

THE RE-PLAYED TIE.

Played at Luton, on Wednesday. Result:—

Luton Town	4 goals.
Tottenham Hotspur	nil.

The teams were as follow:—

RIGHT.	LUTON TOWN.	LEFT.
	Bee (goal).	

Collins.	McEwen.
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Watkins.	M'Crindle.	Howe.
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Gallacher.	Finlayson.	Galbraith.	Prentice.	Dimmock
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Payne.	Eccles	Hunter.	Coleman.	Cubberley.
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Welham.	Julian.	Shephard.
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Jull.	Burrows.
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Ambler (goal).

LEFT.	TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.	RIGHT.
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Referee, Mr. T. Saywell; linesmen, Messrs. J. Bennett and A. N. Other.

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Enthusiasm ran rather high in Luton on Wednesday, for it was pretty confidently anticipated that Luton would bring off a win in the replayed Cup-tie with Tottenham Hotspur. The Spurs on the other hand were equally confident, or professed to be, for on Saturday one member of the London team—a gentleman not unknown to Luton—gave it as his opinion that the Lutonians would be walloped.

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But, alas, for the Spurs, they had reckoned without their host. They based their judgment on the Luton team as it performed with a reserve centre forward, but things were very different on Wednesday when we had the immense benefit of the services of our one and only centre forward.

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Galbraith's appearance on the field after his recent indisposition was very welcome to all the local spectators, especially as affording a conclusive refutation of that absurd rumour published in a London paper to the effect that he would not play again this season. He still wore the shade over the bad eye.

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The weather was fairly favourable, although a strong wind blew and militated somewhat against scientific play. Less than two thousand persons assembled to witness the game, and these included a few of London's citizens, but not by any means the quietest of them.

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Some of the locals, however, did not preserve an altogether unobtrusive demeanour, and it would have been far better if some of the remarks made had been left unsaid. Certain individuals appear to think that their comments are as necessary and as interesting a portion of the proceedings as the game itself, and it seems to be quite a useless task to endeavour to undeceive them.

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The kick-off took place just after two o'clock, and Luton having won the toss, started with the wind in their favour. This was gratifying in one sense, but undesirable in another, for the game speedily resolved itself into an incessant attack on the Tottenham goal.

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No sooner had the ball been set in motion, than the

homesters got away on the right, and Ambler gave a corner to a beautiful shot from Gallacher. Dimmock placed, and Galbraith came very near opening the account with an overhead kick. From a long return by Collins, Prentice headed behind.

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A foul against Hunter was followed by a couple of corners and a constant succession of shots at the Hotspur citadel, but the visitors defended grandly, albeit many of the saves effected were extremely lucky. A mistake by Collins—the only one he made during the game—let in Payne, who sent across the mouth of the Luton goal, but the ball was carried behind.

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Jull having cleared from a good centre by Gallacher, the Reds—who were this time playing in white—again menaced the Hotspur goal, and Ambler had to save from both Prentice and Howe. The next feature was another beautifully-placed corner by Dimmock, and after Ambler had saved, the ball was put back, and Jull, who was under the cross-bar, seemingly kicked out after the sphere had crossed the goal-line.

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The Lutonians made a confident appeal for a goal, but it was not allowed. Dimmock, receiving from Galbraith, mulled a fine opening by shooting miles too high, and then Gallacher, with the aid of his confrères, made two or three attempts on the visitors' headquarters, but the Spurs brought off some extraordinary saves.

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The homesters continued to pile it on, but despite all their efforts, it seemed as though the goals would not come. An unpleasant incident was a bad bit of business by Ambler, who was vigorously hooted for "kneeing" Dimmock in a very reprehensible manner.

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Soon after this, the Hotspur custodian had to save from a lovely low shot by Dimmock, who was surprising and pleasing everybody by the excellent game he was playing. Then there was another corner, and Dimmock again placing to a nicety, Ambler jumped at the ball and missed. Jull partially atoned for the mistake, but Finlayson rushed the leather through.

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A goal in twenty-five minutes, loudly cheered as it was, was hardly considered satisfactory in view of the one-sided character of the play, and it was hoped that Luton would make better use of the remaining twenty minutes. Apparently, however, the hope was not to be realised, for shot followed shot, and corner followed corner, but without tangible result.

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Again and again the ball was as near as possible going through, the corners were all splendidly judged by Gallacher and Dimmock, but the goal-keepers—there were practically three of them, Burrows and Jull being on the line with the regular one—offered the most stubborn resistance.

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At length, about a minute before the interval, Dimmock got in a pretty centre, and to the intense satisfaction of the onlookers, Gallacher registered a second point with a very neat shot. Was there any cheering then, did you say? Well, nobody who was in Luton at the time would have asked such a question.

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It was somewhat singular that in both games against the Spurs, Luton should have had the advantage of the wind in the first forty-five minutes, and in each case should have left off with a lead of two goals. There were some fearful persons among the onlookers who began to picture a similar "final," but events proved that these fears were uncalled for.

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Of course, the visiting team had been handicapped by having the wind against them, but after making all due allowance on that score, it did not require much of an eye to see which was the cleverer lot. Could the homesters have lured the Spurs out a bit, and so made the game more open, I think the score would have been considerably higher.

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When play was resumed, it was soon seen that the visitors were quite overmatched, for even with the wind against them, the Lutonians assumed the aggressive, and after fouls had been given against Welham and Burrows on the one side and Galbraith on the other, the homesters worked their way to the vicinity of the Tottenham goal, and Galbraith taking up a middle by Gallacher, put on a third point with a magnificent shot—by far the best of the match.

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Two or three further attempts were made by Luton, and then Welham was responsible for a long shot at the other end, Bee for the first time being called upon to save his charge. A foul by Finlayson led to a corner against Luton, but the Spurs were quite unused to such luxuries, and Welham placed behind.

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Gallacher next made a run the whole length of the field, but finally sent wide, and then from a throw-in on Luton territory, Julian put in a long 'un, which Bee easily disposed of. A moment later, some amusement was caused by Eccles, who, while apparently deliberating as to which particular spot in the net he should aim for, was robbed by M'Crindle.

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The Luton forwards were now showing some very pretty passing, delightful to look at and effective withal. Once from a smart pass by Galbraith, Gallacher got a clear opening, but was pulled up for offside. This was a grave mistake, one of the worst made during the match. Still, referees are only mortal.

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In the play following, Gallacher, who took a prominent part in the Luton attacks, was rather roughly handled, but happily he came out smiling. The assaults on the Hotspur goal were nearly as frequent and much more dangerous than in the first half, and once a terrible scrimmage in Ambler's neighbourhood was put an end to by the referee. The Lutonians strongly appealed for a penalty kick, but a free kick was given in the other direction.

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Eventually the Spurs got away, but Bee showed his contempt for the tame shot put in by running down the field with the ball à la Trainer. Then a lovely bit of combination on the Luton side was terminated by Gallacher landing the ball on the net.

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Howe next distinguished himself by a splendid bit of work, and as a result Gallacher received and passed across to Dimmock, who centred again, and Gallacher headed a fourth goal.

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The remaining play—extending over five minutes—ruled altogether in Luton's favour, the Tottenham goal several times being saved only by the skin of the teeth, as it were, but no alteration in the record took place, and a good game therefore ended in a win for Luton by four goals to nil.

The match was an interesting one all through, despite its one-sided nature. Both teams fought hard, and there was never any slackening. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the excellent display made by the Lutonians, there not being a weak man among the lot.

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The great feature of the match was the magnificent back play of Collins, who put his whole heart into the game, to the great discomfiture of the Hotspur forwards. McEwen also played wonderfully well, the two of them making as strong a pair of backs as could be wished for.

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The half-backs are a great source of trouble to me, for they are so good and so equally balanced that it is almost entirely out of the question to award special praise to any particular one. Howe was in his very best form, playing a champion game, and the same can be said of M'Crindle and Watkins.

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Galbraith was still badly handicapped by the damaged eye, but nevertheless he kept his wings together splendidly, and while Julian and others were paying attention to him, the outside men were given a much better chance than they were on Saturday. The right wing was in rare going order, Gallacher being considerably stronger, and the left wing was also very sound. Prentice did well, and if Dimmock had always shown as good form as on this occasion, we should never have needed another outside left.

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Ambler was far and away the best man on the Hotspur side, but the backs also rendered a good account of themselves. Julian was the best of the halves, but I am sorry to say that his tactics were often very shady. Welham was nothing like the Welham that played on Saturday. The forwards never had a smell of a chance.

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There was really something worth playing for on Wednesday, the draw on the Monday night having given over Preston North End to the winners. It therefore falls to the lot of Luton to entertain the crack team, and that they will do it in right good fashion I have not the least doubt. It will be a tougher fight than when they came to Luton a few weeks ago, I'll guarantee, but it won't be a prettier one.

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I see the Management Committee of the Southern League have ordered the match Luton v. Clapton to be replayed on a Thursyay in January. Like their impudence! They were going quite beyond their duties in ordering any such thing. Luton had appealed to the Council of the League, and it is the Council which ought to decide the matter.

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Luton go to Southampton this week's end to meet the Soton Saints. The latter are confident of victory, but I think they will have all their work cut out to secure it. The Reds, who will be at full strength, will leave Luton on Friday, and will return on Saturday night, with, I feel sure, a couple more points to their credit.

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It is satisfactory to know that there is at least one inhabitant of Southampton who will wish us well on Saturday. A Lutonian who is resident there writes me a letter, which will be found somewhere on this page, and I hope it will be taken to heart by the persons to whom it is offered. It is strange that in whatever part of the world you go, you are bound to find a Lutonian. I hope the Reds will give this particular one something worth seeing on Saturday.