

COLE, WHITLOCK & COOPER
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
THE SPITZER BUILDING
TOLEDO, OHIO

LEONE

EDWARD WHITLOCK

JOSEPH D. COOPER

5 December 1900

My dear Mr. Dunbar:

I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but my plans with all my other business and I did not get to see you, or to make the pleasant vacation of that planned together. The fact is, that I have had no vacation at all. For about that time I expected to see you in the Catskills, I was once with some one for the Mountain Society and they kept me in town for a month, and then the fall term of court, about and I have been that one in your law since. I am going to a camp in which I have been out of the State but in my policy but that is all. Your telegram to me came while I was gone, and I hope

a single brought here in my office was not
forwarded to me. I think you will pardon
me; I am a shiftless, trifling person as to
time, which given to postponement and delay.

And now, if the usual apologies that
characterize much of my correspondence are
deemed sufficient, let me tell you of some
good news I've had, nothing less, my dear
friend, than a letter from Mr. Howell!

You must know it full, so I shall leave
to imagine how happy at I have been.
It did not come about quite as dramatic-
ally as your discovery did, but then,
I am not as worthy as you - it is
quite sufficient to bring me up for a
long time to come. It happened in the
winter - a long time ago the morning
after Mr. Howells' attention to a story of
mine, and he liked it. Then the other
day, like a flash of sun out of a
cloudy sky, I was about to see the old
figure of the Thunder Club and the clear
sky, but it was not to be, came a letter

to Mr. Howells asking if he thought I

would do a novel of actual American
U.S.A.

life for the consideration of Harriet. I at once wrote him, and have
 since had a beautiful letter from him, written in his fine spirit of
 unassuming kindness. I have told him more of intention than of
 my fulfillment, - but I am now half way through a novel and am
 to send the MS. to him when it is done. I am working day and
 night, in every spare moment to finish it, and hope to have it in
 his hands this week. It is not the novel I told you of, but
 another. The first with 20,000 words written I laid aside to give
 to an impulse to Hawthorne a story I had begun, and which almost
 of its own volition grew and grew, until it is now, if I can only
 pour my conception on paper, in a fair way to make a book.
 Meanwhile, the other novel clamors within me for expression and
 I shall take that up when this is done. On the heels of
 this, came a letter from D. Appleton & Co., asking me for a
 novel, so that now, if you'll pardon slang, it is up to me.
 Shall I be able to make good?

I must tell you how fine and strong is your power in
 this month's Century. When I read it about to Mrs. Whitlock last
 night her eyes filled - and mine - well, tears' tribute enough
 for you. We have not so long felt what you expressed, and
 I have thought deeply and painfully on all three problems. If
 I would venture on questions, in the nature of criticism, I would
 object to the suggestion of innocence, not because it is at all
 novel, but for this reason - suppose, he were guilty, would it reward
 the deed? The fault is, our whole system of punishment, of
 imprisonment, of jails and gallows is a barbarous anachronism,
 and I grow sick of the tribunals which is always looking for
 a victim, guilty or innocent, legally - illegally. The worst of it
 is that I cannot get away from the conviction that I am an
 unwilling participant in it all, in all the infidelity towards our fellow
 human beings, and to all you and to all everyone. In all countries -
 from society's standard habit of separating people into classes, brought
 on various false and artificial distinctions in regarding some people
 not as people, but as poor people, as bad people, or black people, or
 some other kind of people. This is the fundamental evil, the base

error, and out of it grow all these
 awful deeds. The same spirit that
 burned a poor boy in Colorado, actuates
 the reformers who are crusading against
 vice in New York, and considering what
 form of punishment will do for the
 poor man in Chicago, why, of course, the
 New Yorkers and Chicagoans are eminently
 respectable, and have ^{and have equal grounds for their action} ~~no~~ ^{for their action}
 respectable, that is all. By all means
 the same remedy - more punishment,
 more policemen, more jails. The ~~cause~~
 not is a ~~cause~~ ^{cause} even by ~~some~~ ^{some} religious
~~persons~~ ^{persons}, the death penalty has
 been abolished, only, ~~that~~ ^{that} when it is at
 once patent to any mind that the
 death penalty is not what they want,
 but burning, some form of ~~death~~
 added to the death penalty.

I did not intend to inform you
 this - but I feel deeply on these
 subjects, and I couldn't resist. My
 point, so far as indignity goes,
 is that we must abolish punishment
 in all its heinous hideous forms,

and substitute love and forgiveness and
compassion; above all, in that love,
you give every man a chance - and life is
happy for all.

All this, poetry, is prophecy, and
you are a poet and a prophet, so you
will be a part in bringing these
things to pass in a day long after
our time, perhaps, but in a
day that will come.

I have for a copy of the
opinion of the court in ~~the~~
Tom v. Daily et al., of which I
told you long ago, and I'll send it
to you tomorrow. Maybe you can
get a review for a story out of it.

Yours always sincerely
Frank Whittaker

P.S. I have a political story, written
in a light vein, and it "sells
well," but it has 8000 words.
Do you think there would be
any use in my submitting it
to the Saturday Evening Post
- that is would they consider
anything that long?

P.S.

Partial Transcription of Whitlock's Letter to Dunbar, dated 5 December, 1900.

My Dear Mr. Dunbar:

I have been intending to write to you for a long time. Your [...] any places [...] all away last summer and I did not get to see you or to [...] the pleasant vacation we had planned together. The truth is that I had no vacation at all for about the time I planned to join you in the Catskills I was called into some cases for the Humane Society here and they kept me in court for a month, and then the fall term of the court opened and we have been head over ears in work ever since. I did get a case in which to run down into the State court so may [...] but that is all. Your telegram to me came while I was gone and through a slight oversight here in my office was not forwarded to me. I trust you will pardon me; I am a shiftless, trifling person as to (post?) much given to postponement and delay. And more, if the usual apologies that characterize much of my correspondence are deemed sufficient let me tell you of some good luck I've had, nothing less my dear friend than a letter from Mr. Howells! You know how it feels, so I shall (leave?) to imagine how puffed up I have been. If he'd not come about quite as dramatically as your "discovery" did back then. I am not as worthy as you - it is quite sufficient to bouy me up for a long time to come. It happened in this way - a long time ago Mr. Darrow called Mr. Howell's attention to a story of mine and he liked it. Then the other day like a flash of sun and in a cloudy sky (I was about to use the old figure of the thunder clap not the clear sky, but it will do) came a letter to Mr. Darrow asking if he thought I would do a novel of actual American life for the consideration of Harper's. I at once wrote him and have since had a beautiful letter from him, written in his fine spirit of (unexampld) kindness. I have told him more of intentions than of any fulfillment - but I am now half way through a novel and am to send the rest to him when it is done. I am working day and night in any spare moments to finish it and hope to have it in his hands this winter. It is not the novel I told you of, but another. The first with 25,000 words written I laid aside to É to an impulse to develop a story I had begun, and which almost of its own volition grew and grew until it is now, if I can only (paint?) my conception on paper in a fair way to make a book. Meanwhile, the others were clamorous within me for expression and I shall take that up when this is done. On the heels of this, came a letter from D. Appleton & Co. asking me for a novel, so that now if you'll pardon slang, it is up to me. Shall I be able to make good? I must tell you how fine and strong is your poem in this month's Century. When I read it aloud to Mrs. Whitlock last night her eyes filled and mine well, there's tribute enough for you. We have both so long felt what you expressed and I have thought deeply and painfully on all these problems. If I would (venture our?) questions in the nature of criticism I would [...] to the suggestion of innocence not because it is at war [...] but for this reason - suppose he were guilty would it excuse the (rest?) The truth is our whole system of punishment of criminal law of jails and gallows is a barbarous anachronism and I grow sick of the brutishness which is always looking for a victim guilty or innocent, legally or illegally. The worst of it all is that I must get away from the (convictions?) that I am an unwilling participant in it all in all this infidelity towards our fellow human beings (as?) so are you and as is everyone. It all comes from society's [...] of separating people into classes (forced?) in various false and artificial distinctions in regarding some people not as people and as poor people as bad people or black people as some other kind of people. This is the fundamental difficulty, the basic error and out of it grows all these awful deeds. The same spirit that buried a poor boy in Colorado activates the reformers who are crusading against (?) in New York or considering what form of punishment will do for the hold up man in Chicago, only of course, the New Yorkers and Chicagoans are eminently respectable, and have legal crowds for their action, that is all. They all

propose the same remedy - more punishment, more policemen, more jails. The Colorado mob is excused even by some religious papers because the death penalty has been abolished out there when it is at once (?) to any (?) that the death penalty is not what they want but burning, some form of torture added to the death penalty. I did not intend to inflict you thus - but I feel deeply on these subjects and I couldn't resist. My point so feebly and inadequately made is that we must abolish punishment in all its heinous hideous forms, and substitute love and forgiveness and compassion; above all in that love. Give every man a chance - and life will be happy for all. All true poetry is prophesy and you are a poet and a prophet so you will (play?) a part in bringing these things to pass in a day long after our own time, perhaps, but in a day that will come. I have had a copy near of the opinions of the court in *Torn V. Daily et. al.* of which I told you long ago and I'll send it to you tomorrow. Maybe you can get a germ for a story out of it. Yours always sincerely, Brand Whitlock P.S. I have a political story, written in a light vein, and it "ends well", but it has 8000 words. Do you think there would be any use in my submitting it to the Saturday Evening Post - that is would they consider anything that long? B.W."]

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