

"LITTLE SUNSET," CHARLES E. VAN LOAN'S SECOND BASEBALL STORY, BEGINS TODAY

EIGHT GOLFING STARS SHOW WAY ON COURSE AT ARONOMINK

Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland in Sunday Afternoon Sport—H. C. Huey's "50-in-1" Club Panacea—Gossip Among the Golfers.

A flock of birds hovered over the play in a ballgame yesterday at Aronomink when eight of the star golfers there went down for a best ball of 53. Calvert, Williams, Ranier, Lindsay, Wright, Marshall, Bartholomew and Cleveland were in the hole, and all were nailing down the hole in great shape. Par was no good, it took a bird and sometimes even an eagle to take the hole. Several holes were taken in birds. Going out, Wright had a 5, but was two down, while Williams, with a 4, was three down. Bartholomew, a method of improving one's game, is a look on it simply as a game of chance. There were chip shots yesterday.

Harry Vardon feels that even if he were to weed out his battery of clubs and use his bat to the very bone, he would stand a chance unless he took at least 11 clubs around with him through the heat. One or two clubs he carries for sentimental reasons, but he says that at least 11 clubs should and can be used.

The average American golfer carries a pile of tools over the links—clubs, rackets, pickers, blowers, anything that will coax the ball from the meadow grass, the trenches, or out of the babbling brooks.

It has remained for H. C. Huey, a Philadelphia golfer, to bring out a 50-in-1 panacea for all troubles, and a club which is a good mixer. It holes in a stroke what it is a putter. It's a long-traveling putter. Mr. Huey slips it in his bag and when his game begins to slide, it produces the putter. He drives with it, makes all the shots to the green with it, and then holes out, all with the same club. And he gets beautiful shots. He says using it puts him right back in the running. The only trouble is, he says, "it is a club you have to get used to."

James B. Hackney, golf theorist and professional at Aronomink, not only has at the fine points of golf up his sleeve, but he also can shake down a few of them. Yesterday he shot a beautiful 72, which is one under par and a record for the course. Hackney played par golf up to the 7th where he needed 5, but on the 8th he got a bird and was out in 35. On the 10th he took one more than par, but got birds on the 12th and 13th. On the 15th he holed the cup twice before he sank his ball, taking five to get a bird on the 16th, and then when he got a bird on the 17th, his card follows:

Hackney—
Out 4 4 3 3 3 4 5 3 4—35
In 5 3 4 3 4 5 5 2 5—37-72

More than 500 yards were added to the Huntington Valley course this year in preparation for the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead. A good start was made from New London Saturday morning and it was expected that the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead. A good start was made from New London Saturday morning and it was expected that the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead.

Jerry Travers is said not to have swung on a ball and missed or taken up the rod behind a ball. He was used to play around in his backyard and holed out his ball by hitting a tree. Many golfers who swing on the ball and fracture a rib without knowing it are said to be slightly envious of Travers' little weakness in being able to get off a straight ball and true about every time he tries his hand.

THE MIRACLE OF BOSTON BRAVES

By GRANTLAND RICE
The Blue Jubilee

(Evoked by thoughts at New Haven in the graduation of Charley Brickley, M. Tacks Hardwick from Harvard.)
The good old world seems brighter
Than it has been in years;
The atmosphere is lighter,
Blept with rosy cheeks;
We know that red war veils
Along Europe's plain;
We know that written pages
Are but records of the slain;
But what if Prince or Druce
Comes to his final run?
For Brickley's day is over,
And Hardwick's time is done.

Somewhere the grass seems greener
And the sky a brighter blue;
Somewhere all life is keener
With a dream that's overdue;
For loath the world is sleeping
Of a million in its core,
And though the Eagle's sleeping
In the shadow of the foe,
That points are these to sever
The gods dream in the air;
Since Brickley's passed forever,
And Hardwick's time is done.

Come, sound the tocsin of glory,
And start the jubilee;
Come forward with the story—
The Blue, at last, is free;
Safe now from torment torrid,
The Bulldog walks in pride,
With scars upon his furrow,
And patches on his hide;
To seek, amid the clover,
His old place in the sun,
Where Brickley's day is over,
And Hardwick's time is done.

Wouldn't You?
George Stallings tells us that he will lead this 1915 pennant to a certainty, and he believes him. For he told us last summer he was going to win the 1914 pennant, and last October that he would lead the Mackinac team to first place. This record of veracity back of him, who are we to doubt his word?

Which is much the way the rest of the American League felt when Eddie Collins stepped to Chicago, Bender and Flank for the Penn. and Baker resumed seeing the cornfields of Maryland.
The French Red Book
I'll grant you Taurus Raymond Cobb is in there 40 ways;
But Frie, the mighty Bostonie, is full of prominent plays;
And none is stronger than myself for laughing Larry Doyle,
Who's hitting great according to the records—and to Hoyle;
I'll tell of H. Wagner and the things that he has done;
Now Crawford's mighty bluejean still drives in the winning run;
But though you run and race about in slacks, you're full of Brown;
My faith is with the Batting Eye of Nap Lajoie.
The closing orb is classic—it has stood the test of time;
For it is a gem for many years and still is to the throne;
So master of the twisting art most worthy of that name;
Now this rascal Ben of stool from Brooklyn is a real find;
I would not trust my judgment in this category as "easy."

golfers probably can take pot shots in vain for some time to come—maybe until Jerry himself comes back and sets up a new mark.

Many hazards also have been added this year. A wicked one has been invented into the home green. It is on the left running diagonally and is designed to catch erring drives. All reports are that it is doing its duty.

There is a spring attached to the elbow of every golfer as he putts. In the case of the expert who feels annoyed if his score measures out of the 70s, the spring is attached to his motor neurons and his kinesthetic nerves are well greased. His good putting is due to his sense of touch. In other words, and if he pulls off an extra good putt he is said to be suffering from kinesthesia.

But in the case of the poor soul who feels up to the 100s, with a score well over the century mark, the aforementioned spring seems to be just plain attached to his ribs, and it's not a very delicately tempered spring at that. As witness:

On the tenth, in the final of the Lynwood Hall tournament, last week at the Huntington Valley Club, Marston rolled a long putt down hill into the hole from the edge of the green for a two after Travers, 15 feet away, had pushed his ball just hard enough uphill to cup out in par three. Two onlookers were much impressed, and after the match, came back to see if such putting "really could be done." The one taking the downhill shot dubbed his first fear he would hit too hard and then proceeded to roll the ball across the green into a trap. The one coming up hill determined to hole out, went two of the 15 feet on his first putt and eight more on his second. Both are average golfers, but it took many trials before the shots were holed out in one. They both now feel that there are putters—and putters.

A local golfer, who has an airy unlimited handicap and boasts of it, evened things up with an opponent the other day on the seventh green over the Huntington Valley course. He had done the first four holes impartially in sevens and was three down. But he took the next three in par. Crossing the road for the eighth, there was noticeable that slightly hysterical run in his laughter and a domineering tone in his commands to his caddy which betray all golfers who have been underrated and who feel that they are coming into their own. And when a perfect drive flitted sweet and true from his wood on the eighth he quite cried out for joy. He quickstepped to the perfect lie of his ball and, as he glanced back at the tee hastily distant, he felt that "her tag" had arrived indeed. He grew eloquent.

"What a setting for my next," he said. "Overhead the beautiful blue sky, behind me the woods, and nothing before me but a sloping stretch of green and the flag." "And the putting brook," softly crooned the other, who had taken four to lay his ball beside the first. The first golfer, at top of his swing, heard the whisper. A tremor shook his frame. Topped ball, splash, into the creek at his feet. "Ah, yes, the brook," he said. Silently and grimly onward went the game.

Jerry Travers is said not to have swung on a ball and missed or taken up the rod behind a ball. He was used to play around in his backyard and holed out his ball by hitting a tree. Many golfers who swing on the ball and fracture a rib without knowing it are said to be slightly envious of Travers' little weakness in being able to get off a straight ball and true about every time he tries his hand.

I've seen my share of Slugging Sons—
But none compare with Nap Lajoie;
And so I cheer with you when you cheer with
Cries of "Atta boy!"
My faith is with the Batting Eye of
Nap Lajoie.
(Freckles.)

The Brave Status
George Stallings and his clan still believe that the Braves are due for another pennant year. But Colonel Stallings, while he refuses to admit it, is undoubtedly bothered at the delayed season. The Braves expected to be well out in front at this stage. In place of which they are fighting for a grip at the top of the second division, getting erratic pitching and failing to hit with expected vim.

THREE BOXING CARDS BILLED HERE TONIGHT

Quaker City, Broadway and Garden Clubs Will Stage Bouts—Other Ring Notes.

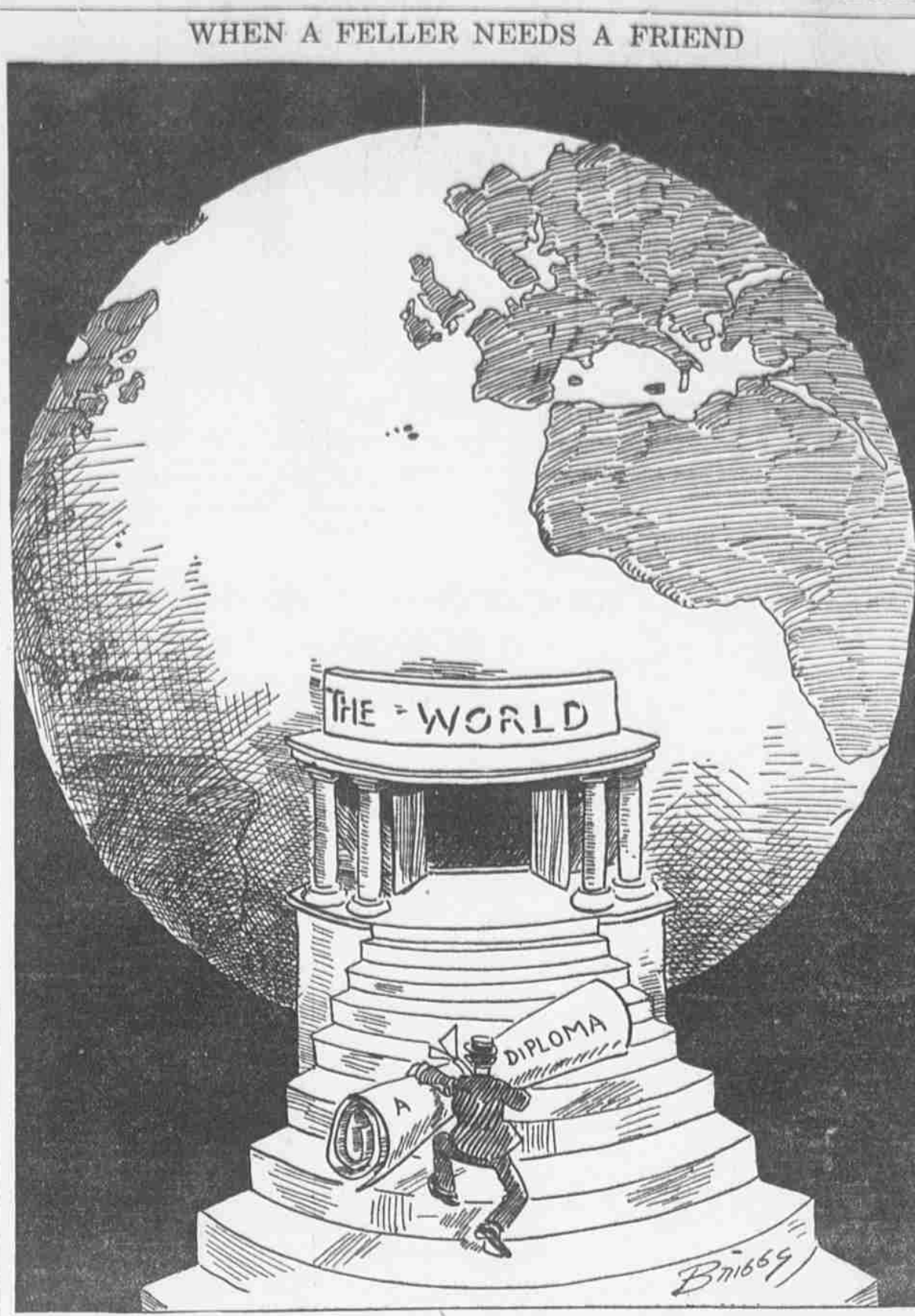
Weekly shows at the Quaker City A. A. and Garden A. C. and a special star at the Broadway A. C. tonight will give local fight fans a pick of three pugilistic performances. The main mix at the Quaker City will bring together Joe Dalley and Bobby Scanlon. At the Garden, Jack Toland will encounter Reddy Holt. The Kentucky Rosebud and John Henry Johnson, gentlemen of color and leading featherweights when in their prime, will mingle in the feature fray at the Broadway.

The program follows:
QUAKER CITY.
First bout—Jimmy Patton, Vineland, N. J., vs. Frankie Dundee, Kensington.
Second bout—Marty Wilson, West Philadelphia, vs. Young Garvey, Germantown.
Third bout—Noah Mitchell, North Penn., vs. Young Wilson, York.
Fourth bout—Willie Costello, North Penn., vs. Sammy Miller, Germantown.
Fifth bout—Ed Browning, North Penn., vs. Charley Collins, North Penn.
Sixth bout—Joe Dalley, Newtown, vs. Bobby Scanlon, Germantown.

GARDEN.
First bout—Joe McDermott, Richmond, vs. John Martin, Girton Heights.
Second bout—Mickey Dalley, Kensington, vs. Bobby Scanlon, Germantown.
Third bout—Reddy Goodman, Southwark, vs. Marty Kane, Kensington.
Fourth bout—Frankie Hart, 17th Ward, vs. Knockout Cyran, 18th Ward.
Fifth bout—Jack Toland, Southwark, vs. Reddy Holt, North Penn.

BROADWAY.
First bout—Young Joe Welsh, Southwark, vs. Phil Howell, Southwark.
Second bout—Young Wagner, Southwark, vs. Joe Donaghy, Southwark.
Third bout—Tony Friend, Smoky Hollow, vs. Jack Carlin, Grey's Ferry.
Fourth bout—Eddie McKee, U. S. Navy, vs. Joe Brook, Southwark.
Fifth bout—Henry Johnson, Lombard street, vs. Kentucky Rosebud, Lombard street.
Tomorrow night at the Atlas A. A., Boston, Sam Langford and Sam McVey will clash in a 12-round bout.

Willie Herman and Henry Hauber will compose the final at the Broadway A. C. Thursday night. A return match between Bobby McCann and Young Tuber also will be staged.
Because of a turned ankle, George Chaney, of Baltimore, may be unable to box for six months.
Frankie Howell and Bobby Hays will meet in the semifinal at the Ludlow A. C. next 24 night.



BIG YACHT IROLITA WINS AT MARBLEHEAD

E. D. Clark, of Philadelphia, Elated at Success of His Craft in Eastern Y. C. Race.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., June 28.—The big yacht Irolita, owned by E. D. Clark, of Philadelphia, was the first to cross the finish line in the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead. A good start was made from New London Saturday morning and it was expected that the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead. A good start was made from New London Saturday morning and it was expected that the Eastern Yacht Club's race from New London to Marblehead.

ENGLISH WANT RACING

Petition Presented to House of Commons for Approval
LONDON, June 28.—A monster petition has been presented in the House of Commons by Colonel Hall Walker, the well-known racehorse owner, signed by thousands of owners, trainers, jockeys and others interested in the sport, asking for a reconsideration of the Government's decision regarding further race meetings, with the exception of those to be held at Newbury.

HAS SIGNED TO COACH PENN STATE ELEVEN

LARRY A. WHITNEY
Dartmouth's great athlete has signed to coach the Penn State football team next year.



PENN STATE ELEVEN TO BE COACHED BY ATHLETE L. A. WHITNEY

Dartmouth's Famous Shot-putter to Head 1916 Contingent, According to Information Received Here Today.

Larry A. Whitney, the Dartmouth athlete who won the intercollegiate shot-putting championship on Franklin Field last year, according to information received here today, has signed to coach the Penn State football team next year. According to the report, Whitney signed the contract Saturday, and will be unable to compete in the Panama-Pacific championships, as he automatically becomes a professional by strict interpretation of the Amateur Athletic Union laws.
At the Eastern tryouts at Boston Saturday, Whitney qualified to take the trip to the coast next month, but was not selected.
Whitney is perhaps the most remarkable shot-putter of his weight in the country. Despite the fact that he weighed just about half as much as Ralph Rose and Pat McDonald at the Olympic Games at Stockholm, three years ago, Larry stuck with the giants and finished a good third.

LANDIS PROMISES BASEBALL DECISION

Federal Judge to Hand Down Decision in Federal Suit at Early Date.

CHICAGO, June 28.—Federal Judge Landis today promised an early decision in the big baseball suit of the Federal League against organized baseball. In refusing to act at once on a petition of A. E. Gates, representing the Federal League, to have dissolved a temporary injunction granted the Cincinnati National League Club restraining Armando Marsani from playing with the St. Louis club, Judge Landis said that the court prefers not to act on this petition now. It will be dealt with in an early decision in another case. Settlement of this other case should dispose of the issue at point today.

SPORTING WRITERS ARRANGE AN OUTING

First Affair in History of Organization is to Take Place July 11.

Members of the Sporting Writers' Association will hold the first outing in the history of the organization at the Moulton Club, Morris Junction on the Delaware. Invitation has been extended to the members to bring their wives and children along, while others are urged to bring their best girl along. No charge will be made for the members, but a charge of \$2 will be made for the women and children.

The outing is to be a first-class affair. There will be a baseball game and other athletic stunts for the men, and prizes will be awarded in the various events. Musicians will be present to furnish the liveliest dance selections. There will be a prize awarded the most graceful dancer. Alexander H. Brooks and Samuel Jones will be the judges. The awards are made properly.
Supper will be served at 5 o'clock so that an early return to the city can be made.

Morris Junction is 13 minutes ride from Camden, and the round trip fare is 25 cents. It is cheaper to purchase tickets at Camden than on the Philadelphia side. A 10-strip ticket may be bought for \$1.35.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE	W.	L.	P.	W.	L.	P.
Chicago	22	23	394	384	384	384
Philadelphia	22	23	384	384	384	384
St. Louis	22	23	384	384	384	384
Pittsburgh	22	23	384	384	384	384
Boston	22	23	384	384	384	384
New York	22	23	384	384	384	384
Brooklyn	22	23	384	384	384	384
Cincinnati	22	23	384	384	384	384
AMERICAN LEAGUE	W.	L.	P.	W.	L.	P.
Chicago	22	23	394	384	384	384
Boston	22	23	384	384	384	384
St. Louis	22	23	384	384	384	384
New York	22	23	384	384	384	384
Washington	22	23	384	384	384	384
Cleveland	22	23	384	384	384	384
St. Louis	22	23	384	384	384	384
Athletics	22	23	384	384	384	384

A Sorrel-Topped Youngster Enters the Ball Camp of the Apaches To Watch "Dad" Play Ball—A Bawling Brat, Maybe, But the Apaches Didn't Raise a Kick.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN
The world's most famous writer of baseball fiction.

THE Apaches could play baseball, five tallered pennants bearing witness. They could also play aud and draw poker, as visiting intimates discovered. As crap shooters, they were more to be feared than "faded." At any sort of rough-and-tumble fighting they could protect themselves, but when it came to mothering a small boy who was just losing his baby teeth, the Apaches felt down and fell hard.

Of course, they did the best they knew how—which was not much—and consequently John Wesley Jones, aged something under 10 years, knew everything which a boy of his age should not know, including the taste of plug tobacco.

Women might have pitied him, but John Wesley scorned their pity. He would not have changed places with the son of the President of the United States, for that young man, despite his relationship with aristocrats, could never get on the bench next to Gus Bergstrom and fondle the bats with which the Terrible Swede broke up so many games.

John Wesley Jones entered the big league when he was 3 years of age. The manager of the Apaches had bought a red-headed sensation in the shape of a shortstop, and when "Brick" Jones reported for spring practice he brought with him a sensational, flame-topped youngster whose clothes bore evidence of fumbling masculine fingers.

"What's going to do with the kid?" asked Pete Carr, the Apache team captain. "Going to take him with me," answered the recruit shortly.

"Bad stuff," said Carr. "Think of the night jumps and the traveling you're going up against. It would be a whole lot better if you could send him to some good school for kids—some asylum, maybe."

The new infielder glared. "See here," said he. "That asylum thing runs for your kids maybe; not for mine. I said the kid stinks with me, and that goes for you, don't like it, say so. I know plenty of longways where they're glad to have us both."

"Oh, all right, all right!" said Carr. "These bushers seem to think that this is a sort of infant class on the side. Where's the kid's mother?"

"Died last season," said Carr. "And say, Jodie, old hawes, better not let that redhead hear you call him a busher. He doesn't start often, but when he does all welterweights better get outside the ropes."

"Wonder why he's so stuck on lugging a squalling brat around with him all the time?" asked Jordan. "Gibraltar kept on wondering, for Brick Jones never told. Had he done so it might have been made easier for him at the beginning, for ball players, in spite of a rough exterior, are sympathetic and understanding. Brick Jones' little life story would have touched a soft spot."

Three years before Jones, Junior, entered this vale of tears, Brick Jones was a telegraph operator in a small Western town. The division point of a transcontinental railway system, "Jonesey" as he was called, earned \$60 a month by working 12 hours a day and something more. The railroad men had a baseball team which had beaten everything within a radius of 100 miles, and one day, in fielding practice before an important game, "Jodie" Kilbride, the shortstop, broke a finger. The quiet, red-headed operator climbed out of the grand stand and volunteered to take Kilbride's place. Jonesey played such a phenomenal game that the railroad men were dazzled, and thereafter Jodie went to the outfield.

"My soul!" said the yard foreman, who was also the team captain, "where did you come from to play baseball like that?" "Always knew how, I guess," said Jonesey. "I played some at school."

Soon afterward Jonesey's pay was increased to \$75 a month, which, in some towns, used to be a great deal of money. Naturally the young man's thoughts lightly turned to the slender little brunette who waited upon the table in the railway eating house.

She was a nice little girl, who said red hair was pretty, and did not appreciate duty and impolite traveling men. So, when Jonesey cleared his throat and asked her to marry him, she said, "Oh, Charlie!" and hid her face upon his shoulder. They were married at the Methodist parsonage, and the couple settled down to housewifery at 25 a month, strong in the mistaken belief that two can live as cheaply as one.

In time there arrived the third member of the family, a tiny, red-faced little mite with golden fuzz around his hair and the voice and lungs of an auctioneer. The mother named him John Wesley, after her uncle, who had been a Methodist minister.

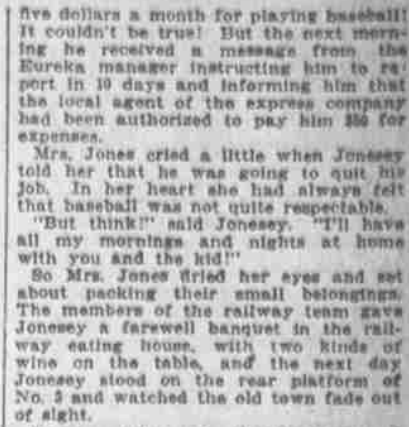
When John Wesley was two years old Jonesey was still "pounding brass" in the same office at the same salary and beginning to realize that raising a family on \$75 a month was not the simplest problem in the world. He still played baseball for the love of the game, but nobody ever thought of offering him any money for his services. Jonesey never thought of asking for any, he knew in a hazy sort of way, that professional baseball players were well paid, but that was in the days when Jonesey was modest and did not suspect himself of being a marvel.

One day a baseball scout, prowling through the waste places in search of an infielder for the Eureka team of the Sagebrush League, stopped over to see a game between the railroad men and a team of miners from a nearby town. That team of miners from the Eureka Club, when Jonesey came down to take his night trick on the wire, he found the stranger waiting for him.

"It's a fair question," asked the stranger. "What does this wire-ticking job pay you?" "What's it to you?" asked Jonesey. "Nothing to me," said the man, "but unless I'm very much mistaken, it's something to you. Do you always play ball like you did this afternoon?" "Why—yes," said Jonesey, slightly puzzled. "Pretty much the same. Sometimes I hit a little better."

"How would you like to play professional ball?" asked the man. "What is there in it?" asked Jonesey. "I can get you \$125 a month. I'm looking for a shortstop for the Eureka Club. Your expenses on the road will be paid, and the season lasts eight months. How does that listen to you?" "Can I get by with it?" asked Jonesey. "Get by?" repeated the man. "Like a runaway freight train!" "Put that offer in writing!" said Jonesey.

"It's so better than that," said the man. "I'll ask the manager of the Eureka team to wire you some expense money and tell you when to report."



five dollars a month for playing baseball. It couldn't be true. But the next morning he received a message from the Eureka manager instructing him to report in 10 days and informing him that the local agent of the express company had been authorized to pay him \$25 for expenses.

Mrs. Jones cried a little when Jonesey told her that he was going to quit his job. In her heart she had always felt that baseball was not quite respectable. But think of the money! "I'll have all my mornings and nights at home with you and the kid!"

So Mrs. Jones tried her eyes and set about packing their small belongings. The members of the railway team gave Jonesey a farewell banquet in the railway eating house, with two kinds of wine on the table, and the next day Jonesey stood on the rear platform of No. 3 and watched the old train fade out of sight.

Jonesey made good. Having discovered that there was money to be made out of baseball, he set himself to learn the finer points of the game, and the manager of the Eureka team went tapping himself on the chest and taking credit for discovering the most promising of the season's recruits.

At the end of his second year in the Sagebrush League, the American Association coveted Infielder Jones to the extent of \$25 a month. Mrs. Jones shed some more tears, packed up a second time, and bought some patent-leather pumps for John Wesley.

There was no agebrush in Jonesey's hair when he joined his new club, and by midseason every one knew that Brick Jones had signed his last minor league contract. Late that year the Apaches bought him outright, and his new contract called for \$500 for the season. Mrs. Jones was again on her feet, and strong since John Wesley's birth—and Infielder Jones started off on his last trip around the American Association circuit. In two weeks he was recalled by a telegram from a physician:

"Your wife dangerously ill. Come at once." At the end of the sixth day the doctor came out of the sick-room and touched Jones on the shoulder.

"She wants to see you," he said. "Doc," said Jonesey, "you don't think it's that bad as that?" "We can always hope," said the doctor. "You mustn't excite her, remember."

Jonesey went in and sat down on the side of the bed, taking the thin white hand in his own brown paw. "Well, little girl," he said. "What's the matter?" "It's about the boy. You're going away off East—among strangers. You mustn't send Johnny to an asylum. I couldn't bear that. I want you to promise me that you'll take Johnny with you—wherever you go."

Jonesey slipped to his knees, his face hidden in the bed coverlet. "Don't talk like that!" he begged. "You mustn't give up! Why, what would I do?"

The white hand found his bowed head, and began to stroke the tangled red mop. "You haven't promised," whispered the voice.

Jonesey promised. "Wherever you go—for always and always," repeated the woman. "Now, I want to see Johnny."

Mrs. Jones died that night, and three days after the funeral Jonesey was back at his position in the infield, and there sat on the bench with the team a grave, solemn-eyed, round-faced little fellow, to whom all the players were very kind. Some of them were old and had known and liked Mrs. Jones, offered to take John Wesley, but Jonesey steadily refused.

"I promised his mother," was the only answer he would make. "That was how John Wesley Jones, aged five years, entered the big league. At first the Apaches regarded him as an excess baggage, but that was before they saw his father play ball. Brick Jones jumped into favor as soon as his spotted shoes were tied, and the baseball scribes, always optimistic before the opening of a season, were thankful to find at least one man among the recruits whom there was not the shadow of a doubt.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

New Record for Discus

MADISON, Wis., June 28.—Archie Mucka, Wisconsin's giant weight man, bettered the record in the discus throw in practice at Camp Randall, when he threw the missile 157 feet. The record was made by J. Duncan, of Long Island, N. Y., in 1913, when he threw the weight 145 feet 5 1/2 inches. The Mucka mark will not count as a record, as it was not established in competition.

Pitches No-Hit Game

MOBILE, Ala., June 28.—Tex Christian, former Detroit American pitcher, won a sensational no-hit game for the Mobile team in a 9-inning contest against the Birmingham team. Only 21 men faced Christian. One walked but was caught stealing. Mobile scored one run.

RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS LAST WEEK

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