

William Muldoon, Professor of Regularity

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE BUILDER UP OF RUNDOWN
HUMANITY AND HIS SYSTEM.

Practical Preacher of All Round Temperance Who Has Been
Muldooning Secretary Root Was the World's Champion
Greco-Roman Wrestler—Bitter Hater of Whisky
and Cigarettes—His Guests, From Statesmen
Down, Must Obey His Rules or They Are
Shown the Farm Gate.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

ARE you run down? Do you feel dopy? Does the dark brown taste adhere to the roof of your mouth? Do you rage and imagine vain things? Well, if so you are not a heathen. You are simply an overcivilized person. The trouble with you is that you have been pursuing too closely the golden calf, which can run faster than a bay steer, or you have been working too hard for a living. You have been dissipating. Perhaps the dissipation consists of too much work and the consequent worry. Perhaps it consists of cocktails, cigarettes or even champagne. Perhaps you are what teetotalers call "temperate," but you have been eating too heartily or partaking of food that is altogether too rich for your blood. No matter. Whether you have brain fog, mental stagnation, intellectual torpidity, nervous prostration or just a damned liver—damned up by a clogged system that cries for exercise and relief—there is one thing that you must have done to you before you get over the trouble. You must be muldooned.

Muldooning is the latest cure, even later than Christian Science. It is many centuries later than medicine. Perhaps it wasn't needed when men lived the simple life, before the days of

gardens to hoe and hay to rake and fork. Muldoon is called "Professor," and he deserves the title. Nearly twenty years ago he began his career as a professor of regularity and a practical preacher of all round temperance. He has no divinity degrees and probably no scholastic degrees, but he is one of the most successful doctors and preachers in this country, or any other.

Up to about 1889 William Muldoon was the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the world. He could throw any man on earth time and again. He went up against the champion of land after land and put him to the mat. He held the championship so many years that he got ashamed of his selfishness and voluntarily relinquished it so that the other fellows might have a chance. Then Muldoon entered upon his long career of muldooning.

One of the first conspicuous personalities to be muldooned was John L. Sullivan. Muldoon took the Boston bruiser in hand to put him in shape for the fight with Jake Kilrain. Sullivan, as everybody knows, was disqualified. When he went to Muldoon's he was unruly at first. But the professor gave him to understand that he

The Boston Bruiser.

pretty as the speckled sides of June apples, his shoulders looking as solid as his limbs, so lithe and active." Now the professor is past sixty, perhaps a little older than his present distinguished patient, Secretary Root, who is sixty-two and a half. Yet Muldoon still looks as pretty as the bloomy side of an Elberta peach, and he can punch the bag, box, wrestle, ride, walk or work to the limit of endurance for any one of his patients, even the youngest and strongest of them.

Genesis of Muldooning.

In his early manhood Muldoon was a cavalry officer. He served during the civil war and in the regular army after the war. It is said that he conceived his theory of building up rundown humanity in the service on the plains, when gangs of recruits were sent to him to be made into troopers. Many of the men who enlisted in those days just after the war were sorry specimens of humanity. Most of the good ablebodied fellows had had too much of war. It was difficult to get recruits. But when a man was starving he was willing to enlist, and Muldoon got many of that sort. He put them through a regular course of training—in eating, sleeping and working. They made new soldiers. That gave Muldoon his idea, which he put into practice a quarter of a century later. It was the genesis of muldooning.

Those who go to Muldoon's place go to him who must be obeyed. The professor is the commanding officer. He looks over the man and tells him precisely what to eat, how much and when. He prescribes just so many hours' sleep, usually about nine. The recruit must get up when the commander knocks on his door, about 6 o'clock. When Muldoon says work he must work, whether it be some form of play exercise or real labor in the fields. If a man needs something in his diet to make him sleep better, Muldoon feeds him lettuce, but more often he feeds him work.

Once a man went to Muldoon's who was troubled with sleeplessness. At "trap," 10 o'clock, every light is supposed to be put out. The professor noticed some time later a light in this man's room. He went in to read.

"All right, my man," muttered the professor.

"It was all wrong. That was merely the Muldoon way of keeping to himself what he intended doing next day to the detriment of his health." It was a little fellow or the biggest in the series. This keeps him mentally alert as well as physically.

Medicine Ball Drill.

Mr. Muldoon has invented one form of exercise which looks amusing to the outsider, but it is said to be the most efficacious of all. It is the medicine ball drill. The professor conceived the idea of making some balls ranging from six to thirty inches in diameter. The men at the farm divide into sides every morning and proceed to pass the medicine balls. No man knows at any moment the size or weight of the ball he is going to get tossed at him. It may be a little fellow or the biggest in the series. This keeps him mentally alert as well as physically.

Any system that trains the body and neglects the mind, according to Muldoon, is false to the first principles of physical culture. The ability to see, think and act at one and the same time is the secret of success in athletics as well as in life, says this master muldooner of men.

When Secretary Root went to Muldoon's some weeks ago he was in a condition which gave his friends much alarm. He had been working too hard. The secretaryship of state is no sinecure. Mr. Root was run down. For some time he had been thinking of going to Muldoon's, and his friends advised him to do so.

"Mr. Root feels like a new man already," said the professor a few days ago, and the secretary of state was seen to leap into the Muldoon wagon at the postoffice without touching the step, which went to prove that he was physically active.

The professor will not let Secretary Root work at official business more than two hours a day, and some days he is said to limit the premier to half an hour, according to his condition.

Horror! Riding is prescribed daily, winter or summer, rain or shine, and a daily walk of four miles or so is in the curriculum of this school for regularity. The Muldoon guests, from statesmen down, are simply pupils under the professor, who is quite a pedantic man, by the way, and will brook no interference with his authority. If a secretary of state or anybody else declines to obey the rules, what happens? Well, the head master is not authorized to go to the woods, cut a birch switch and apply it. But he shows the farm gate to the obstreperous one.

Every Sunday morning the guests are weighed. The professor also steps on the scales, for he wants to see whether he is keeping himself in condition. Any man who has gained flesh when he should have lost it, or vice versa, gets a change of treatment the following week. The change is largely in the matter of exercise or work, whether it be boxing, medicine balling, riding or hoeing potatoes.

It may be that the personality of Professor Muldoon counts for much in the muldooning of men. He exacts systematic obedience or he will have no time to do with a man. But a course in amateur muldooning is open to anybody, anywhere, at any time. If all of us were muldooned now and then, it would mean money in our pockets.

And there are no pockets in shrouds

"Here" And "There."
(By F. Doster.)
(Suggested by the death of Rev. W. A. Bunch.)

Another one's departed—
Gone to the other shore;
One by one we're gathering,
To live forever more.

Upon the fields of glory,
Robed all in spotless white,
Where comes no foul missive,
No trace of cheerless night.

Our ranks are growing thinner,
As one by one departs,
And leaves us growing sadder,
And weary in our hearts.

But on the fields of glory,
Beyond our mortal view,
The ranks are daily growing,
Filled with the tried and true.

At times the veil seems lifted,
That we can faintly see
The gathering friends in glory,
Beyond the mystic sea.

A rendezvous immortal,
Of men who've stood the test,
Who've passed their graduation
And entered into rest.

An undefined something
Hangs 'tween the "Here" and "There,"
That faintly lures the spectator
That some are soon to wear,
Oh! who will be the next one
To don the robe of life,
To gather with the trophies,
To touch the glowing lyre?

To "gather to his fathers,"
And sit the saints of old,
Upon the fields of glory,
Upon the streets of gold?

Milboro, K. F. D.

Mrs. Belle Elliot, wife of Elijah Elliot, and daughter of W. C. Booth, died at her home in Millboro last Saturday, of consumption, and was buried at Gray's Chapel Sunday. She leaves a husband, one son and two daughters to mourn their loss. The family have our sympathy in their bereavement.

Asst. U. S. Marshal, an old colored woman, was found dead by the road one morning last week. She had worked at Moody Falls the day before and died on the road on her way home. She was raised by the late Hols, McAden, and was a perfect type of the old slave negroes, who are becoming very scarce. She was loved and respected by all white people who know her. She leaves her husband, Henry Cable to mourn his loss.

The Bell Telephone Liemen have got wires upon their line from Greensboro to Roseau as far as Millboro, and are now working on their branch line to Worthville. They are camped at Millboro, having moved their tents from Pleasant Garden some time ago.

One of the negro liemen shot himself in the mouth at their camp in Millboro last Saturday fixing with a gun, but is not seriously hurt.

Rankin Lumber is very ill at his home near Gray's Chapel of dropsy.

The Birch Creek Lumber Co. moved their engine and boiler to Handman last Saturday, where they are putting up a planing mill and box factory.

Mrs. Mary Julian, an old and respected lady, is right sick at her home near Millboro.

Jim Lineberry came down from Randleman last Sunday and spent the day with his parents.

J. W. Page Esq., who was on the grand jury at Federal Court returned home last week.

Don't forget the 4th Sunday at Gray's Chapel. We shall expect to see you all there.

Caraway Items.

(Delayed From Last Issue.)

J. L. Briles is putting up his telephone line to Caraway this week, which will make seventeen lines coming into Caraway, and fifty-four plans in the system. Who will be the best to handle plenty of room yet.

Miss Hattie Jarrell left Friday for the Jacksonville Exposition. She will visit several towns and cities in line returning.

The Spruce Mill, now owned by Lambert and Hays, is being repaired and will be ready for operation by the first of next week.

Miss Edith Deane, daughter of W. A. Kennedy of E. P. D. No. 1, has never before been seen wearing a hat and carrying a walking stick.

Wagon No. 10, J. J. Bell's large 4 wheeler, is being repaired.

E. S. Farris' carpenter shop moving to Caraway, where he is engaged with A. A. Stevens in the lumber business.

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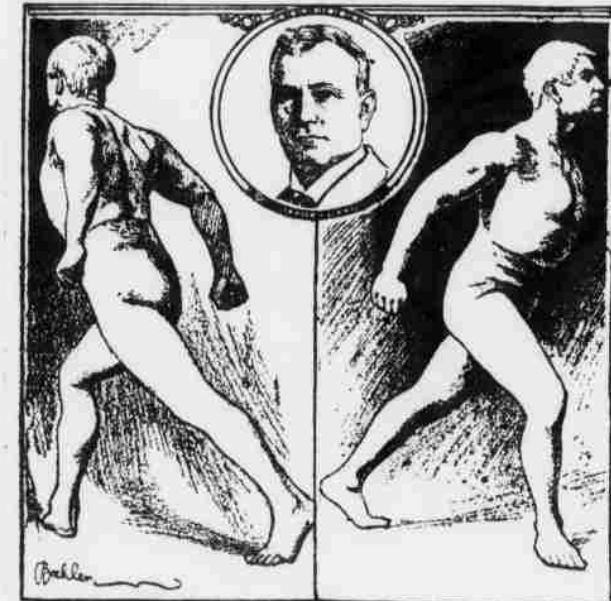
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WILLIAM MULDOON AND TWO OF HIS POSES AS A GRECO-
ROMAN WRESTLER.

subways and trolley cars and white wagons and stock tickers and daily papers and the ticking of noisy machines in noisome factories. But in these overcivilized days a severe course in muldooning becomes necessary now and then for many men.

And what is muldooning? Well, that remains me. An old farmer in Arkansas once remarked to a youngster:

"Young fellow, to be well an' stout an' peart you must eat reg'lar, sleep reg'lar an' work reg'lar, but," he added after a pause, "must too blimed reg'lar as to the work."

And that is the basement, superstructure, roof and skylight of muldooning—the whole circumference of the science of restoring mental and physical faculties which have fallen into bad habits and gone awry. It is the science of regularity without intolerance in eating, sleeping or working.

Luxury All Can Have.

Eliza Root just now is being muldooned. Mr. Root is the American premier, the secretary of state, with only two men in official rank between him and the presidency of the United States. He believes in muldooning, and that should be a good recommendation for the system. You need not go to William Muldoon's place, as Secretary Root has done, to be muldooned. You can muldoon yourself wherever you are. Mr. Muldoon has room for only a few men at a time, and it costs much money to be muldooned by Muldoon, the original muldooner. Consequently only the rich can afford to muldoon at Muldoon's. But this luxury is yours for the taking at your own home, for Mr. Muldoon hasn't patented his system.

Muldoon's place is a farm about two miles from White Plains, N. Y. There is a commodious house, with shower baths and a gymnasium. There are broad acres for walking over and long roads for riding along, and there are

must obey the rules absolutely or be chucked out, which would mean his probable defeat at the hands of Kilrain and the desertion of the friends who were trying to keep him in the championship. John L. trained under Muldoon and found Kilrain easy. Regularity did it.

Kid McCoy and other pugilists were put in shape by Muldoon to their advantage. But prize fighters have favored only a small percentage of Muldoon's list of patients. Rich New York citymen and society men, Wall streeters and professional giants have gone to Muldoon's with their lives endangered and their tongues wearing ornaments in August. They have undergone the six weeks or so of muldooning and come away feeling like new men.

There are two things which Professor Muldoon hates as a chicken hates a rattlesnake. Whisky is one and cigarettes the other. No whisky goes past his threshold, and a cigarette can't come within smelling distance. Muldoon was walking on Eighth Avenue, in New York, one day when four boys, all smoking cigarettes, passed by. "Look at those boys," he remarked to a friend. "That is an evil that ought to be suppressed. Cigarettes are the bane of a boy's life. Give me a lad who knows nothing of them or the taste of beer and liquor, and I'll give you the making of a big, strong and healthy man. I take a great interest in little chaps and do everything I can to encourage their ideas of sport. I would like to teach them all to stay away from vice and to learn to box, wrestle, run and jump."

On another occasion a young man smoking a cigarette approached Muldoon to get data for a life of John L. "If you'll stop sucking that thing and throw it away, I'll talk to you," said the professor.

That was some years ago, and Mr. Muldoon was described as "a handsome blue-eyed man, with cheeks as

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