

of the whole tactics of their subsequent policy, evaded and disguised this issue. They declared that immediate realisation was not thought of—was not possible. This landed them at once in a difficulty with their Unionist supporters. "Why," they asked, "should we support your political campaign, if the objective of the campaign is neither possible nor realisable in our time?" Lane supplied the answer. He wrote in *The Worker*: "In one year a people's Parliament will give Queensland workers more justice than can be wrung from capitalistic Parliaments in a generation." The dilemma which he presented to the mutinous Unionists was in effect this: "You can get immediate instalments this way. In any other way, you stand to get nothing." The story of the little boy, the nuts, and the narrow-necked jar had not been written in vain.

It was not so easy to placate the Trades Unionists. Their Secretaries or Boardsmen were certain to be the accredited candidates at the next political campaign. Such a programme was as dangerous as a badly constructed bomb, which might explode at any moment while its holder was in charge of it. They declined to face the public with such a bomb in their hands. Some safe vessel must be found in which to carry the bomb secretly. Once in position and with an opportunity, they could produce the bomb with more certain and deadly effect.

This was the beginning of the rift between the Labour Federation and Lane, who, good hater as he was, always hated even the semblance of deceit from the very bottom of his soul. Like all enthusiasts he dearly loved a direct frontal attack. He was overborne. The next step was to manufacture a fitting