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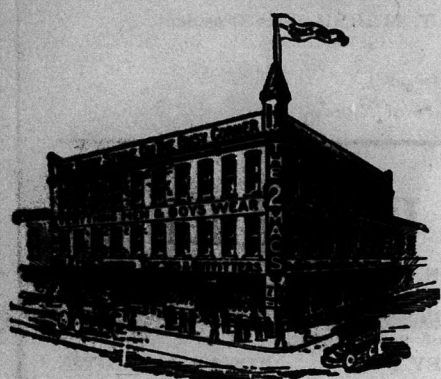
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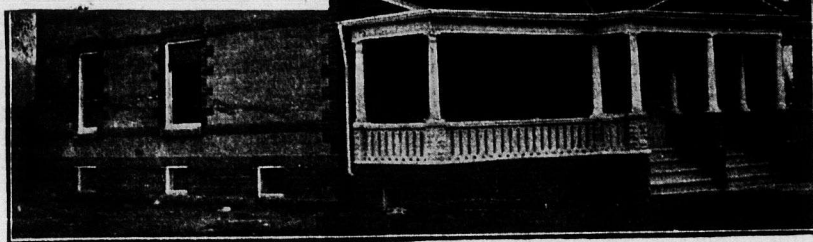
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Muldoon and Health.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Professor William Muldoon—Muldoon the Solid Man! Muldoon the champion wrestler of the world! I have taken a few falls out of him in days ago—in a literary way—and what I will now say, I will say.

Muldoon has been pronounced by competent judges a perfect physical specimen of manhood. Not one man in a million can compare with him; and age, intelligence and physique considered, he probably is without a rival on earth.

He is exactly five feet ten, and weighs stripped, one hundred and eighty. He gives you a glimpse of Greece in the time of Pericles.

He has more dignity, more repose, more poise, than any man has expressed since Phidias modeled and Praxiteles carved.

He talks but little; he listens until the other man has talked himself out—his is a waiting game.

Knowing something of the traditions of the squared circle, you expect he will speak in a husky guttural, and say, "I trun him down—see!"

But this man surprises you with a light, musical, exquisitely modulated voice that comes from resonant air chambers, and a throat without a flaw.

It is a voice whose whispered word can fill a room; a voice that can ring out a cavalry command that can be heard for half a mile.

If needs be, it is a voice that could talk all day and never grow weak nor hoarse.

Muldoon has no suggestion of a foreign accent, and I will admit that a man by the name of Muldoon who has no brogue is a bit disappointing.

Every action of the man implies reserve; everything he does is well within his limit.

When he sits he does not cross his legs, play the devil's tattoo with his hands, twirl his moustache, stroke his hair, scratch his nose, adjust his necktie, nor examine his finger nails. He completes his toilet in his room.

Such control of nerves, such perfect self-possession, such absolute grace—clothed or stripped—gives hope that the spirit of Athens may yet to us return.

"I think," said Professor Muldoon to me, "I think my success—such as it is—as a trainer, has hinged on the fact that I have never worked for great muscular strength, simply for balance, or what you call mastery or control. Few men possess their bodies, rather the body bullies the mind all day long."

Please note the remark, and tell me if the colleges haven't something to learn from Muldoon? In fact, why doesn't Harvard hire him?

And the answer is, the services of Muldoon are not for sale, save as you go to him and become a part of his system.

* * *

Muldoon is rich, and he works now simply because he is wise and knows that no man can afford to be idle—that retiring on your laurels is death—unless you are working for new laurels. So Muldoon works at the task he likes, and in the way that pleases him.

When a youth he began to train as a wrestler; he evolved an idea, and this idea is that the mind of a man should rule his body, that the body should obey the mind.

And after nearly fifty years of work in physical training, there is only one word which for him looms large, and that is the word OBEY.

Muldoon made his body obey, and he became perfectly ambi-dextrous. Wrestling requires more science than boxing, and so he specialized on the mat instead of the gloves.

Then he took to training prize-fighters.

Members of the Society for Ethical Culture will recall that Muldoon trained Sullivan for his match with Kilrain, and acted as Sullivan's second at the ringside. John gave the sedative to every man he met as long as he was trained by Muldoon.

For a time the Solid Man succeeded in making John L. obey, but finally

John L. decided that in all the bright lexicon of words there is no such word as obedience. Then it was that John fell an easy prey to Corbett, who weighed thirty pounds less, but had his body under control, so that it was the ready and willing servant of his mind.

A little later, Muldoon traveled with Maurice Barrymore and played the part of Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It," always giving a genuine exhibition for the ladies before Charles graciously allowed Orlando to win.

Next, he posed in living pictures, and gave lectures on health in various colleges. Ten years ago he established his present "Olympia," five miles back in the hills from White Plains, New York.

Prize-fighters, wrestlers and athletes are no longer the object of Muldoon's solicitude; his raw stock are business men, artists, lawyers, preachers and doctors who have gone the pace.

Muldoon has a system, a system never tried by any one else, because no other living man dare attempt it, knowing perfectly well it would fail.

And if you know a thing is going to fail, it does.

Muldoon's system is not founded on love, kindness and good cheer. These are all secondary, and while they do exist in his mind they are kept carefully out of sight. The plan will die with him.

* * *

The key of the whole thing is obedience. It is necessary to subjugate the will of the patient. Paradoxically you have to kill a man's will in order to build it up.

The whip method of breaking horses is along the same line. The trainer goes into the box stall with a whip and terrorizes the animal until he absolutely submits, and yet the horse is never struck.

Muldoon is cruel only as nature is cruel—you obey Nature, co-operate with her and you find that she is kind. Obedience to Nature brings you everything you need, mental, spiritual, physical. Obey Muldoon and cease butting in with your stub end of a will and you succeed. The only way you can get the start of Muldoon is to obey him. To obey requires will-power.

The average man's body has never learned to obey. It is slothful, lazy, slipshod, domineering, indifferent, disrespectful to his mind.

A man may have a creative intellect, and yet his body be a very wretch of a body, that gorges itself with bad food, swills strange drinks, refuses to go to bed at night, and declines to get up in the morning, wooing persistently the means of debility and disease.

A great poet may be swag-bellied, bleary-eyed and have a title to a slouching, wilful, erratic, untrained digestive tract. The man has never forced his body to acquire good habits through the law of obedience, and after years of bodily back-talk things reach a point where this hoodlum of a physical cosmos is going down and dragging the mind with it.

As long as the man can do business he submits to being bullied by his body. All sorts of vicious habits grow up unrebuked. The body demands cigars, cigarettes, stimulants, strange dishes, novel sights, smells, sounds and sensations, and the mind of the man is powerless, being dragged hither and yon by this wilful, restless beast, which often grows more gross and inefficient and full of twitchings, twists and pains as the mind evolves, develops and refines. Thought goes on, and the man may do big work, but some day the hand that reached for the salt picks up the pepper, and the tongue that would say "pepper" says "salt."

The nerve-specialist is here called in, scowls, coughs, takes on an owl-like look, and explains that it is incipient locomotor ataxia, with aphasia as a side line, all caused through poisoning of the system by uric acid—say, call it Bright's Disease and Nerv. Pros.

If the patient knows enough, as he probably does not, he goes to Muldoon and is born again.

But probably drugs and diet. Or he may have sanitariums, and stand the reappearance of Tuberculosis.

If a stronger will take charge of the body at the right breathing, the patient, he himself he succumb to habit of body, collapse and then Muldoon says the result of takes charge of one request is his own will a obedience to the successful man the patients who him inside of the first weekly pay.

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