

asnore at Brisbane. He looked so frail that the husky dock labourers jeered at his physical weakness. Yet less than ten years from that date he was their militant leader marching on to the Rulership of all Australia.

In those days Australia was a rough land. Beef, bullying and brawn were the things that counted most in that paradise of ticket-of-leave men. Hughes bucked the sternest game in the world and with it began a series of adventures that read like a romance and give a stirring background to the man's extraordinary public achievements.

Hughes found out at once that all hope of earning a livelihood by teaching in the bush was out of the question. His money was gone: he had to exist, so he took the first job that came his way. A band of timber-cutters about to go for a month's sojourn in the woods needed a cook, so Hughes became their potslinger. Frail as he was, he seemed to thrive on hardship. In succession he became sheep shearer, railway labourer, boundary rider, stock runner, scrub-cleaner, coastal sailor, dishwasher in a bush hotel, itinerant umbrella-mender and sheep drover.

With a small band he once brought fifty