

first they yelled him down, but he stood smiling, resolute, undaunted. He began to talk: the tumult subsided: he stepped forward, stamped his foot and said in a voice that reached to every corner:

"You shall not strike." And they did not. David had defied the Goliaths.

From that time on Hughes was the Brains of Australian Labour. He organised his industrial rough riders into a powerful and constructive union. With it he drove a wedge into the New South Wales Legislature and gave industry, for the first time, a seat in its Councils. He became its Parliamentary Voice. He was only thirty.

Having got his foot in the doorway of public life, he now jammed the portal wide open. As trade union official he forged ahead. He became the Father Confessor of the Worker. His advice always was: "Avoid violence: put your faith in the ballot box." With this creed he tamed the Labour Jungle: through it he built up an industrial legislative group that acknowledged him as chief.

Though he was rising to fame the struggle for existence was hard. No matter how