

more. And that goes for the gang, too. So you just git back to your pots and pans, and give the men the kind of grub they're used to, and anybody that wants stimulants kin ask for it. Stimulant? Huh!"

That should of held Joe, but it didn't. We hadn't no more than got over the effects of the stimulant, when we began to notice a sprinklin' of bran in everythin' we et; bran in the porridge, bran in the puddin', bran in the soup. But the end came when the ijut sent in a bran mash straight for dinner one day.

Dan sent for Joe to come in.

"You blankety blank blank blanket!" he hollers, "What kind of carryin's on is this? What do you think you're feedin'—a bunch of cows? Or did you think somebody ast for a poultice when you sent them slops in?"

"Well," Joe says, "it looked to me like the boys wasn't gittin' enough coarse foods to ensure proper peristalsis. Bran, although containin' very little nutriment in itself, has an important part to play in——"

"Oh, git out of here," Dan hollers, "I ain't goin' to set and listen to no such yawp as that."

It was rough on Joe, but the boss was mad, and you couldn't blame him for it, his stomach bein' all out of kelter and clogged up with bran, the way it was.

That kind of discouraged Joe, in one way, and in another way it only made him harder than ever to put up with.

He had it figgered out that the two main branches of fizzical culture was diet and exercise; so when he seen that Dan wouldn't stand for no more tinkern' with the men's diet, he started naggin' us about neglectin' our exercise. Mind you! neglectin' our exercise, and us puttin' in ten hours a day at heavy bush-whackin'.

"That's all right in a way," Joe says, "but you're only usin' one set of muscles all the time, and over-developin' that set at the expense of the

others. Youse fellers are layn' the foundations for occupational disease.

"Occupational fiddlesticks!" I says. "If there is any muscle in a man's body that don't ache after the first day of hard choppin', it's one that I ain't never heard tell of."

Joe didn't git much sympathy from the men, but that didn't prevent him from expoundin' the advantages of the fizzical culture rejeem whenever he got a chance. And then he was everlastin'ly buyin' contraptions to hang up on the wall to exercise yourself with, and Injun clubs, and dumb bells, and he told the boys they was welcome to make themselves free with the apparatus any time they felt like it.

He never stuck to any one kind of exercise for any length of time. It wasn't his nature. He was always findin' somethin' better.

Just when he had about spent his last cent on apparatus, as he called it, he discovers that the best way of exercisin' is not to use no apparatus at all, but just make the motions with your hands and let on to yourself that you're liftin' a weight. It was supposed to be cheaper than the other way, because you didn't have to buy no apparatus; but it didn't work out that way with Joe. I don't know but what he paid out more money for books tellin' how to get along without apparatus than he did for the apparatus in the first place.

One mornin' we found him twistin' and clawin' around in bed.

"Crazy as a loon!" Dan says, "I thought it'd come to this." And he made a jump and grabbed Joe by the arms.

Joe caved in then, and handed us over a book called "Exercisin' In Bed", wrote by some old galoot that restored his lost manhood by kickin' himself fifteen times with each foot before gittin' up in the mornin'. After that we wasn't surprised at nothin'.

Joe learned to do Fifty Exercises with a Chair, and Simple Exercises