

necessary, a fictitious past, many an able man has been driven from public life. Many of Australia's intellects are, through this scarcely veiled terrorism, deterred from taking any participation in it. And yet, some of the owners and writers of these sheets are notoriously miniature Catalines.

In order to stimulate a circulation, these journals, when not engaged on their peculiar purple patches of personal biography, are mere weekly scavengers of the garbage of certain species of police and divorce court cases. The drift often rushes into the cult of pornography. Others display a remarkable ingenuity in covering over the collected garbage, public or private, with very thin ice and then skating over it fantastically and exultantly for the benefit of Saturday and Sunday reading. Both the Socialistic journal and its guerilla brother are violent and aggressive custodians of all the liberties and the consequent virtues and progress of the people. The one stops short at matters of public interest, the other carries its hypocrisies right out to the open sea of pornography.

As advertising sheets for a certain class of medical practitioner, and the literature of his craft, the guerilla publication is invaluable, and the result of the two journalistic allies' work is, that they enjoy together by far the largest weekly newspaper circulation in Australia. And "oh! the pity of it."

Reverting to the original impulse towards Socialism, Lane having founded *The Worker* began his campaign for the solidarity of Labour into one vast Trades Union. Trades Unionism had for him, as it stood then, the taint of Conservatism about it. The Trades