



Entered as second class matter January 18, 1907, at the postoffice at Indianapolis, Indiana, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. XIII

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1913

No. 10

The Dawn of Freedom

To me the sky looks bluer,
 And the green grass greener still;
 And earth's flowers seem more lovely
 As they bloom on heath and hill.
 There's a beauty breathing round me
 Like a newborn Eden now,
 And forgotten are the furrows
 Grief has grown on my brow.

There is gladness in the sunshine
 As its gold light gilds the trees,
 And I hear a voice of music
 Singing to me in the breeze.
 There is in my heart a lightness
 That seemeth not of me,
 For today I've burst from bondage
 And I feel that I am free.

Free in the golden sunshine
 Free in the fresh pure air,
 Where the flowers of the forest
 In their wild homes flourish fair.
 Free to thought, to give expression,
 To sing, to dance and show
 That the stern old world has not crushed
 me,
 With its weary weight of woe.

Are the years of care and sorrow
 But a dark dream of the past
 Or this new life but a vision
 That is all too bright to last?
 How exultingly my spirit
 Flashes forth its newborn glee
 As amid rejoicing nature
 I can feel that I am free.

Free in the bright glad sunshine,
 Free in the fresh pure air,
 My heart with gladness throbbing,
 And on my brow, no care.
 There's the blue sky all above me,
 Not a prison roof between,
 And at my feet the flowers,
 Nestle in verdure green.

Hark! I hear the breezes singing,
 Lift thy heart to God on high,
 Who hath brought thee back from sor-
 row,
 To this world of hope and joy.
 And the little nodding flowers
 In chorus sing to me,
 "If thy God from sin shall free thee,
 Then thou shalt indeed be free!"

—John Charles Shea.

The Defender of the Defenseless.

Years ago a man unknown to fame, a young man with an old face, all lined and seamed with woe and want of suffering thousands, sat in the Governor's chair at Springfield, Ill.

Twenty years ago, almost; it was when John P. Altgeld was Governor, the eagle-eyed pioneer of radicalism, who saw with prophetic vision many things others did not see until years afterward, and then, as is the way of the world, was punished, persecuted and crushed for what he saw and dared proclaim.

This young Chicago lawyer had left his practice to come to the State Capitol in the interest of a prisoner, whose release he sought. He asked an interview with the Governor. He got it. He failed in his mission.

But through the years, through success and failure, through prosecution and persecution, leaving behind the profitable legal work of the corporations, carrying forward the banner of labor, he has fought the battles, advocated the rights and plead for the liberties of those who toil. He was and is labor's staunchest legal advocate.

The interests always recognize brains. Sometimes the people don't. The interests always reward service. Sometimes the people don't. When the interests cannot buy a man they seek to ruin him. Clarence Darrow stands today, not prosecuted, but persecuted.

Even some of the men whose cause he had plead have doubted him and deserted him. But the rank and file of labor will stand by him and future generations will perpetuate in stone and bronze, in prose and poetry, in painting and print, the words and gestures and face and form of the man who spoke for those who could not speak for themselves, the dauntless defender of the defenseless.