



## Phelon Vouches for This Story

Handsome Harry McIntyre, the pitcher who was so long with Brooklyn and the Cubs, tells of a harrowing experience he had at Juarez last winter. Mr. McIntyre had gone to a bullfight, and, right under the box where he was perched, the raging bull had gored a horse. Instantly, without forethought or hesitation, Mr. McIntyre leaped into the arena, drew a revolver, and stood between the bull and his victim. Then he remembered that he had but one bullet in his gun, and found himself in a dilemma. Should he put the horse out of its misery? Or should he defend himself against the advancing bull? It was a ticklish situation, but Harry acted with great judgment. He shot the horse, because he would never get another chance at that animal, while he could always have a chance to shoot the bull!

