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EDITORIAL

MAY DAY RAYS.

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'TIS not only upon the beautiful, but also upon the ugly; 'tis not only upon the just, but also upon the unjust that the rays of the rising sun fall, and thereby illumine them. Likewise with the May Day sun: its rays throw light not upon the militant, class-conscious proletariat only; they also throw light upon the cravens that creep under the mantle of Socialism, and, fully aware of their own incapacity to deal with the Social Question from the manly stand that the Question demands, seek to bring it down {to} the level of a sleight-of-hand affair, where their own mediocre and double-dealing powers may afford them a chance to figure.

May Day is that international celebration of the Wage Slave, appointed by himself, for the purpose of attesting the fullness of his class' programme. It is on May Day that the full significance of the Movement of the Proletariat is made manifest. A Movement of final emancipation for the race, the Movement of the Proletariat is arrayed against one and all of the superstitions and mystifications that the Class of the Usurpers have managed to benumb the minds of the Working Class with, so as to keep it divided, and its limbs fettered so as to prevent it from striking the blow that is to deliver it. May Day, accordingly, is planted on the rock-bed of Science and Humanity, Knowledge and Sentiment; it is, accordingly, the utterance of a practical aspiration; it is, accordingly, an epitomized declaration of the principle of the Class Struggle; it is, in fine, pre-eminently of political significance, and an annual globe-encircling trumpet-blast of the pregnant, manly utterance: "The emancipation of the Working Class must be the achievement of the Working Class itself!" Upon this fact, together with the militant Socialists who uphold it the world over, the rays of the May Day sun throw their light, bringing out both the principle and its apostles into bold, illumined relief.

That the light of that same sun also falls upon the cravens who would degrade the great issue, and, thus plucking the cloak of night from off their backs, exposes

them to public gaze, is proved regularly every year. This year the cravens in Los Angeles, Cal., take the palm.

As our readers have been informed by communications from Los Angeles, the Kangaroo Social Democrats, who pose as Socialists, proposed to the Pure and Simple central organization of that city to join them in a May Day celebration. Does the Socialist cloak of such proposition fit the proposers? Let events answer. Thanks to the propaganda of the S.L.P. the significance of May Day is pretty generally known. A benighted pure and simple delegate, present at that particular meeting, had some inkling of the matter. "What," exclaimed he, "a May Day celebration? That's a political affair!" and he objected. What, thereupon, was the conduct of the Kangaroo Social Democratic proposer? Did he seek to enlighten this dense brother? Did he say; "Yes, May Day is a political affair, and it is natural and right that it be so," and did he then proceed to tear the scales from the eyes of this blind member of the Working Class, and the rest of the delegates, by proving to them that the whole Labor Question was pre-eminently a political question, impossible of solution except by the class-conscious action of the Working Class against the Capitalist Class? NO! He ducked. A true "Borer from Within," he resorted to jugglery, and showed the white feather. His answer was that May Day was only a preparation for that "other Labor Day in September"! In other words: May Day, the day appointed by the Working Class itself, irrespective, and in the teeth of their exploiters, and as a demonstration of the workers' class-consciousness, is but a preparation for that "Labor Day," so-called, granted by capitalist politicians to the workers, like slave-owners might grant a holiday to their slaves, and at which the workingman and the capitalist, or his political lackeys, meet, and in "harmonious speeches" trample upon the principle of the Class Struggle, and insult the dignity of the Working Class, with declamations on the "Brotherhood of Capital and Labor"!—The proposition to join was, of course, rejected.

The rays of this year's rising May Day sun will in many other places expose the pseudo-Socialist, and throw its halo upon the militant. Yet it is hardly possible that anywhere will it more fully confute, than it did in Los Angeles, the craven Kangaroo Social Democrat, who, decking himself with the trappings of Socialism, "battles for the emancipation of the race,"—by deserting its standard.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.

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