

ENGLISH CUP.—FIRST ROUND.

LUTON V. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

A GIGANTIC "SURPRISE."—LUTON DEFEATED.

Let no one run away with the idea that the day of complete, dumb-founding surprises is over. Observe and ponder "Luton knocked out of the first round of the English Cup!!" The average man would put a dozen notes of exclamation, or "startlers," after such an announcement as that. A stupendous "take-down" and utter reversal of "form" like this must have been very hard for an outsider to credit. Thousands outside Luton, I am sure, looked twice at the figures in cold print, and half-suspected that the telegraph-clerk had been playing a joke on the football papers or that perhaps, after all, it was a misprint. No; "the best laid plans of mice and men"—and Burns might have added "footballers"—"gang aft agley" and Lutonians must swallow their shame and chagrin as best they may. Oh, the pity of it!

For once all the prophets, I think, were agreed in giving Luton to win. The *Morning Post*, I noticed plumped for the Spurs, but that was, of course, a mere fluke. Before the match, I heard some say the odds were 20 to 1 on the home team, and the most moderate estimate was a victory by 3 or 4 goals.

It was a beautiful afternoon with a bright sun but a rather boisterous wind was out for the occasion. Everything was favourable for a big crowd, and I should say some 3,500 people came down to the Town ground,—to see Luton win. The Spurs brought a contingent of about fifty with them, but the team was short of Jul', their veteran captain, who had sprained his ankle by falling downstairs the previous Thursday. Eccles, too, was away from the forwards. The visitors' colours being scarlet, Luton, who mustered full strength, donned white.

Punctually to time, the men turned out as under:—

Luton: Jack, goal; M. D. Nicholson, and McEwen, backs; Birch, Stewart, and Docherty, halves; Gallacher, Coupar, Galbraith, Parkinson, and Ekins, forwards.

Tottenham Hotspur: Ambler, goal; Burrows and Stanley Briggs, backs; Sheppard, Collins, and McKenzie, halves; Prior, Owen, Peter Hunter, Clements and Payne, forwards.

Mr. Saywell, of Chatham, was referee, and Messrs. S. Pakes and S. Casey, linesmen.

Stanley Briggs won the toss and this was a decided advantage, as Luton had to face the strong wind and play with the sun in their eyes. The ball was started by Galbraith but first went behind the Luton lines after a scramble. However, the Whites pressed hard and twice Coupar headed in cleverly to Ambler, who was not to be caught napping, and fisted out. Then the Spurs' left wing ran past Nicholson and Jack had to clear. The battle was keenly contested, and the exchanges ruled fast, though Luton always had a bit the best of it. Sheppard became prominent for "grassing" Ekins in rather questionable fashion and afterwards relieved when Galbraith seemed certain to score, Coupar next despatching the leather just outside the net. The play was quickly transferred and Payne sent in a high centre, which bounced over the cross-bar. Stewart then put up with fine judgment, and Galbraith tried an over-head shot, which Ambler saved grandly.

The Spurs custodian was immediately called on by Coupar and running out, got the ball away from a bunch of opponents. Stanley Briggs now went from back to his real position at centre half. Collins, who then retired to back, was responsible for the first foul of the day. The Spurs forwards were always on the alert for a chance of breaking clear and I am sorry to say Nicholson generally gave them an opening. Thanks to "Nick" slipping down, Payne got off and gave Jack a handful, Peter Hunter having previously struck the bar. Hands against Briggs seemed to promise well for Luton and from the kick, Gallacher sent in two fine shots; the first cannoned off Collins, and the second Ambler disposed of splendidly.

Another *melee* followed in Tottenham quarters but Ambler once more emerged victorious. Ekins forced Luton's first corner, but Gallacher slipped down at the critical moment and a good opportunity was lost. The home side's assaults having come to nothing, the Spurs took up the running. The left wing again beat Nicholson; Hunter had a clean opening and sent in a hard shot to Jack, who, however, only kicked the ball out a few yards; Owen promptly dashed in and scored the FIRST GOAL of the day, 30 minutes from the start. amid loud cheers.

This looked bad, but Luton lost none of their over-confidence—more's the pity!—and directly after the kick-off, ought to have equalised, as three of the home forwards, breaking away, had only Ambler to beat, but Parkinson headed behind. Fouls followed against Docherty, Sheppard and Briggs, and three times the Spurs were penalised for offside tactics. Another opening fell to Luton, and a fierce scrimmage resulted from a centre by Ekins, but the ball went outside the net. Half-time found the score:—

SPURS, 1 goal.

LUTON, 0 „

Just before the interval, Stanley Briggs, and Docherty came into collision, the Spurs captain by some means getting his head hurt, and retiring from the field.

Everyone expected Luton to "pile on the agony" in the second half, and most of us felt certain that the Spurs could not "stay" the hot pace much longer, and would be gradually worn down. Nothing of the sort. The visitors having got the lead, evidently meant to do their level best to retain it. Briggs came out soon after the re-start, and courageously took his place, but after a while, went off again. Another change was made in the Tottenham ranks, Collins going forward and Owen playing back.

Luton were first to threaten danger, and Docherty placed a free kick for hands into the net untouched. Then Nicholson allowed McKenzie to dribble the ball down the touch-line; Clements sent across the Luton goal, and McEwen mis-kicking, Hunter put on the SPUR'S SECOND GOAL, ten minutes from the interval, whereat the Tottenham contingent made a terrific demonstration.

Things were getting serious for Luton. For a while, Coupar went centre-forward in the hope of improving the attack. Evidently satisfied with the position of affairs, Briggs went off the field for the next 20 minutes. Luton were playing wildly, and seemed quite unable to get together for a big effort. Coupar and Galbraith ran the ball down, and ought to have scored, but the Spurs averted two dangerous rushes.

Docherty and Birch both sent in fine shots, which almost skimmed the cross bar. From Ekins' centre, a determined assault was made on the Spurs' citadel, and everyone thought Coupar had scored, but the ball went behind. Try how they would, the worst of bad luck dogged every effort; the Tottenham goal seemed to bear a charmed life.

As luck would have it, the Spurs once became really dangerous, Clements shooting just under the bar, but Jack saved, and from this point Luton had pretty well all the play. Just a quarter of an hour before the finish, Ekins ran down, and from his centre Galbraith headed through Luton's first and only goal amid great enthusiasm.

Now the band played, and fireworks followed. It was a ding-dong, hammer and tongs struggle for the verdict. Briggs came out to help his men retain their lead.

Never was such excitement! The crowd cheered on their men to renewed efforts, and valour on one side was met by stubborn resistance on the other. Ambler saved from Birch, and then Hunter fouled Stewart, but the kick was spoilt through Galbraith fouling. A corner, however, fell to Luton, but Docherty had very hard lines in shooting over. Ambler saved grandly a shot from Stewart that I thought must have scored, and then Gallacher headed over from hands. Though completely hemming their opponents in, Luton were perhaps too eager. The Spurs conceded another corner, and an exciting scrimmage took place close to the goal lines. Luton's luck was truly awful! Burrows and Ambler could do nothing wrong and got in the way of everything, while the others adopted the "kicking-out" method of defence. Three more desperate onslaughts by the Luton forwards came to nought, and at the call of time they had failed to draw level, the result being

TOTTENHAM SPURS,	2	goals.
LUTON,	1	„