

WON BY THE CORN HUSKERS

Ineffective Stick Work and Ragged Fielding.

ANOTHER GAME THIS AFTERNOON

News From Other Fields—The Chicago Tournament—The Girls at Madison Square—Leftover Shoot and Miscellaneous Sports.

Standing of the Ball Clubs.

Following is the standing of the teams of the three leading associations up to and including yesterday's games:

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Boston.....	19	13	6	.684
Philadelphia.....	19	13	6	.684
New York.....	9	12	8	.600
Cleveland.....	23	11	13	.478
Chicago.....	21	11	10	.524
Baltimore.....	16	9	7	.563
Pittsburg.....	16	9	7	.438
Minneapolis.....	19	9	10	.474
Des Moines.....	16	5	11	.333
Milwaukee.....	20	4	16	.200

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
Boston.....	19	13	6	.684
Philadelphia.....	19	13	6	.684
New York.....	9	12	8	.600
Cleveland.....	23	11	13	.478
Chicago.....	21	11	10	.524
Baltimore.....	16	9	7	.438
Pittsburg.....	16	9	7	.438
Washington.....	17	4	13	.240

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per Ct.
St. Louis.....	22	7	15	.375
Kansas City.....	16	10	6	.615
Athletic.....	23	11	12	.478
Baltimore.....	23	12	13	.480
Cincinnati.....	27	12	14	.451
Columbus.....	34	8	16	.333
Louisville.....	39	6	30	.200

SIOUX CITY, Omaha 1.

Told the bell softly, the White Sox have taken another tumble.

The Sioux warriors had on their war paint yesterday afternoon, and it took them but one hour and fifteen minutes to flagellate the Omaha's.

It was a remarkably short game—one of enjoyment is apt to grow irksome.

Crooks and Monk Cline added to the affray, moreover, a comedy element which spiced the entertainment until it was fit for the delectation of the Gods.

But Sioux City won, and that's what hurts.

Still, it is gratifying to be able to say that they didn't win easily. The Corn Huskers stuck up a mighty stout game, and a lucky one, while Omaha's was a trifle ragged, and they couldn't bat worth a picayune.

They hit the ball, though, mind you, as a rule, but somehow or other it always ends straight to one of the aboriginal gals.

Nichols and Webber both pitched in admirable form, the latter getting in a small way, the best of it.

The audience was very large and very quiet. The grand stand was packed and the bleachers a solid mass of faces, while the immovable carriages and buggies encompassed the field.

But let us see how it all happened. Here's Omaha bats first.

The French count thinks he sees one coming that suits him. But he is mistaken. The sphere rolls tamely down to nimble Mr. Burke, and then comes Joe.

The prescient hung his sapling, the ball flew, but only to Bradley, who likewise fired it first, and Grover went off to condole with Straus.

Crooks, in less than a second to left, and the crowd had half a notion to whom her up. But they had hardly time, for Webster made a fine stop of Andrews' slashing drive, and again blonde Mr. Powell received the ball at the right corner of the diamond.

The prescient little Cline makes his debut. He spins on his hands, bends back until he almost sits on the ground, then bang! He scores a pretty single out toward Canavan.

Glen braces himself, but before he gets a run, the ball is taken to first and the chimpanzee runs down to second.

A sulphur smell pervades the air, but soon everything is lovely again.

Powell drives a vicious grounder to an out field, and the home team. Nichol throws Genius out at first, and Cleveland does as much for Brosnan, leaving Cline on third and Glen on second.

That was nice, wasn't it?

In the ninth, Cline, Walsh and Canavan were estymated so quickly that you could hardly see it was done.

And the Corn Huskers, too, were done up with equal acceleration.

The elonginous Nagle cuts out a clover-snipper, and the game is introduced to the bat, but Nichols immediately forces him out, and Strauss, by a fungo to Burke, succeeds in doubling himself up with the Kid, and again the White Sox are in the Mulligan.

The Indians do better, after Webber strikes out, Cline by tremendous springing, reaches No. 3 on Canavan's misjudgment and miss of his long high fly. Glenn, a rascal, when he tries to first and the chimpanzee runs down to second.

After Brosnan and Burke had been retired at first, Bradley, he of the perennial grin, made a hit. Nagle's wild throw lets him to third, and the Kid's wide pitch, across the plate.

That was bad!

In the next inning Omaha made her one little lily-turf of a tally.

Cooney smashes out a two-sacker, and the cheeey boards fill the summer air with hoo-hah.

This is suddenly hushed, however, as Walsh returns on a high fly to the Monkey. Then Canavan, as if to get even for his lamentable miss, lines out a single, and Timmy great steal of second, but is left, Nagle dying at first and Nichol on a sky-scraper to Glenn.

Young Burke, who is one of the finest shortstops in the business, varies his fine routine on the field, and the ball goes to the pop-up. But the mistake counts nothing after all, for Cleveland's hit the two runners are doubled up like a jack-knife. Bradley threw Crooks out, and the golden opportunity was lost.

The Corn Huskers are speedily disposed of.

In the seventh not a single pair of white legs saw first. Andrews and Cooney were pitted on the wing, a beautiful horse flies to Glenn, and Burdette to Walsh out.

The brawny warriors from up the river score again, and everybody saw that the pig was awfully up.

But sad to relate, he didn't.

Like jacks, the Indians slings along with his second life drive, and the old-time dead arm pitcher crosses the plate.

Monk purloins second, but Glenn's out ends the inning.

The White Sox do nothing in the eighth, and the Indians do the same. Powell, after getting to first on Crook's fumble, and Genius are doubled up by a fine stop of the Kid's, and his throw to Walsh and Walsh's to Andrews. Walsh also threw Brosnan out at first.

The Omahas came in for their last, with a wild, ravenous look in their eyes, but that didn't amount to shucks. Wild, ravenous looks are not a very potent factor in piping spuds in a game of baseball.

Sixteen feet out to Burke and old Buffalo to Genius, and the audience began to move dejectedly toward the exit. But when Webber just to prolong their suspense a few more moments gave Jack Crooks his base on balls, the only one of the game, they all beat down.

Then Genius muffed Andrews' short fly.

and everybody fell just like howling, but they were afraid of breaking the spell.

Course break them.

He drew a long one out to Glenn and of course Glenn squeezed it.

The game was over and Omaha was beaten. The score:

OMAHA.	A.B.	R.	H.	B.H.	S.H.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
Strauss, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Cooper, ss.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
Andrews, 1b.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	14	0	0
Cooney, cf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walsh, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0
Canavan, lf.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0
Nagie, c.....	3	0	1	0	0	0	5	0	0
Nichols, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	10	0	0
Total.....	31	1	4	0	1	24	18	4	4

SIOUX CITY.

SIOUX CITY.	A.B.	R.	H.	B.H.	S.H.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
Omaha.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
Sioux City.....	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0
Total.....	32	3	6	2	1	27	15	2	2

INNINGS.

INNINGS.	A.B.	R.	H.	B.H.	S.H.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.
Earned runs—Omaha 1.	5	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	5
Two-base hits—Omaha 2.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Double and triple plays—Nichols to Walsh	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Outs—Burke to Brosnan to Powell 2.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4
Bases on called balls—By Webb L.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Wild pitches—Nichols 1.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Time of game—1 hour and 15 minutes.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Umpire—Sam McDermott.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

DENVER.

DENVER.	A.B.	R.	H.	B.H.	S.H.	SH.	PO.	A.	E.

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