

Odde Volumes.

"THE BOMB."

THIS is the best novel I have ever read. The English is clear and powerful—a two-edged sword of light.

The passion is pure and Titanic; one is thrilled through with its elemental splendour.

The book is a defence of the Chicago Anarchists: these brave men will live in history when of the vile city by Lake Michigan naught else is left but the shame of the tyrants, and the fame of Louis Luizg.

Yesterday we praised tyrannicide when one man slew one despot. To-day we must praise the Anarchist; for our tyrant, Demos, is many-headed. This book is, in truth, a masterpiece; so intense is the impression that one almost asks, "Is this a novel, or a confession? Did not Frank Harris, perhaps throw the bomb?" At least, he has thrown one now. The explosive is many times more powerful than that used by Schnaubelt—and we hope that even the Briton may be reached through the mattresses of shoddy thought with which he has covered his lewd nakedness.

We are really very annoyed with Mr. Frank Harris, though. He has given us a bare half-dozen books. There must be plenty more where these came from; we have a right to them, and we mean to enforce that right.

I quote his own words: "The first bomb is an accident: two shew purpose; a third and fourth—are terrifying! . . . I know the fat tradesmen; they will be hiding under their beds." ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[*The Bomb*, by Frank Harris. John Long. 6s.]

THE OCCULT.

The Occult Review is a publication which will be acceptable to those who prefer to think in preference to being amused. The number for October contains some admirable articles, notably those on "Demonology," and "The Rosicrucian Mystery." The Editor's notes on "Premature Burial," and "Coincidences" make interesting reading.

[*The Occult Review*, for October. William Rider & Son, Ltd. 7d.]

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"LONDON-BY-THE-SEA."

BRIGHTON BREEZES.

THERE'S no doubt about it that the things that make a seaside place a success are a first-rate railway service, and a good stock of girls. I have been driven into a statement of this kind because of a visit here of a girl, widely announced as the possessor of an angel face. She has taken the Grand Theatre as a temporary home, and it seems to me a crying shame that a lady of such exceptional facial brilliance should be carted about from town to town. Most unfortunately I have no remembrance of ever dwelling in those places where angels are wont to gavoitte, so I cannot positively say whether the face of the lady in question is really an angel's or only a thundering good imitation thereof. But all I can say is that if it is the absolutely real article, Brighton girls may congratulate themselves that they are very near up to standard, and that if they are ever lucky enough to become angels their faces won't have to be pushed about much to pass the censor. If somebody would bring forward "The Man with the Angel's Face," I should be very much obliged to him, for I should greatly like to know how I go in that line.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

Really, we have been having a tantalising number of good plays just lately. "Brewster's Millions" has been making all Brighton laugh at the Royal. I wonder if there is anyone who would care to leave me a million or two just to see how I would spend it. If there is, and they chance to read this column, they can send the brass, or its equivalent in notes, ingots, or jewellery, to me at the club here. I'll look in each day for the next week or so on the chance, so you may rest assured there will be no possibility of it going astray. There are quite a lot of little things I want, and the cash will be real useful. If you can't spare a million send along a few postal orders of comparatively recent date. Anything but photographs.

We've "Irene Wycherley" coming to the West Pier theatre next week, and those whose taste lies in the shuddery direction should make a point of going. I'm going to take Miranda, to show her what sort of hubby she might have had. But I'll lay that she'll say she would have preferred Wycherley. I must think of a really good retort.

Good variety shows at the Hippodrome and Alhambra, and "Niobe" at the Palace Pier, complete the amusements visited by poor old PERCIVAL.

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