

# MARTIN SHERIDAN

# GREATEST TABLE ATHLETE



One order of celery, 8 oz.



Four orders of hashed brown potatoes, 1 lb.



Two plates of soup, 1 lb.



Two pieces of pie and cheese, 1 lb. 6 oz.

Three cups of tea, 1 lb. 14 oz.

**H**ISTORY tells that many great men of various degrees were great eaters. They were not gluttons but required more fuel than the average person to keep up their steam.

Of such is Martin Sheridan, former all-around amateur champion athlete of the world, good natured giant, and famous in his prowess at the table as well as in the heart-breaking competitions of the athletic field. Sheridan excels in everything that he does.

Even among companions like Matt McGrath and "Babe" McDonald, weight throwers who are valorous trenchermen, Martin Sheridan holds his championship. He was always the wonder of the training tables. Remember, he never was a gourmandizer. But to keep that huge frame healthy and active a

remarkably virile stomach craves and demands as much food in a day as many an ordinary man could consume in a week.

When in hard training, Sheridan always ate three times as much as his fellow athletes at Olympic games, and that was going some!

Those men who fling such pills as fifty-six pound weights are noted for their appetites. But such eaters as Ralph Rose, Clarence C. Childs, Jim Duncan, Emil Muller and Lawson Robertson always had to bow to Sheridan. A hunger strike would be impossible to the former world's champion.

Behold, weaklings, some sample performances by Sheridan with the knife and fork:

# BOB FITZSIMMONS Lecturer

**Famous Fighter Tells in a Speech to Trolley Employees What He'd Do if He Had Morgan's Income. "Give the Needy a Boost," He Said, "and When You Die You'll Surely Go to Heaven."**

**B**OB FITZSIMMONS—no longer the hairy conqueror of the prize ring, but a kindly frock-coated gentleman with a message—talked the other night to the motormen and conductors of the Paterson (N. J.) car lines. Five hundred or more carmen hung on his words, which would have sounded like platitudes if they had not come from a man whose most striking characteristic is that he lives his own doctrine. At the end of the little talk the men sent up a yell of loving homage that for volume and sincerity might have been an uproar at the ringside. Only there was a difference. Fitz, now that his days in the arena are gone, recognizes the difference and likes it. He has learned how to reach men's hearts with words.

It was long ago, anyway, as time is counted in the fighter's world, that Bob's fists were supreme. He says he has had enough of that.



Bob Fitzsimmons as he appears on the lecture platform—as properly dressed as any in the country.

not ceased to ache, he says, since she died.

In a moment Hunt had been invited to visit the old Kingsland mansion in Nutley where Fitzsimmons lives with his friend, Dan McGinley. The conductor faltered, then said timidly: "I was going to ask you Thursday night to see a little play I wrote—a Cornish play. At the Railway Employees' Clubrooms in Paterson. All the boys from the barns will be there. Would you—could you make it?"

"Would I?" cried Fitz. "I'd go further than Paterson to see a Cornish play. I'll be there in my evening clothes. I'll make you a little speech. Want me to?"

