WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

AUTHOR WOULD RECRUIT DETECTIVES FROM COLLEGES

Leroy Scott Tells How He Learned the Crook's True Philosophy of Life—"Originals" in "Partners of the Night."

Leroy Scott, whose "Partners of the Night" has just been published by the Century Company, scoffs at the popular romanticized conception of the sleuth. Mr. Scott, who has studied the operators in the under world as newspaper man, settlement worker and student of the subject for literary purposes, believes that a new and better type of detective is developing in America, especially in New York, and he believes the country's detective forces could be improved by recruiting from college graduates.

Mr. Scott has been so successful in presenting the crook's point of view in fiction that during the past year he was, next to Col. Roosevelt, the most highly paid writer appearing in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. The people and conditions portrayed in "Partners of the Night" are to appear in a sequel which will shortly begin to appear serially in the *Metropolitan*.

Mr. Scott is so kind as to tell how he gained his knowledge of the crook's philosophy of life.

"When I left college," Mr. Scott said the other day, "I got a job on a Chicago newspaper. I was assigned to police court duty, and I naturally became interested in the work of the police, though to be sure it was only one of many interests. I was living at Hull House, and being then at the beginning of my career as a writer I was naturally led to seek the human realities that might exist in police work and to seek the true motives and the human qualities that might exist in the crook. When I came to New York I lived at the University Settlement. Interested as I was in the real conditions of life I found that this field was engrossingly real, and also that it offered opportunities to the story teller. But it is the reality that appeals to me first, the story telling only as it springs out of life's facts."

Readers of "Partners of the Night" will remember how Clifford, the idealistic young detective of the story, scoffs at the ordinary detective of fiction. He is not interested in "making arrests"; his idea is rather to prevent crime than to add to his own glory by catching criminals. This expresses one of Mr. Scott's own convictions. He believes that a new type of detective is evolving, whose view of society and of the function of the police is radically different from that generally held in the past, and that this field of work offers an excellent opportunity for young men of college training who are prepared to give up the idea of large material rewards if only they can feel that they are fulfilling themselves in the interest of their work and the service it brings to society. He has in mind particularly the types of men who go into teaching, welfare work, and some of the professions. Since the police force is at present recruited mainly from the more highly paid unskilled workers, who as a rule have had neither the better sort of industrial nor intellectual training, men of this educated type have a splendid opportunity for advancement, not financially, of course, beyond a certain point, but in ever widening ranges of activity and experience.

"The police force ought to be, and can be made, one of the most constructively helpful of a city's institutions," said Mr. Scott. He believes that almost everything it now does should be considered merely as a matter of course routine, subservient to ends that are higher and more truly beneficial to the general public. As things are at present, there is a sort of premium put on the number of successful arrests a member of the force makes. "Once a crook, always a crook," and "give him the limit," are the watchwords of the system that is passing away. For Mr. Scott believes that it is passing away, partly owing to the modern view of criminal psychology and partly to the new type of imaginative, educated, disinterested public servant which is replacing the old politician type in so many departments of administration. The tendency just now is all in the line of opportunity for the man of ideals, whose ideals have been tested, perhaps on a small scale, and been proved practicable. Clifford, in "Partners of the Night," finds himself recognized and assisted by Commissioner Thorne, and Mr. Scott admits that in drawing Thorne he had in mind the present efficient head of New York's Police Department, Commissioner Arthur Woods, and the group of officials who work immediately with him.

As to "Partners of the Night" itself, Mr. Scott says that all the characters and incidents are real, or at least based on reality. In the book he has drawn extensively on his personal knowledge and experience of the so-called underworld. For he has been thrown into intimate contact, not only with the New York police force, from Commissioner Woods and Chief Jimmy Finn of the "Tenderloin Squad" down, but also with cracksmen, faro dealers and highbinders galore. Among those whose acquaintance he enjoys is one of the shrewdest confidence men in the country, and on one occasion he spent a whole night with three gunmen, who took him with them to their hangout and told him the story of their lives.

He has gathered his material, so to speak, at the cannon's mouth, and many detectives have certified to the reality of his characterizations and incidents and his understanding of criminal psychology. But naturally, as it is not his business to "give them away," he never directly narrates individual cases as they have unfolded themselves in real life. His method is to rearrange the incidents and frequently treat them from new points of view, those of the victims, for instance, although it is a fact that the crook mind is often intensely egotistical and vain, and that these men like to be written up, so long as the process gives them a dubious glory and involves them in no risk.

How did Mr. Scott first gain this understanding of and sympathy with the criminal? He tells of the following incident as one that helped to open his eyes to the reality and the possibilities of the crook mind. One day, while he was still in Chicago, he received a call from a youngish man, very neatly dressed, who said that he had heard of Mr. Scott's interest in crooks. He then went on to say that he had been a crook all his life and had just finished the last of several terms, and that henceforward he meant to "go it straight."

When Scott asked him what had brought him to this decision he said: "It wasn't the talk of the chaplains or any bunk like that. It was the sight of two old pals, the cleverest crooks I knew, men of 60, being turned back into prison while I was there. I said to myself, 'Those men are cleverer than you. And that's the grand windup to all their cleverness. After this it's the straight road or the river for you.' I came out determined to be on the level with everybody. So when I asked for a job I said just what I'd been. Every time I was told to beat it—and beat it quick. Finally I decided not to say who I was; but after that every time I got a job some copper tipped my boss off to my being an ex-con and I was fired. Mr. Scott, I've played this honesty game to the limit, and unless I can get a job where they'll let me stick it's either good night and the river or back to blowing safes."

Scott helped him find a place where they'd "let him stick." And he made good. Incidentally, he has made since then by honest means far more money than he had ever made before by all his crookedness.

LEROY SCOTT
AUTHOR OF "PARTNERS OF THE NIGHT" (CENTURY)

EGERTON CASTLE
AUTHOR OF "WIND'S WILL"

AGNES CASTLE
(APPLETON)

© PAUL THOMPSON.
DON MARQUIS
AUTHOR OF "HERMIONE"
(APPLETON)

EGERTON CASTLE TELLS HOW "THE CASTLES" COLLABORATE

There is a new novel, a "costume romance," from those indefatigable collaborators, the Castles, this fall. This makes about twenty books in as many years from Agnes and Egerton Castle, who enjoy the reputation of having never disappointed their established reading public. Mr. Castle was recently asked to tell how he and his wife had contrived to work together so felicitously through these years, and he sends over the following interesting letter of information:

"We are often asked how collaboration can be carried out, whether the characters or the dialogue belongs to the one, and the disquisition, the scenery, the 'history' or what not, to the other. To such questions it is almost impossible to reply—even if one cared to give away the 'secrets of the prison house' all that may be said is that, when the work is done and finally pruned and revised, the cooperation has been complete. Such joint work is, I believe, only possible as a permanency by husband and wife. It is conceivable between brothers and sisters—but even there the points of view, making allowances for differences of mentality, seem bound in time to take a divergence. Between mere friends, I think, it is not on record that the strain of collaboration has been able to resist the effect of years.

"Be it as it may, in this peaceful double harness some twenty novels have been rolled out in as many years, not to speak of the short stories and plays. And now comes 'The Wind's Will,' which I am particularly glad to say (for one never knows how the public taste in these sad days will go) has been received on this side most sympathetically.

"It is, as you may imagine, in the present atmosphere of anxiety and sorrow, in the midst of the strenuous life of these years, when everywhere, even at home, deeds are done far more romantic, more incredible, than anything that was ever presented in fiction. It is difficult to select themes that may be acceptable to readers in search of distraction from the hauntings of the war. If you write of present days it is impossible to get away from the atmosphere of war. We had to introduce it—as it existed in remote English country life at the beginning of the great struggle—in 'The Hope of the House.'

"But on the whole one wants to get away, if possible, for a spell from present surroundings. And it was this feeling, in the midst of war work of various kinds, which made us choose the English-French idyl which became the story of 'The Wind's Will.'

"In my early days in France I have seen the Prussians around Paris and witnessed the devastation they wrought everywhere on their passage. Now at the latter end of my life when I hear of the same horrors, but tenfold more ferocious, perpetrated by them in that country now our stanch ally and friend, my heart goes back in affection to the French scenes of my youth. It was through talking of the kindly peasant folk of St. Cloud, of whom I have such pleasant recollection, that the idea mere of 'The Wind's Will' was evolved. The love marriage of the aristocratic British officer and the fascinating daughter of the soil is, I may mention, based upon an actual fact in the family of a well known peer. Once given such a theme, the atmosphere, all the local details, based on local acquaintance and on the many 'memoirs' of the time, grouped themselves with singular ease. I may say that the writing of this book has been a great solace.

"And a solace of that kind is a precious boon in these hours of ever present suspense and sorrow, when with every friend and relative of military age somewhere at the front, in France, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, on the seas, one dreads the arrival of all letters or telegrams; when the papers bring you periodical report of some one you knew well 'gone,' like so many others at last.

"Last year my wife—not to speak of myself—had a severe personal blow. Her only brother, who during the early months of the war had already been wounded at Ypres, and whom we had nursed back to health at Anthony Place, was sent as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to take command of the Dorsets, in the Persian Gulf.

"He had played, according to despatches, a brilliant part in the taking of Kut—that was during the victorious advance in 1915, through Mesopotamia, of that expedition which in the end was so ill fated. We had last heard of him at Ctesiphon, almost within sight of Bagdad. And at last, as in so many thousands of English homes, came the official telegram announcing his entry in the roll of honor.

"During the last six years we have lived almost altogether in the country. I had bought the house now known as Anthony Place, on the edge of the Hindhead hill, by the edge of the great heather stretches, merely as a 'week end' resort. That was the original idea. But the place took such a hold upon us, the improvement of its bright terrace gardens and of its few wild acres of pine, holly and bracken became such a fascination that it has now become our home. A wing was added to lodge my books—a life's accumulation, demanding a terrible quantity of wall space—then another wing for necessary accommodation if it was to become a permanent home. And thus, although 49 Sloane Gardens remains our official address, Anthony Place, on the Surrey hills, is our usual dwelling—and likely to remain so.

"As a kind of amusement, more, so to speak, for our own sake than with a view to publication, we began, before the war, a sort of 'pot pourri' of reminiscences and country gossip under the name of 'Our Sentimental Garden.'

"It told the tale of our experiences and vicissitudes in the building up of the new garden life. Then the idea occurred to us to have a few illustrations by that clever artist Charles Robinson. They proved so charming that the scheme of a regularly illustrated volume took concrete shape and 'Our Sentimental Garden'—begun very much as Anthony Place had been bought, that is, as quite a side affair—was published by Heinemann, in spite of the war depression. It is but a hors d'oeuvre, so to speak, in our regular work. But perhaps, as it does contain a good deal of 'personal gossip,' I think you might care to look at it. I shall therefore write to Heinemann's to send you, by the next mail, a copy for your acceptance. It will, in all probability, reach you as soon as this.

"Since the 'Sentimental Garden,' the book having been singularly well received, we published (with Constable's this time) a kind of sequel, under the title 'A Little House in War Time.'

"We are now at work upon a new romance, provisionally called 'Round and About the Wolf House,' placed like 'The Wind's Will' in France and in that extraordinarily picturesque period following the fall of Napoleon—a time of general dislocation and ferment in the country, when almost anything was possible in the way of adventure, especially in remote districts of the land. The idea of the plot and characters occurred while reading records of that period, which have been rather a study of mine lately—always with the conception of English and French as chivalrous adversaries, even when political enemies. And the country described—the central plateaux of France, a wild district little visited—is one which I walked over, knapsack on back, in my young years. That is the way to see and to appreciate scenery! Now, in my old years (I am now in my fifty-ninth) all this comes back very vividly.

"Sometimes we have been asked what is our most effective source of inspiration. It is, of course, hard to give a very definite answer—for to the novelist almost everything, if it occurs in the proper mood, may be seized as the starting point of a story. But, broadly speaking, I think that, with Agnes Castle, music has generally proved the most potent incentive to imagination. Whereas, with me, I should say that on the whole, the most suggestive impression is that of scenery; certain aspects of land or sky, the sounds of nature; and also the 'spirit of old buildings' which I instinctively people at once with suitable characters—living, interacting on each other. It is this unformed, but yet strong conviction, 'something dramatic must have occurred here,' that often has revealed the 'opening' of a story.

"As a rule my tastes incline to a past period—where there always seemed to be a greater scope for an unconventional conduct of life, and of course a freer likelihood of 'adventure' than in our own overcrowded and overlegislated times. And then there is the fascination of the older fashioned speech, more precise, more courteous, and wittier than our present careless and vague style of conversation.

"But the present taste of readers seems to rule against 'costume.' If we were really practical, we would give it up. But one must write what appeals to one most at the time. And so it comes that 'The Wolf House' will not come nearer to our own days than just a century ago."

SOME OF THE THINGS YOUNG W. L. GEORGE HAS DONE

Many readers are going to be delighted to hear another feminist book by W. L. George is forthcoming, for his works on this subject make just as interesting reading as do his novels. The new volume, called "The Intelligence of Woman," is to be issued by Little, Brown & Co., and will include chapters on "Woman and the Pain Pot," "Uniforms for Women, "The Intellect of Woman," and some notes on marriage. Look for some interesting reading!

Born in Paris of English stock, in 1882, Mr. George was educated in France and in Germany. He originally intended to be an engineer, and later had thoughts of becoming an analytical chemist. Later again he worked in the legal and political economy branch of Paris University. Then he served his term in the French army, and for a while thought of taking up a commission.

Finally, in 1902, he went to London and did three years of commercial work in the city. This he followed up with six years as assistant to a mining engineer. All the time since he had landed in England he had been dabbling in journalism. From 1902 to 1905 he acted as London correspondent of *Le Voltaire* and *La Politique Coloniale*, Paris daily newspapers, and then for two years he was London correspondent for *Les Arts*.

During the next three years he did much work in politics and economics, being especially interested in the land, immigration and housing questions. His first book, "Engines of Social Progress," which appeared in 1907, aimed to present a general survey of the organizations which deal with certain social evils. In this book he set down the results of his own investigations into the work of model villages, cooperative societies and such movements.

The following year he published "France in the Twentieth Century." Later came "Labor and Housing at Port Sunlight," and then he left works of purely economic and sociological character for his first novel, "A Bed of Roses," which created a sensation in 1911.

The appearance of this book marked one of the distinctive periods in Mr. George's career. It showed definitely his realization that serious work if administered neat by a comparatively unknown man does not touch a large public. This novel, like "Mrs. Warren's Profession," had a frankly unpleasant theme and was pronounced to be too strong meat by the English circulating libraries. It was a daring debut for a young novelist.

His next book was "The City of Light" (1912). The story, which is that of a French marriage, works out his thesis on psychological lines and illustrates the revolt of the younger against the older generation in its pictures of an average Frenchman and French girls as they appear in an emotional crisis. In "Until the Day Break," which followed, Mr. George created for his hero Israel Kalisch, a handsome young Polish Jew who drifted through the slums of New York and London, an extreme individualist or anarchist.

"The Making of an Englishman," now reissued in this country under the title of "The Little Beloved," definitely gave Mr. George an assured place among the younger generation of English novelists. The story tells how Cadoresse, a young Frenchman, goes to England to carve out a career. With his French customs and thought habits he assails the uncompromising strongholds of the British business and social systems. Repulse after repulse follows, until finally the Frenchman's nature begins to change. The contrast between the sayings and doings of Cadoresse and English manners and customs is admirable throughout, and from what has been said of the facts of Mr. George's life it is perhaps hardly an undue assumption that the tale is in large measure autobiographical. Mr. George's gift of irony has never been displayed to better advantage. He criticises severely the proud, calm, stupid, unimaginative self-sufficiency of the English public school man as typified by Hugh Lawton, and he castigates almost as mercilessly the superficially cold and overobedient manner of the young English girl. But his sarcasm, though bitter, is never purely malicious, and his comparisons between France and England are by no means favorable on the whole to his native country.

"The Second Blooming," pronounced by the *Atlantic Monthly* "an extraordinary and brilliant performance," vastly increased Mr. George's popularity in America, for ten editions were sold during the year 1915. This novel deals frankly with the careers of three married sisters of the upper middle class who have attained the age of 30. One takes to politics, the second finds herself in the arms of a lover, while the third devotes herself to her growing family. Mr. George supplied a searching analysis of marriage in English society, and he treated the theme so brilliantly that the English and American critics placed him in the class with H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy.

In his 1916 novel, "The Strangers' Wedding," Mr. George propounded a further problem of mixed modern society: What shall a man do who has undertaken carelessly or thoughtlessly an adventure in matrimony with one socially his inferior? And what in turn shall be the final recourse of the unfortunate wife? Mr. George indicates with much psychological subtlety the reversion of the "strangers" to their own class, which ultimately leads them to a happy ending. This novel is throughout pathetic, but contains a great deal of broad humor and deserves its sub-title, "The Comedy of a Romantic."

Mr. George has now shown himself master of a distinct style. In his early days—days in which he will tell you he devoured no books but some 1,500 newspapers a year—his style was at times awkwardly precise. He has now acquired a style that compares with that of H. G. Wells, to whom he dedicated "The Second Blooming." His miscellaneous writings have been numerous, including short stories, dramatic and literary criticism, and his much discussed contributions on feminism.

Like so many other English writers, Mr. George is now devoting his entire time to his country. He is an officer in the Ministry of Munitions.

NEWS OF BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

Fannie Hurst, whose new book, "Every Soul Hath Its Song," was published last week, has still some years between her and 30. This fact is a necessary preamble to the following anecdote she told not long ago: "Recently at Columbia University, where I was addressing a class of embryonic writers, some one in the third row (a woman) piped up and asked me if I thought it possible to attain success under 35? Some weeks later I repeated that story to the amusement of another group of such writers at Brooklyn Institute. Afterward one of those present (a woman) came up and told me she thought my story amusing, 'but what,' said she, 'if no one had laughed?'"

Owen Johnson, the novelist, who is making his second prolonged visit to France since the war began, considers that the Allies have the Germans on the run. In a letter from him just received the author of "The Woman Gives" says:

"I am writing at a lovely little French village in Savoy. I have an old fashioned farmhouse transformed with taste and a garden of roses walled in for breakfast and evenings. I write in a tower built in 1640—in ideal surroundings at last. I was at Verdun when Fleury was retaken and dined in the citadel with the General and his staff, dined also with Gen. Gourmaud. I visited the Russian brigade and the Champagne district. Saw Joffre for an hour, and I can tell you every one from the top down knows they've got them on the run. Hurrah!—a year, no longer."

Julian Street had an experience this week from which writers may learn a lesson. He has been busily engaged this summer, at his home in Norfolk, Conn., writing a series of travel articles for *Collier's*. Mr. Street had spent several months travelling through the South especially to gather his material, and had a large suit case full of notes. When he had to come down to New York for a few days it occurred to him what a predicament he would be in should anything happen to those notes, and so he carried them to a local safe deposit vault. The day after he reached New York he called up his Norfolk home on the long distance telephone, but he couldn't be connected because the house had just burned to the ground. Knowing that those notes were in the bank helped Mr. Street, after he learned that his family was safe, to bear the news with comparative equanimity.

Ernest A. Boyd, whose important and exhaustive work on the literature produced in Ireland during the last thirty years, entitled "Ireland's Literary Renaissance," is to be published to-day, has been transferred from the Vice-Consulate of Baltimore to that of Barcelona, Spain, and sailed two weeks ago to take up his new duties.

The great popularity of the "cheer-up" type of book has been responsible for a flood of fiction centring about the adventure of a "glad" girl or a "glad" boy or some other sunshiny person. Nevertheless it has remained for George Allan England to invent a new character in this field—the glad crook. There is no question that Pod and Bender, the two heroes of his new novel, "Pod, Bender & Co.," which Robert M. McBride & Co. will publish shortly, are two of the most blithe and merry malefactors that ever tripped across a printed page.

Margaret Deland, whose two interests this summer have been her just published novel, "The Rising Tide," and the American Authors Fund for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers of the Allied Nations, has received a letter from the American Relief Clearing House in Paris thanking the association for a contribution to the Italian hospitals and saying: "This gift of American authors to Italian hospitals seems particularly appropriate, as undoubtedly one of the greatest factors in persuading Italy to join the Allies was the genius and the prestige of a brother author, D'Annunzio." Since this was written the authors have sent another check to the Italian hospitals. In all $2,400 has been disbursed by the treasurer of the fund in the following sums: American Fund for French Wounded, $900; Mrs. Edith Wharton, for distribution in French hospitals, $600; Serbian hospitals, $200; Permanent Blind Fund, $200; Special American Hospital in Paris for Wounds of the Face and Jaw, $200; Italian hospitals, $200.

The title of Miss Haraden's new novel, "The Guiding Thread," is explained by her as a quotation from Walt Whitman's "Birds of Passage":

"O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine
Along this mighty labyrinth.'

"I thought this covered every one in the book," Miss Harraden says. "No one is good but there is something leading them all on somehow to renaissance."

Gertrude Atherton, whose "Mrs. Balfame" and "The Conqueror" appeared last spring, has come back to this country from Europe. She has visited a number of battle fronts and given much attention to French relief work, especially to the work of French women, of which she intends to write an account.

Elizabeth Cooper, whose novel, "Drusilla With a Million," continues like "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard" to sell beyond its first season, has been travelling in South America this summer with Mr. Cooper. They have taken an apartment in Buenos Ayres for a time.

Miss Caroline Lockhart is the heroine of the following true tale. She writes: "While I was in the mountains a cow puncher on an adjoining horse ranch thought it was a shame that I should be loose on the range, a maverick, a 'slick' no brand—in other words, unmarried, so he asked me to be his'n. I suggested that it would be slim 'pickin's' on sixty dollars a month, as I was rather an expensive lady when I got strung out. He said: 'Oh, we'll get along. You can write books and I'll steal horses.'" The author of "The Man From the Bitter Roots" (Lippincotts) and other Western stories does not report her answer.

A new young author for children is introduced this fall by two little volumes of stories, "Daddy's Bedtime Fairy Stories" and "Daddy's Bedtime Animal Stories" (Stokes). Mary Graham Bonner, who wrote them, has James Fenimore Cooper for an ancestor and was born in Cooperstown. Her own career as author began in *St. Nicholas* when she was a small girl with essays and stories that took St. Nicholas League prizes. She was brought up to be a musician, however, and had a future in sight as a pianist, but writing called her back and she was quickly successful with odd imaginative little stories of child life, animals and fairies. She is an energetic young person and was writing busily for the American Press Association at the same time that her job was that of secretary to Ernest Poole. In her tiny tales Miss Bonner is whimsical and ingenious and new in weaving bits of the merriest fancy out of the old world materials of childhood.

Miss Carolyn Wells, author of the detective tale "The Curved Blades" (Lippincott) is equally well known for humorous verse and juvenile fiction. She lately received a letter, the *Bookman* reports, to this effect: "I picture thus the manner of your average day. You wake. 'Ha,' you say, 'to-day will I write much nonsense. I will sit at my big desk and jingle a few lines, just enough to keep in practice. Then I will dash off a burlesque novel, a short story for girls, a shorter story for boys, write divers letters to members of the Mermaid Club, call on Mrs. Prunes, browse at the book shops and lunch at the club. Afterward I will call on 780,000 publishers and leave each a few manuscripts.'" Miss Wells goes to the matinee, has tea with Oliver Herford and then catches the 5:22 ferry and train for Rahway.

Important Announcement

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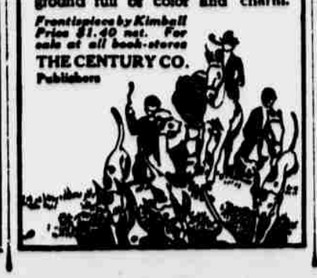

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