

British Empire, a policy which shall cover every phase of our national, economic, and social life; which shall develop our tremendous resources, and yet be compatible with those ideals of liberty and justice for which our ancestors fought and died, and for which the men of our race now, in this, the greatest of all wars, are fighting and dying in a fashion worthy of their breeding.

“Let us set sail upon a definite course as becomes a mighty nation to whom has been entrusted the destiny of one-fourth of the whole human race.”

Hughes is the most accessible of men. The humblest wharf-rustler in Australia hails him by his first name. A characteristic incident will show the comradeship that exists between this leader and his constituency.

On his last visit to England he crossed over to France to visit the Australian troops at the front. He was walking through a trench accompanied by General Birdwood, who is Commander-in-Chief of the overseas contingent, and stopped to chat with a group of soldiers who had fought at Gallipoli. Suddenly a shell shrieked overhead. A Tommy from Sydney yelled to the Premier: