

ENGLISH CUP COMPETITION.

LUTON TOWN v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

Played at Northumberland Park on Saturday. Result:

Luton Town..... 2 goals.

Tottenham Hotspur 2 goals.

The teams were as follow :—

RIGHT. LUTON TOWN. LEFT.

Bee (goal).

M. D. Nicholson.

McEwen.

Watkins.

M'Crindle.

Howe.

Gallacher. Finlayson. Groom Prentice. Dimmock.



Payne. Eccles. P. Hunter. Goodall. Cubberley.

Welham.

Julian.

Shepherd.

Jull.

Burrows.

Ambler (goal).

LEFT. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR. RIGHT.

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Referee, Mr. E. Bissiker; linesmen, Messrs. G. Horn (Luton), and H. D. Casey (Hotspur).

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Glorious! What, the weather? No, there was something infinitely more pleasing than that. I will put it as a matter of degree. The weather was good, but the game was better, and the result was best of all. Looked at from whatever point of view you like, it was the result which merited the superlative.

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Personally, I did not expect anything better than a draw. And there's another thing, I don't know that I hoped for anything better. My only fear was that we might come a little bit short of that. There were some, I know, who could not see how Luton could fail to win. But they were those who do an awful lot of theorising and leave the facts to look after themselves.

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Some of us who had had the misfortune to see the Reds in their recent matches away from home, were only too painfully aware of the miserable exhibitions they were capable of when they had not the full team out.

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A good many persons cannot understand how it is that the absence of a couple of men from among the forwards should make such a wonderful difference in the Luton team. But there is really no mystery about it. It is simply because the eleven is one which depends for its success entirely upon science.

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In an ordinary amateur lot, where each man plays a more or less individual game, changes may be made without much weakening the team as a whole, but with an eleven which makes combination the great feature, it is almost as disastrous to leave one or two men out as it would be to leave a wheel out of the works of a clock.

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Knowing therefore that Galbraith could not go on Saturday and that Jack was ineligible, and bearing in mind the Ilford and Ordnance displays, I must confess I was not over-sanguine as to the result of the Cup-tie with Tottenham Hotspur. The latter had done some good things lately, as witness their sensational victory over Clapton.

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At one period of Saturday's game, however, I thought Luton would run out easy winners. At half-time they were leading by two goals to nil, and up to then had had practically all the play, while for the first ten minutes of the second half, with the wind against them, they appeared to be playing a strong winning game.

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But then came the turning point. The Spurs scored a goal, and that goal made all the difference in the world to the state of the play. It took a lot of the life out of the one team and put it into the other. Fortunately, however, it was nearly another thirty minutes before the equalising goal was obtained, but even then the six minutes remaining was longer than some of us wanted, and we were heartily glad when the whistle blew.

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The match was a very exciting one all the way through, there not being a dull five minutes in the game. The crowd, variously estimated at from four to six thousand, but in reality numbering about three thousand, cheered and groaned and booed, and generally did all the stupid things that such crowds will do, the noise at times being absolutely deafening.
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About a hundred persons went up from Strawopolis to witness the encounter, and of course these were all models of good behaviour. Certainly, I saw some of them giving vent to their feelings when Luton scored their first and second goals, and I saw the same persons maintain a dignified composure when Tottenham Hotspur retaliated. But that was only natural.
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The ground was in excellent condition, but a strong wind prevailed, and had a considerable influence on the play. During the first half, Luton, with the wind behind them, were constantly besieging the Tottenham goal, and in the second half, the Spurs with a similar advantage, did a very fair amount of pressing. Luton, however, when playing with the wind, had the sun in their eyes, whereas their opponents never suffered from this drawback.
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There being some doubt as to whether Nicholson would be able to reach the ground in time, Cheshier went up as emergency man, but the great "M.D."—great in both stature and ability—was punctual in his attendance. Galbraith also accompanied the Luton team, not in any hope of playing, but merely to see if he could learn a wrinkle or two, docherknow.
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Both teams were cordially cheered as they stepped on the field, though of course the more enthusiastic greeting was vouchsafed to the homesters, who on this occasion appeared in white. The only absentee on the Spurs side was Stanley Briggs, who was laid up with influenza, and old friend Julian took his place at centre-half, whilst Welham was pressed into the service at left.
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The kick-off was fixed for 2.15, but it was about ten minutes after that time when the teams lined up. A good pass by Julian was the first thing worth chronicling, and Payne receiving, raced away and sent—dare I say it?—Paynefully wide.
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Already the excitement made itself manifest, the spectators apparently having been thoroughly wound up before the proceedings commenced. The noise subsided a bit when Luton turned the tables, as they immediately did, and Burrows in clearing once landed the ball on the pavilion, and directly after kicked clean over.
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Getting away again, Cubberley was responsible for a very pretty centre, which Peter Hunter came uncomfortably near converting, but his shot just missed the target. Luton responded with vigour, and Watkins having failed with a well-meant header, Gallacher got in a beautiful shot, but Ambler saved and Burrows cleared.
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The Spurs made another attempt on the left wing, but were circumvented by Nicholson, who was showing rare good form. At the other end Finlayson kicked high over from a centre by Dimmock, and then the latter thought he would have a try all on his own, but after passing Burrows he was knocked off the ball by Julian.
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From a centre by Gallacher, Prentice headed over, but a moment later the right winger sent in a clinker, which Ambler managed to save by tipping over the bar. Dimmock placed well from the flag-staff, but a clearance was effected.
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Luton now pressed severely, and a foul against Julian did not improve the outlook for the locals, but with all the pressing very little firing practice was indulged in. "They don't seem to shoot for goal," said an onlooker, and the observation was a very truthful one, for considering the opportunities, the shots were remarkably few and far between.
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Groom had two or three splendid openings, but, perhaps not unnaturally, he seemed afraid to shoot for fear of missing. Howe and Finlyson got in in a couple of good shots, Ambler having some difficulty in negotiating that from Finny. A long return by Nicholson caused both Burrows and Jull to go for Prentice, and as a consequence it took a little time for the three to disentangle themselves.
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When play had been in progress about thirty-five minutes, the Reds made a very strong attack, but the ball kept hovering about in front of the uprights in a most tantalising manner, until at last Finlayson put an end to the suspense by scoring the first goal in capital style.
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There's nothing succeeds like success, and greatly encouraged, Luton worked with renewed energy, Finlayson getting in another shot which Ambler had to handle. A brief suspension of the play was caused by McEwen kicking clean out of the ground, and then the Reds went at it again hammer and tongs, but they had the hardest of hard luck, their shots rebounding off first one player and then another.
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Just before the interval, however, Gallacher put in a beautiful centre, and to the immense satisfaction of the Luton contingent, Prentice registered a second point. Thus, when half-time was called, the Reds were leading by a couple of goals to nil.
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The score did not anything like represent the actual state of the play, the Spurs having been kept on the

defensive nearly the whole time. But as I have already said, the Lutonians were very weak in the shooting department, and in addition to that the Tottenham people not only offered a very stout resistance, but had a good share of luck besides.

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When play was resumed, it was expected that the Spurs would at once act on the aggressive, but as a matter of fact the Lutonians had considerably the best of matters in the first few minutes. No sooner had the ball been started, than Gallacher went up the field in splendid fashion, and put in a grand centre, almost along the goal-line, but Jull cleared.

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Immediately after this, Jull caused some amusement by very deliberately handling the ball, but strange to say the incident entirely escaped the referee's eye. The homesters twice broke away, without becoming dangerous, and then at the other end Ambler had to fust out a shot from Groom, who took advantage of a centre by Finlayson.

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Play hereabouts had to be suspended on account of Finny receiving a very nasty kick. The accident happened in one corner of the field, and it was difficult to see who was the unfortunate. I was afraid at first that Gallacher's foot had gone wrong again, and breathed a genuine sigh of relief when I found it was not so. Nevertheless, I was sorry for Finlayson, and was glad to see him quickly recover.

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Finlayson soon showed that he was not much hurt by joining with Gallacher in a waltz up the field, and finishing up with a shot which Ambler caught and threw out. The Spurs then broke loose, and Julian put in a long 'un. Bee saved that, but did not get the ball far away, and eventually Cubberley did the trick with a shot which hardly ought to have taken effect.

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The applause which greeted this performance might have been heard for miles, the spectators seeming to go quite crazy with delight. After the return to the half-way line, Gallacher and Finlayson treated us to another pretty run, and once again Ambler had to save from a beauty by Finlayson. Then the Spurs, playing up for all they were worth, made things pretty warm for the Luton defence, but their intentions were frustrated by the splendid work of Nicholson and McEwen at back.

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Things went on like this for some time, and though the Hotspur forwards, Goodall particularly, often became dangerous, it is pretty certain that they would not have equalised but for a bad mistake on the part of the referee. Payne centred, and Bee ran out, but clearly did not touch the ball, which went behind.

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A corner was given, however, and this being well placed by Shephard, Eccles succeeded in equalising. Words fail to describe the demonstration which now took place, the enthusiasm of the spectators knowing no bounds. The excitement extended to the players, and the battle during the last few minutes of the game raged very fiercely.

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Luton, however, had the advantage, and several times came very near scoring the winning point. From a foul against Welham, Watkins placed, and the Hotspur goal experienced two or three very narrow escapes, but ultimately Groom headed behind. A moment afterwards M'Crindle placed in front of goal again, and had Gallacher been thoroughly up to concert pitch, he would most likely have scored.

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A brief and fruitless incursion by the Spurs was speedily replied to by Luton, and Gallacher from the touch-line sent in a lovely drooping shot, the ball curling in just under the cross-bar, but Ambler managed to prevent it from going through.

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Then the whistle blew, and the Luton men at once began to make their way off the field, but were called back by the referee, who wanted to insist on extra time being played, quite oblivious of the new rule on the subject. However, he eventually gave way, and the game was left drawn at two goals all.

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As already stated, a more satisfactory result could not have been wished for, as far as Luton is concerned, especially from a financial point of view. The gate on Saturday realised upwards of £70, and each club's share of this, added to receipts at Luton, will amount to a very respectable sum. In addition to that, Luton have the prospect of certain victory, on their own ground, with Galbraith in the team.

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I am pleased to say that our fellows played a very nice game, and for once in a way, I have no grumbling at all to do. The forwards, of course, ought to have scored more goals in the first half, but still, taking all the circumstances into consideration, they did not do amiss.

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Dimmock showed greatly improved form, frequently beating Burrows in the first portion of the game. Afterwards he did not get as much to do as he might have had. Prentice played a good game, as also did Finlayson and Gallacher. The latter had to exercise a good deal of care, and I am very pleased that he came through all right. Finlayson was in rare fettle, being about the best forward on the field. Groom was not a Galbraith, but he did not perform badly, always keeping his opponents on the move.

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The half-backs did well, so well indeed, that it is quite unnecessary to award special praise to any particular one. They were all good alike. Nicholson and McEwen at back played a splendid game, the best since the Clapton match. Nicholson was suffering from a bad cold, but it proved no apparent impediment. There's no mistake, he can go when he knows he's got to, and McEwen always does go. Bee in goal gave a moderate display.

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As to the Spurs, Julian naturally came in for most attention from the Luton spectators. He was very disappointing in the first half, not shaping at all well, but he played a good game in the second. Welham, the substitute for Stanley Briggs, was really the best of the halves, and was fully as good, and perhaps more effective, than Stanley himself.

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Jull and Burrows were very sound at back, the former taking my fancy most. He and Welham weighed on Gallacher pretty heavily. Ambler, between the sticks, was nothing extraordinary. Of the forwards, I liked Donald Goodall best, but Payne and Cubberley were not amiss. Peter Hunter was a bit off, and Eccles was no great shakes.

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I may say that I was not the only one anxious to see a draw on Saturday. Galbraith confided to me that he also was wishful to see such a result, as he was anxious to have a look in. His eye, I was pleased to find, was very much better, thanks to the care of Dr. McArthur, whose praises Galbraith sings very loudly. The doctor, it appears, has been unremitting in his attention, and has thereby laid local football enthusiasts under deep obligations.

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In the other cup-ties, Millwall beat Royal Ordnance by three goals to two, and Southampton St Mary's beat Warmley by five to one. Leicester Fosse and Loughborough made a draw at one goal each.

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The reports of matches given in the London football editions are sometimes fearfully and wonderfully made. The following sentence, for instance, taken from one of Saturday night's papers, is hardly as intelligible as it might be:—"A break away by Howe was nearly robbed by Julian, but Payne was well watched, the ball travelling wide of the mark." That, of course, refers to the Luton match.

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Then here is another piece of descriptive work taken from the same paper:—"Ordnance still continued on the aggressive, but the passing of their opponents was far superior, the ball being continually got successfully away." As the writer immediately adds that the Ordnance were evidently out-classed, it would be interesting to know how long they continued on the aggressive against the far superior passing of their opponents, who "continually got successfully away."

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WHERE TO SHOOT! Straight into S. Bassett's, 28, Wellington-street, and get one of his first-class overcoats to measure for 30s. Acme of perfection.—[ADVT].