

116. A Tilton Steele of San Francisco to W.C. Hopkins

a copy.

333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal.
San Francisco 8 June 8th, 1913.

I suppose you had given up all hope of ever hearing from me on this H.D. business. E. G. has come and gone some days ago and yet you are without any news from me !!! Well, to begin with - I was over at Jefferson Square Hall, the same place we were at, to hear E.G. lecture. I enclose one of the cards which were distributed free among the audience. I attended only two of them, the first or rather the second and the last. At the first one I pretended I did not know there was a charge for admission so did not bring enough money with me. I was dressed and looked somewhat shabby so I guess was taken for a poor fellow out of a job. I said if Mr. Har Dayal was in the room he would most surely stand surety for me and let me in for which I would be very much obliged and I wanted very much to see and hear what E.G. "that wonderful woman" !!!! said, and I would surely come again the following day and pay double! This was in the afternoon on Sunday, May 25th., I read of this lecture to be delivered by E.G. at 3 pm that day but did not know exactly about the other dates upon which she would speak. The woman at the door then called a man who was standing nearby and asked him to fetch H.D. He returned a short while after saying H.D. was not to be seen anywhere around - he had looked all over for him. I replied that I would wait for him. I stood around there for about 15 minutes and finally went up to the woman again. The lecturer was evidently speaking for I could hear her voice from outside and I thought I would find out if that was E.G. speaking. I asked if I may have some literature and she handed me the red card which I send you. About that time a man came up from the elevator who seemed to be someone in authority in the place for he asked "Am I late? Is she on?" The woman said: this man is waiting for H.D. to take him in. Do you know if H.D. is coming? The man turned to me and said "Oh, are you a friend of Mr. H.D.?" "I am acquainted with him", I said, "we were both from India and I was in sympathy with him and his views". He replied, "Come in with me, my name is Ritegan". I declined the invitation saying that from the card there would be another lecture at 8 p.m. that night and I would come back and perhaps H.D. would be there at that time. He said "Oh, no. H.D. is in Portland, he is one of our most valued and talented leaders and it wouldn't do to have all our leaders in one place - we have mighty few of them". He went in then and I left the place. That same night I went again. I met the same man at the door, paid my 25¢ and went in. I did not buy any literature for the writings of anarchists can be procured anywhere by you without difficulty. I had a talk with Ritegan again after the lecture. He said H.D. was a most remarkable man, a genius in fact: that same day the world would take notice of him and that the British Government in India would take notice of him and find to its cost that it did not pay to oppress and tyrannise over a people that produced such men as H.D. H.D., he said, was like Napoleon in Elba, in exile, from his native land, but in exile he was more dangerous than at home. Just then

we were interrupted by a couple of men who came up and joined in the conversation which drifted to other subjects - "Syndicalism" particularly. It was about midnight before I got home that night.

On Friday May 30th. I went for the last time but Ritzman was too busily engaged to say much to me. He seemed pleased to see me said that my friend H.D. was still in Portland - was there in fact - paving the way for E.G. who would be leaving on Monday June 2nd. for Portland - then H.D. would go to Seattle Wash., and be the advance agent there too for E.G. on her tour. Whether he would keep on "advancing" with E.G. on his trail or not I am not able to say. You can no doubt get that information from other sources nearer at hand.

Yours always

ed. A. T. S.

Note

E. G. refers to Emma Goldman, the anarchist

H. D. " " Har Dayal

Webb