

Stray Thoughts on May Day

Lucy E. Parsons

June 1, 1912

May 1st has marked a time in the long procession of the centuries. The beautiful month of May, when all nature emerges from her long, dreary, winter's sleep. Beautiful month of springtime and flowers. Man, too, revives his hopes and renews his resolves, for he, also, feels the flood-tide of nature in his own being and responds as best he can to her charming voice.

What more appropriate time could the workers choose to renew their efforts to inaugurate a better day, a better life for themselves? I noticed that this grand old International Day was more widely observed this year than has been the case in recent years.

The papers tell us of its observance both in America and Europe on an extensive scale. I was in Cleveland on May 1st and witnessed a fine demonstration by Socialists, on the Public Square; the speeches were fine and appropriate.

Well, I am on another trip through the East, however, I shall not go farther East than Ohio this time. I find organized labor somewhat in the position of Mr McCawber, Esq., "waiting for something to turn up."

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