, and your adjectives still in you!) A harsh and brittle whisper of a dream, a rough red shadow ghost of awful prominence, welled out and up through all the inharmonious phases of the night. A frog bleated and turned his toe to slumber. The fringe of despair hung roundabout my agony; the stars went out; the moon, that blurred, blue, bleeding moon, the very toad stools on the lawn, the close-clipped crust of foamy starlit hedge, balked choking grey upon the ring of fire-spent turf. O Heaven and happy bard: O freighted moors, conducive to my pall; each unto each was there, and all was vain!

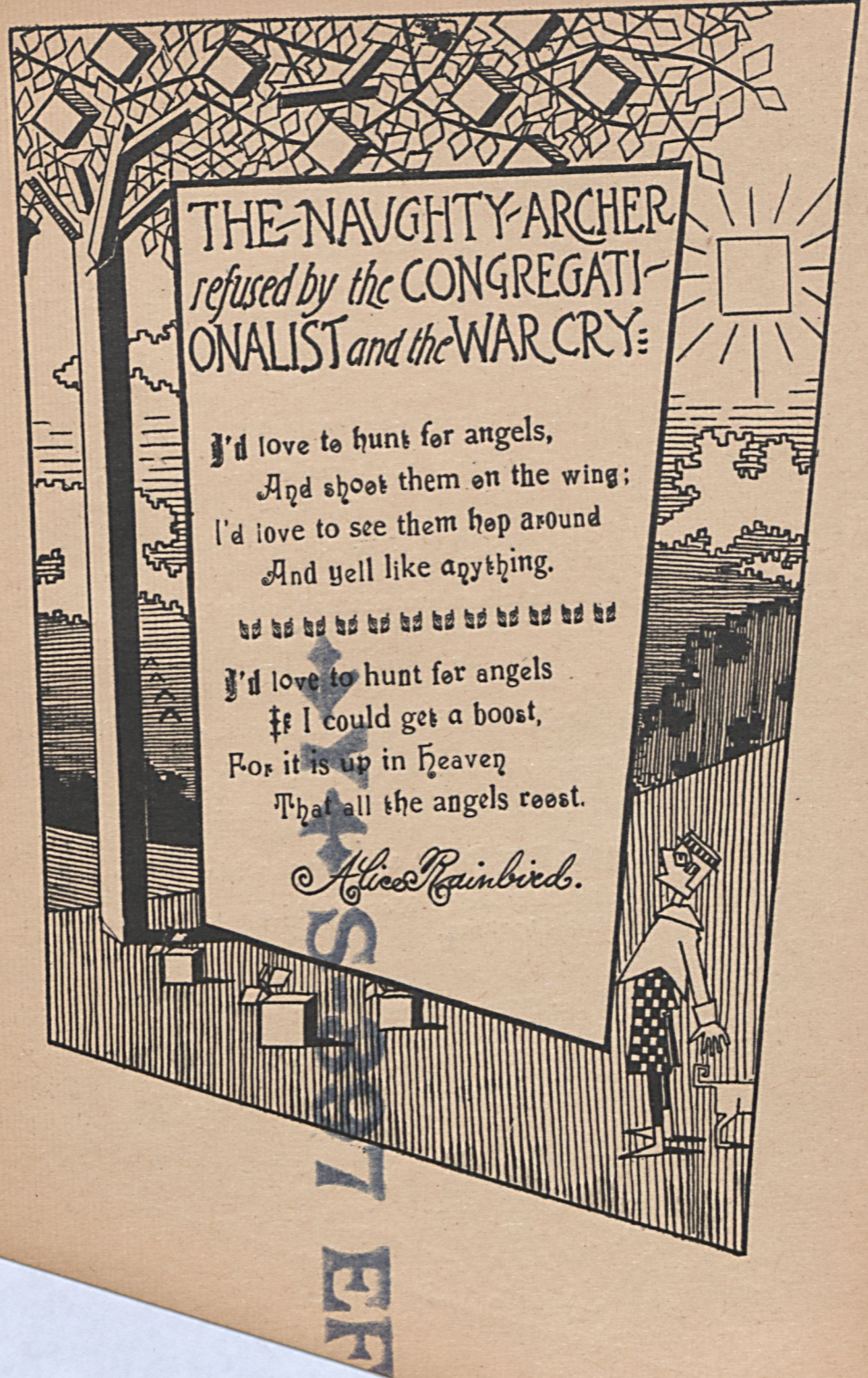
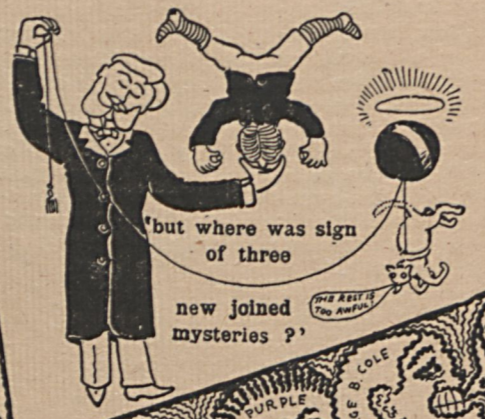
Now, in this hushed and turbid clime, the rapid relics of the mist are not so gog with hume and spey as in the rest. Did not the viper hurl his macrocosmic interger in time? In such wise, I marveled, might the whole world (peeled thip and narrow in the shadows of the night's reply) go wild, and leer in many efforts to be insincere. But Gosh, that agony! The avalanche of super-insistent medroles, the pink of pure prismatic diaphragms, all Hell was there, and weeping, lured me on!



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 unmet. 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 slowly, 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?

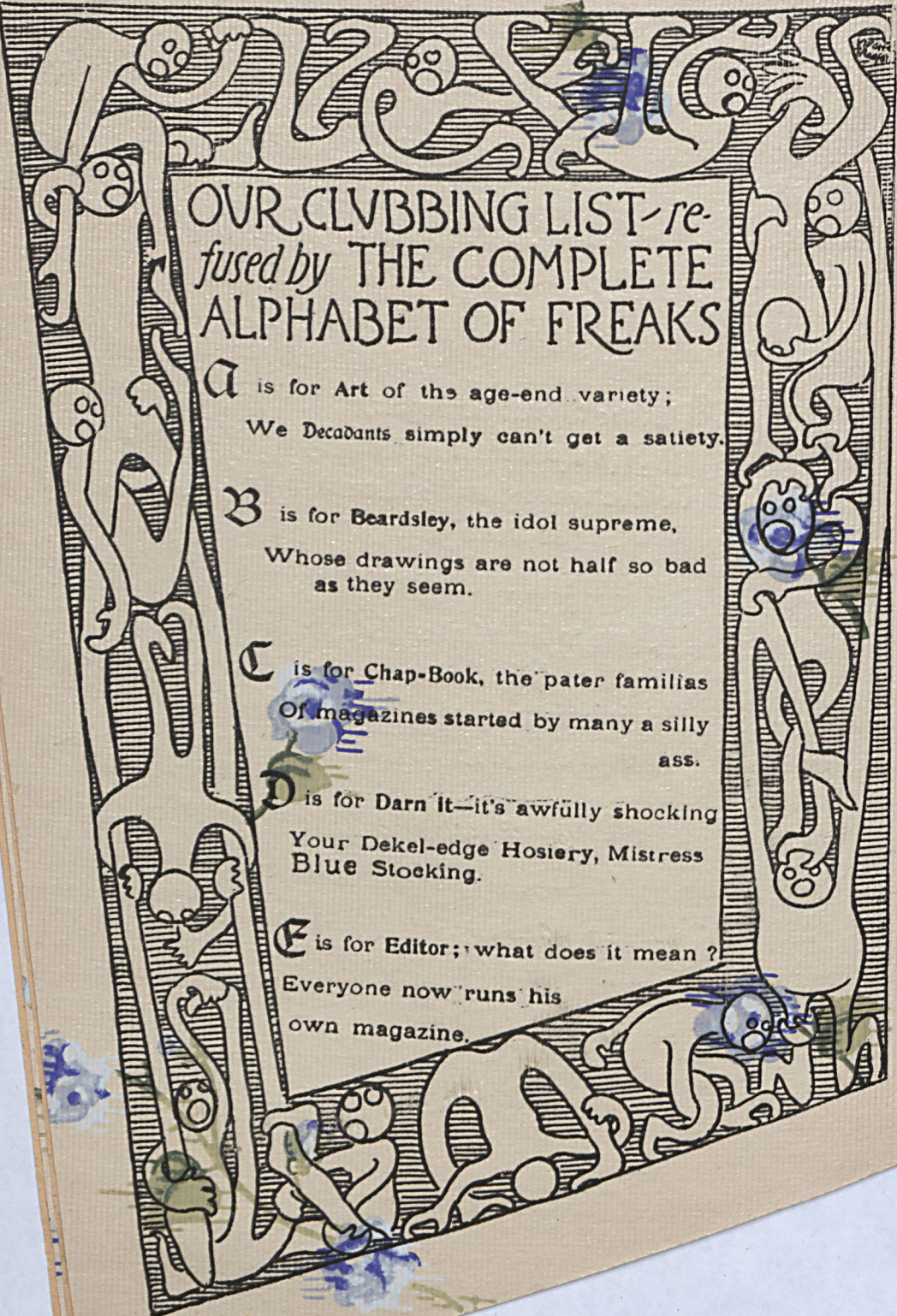


THE-NAUGHTY-ARCHER  
*refused by the CONGREGATIONALIST and the WAR CRY:*

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 Rainbird.*



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

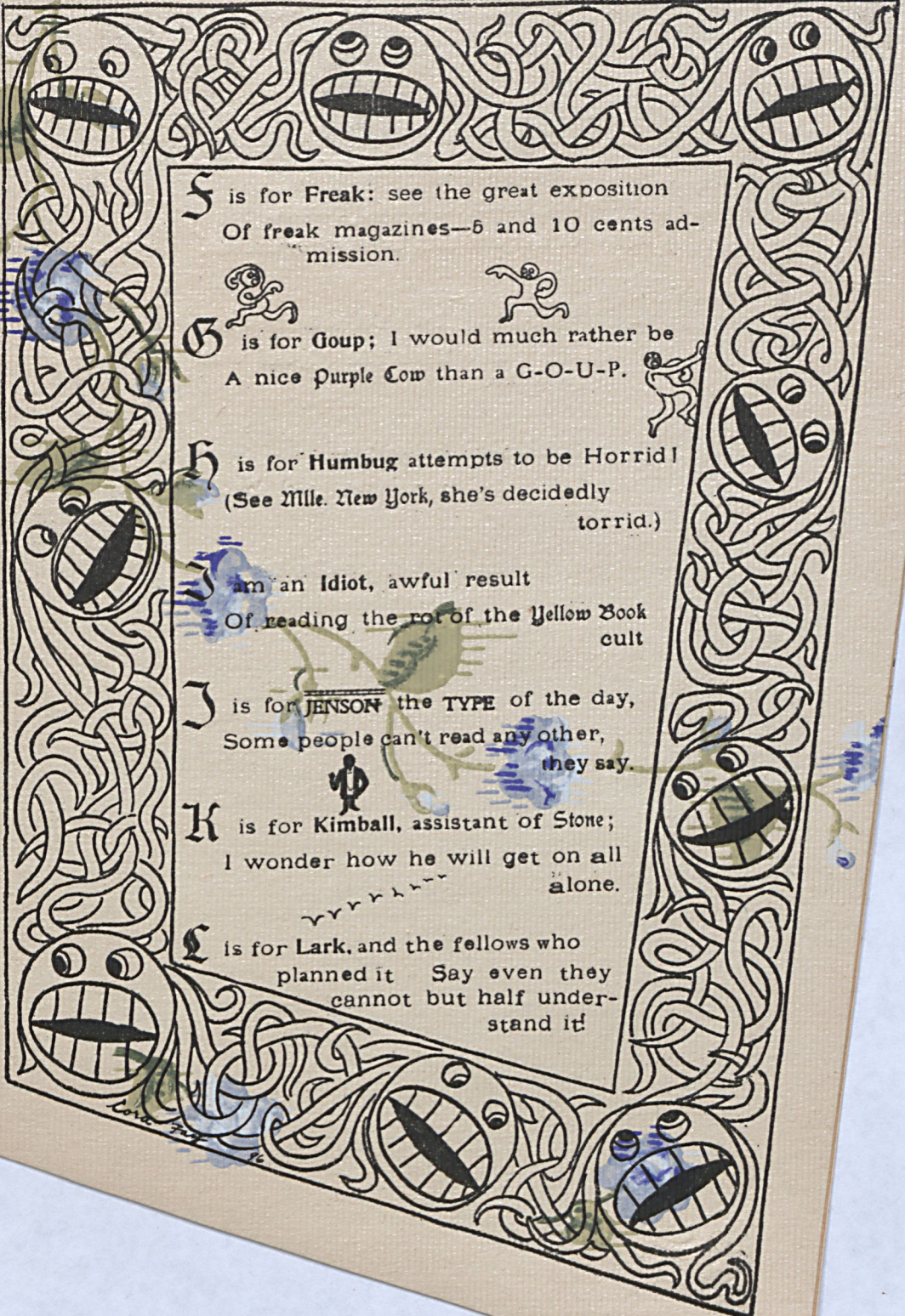
**A** is for Art of the age-end variety;  
We Decadants simply can't get a satiety.

**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 Hostery, Mistress  
Blue 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—5 and 10 cents ad-  
mission.

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

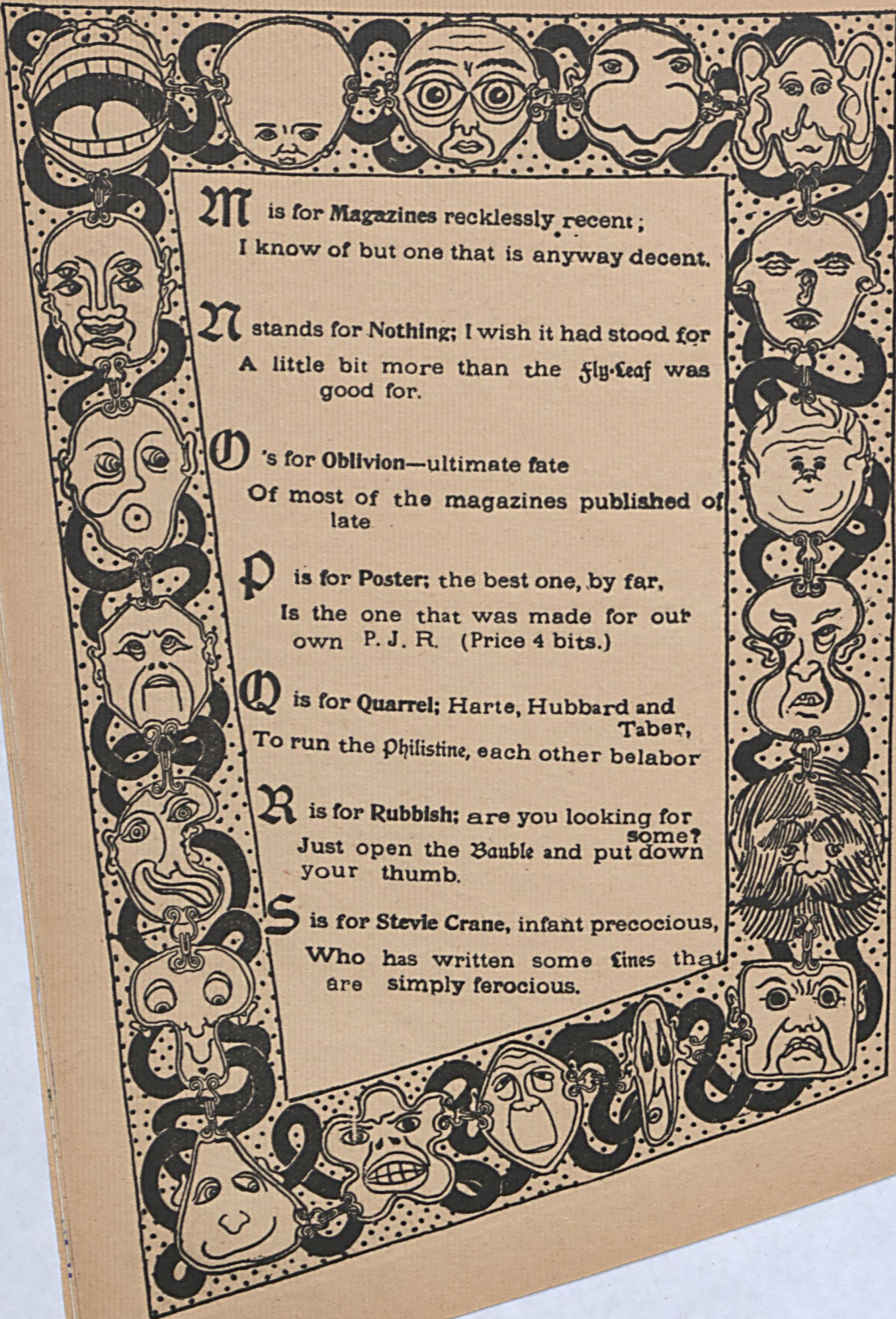
**H** is for Humbug attempts to be Horrid!  
(See Mlle. New York, she's decidedly  
torrid.)

**W** 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!



**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 fly-leaf was  
good for.

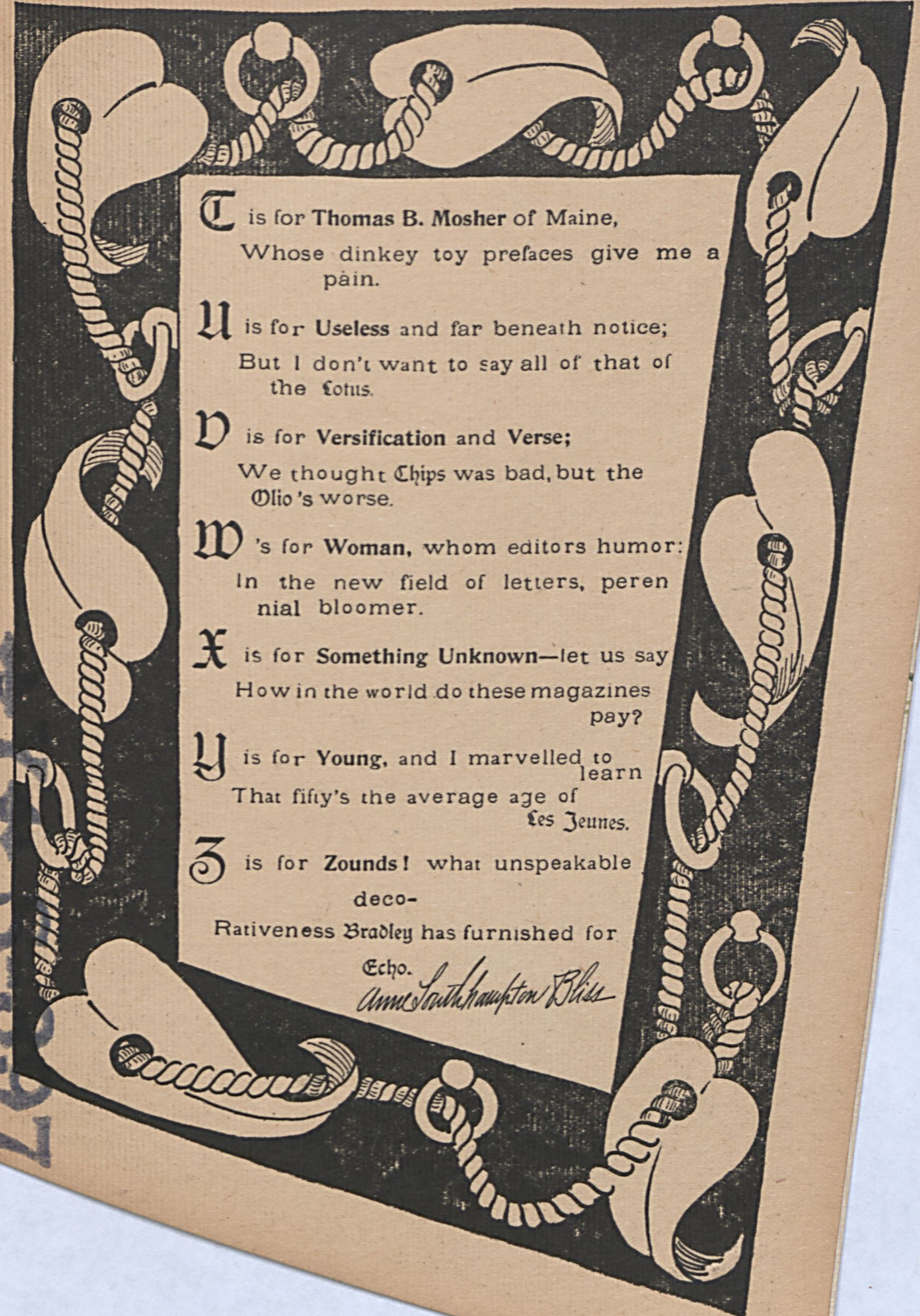
**O**'s for Oblivion—ultimate fate  
Of most of the magazines published of  
late.

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

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

**R** is for Rubbish; are you looking for  
<sup>some?</sup>  
Just open the Bauble and put down  
your thumb.

**S** is for Stevie Crane, infant precocious,  
Who has written some lines that  
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.

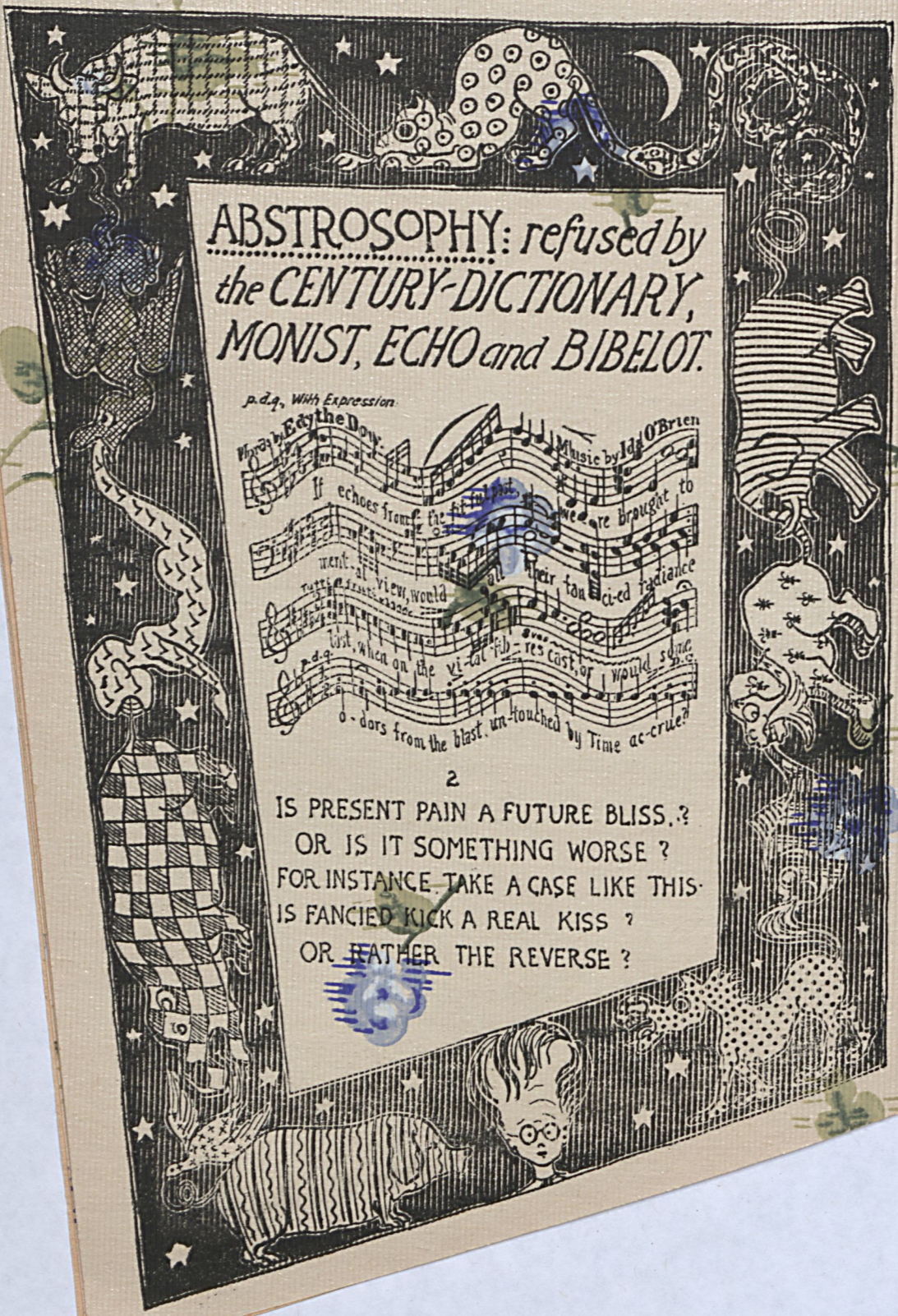
**W**'s for Woman, whom editors humor;  
In the new field of letters, peren-  
nial bloomer.

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

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

**Z** is for Zounds! what unspeakable  
deco-  
rativeness Bradley has furnished for

Echo.  
*Anne Southampton Bliss*



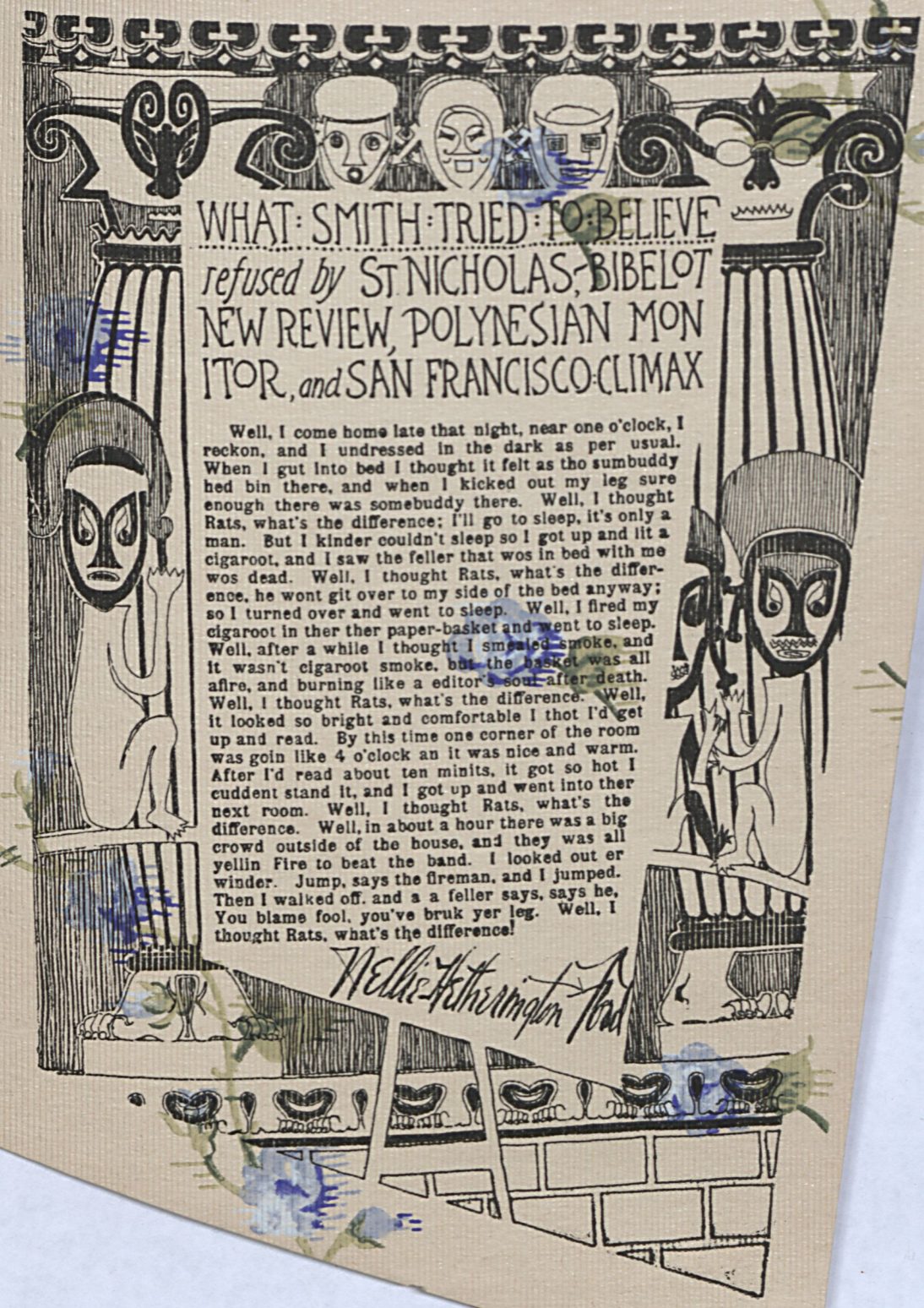
ABSTROSOPHY: *refused by*  
*the CENTURY-DICTIONARY,*  
*MONIST, ECHO and BIBELOT.*

*p.d.g. With Expression.*

*Music by Ida O'Brien*  
 If echoes from the fitful past, we are brought to  
 went at a view, world all their fancied radiance  
 o - dors from the blast, un-touched by Time ac-crued

2

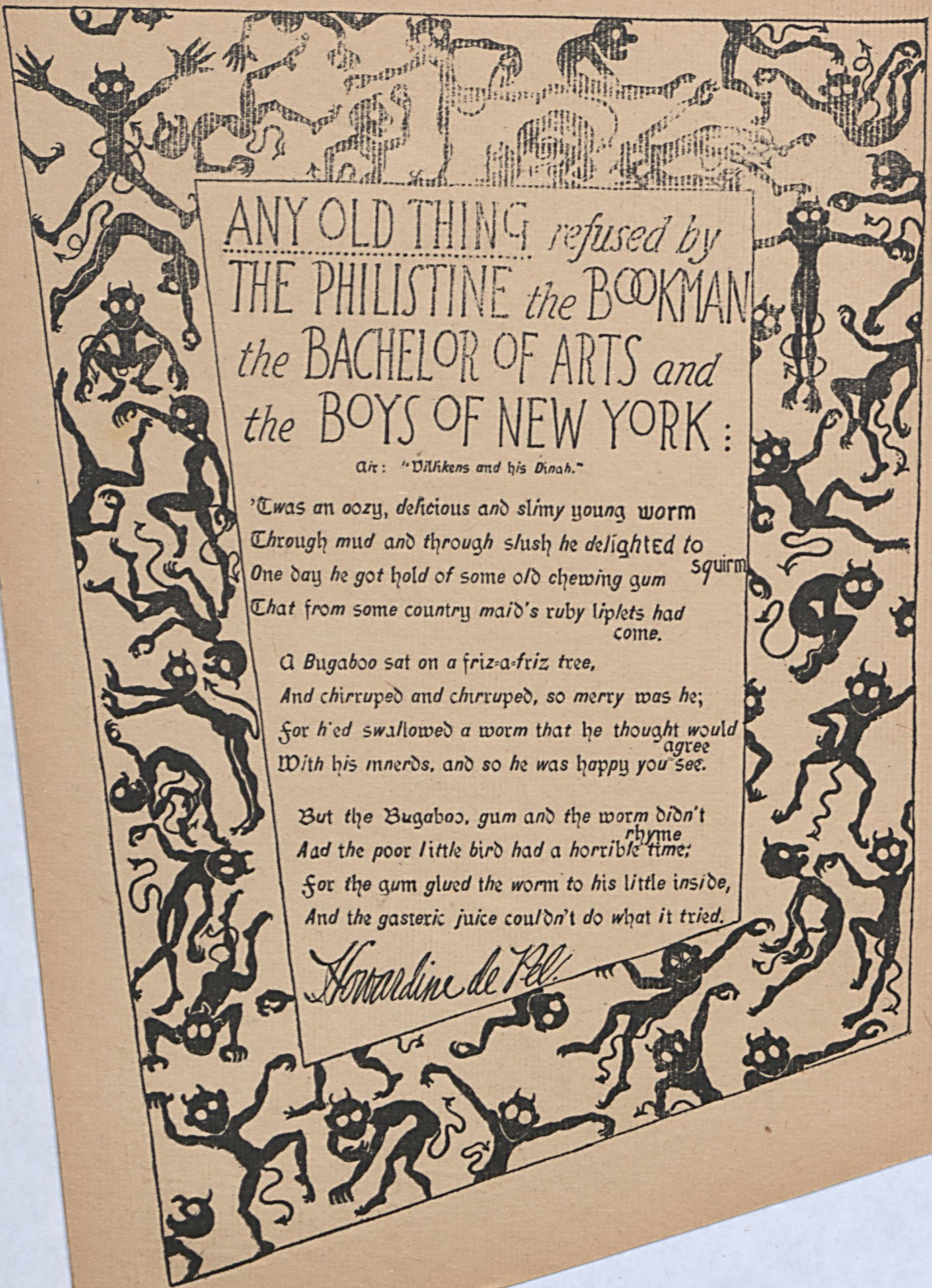
IS PRESENT PAIN A FUTURE BLISS?  
 OR IS IT SOMETHING WORSE?  
 FOR INSTANCE TAKE A CASE LIKE THIS  
 IS FANCIED KICK A REAL KISS?  
 OR FATHER THE REVERSE?



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 gut into bed I thought it felt as tho sumbuddy hed bin there, and when I kicked out my leg sure enough there was somebuddy 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 was in bed with me was 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 a feller says, says he, You blame fool, you've bruk yer leg. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference!

*Wellie Hetherington*



ANY OLD THING *refused by*  
THE PHILISTINE *the BOOKMAN*  
*the BACHELOR OF ARTS and*  
the BOYS OF NEW YORK:

Air: "Wilkins and his Dinah."

'Twas an oozy, delicious and slimy young worm  
Through mud and through slush he delighted to  
One day he got hold of some old chewing gum <sup>squirm</sup>  
That from some country maid's ruby liplets had  
come.

A Bugaboo sat on a friz-a-friz tree,  
And chirruped and chirruped, so merry was he;  
For he'd swallowed a worm that he thought would <sup>agree</sup>  
With his mnerds, and so he was happy you see.

But the Bugaboo, gum and the worm didn't  
And the poor little bird had a horrible <sup>rhyme</sup> time;  
For the gum glued the worm to his little inside,  
And the gasteric juice couldn't do what it tried.

*Normandine de Pel.*

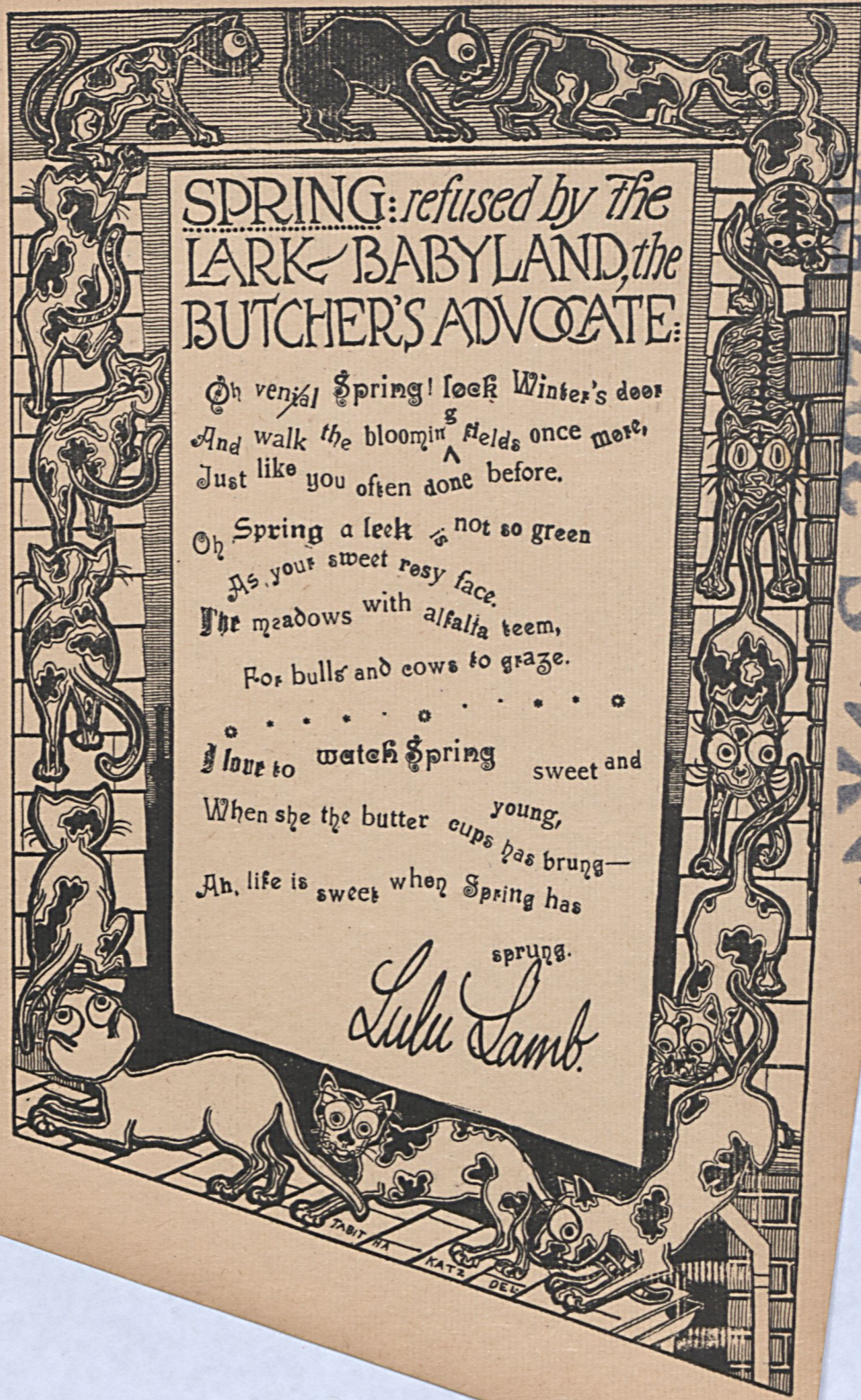
SPRING: *refused by The*  
LARK-BABYLAND, *the*  
BUTCHER'S ADVOCATE:

Oh venial Spring! seek Winter's door  
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  
An. life is sweet when Spring has  
sprung.

*Lulu Lamb.*



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QUICKLY.

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