Portraits de nos Contemporains
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 earmarks 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:

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 lack of literary merit but because it does not exactly suit.

Jas Marion 2nd

Refused by Miss Alicia Featherbone Vivette, and the Princess Perilla

We regret to inform you that the inclosed manuscript is returned with thanks for your own best judgment, yet as part of our opportunity of examining it cordially.

Yours Truly

The Editor Presents His Compliments and Regards

Dear Madam:

Presents His Compliments and Regrets

Dear Madam:

The enclosed ms. is returned with thanks for your courtesy in allowing us an opportunity of examining it. Cordially

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.

Jas Marion 2nd

Refused by Miss Alicia Featherbone Vivette, and the Princess Perilla

I beg you will understand its rejection does not imply lack.

Dear Madam:

We regret to inform you that the inclosed manuscript is returned with thanks for your own best judgment, yet as part of our opportunity of examining it cordially.

Yours Truly

The Editor Presents His Compliments and Regards

Dear Madam:

Not available.
THE GHOST OF A FLEA refused by
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY
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 ranolic
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 thin 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
diaphrams, 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 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 slow, too; so secretly grey in that old world, where she had been. There was a fair, old, teaming thought, too, an echo shape on my horizon that reeked, and, tempering to its new-found tone, bewildered the ashes of the miasmic past. Yet I belted on new moods, and, as I say, the hurrying 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—refused by THE COMPLETE ALPHABET OF FREAKS

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

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 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—6 and 10 cents admission.

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 understand 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 some?
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 lotus.

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, perennial bloomer.

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

Y is for Young, and I marveled 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
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?

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

If echoes from the fitful past were brought to
mental view, would all their fancied radiance
last, when on the vital fibres cast, or would some
ords from the blast, untouched by Time accrue?

2
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 sumbuddy had 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 paper-basket and went to sleep. Well, after a while I thought I smelled 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!  

Nellie Hetherington Ford
Any old thing refused by
the Philistine the Bookman
the Bachelor of Arts and
the Boys of New York:

'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
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 agree With his inards, and so he was happy you see.

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

Howardine de Pel
Oh venial Spring! lock Winter's door
And walk the blooming 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 young,
When she the butter cups has brung—
An, life is sweet when Spring has sprung.

Lulu Lamb.
A Catchy 'D' will turn a dollar quickly.

Union Photo Eng. Co.
523 Market St.
San Francisco

We do high grade designing by every process.