

because his daily work kept them all in exercise. Hodge's No. 4 he was compelled to make into a group. The first was standing on each leg alternately and swinging the other fore and aft, keeping the leg perfectly rigid and extending the arc an inch every now and then. His second was whacking himself on the posteriors alternately with the heel of each foot. His third in this acrostic was rising from his knees to his feet several times in swift succession, keeping his arms folded.

"YES," he argued to himself, talking aloud while Madam Hodge and the girls just rising from their downy couches in the rooms below heard it as a sort of Hindu monotone, "if I can get the muscles jacked up, the lungs and heart have got to fall into line. Increased exercise means increased air to the bottom of the lungs and quickened circulation in the arteries. The diaphragm is the grand net result. Confound those indolent women—I've a notion to get them all up here and give them a drill."

But Hodge very prudently restrained this impulse. He even locked the door, stuffed putty in the key-hole, and went at No. 5; which was on behalf of the muscles in the upper part of his legs. This involved imitating to some extent the soldiers at Swedish gymnastics; spreading his colossus out till the muscles began to crack and then fetching the legs together exactly like a pair of sheep shears, using his arms at the same time. The other phase of No. 5 was approximated from the ballet. In order to get the high kick, Hodge put in an evening at a burlesque house watching the girlies. He did this with the mental reservations, quietly pitying the thousand or more men who were smoking themselves half sick just watching the show, whereas he was doing it for the sake of cultivating his manhood on the principle of the Salvation Army, who used to say that the devil had no business to a monopoly of the best music. Of course this burlesque excursion got noised about among members of the club and was finally sifted down via the wives route to his own family. And the comments of Mrs. and the Misses Hodge on this crusade were so acrid that many a time Hodge felt like exploding his indignation. But he stoically resolved to adhere to his policy of self-repression. Let the ladies think what they liked. Hodge went after the high kick in the attic as a phase of No. 5. And by the advent of warm weather he had that up to an altitude of chin high.

No. 6 required horizontal bars which he rigged up and went at various movements known to all gymnasts; raising himself, entire weight, on both hands; pulling himself chin-high by his arms up to seven times; skinning the cat and a number of other hackneyed but quite useful exploits.

BY the end of this Hodge was limbered up sufficiently for the holding out of weights and the use of medium-sized dumb-bells. These he grouped as No. 7.

No. 8 he invented himself: lying flat on his back and with his hands under his hips raising his feet and legs and that part of his torso south of his shoulders into a perfectly vertical position. This gave him poise and a just sense of the ridiculous.

Of course, in all these attic diversions Hodge was careful to keep all the windows open and to do as many of them as possible in the altogether in the full sunlight of the east window. And Madam and the Misses Hodge never knew what glorified Greek snapshots of culturizing manhood Mr. Hodge was letting go to waste up there in his self-appointed monastery down till the end of March.

By this time Hodge was ready for a week's extension of his course in the backyard, as a prelude to going full tilt at the garden which this year he proposed to operate entirely himself from the spading and the lugging of manure unto the gathering of the crop in the summer and fall.

A useful preliminary to the backyard course, however, Hodge considered to be a crescendo Marathon around one block, block and a half, two blocks on the low run, clad in a sweater and

cap and running shoes, much to the amusement of the milkmen. This gave him a general tuning up for the grand performance pictured on a previous page which consisted mainly in vaulting. Hodge began his vaulting by the hand method; with great agility grasping the top of the line fence and hurling himself with a smile into the neighbour's yard, then back again; repeated several times considerably to the edification of people getting up in seventeen houses various directions; for the trees were not even budded as yet, and Hodge's athletic form could be plainly seen by half the block.

From hand-vaulting into his neighbour's yard, Hodge got to pole-vaulting over the high fence at the rear into the lane. Which he did not because it was absolutely needed in his business, but because he liked the sensation and found the exercise of hoisting himself on high the next best thing to taking the wings of the morning.

When Hodge really got to the point where he felt like a morning star because of the indirect discovery of his diaphragm, he was a dangerous man. But proud. Oh, yes, he went about realizing that his vest was 41 and his chest 44. No such discrepancy under his hat. Hodge was never a heady man. He knew how ridiculous he would be to strut. All the fellows down town observed was a spring in his step, a gleam in his eye and a glow in his cheeks; very commonplace symptoms. And of course Hodge may have been taking spring tonic.

If any of them had ever seen Hodge in puris nat. they would have known better. He was a self-remade man. He could have gone back to the bush



THE EMPIRE'S CHIEF PRIVATE SECRETARY.

NEXT to the Prime Minister of the British Empire, the most important personage in England is the private secretary, since everything that reaches him necessarily passes through the private secretary's hands. The private secretary is the Premier's chief confidant, his tactful adviser, his memory, and even his conscience.

Premier Lloyd George created a sensation when he announced that he had appointed a woman as his secretary, as this is almost without precedent, but quite characteristic of Lloyd George.

Miss Stevenson has gone up the ladder with the Premier. She acted as his secretary in connection with the preparation of the National Insurance Act, when he became Chancellor. When he became Minister of Munitions, she became second of his secretaries, of which he had five. She went with him to the War Office, and now is advanced to the role of principal private secretary. Miss Stevenson's brother was killed last year at the front in France, in the battle of Guinchy.

Among the best known of her predecessors has been Lord Rowton, the private secretary of Lord Beaconsfield; the late Sir Schomberg McDonnell, who was private secretary of Lord Salisbury, and Sir Algeron West, who was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

and held up his end on a crosscut saw beside a swamp elm. He knew that. He felt irrepressibly—

"By George!" he would say, lighting his pipe as he glanced over his shoulder at Madam Hodge. "I'd say 'dynamic' if she wouldn't giggle. Wait till I get at the garden."

Hodge's prodigiosities with the spade and the manure barrow are no part of this narrative in self conquest. Any man can dig a garden. Hodge did his better and quicker than anybody else on the street. But he sighed for bigger worlds.

When a man gets a rehabilitated virility like Hodge's, he is likely to find new worlds or make them. He was far too dynamic for all-day in the office and had too much ginger to remain a mere gentleman. In fact he went looking for trouble.

HE found it. The streets were full of things that irritated the new Hodge. The whole town he lived in felt like a badly run place. Half the people he saw were dawdling. In half an hour he counted fifty young chaps that looked like physical derelicts. Why weren't they at the front? Or doing something productive? Hodge would have taken a complete census of Canadian energy. Not to be a Prussian. No but free people should be as dynamic as slaves. Why should all these young and middle-aged men be at such low pressure? Why should there be a recruiting sergeant on every corner wasting effort trying to corral such men into the army?

Wasted energy, time, brains—everything. It made Hodge furious. But he wrote no letters to the editor. "Busted game!" he said, in robust vernacular.

But why doesn't public opinion stop this waste of mankind?"

Hodge was now an evangel. He had the feeling of the old-style Methodist brother who used to stop young men on the street and ask them how they were getting along in their souls. He said to himself that with all his attic culture he hadn't the courage of a country preacher. He was a rejuvenated hypocrite. What would Christ have said to him? The city, public opinion, the church, the club, the newspaper, the State, might dawdle along for a decade without making much progress unless people like himself took hold of things.

So one dancing May morning, as he walked down to the office, Hodge bumped into a covey of loose-jointed idlers at the door of a corner hotel. A sergeant was doing his best to convince two of these hangers-on that the world needed them elsewhere. But he was at his rope's end.

Hodge stopped and looked over the lot. He didn't like the rather cynical aspect of the gang, and he somewhat pitied the ineptitude of the sergeant, who was a good man so far as he went, but there wasn't very much of him.

He walked right into the crowd with the energy of a policeman. They at once became hostile. This fellow had some sort of gospel up his sleeve. "I say, old cock," blurted one, in a slouchy hat, "are you lookin' fer trouble?"

"My dear sir," said Hodge, "if your name is Trouble, I am. Why don't you—"

IT was "Sikim" to a dog. The crowd knew at once what he intended to say. They closed on him like a high wind on a tree. The sergeant stepped back to see what he would do. But he never found out. Hodge himself scarcely knew that. But the five men in his immediate vicinity suddenly realized that this chin-up old cock with the genteel clothes and the iron-grey hair was somewhat related to the genus jiu-jitsu. It was marvellous how they found out. Hodge said nothing. He just put himself into action on any arm, leg or joint that came handy. As a mere matter of avoirdupois they could have chucked him over a street-car. But it was all too sudden. There was a fair percentage of alcohol in the crowd. They would have given a policeman a bad time. But there was some queer benevolence about this rejuvenated civilian.

"Who yer shovin'?" barked a coal-heaverish person. He grabbed Hodge. But he got the surprise of his life. He couldn't hold Hodge. While he was trying to do so Hodge removed

(Concluded on page 23.)