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But probably he takes to dope and drugs and dies inside of two years. Or he may haunt Hot Springs and the sanitariums, and by baths and massage stand the reaper off for five years.

Tuberculosis is a disease of the will. If a stronger will can be found that will take charge of the other man's body at the critical time, and force right breathing, eating and exercise on the patient, he will get well. Left to himself he succumbs to inertia or a lazy habit of body, the air cells of the lungs collapse and the man dies.

Muldoon says that all diseases are the result of lack of will. He simply takes charge of the man's body. His one request is that the man abdicate his own will and obey. So difficult is obedience to the average so-called successful man that one out of three of the patients who go to Muldoon leave him inside of two days, forfeiting their first weekly payment of sixty dollars.

If Muldoon has an opportunity of seeing the discouraged and disgruntled man before he goes, he presents him the card of a local undertaker at White Plains, wishes him good luck in purgatory, and sends personal regards to Mephisto.

Those who stick it out for three days under Muldoon's treatment, remain from three to six weeks, and get well. There may be exceptions, but this is the general rule.

\* \* \*

Muldoon's treatment goes under the general term of "dope," and the formula is about as follows:—

You arrive at the long, plain, Quaker gray shingled house on the hill, after a pleasant drive of an hour from the station at White Plains.

Muldoon receives you with the quiet dignity of a Chesterfield. You are impressed by the man, only you wish he would thaw out and sympathize with you. Later you ascertain that Muldoon does not effuse over anybody, even over a member of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In five minutes Muldoon's quick eyes have looked you over and he has decided that you have enough vitality to build on—parties in wheeled chairs or those requiring surgical treatment never find Muldoon at home.

So you are accepted. You are gently told that you cannot have any visitors, either doctors or laymen, and that books, medicine and stimulants are tabu. The suggestion seems a trifle curt, but you submit, and then and there bid your friends good bye.

You watch their carriage as it slowly circles down the hill and is lost amid the towering elms.

The first move is to interview the secretary—he being the only person in sight.

You pay the genial young man your first week's board of sixty dollars: this advance payment being a part of the dope, a necessary psychologic item in the work of regeneration.

You are given a heavy woolen sweater, a gray pair of gymnasium trousers and a pair of felt slippers. Then you are shown to your room and told to put on this suit and go below where the Professor will see you.

Your room is furnished with a little table, one chair, and a small iron bed. All toilet requisites are noticeable by their absence. The room looks like a cell, save that there are two open doors, one opening right out of doors and the other leading to the hall that runs the length of the building. These rooms you learn are known as "kennels." You note that there are no locks or bolts on the doors, and if you are a cosmic it comes to you that the insignificant matter of ventilation evidently is not in the hands of the occupant.

You sit down on the bed and think about nothing in particular, rather enjoying the view out of the open door, listening to the drowsy hum of bees and the summer wind in the locusts.

You have about concluded to lie down on the little bed and take a nap, when an athletic youth in sweater puts his head in the door and says, "The Professor is waiting for you." And then adds half confidentially, "It's all right if you mind him, but you ought to have changed your clothes at once and not lingered here."

You murmur excuses and get into

the convict's clothes in less time than you usually take to dress. You look about for a mirror to ascertain how frightful you appear. No mirror is to be seen.

You go downstairs and enter the gymnasium. The Professor is there in gym dress, putting a class of a dozen through a course of calisthenics.

Then occurs exactly what occurred when Chauncy M. Depew entered the same room under like conditions six weeks before.

The senator was yellow; there were dark baggy lines under his eyes, but the gymnasium dress into which he had packed his sensational person offered an excuse for art. He approached the Professor and proffered a small plicene pleasantry. And the Professor replied, "Sir, sit down," in a low, clear, distinct tone.

Depew's punning proclivity vanished. He had really expected that the Professor would slap his thigh and roar, as people in civilization were wont when the Nectarine spoke, or at least smile and ask after things down in Washington. And all the Professor said was, "Sir, sit down," and went right along with his calisthenics.

"Right foot—left foot—right arm—left—up, back, down, over, out—neck to the left!"

The Senator moved over to the window, looked out, strolled down to the end of the gym. The class was working down that way, too.

"Sir, sit down!" suddenly calls the voice of the Professor. The Senator is sure the voice is not for him, no one had ever spoken to him like that. He still strolls.

Now comes the third order with the Professor walking toward him, "Mr. Depew, sit down!" pointing to a seat along the wall.

The Senator is startled, then he half laughs as it comes to him that it is a joke, and he replies "Oh, I prefer to stand, thank you."

The fourth time the order rings out and Depew realizes that it is no joke. He jumps, shivers and stammers, "Well, I would have you know that I am a gentleman, and am used to associating with gentlemen. You evidently do not know me—I am Senator Depew."

"I know," says Muldoon, with exasperating coolness, "I know you, but evidently you do not know me. You seemingly have come here to give an after-dinner speech, to present a lecture on Delsarte, or to favor me with lessons in etiquette—SIT DOWN!"

This time the order comes like a knock down blow, and Depew sinks upon the seat and sits there dazed like a boy awaiting punishment for stealing jam from a high shelf.

The Professor calmly continues his work with the class for five minutes, and then orders Depew upon the floor and motions him his place in the line.

"Hands straight up!"

Depew puts his out in front. "Hands straight up!" rings out the order for the second time. Depew makes haste to comply.

The work is really quite moderate, but the newcomer thinks it is severe, and is greatly relieved when in half an hour the order is given, "To the shower bath!"

Arriving there, all disrobe save the Senator, but when the stern order is given to "Get into the game," he begins to struggle with his sweater and is soon in the gentle guise of Conesio's cherubim.

Men in gym suits are all on an equality. Carlye said, "A naked House of Lords would inspire no awe" but all he meant was that a Senator under a shower bath would command no senatorial courtesies.

A rough towel is tossed to each man and Depew is simply told to "Get busy!"

And he does, for it has dawned upon him that safety lies either in flight or obedience.

Supper comes and after that there is a long stroll across the meadow, over the hills and back through the woods, along the country road.

The western sky is colored deep with red where the sky had gone down. Down across the moor, a half mile away, the white mist is gathering. The summer night closes down, and the distant woods turn to purple patches.

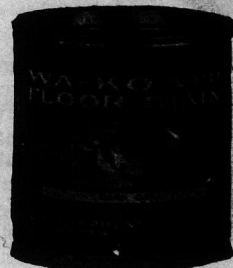
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