

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 fag, 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.

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.

The Boston Bruiser.
One of the first conspicuous personages 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 dissipated. When he went to Muldoon's he was unruly at first. But the professor gave him to understand that he

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 Alberta peach, and he can punch the bag, box, wrestle, hike, 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 able-bodied 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 "taps," 9 o'clock, every light is supposed to be put out. The professor noticed some time later a light in this man's room. He was reading.

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

It wasn't all right. It was all wrong. That was merely the Muldoon way of keeping to himself what he intended doing next day to the derelict one. He simply put on the patient a considerable amount of extra work, saying nothing as to having caught him with his light burning after taps. That night Mr. Patient excused himself shortly after supper and retired. He slept soundly until the professor rapped on his door next morning at 6.

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.

Horseback 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 pugnacious 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 nothing 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.

TAFT'S WORLD TOUR

Will Travel on Train de Luxe in Siberia.

TO STOP ONLY AT IRKUTSK.

Secretary and Party, Though Czar's Guests, Won't Use State Train—Each Compartment of His Car Will Have a Table, Chair and Reading Lamp.

L. J. Garcey, American manager of the International Sleeping Car company, which owns and operates the trains de luxe on the Transsiberian railroad, returned to New York the other day from Washington, where he had been to make arrangements with Brigadier General C. Edwards for Secretary Taft's journey from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg in the course of his world tour next November, says the New York Times. Mr. Garcey announced that this itinerary of the journey has been approved by the secretary of war:

Leave Seattle via steamship Minnesota.....Sept. 10
Arrive Yokohama.....Sept. 25
Arrive Kobe.....Sept. 29
Arrive Nagasaki.....Oct. 4
Arrive Shanghai.....Oct. 6
Arrive Hongkong.....Oct. 11
Arrive Manila per transport McClellan.....Oct. 14
Leave Manila.....Nov. 4
Arrive Vladivostok.....Nov. 11
Leave Vladivostok, train de luxe.....Nov. 12
Arrive Irkutsk.....Nov. 15
Arrive Moscow, stop two days.....Nov. 23
Arrive St. Petersburg, two days.....Nov. 25
Arrive Berlin, two days.....Nov. 29
Sail from Cherbourg Dec. 4 per North German Lloyd steamer for New York.

Mr. Garcey said that he had cabled to Paris, the headquarters of the International Sleeping Car company, and also to Vladivostok to reserve a special car for the use of Secretary Taft and his family.

The party will leave Vladivostok on Tuesday, Nov. 12, by special train de luxe, which is considered superior to the Russian state trains which run on other days in the week. The train will be made up of a diner, observation car and three sleepers which have seven two berth compartments and one three berth room, all opening off a corridor at the side of the car.

"Each compartment of the car which will be used by Secretary Taft," said Mr. Garcey, "contains a table, chair, reading lamp and lavatory. H. B. Darnell, our general agent in the far east, will accompany the train from Vladivostok to Moscow and see that the secretary's party has every attention. The only stop during the long ten days' ride will be at Irkutsk, the finest city in Siberia, which is situated forty miles from the southern extremity of Lake Balkal and 3,385 miles by rail from Moscow.

"The schedule of the Transsiberian railroad allows only two hours at Irkutsk for changing trains, but if Mr. Taft wishes to stop off and see something of Siberia his car can be sidetracked and attached to the next train. It will be quite cold in Irkutsk at the end of November, but the Russian hotels are well heated, and the climate of Siberia is very healthy. Irkutsk is the center of the Russo-Chinese tea trade, the capital of the governor generalship for eastern Siberia, and has a population of 60,000, including 5,000 exiles.

"The scenery along the Transsiberian railroad is very wild and interesting. It changes continually from rivers to lakes and mountains interspersed with rugged gorges and waterfalls. At the railroad stations the picturesque Cossack soldiers can be seen on their wiry looking Siberian ponies.

"Special provisions, including fruits and vegetables of all kinds, will be put on board the train at different points, and everything possible will be done to make Mr. Taft's trip through Siberia as pleasant and interesting as possible.

"Russian railroad officials will receive instructions from St. Petersburg to look after the train and see that it gets through on time, as the secretary is to be the guest of the czar.

"So far the party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Taft, their nine-year-old son, Brigadier General Edwards, Private Secretary Frederick W. Carpenter and George Long, a year office messenger, who will accompany the party as general utility man."

Mr. Garcey said that the date of the secretary's return to New York was tentatively scheduled for Dec. 10, but as he is to be the guest of the czar at St. Petersburg and of the kaiser at Berlin the departure from Cherbourg may be deferred to a later date.

Tokyo-Europe Daily Trains.
It is announced that before long a train de luxe will run daily from Tokyo to Europe and vice versa, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits has received an order for the cars for the service, and the route selected for the mail and passenger service passes through Japan to Shimonoseki, thence by large ferry steamers to Fusan, in the south of Korea, through Korea to Mukden and Harbin, and thence through Siberia to Europe.

Cure For Hay Fever.
George B. Harrison of Garden City, Kan., who recently begun to harvest his crop of hay fever, says that he has discovered a sure cure for it. His remedy is simple, but he says it is none the less effectual. It consists in not eating breakfast until about 11 o'clock in the morning, says the Topeka Capital. Mr. Harrison has not taken out a patent or copyright on the remedy, and any one who wishes to use it is at liberty to do so.

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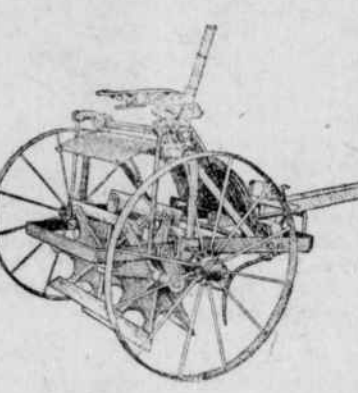
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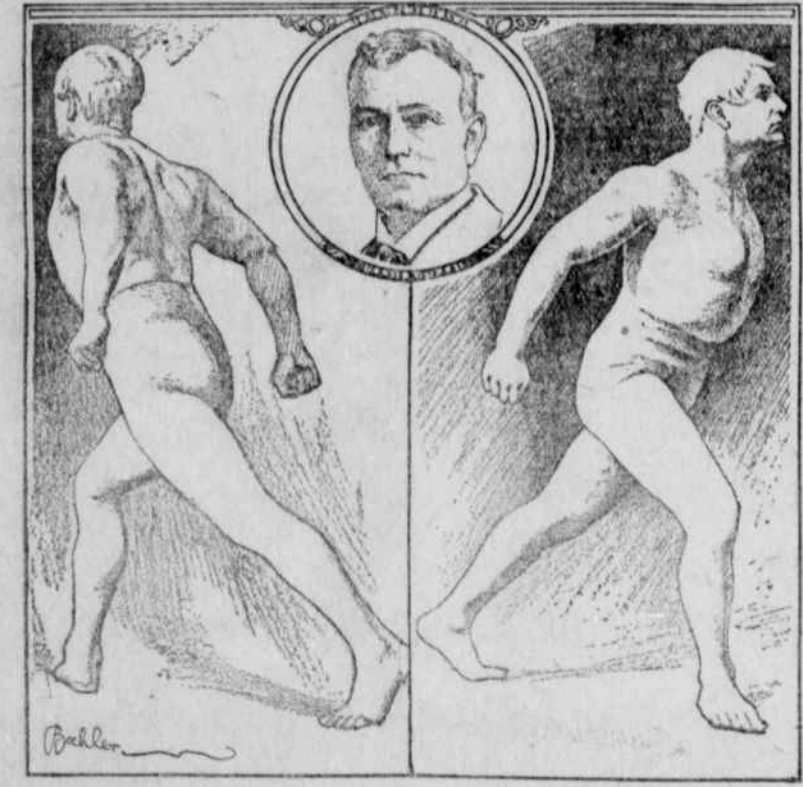
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WILLIAM MULDOON AND TWO OF HIS POSES AS A GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLER.

subways and trolley cars and whiz wagons and stock tickers and daily papers and the treading 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 reminds me. An old farmer in Arkansas once remarked to a youngster:
"Young feller, 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, "not too blamed reg'lar as to the work."

And that is the basement, superstructure, roof and skylight of muldooning—the whole structure 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.

Ellihu 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

most 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 formed only a small percentage of Muldoon's list of patients. Rich New York clubmen and society men, Wall streeters and professional giants have gone to Muldoon's with their livers damped up and their tongues wearing overcoats 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 gets 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