

OMAHA PLAYING GREAT BALL

But Still There is No Visible Increase in the Number of Spectators.

THE MINNIES AGAIN DEFEATED.

Pitcher Fagin a Trifle Too Generous in the Matter of Giving Bases on Balls—A Magnificent Game.

| Played. | Won. | Lost. | For Ct. |
|-------------|------|-------|---------|
| Minneapolis | 3 | 47 | 29 |
| Minneapolis | 3 | 47 | 31 |
| Minneapolis | 3 | 47 | 34 |
| Denver | 3 | 47 | 34 |
| Minneapolis | 3 | 48 | 37 |
| Minneapolis | 3 | 48 | 42 |
| Minneapolis | 3 | 48 | 47 |
| St. Paul | 3 | 21 | 51 |

Omaha 8, Minneapolis 4.

The Omaha team is at last playing great ball, there is no doubt about that.

And they are winning right along, too, and still more than a handful of spectators go out to see the games.

Those who do attend, however, are well compensated for their trouble, for such games were never played here before.

Yesterday was a model day for ball playing, and a lively contested, exciting game was the result.

"Dash" Fagin occupied the points for the Black Sox and deported himself with exceeding cleverness.

The only fault to be found with Dash was his profanity.

He would insist on giving those stings Minneapolis men credit for their work.

He was kind to Mr. Muller—any name would be sweet to "Twosie"—that he gave him his base every time he went to bat except once, then he smashed him in the small of the back with the sphere hard enough to knock him off his feet.

But just let Fagin be a long-headed duck. He wouldn't get settled in a boiler factory. It's just the same to him whether the bases are empty or full; he's just as cool as a bottle of Aspernér on ice.

He's got the stuff the great twirler, an old-timer.

Manager Hurst had his Canadian battery, Petty and Twosie, in the points, and second-best was he of capturing the game that he came out to the grounds dressed to death in a mackintosh and white tie, and took a front seat in the directors' box just as if he had come from the Colonies.

After four innings had been played, however, and the score board bore the legend, "Omaha 8, Minneapolis 4," Tim sprang nimble over the railing into the field with the words, "Let me give you an initiation of a baseball manager steering his team to victory."

But they would start with a continental, and the last glimpse caught of Colonel Hurst was just the citoe of the great strutting as he stood before Muller's bar filling himself with red lemonade.

But the game...

"Now, shiny," cried Captain Hanrahan as Canavan walked up to the plate, "remember we must have this game. Hit her hard."

And Jimmy proceeded forthright to hit her, but it was the odorous summer breeze he snuffed, and he was mad enough to have bitten his bit in two when the salutary lunges stopped.

Walsh followed suit, flying to Minnehaha, while Keams sent one to Andrew.

Andrew was your egg, Mister, fried to a crisp.

Fagin began at once with his pins-swinging, and Andrew trotted off in balls. Now this young man Andrew has wings, and so made up his mind to rip second, soon the first ball pitched off he started. He went like the wind, but Billy Morris was swifter, and Andrew was left in the dust.

Well, this man was disposed of so easily, Major Fagan says, "I'll try it all over" and he then proceeded to give Minnehaha an original package. A very wild and barbarous pitch sent him to second, and then looked like a rumpus.

But the Dummy fanned, and Fagin, Hanrahan and Newman attended to Day.

Omaha was holder in the second, for after Jim Miller had thrown Cleveland out at first, Captain Hanrahan drove bay-hitter against the wall, and Wills and Keams ran across the plate.

Keams, however, Carroll hit for two seconds after which he had been called on, and everybody thought that he would score on cue.

A wild pitch let him to third, and they thought so still harder.

But you know that base ball is a very funny game, and that what you least expect always happens!

Well, it so, any way.

DilCarroll got home! Not a bit of it.

Old Joe Miller hit to Fagin and Fagin three times of course, and now the good citizens of Omaha have decided to turn a blind eye without touching it, and in disgust General Cusick said: "Sit down."

That was very funny, and everybody giggled.

I only want to fire the more astounded ones. Then he tried the old mass-oversized dodge of starting slow off to second in the hope that Moran would "threw down" to catch him and Jack could score while he maneuvered between bases.

It didn't work, of course.

He let him steal without a blush.

And he was wise for big fat Petty few out to Kehns the very next moment.

And what about them was at that?

The first ball was a blank for both sides, but in the fourth, Hanrahan drove a ball over the right-field fence for "home" and the crowd went wild for a moment.

The Minnies fought hard, but the fates were against them, and again they drew a blank, a brilliant double play by Wills, Cleveland and Keams being the conspicuous factor in this achievement.

Here is where Manager Hurst jumped out onto the field from the directors' box to show the people how a manager, when he is real mad, pulls a game out of the fire.

What a scowling, fructiferous looking it was.

Oh my! oh me! What galling birds those Minneapolis lads are!

Moran was the first man up, but he sat down too quickly for the Dowdy's lightning throw and him off at third.

"Hey, there!" shouted Manager Hurst.

And Petty responded by giving Canavan his base on balls. Hestole second and went to third on Rosy Josey's hit.

Hey, there, too! stele second, and Keams got his base on balls.

The people did click and fidget in the grand stand.

Then Cleveland swatted her safely, and amidst a chorus of cheers Canavan scored, Joe went to third and Keans to second.

Jimmy was still on the base, and he had followed Jimmy across the platter and Keams galloped to third and Grover to second.

And the popular still continued to wade its short and dry "hey! hey! hey!"

And to keep the excitement from cooling off, Joe McNeely happened along. He swam his telephone just once, but that was enough. It caught Mr. Petty right over the heart and away he went oversecond, over the green grass, the dandelions and grass—over—ate all them—over the center field, and down the first base, head and bang up against the north palisade.

It was a tremendous drive and it cleared the base, for Jack, too, came home, getting there by skin of his teeth.

Somehow, though, he didn't quit yelling, and even now, it is fresh.

But that endearing exclamation, for after Wills had reached second on an error by Wills and a steal, Fagan towed out.

For Fagan, too, was again present with his pets, Twins, was again present with a base hit since he was still, bang out two batters and the man with that name scored.

A passed ball! Petty to third, and after Wills had reached second on an error by Wills and a steal, Fagan towed out.

The fair grounds will be the theater of a thrilling scene this afternoon, in the grand course meeting with greyhounds and jack rabbits. The affair will be conducted under the auspices of the National Coursing Association with Manager Allison at the front. There will be eight races, and in addition to the celebrated dogs entered by Dr. Joyce of Topca and Secretary Luce of New York, there will be a dozen or more local representatives. Ladies who desire to participate and witness this grand and exhilarating

on a sharp grounder to Newman, Dowie made a hit and Carroll scored.

Fagan next hit the grand sanguine two-base hit, and the ball, and Petty, who couldn-bill hit this side of the Collision with a ball and the bugs were fall, and so were the spectators—the latter with a mixture of remorse, disgust and Muller's four-year-old peanuts.

It was awfully still in the park just then.

There was some appalling catastrophe, and then the bug was fall, and the bugs were pending.

And then, was, for Andrews, too, was given his base on balls and Dowie was forced across the plate.

Everybody held his breath until Minnie had fled to Will's.

Things were still ticklish, with Ryan at the bat. The Dummy, you know, has a bad habit of hitting the ball when necessary. So the 6000 people sat quiet a mile and watched the big game nervously.

But the Dummy was equal to the emergency.

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