

THE READING MATCH.

Luton initiated a decided up-grade movement on Saturday in the Southern League, and highly gratified their supporters by a right good win at Reading. Knowing full well the strength of the Biscuit team at Caversham, Lutonians were none too confident of success, especially as both League games played away so far—at Millwall and Southampton—had ended unfavourably.

The boisterous gale spoilt real football everywhere. At Reading, the wind blew dead across the field, and kept the ball continually on one side, throws-in being monotonous in their regularity. Under these abnormal conditions, play was of a very hazardous character. In fact, the style suited to the occasion was quite out of the ordinary run, and as a consequence, the match was poor and disappointing.

Strangely enough, Luton played far better against the wind than with it, and in the second half their passing was very skilfully done. Birch did much better than I anticipated in his new position, while the left wing combined well, Ekins putting in some clinking centres after the interval. A word is due to Parkinson for some creditable shooting. Galbraith displayed admirable generalship in the centre, in spite of the unceasing attentions of Evans.

Some how or other, the halves struck me as being below par, though Stewart was the best of the trio. The fine kicking and stout defence of McCartney and McEwen, however, generally outmatched the home forwards. For Russell in goal, praise cannot be too high. Two of his saves were really marvellous, and all through he was cool, sure, and agile. Saturday was the first day Russell has had a chance of exhibiting his real capabilities, and it seems a great pity he should now be discarded.

There was a good deal of feeling shown against the referee, but the Reading officials have stated that they were well satisfied with Mr. Crisp. He was perfectly fair and fearless throughout, and it required no little pluck to give a penalty-kick in face of a hostile crowd. Mr. Cripps was hustled by the spectators at the finish, and I have no doubt he will report the club authorities for not keeping the spectators under control, as the crowd repeatedly encroached on the field of play.

Saturday was not a day for any team to shine, and Reading certainly did not. Big kicks and rushes were what the team chiefly relied on, and Luton beat them hollow in science and combination. Gray, their new forward from Saltburn, was continually offside, and the rest of the forwards did not have many chances, poor Wheeler being left severely alone. Evans the former Royal Engineers' player, is a short, thick-set fellow, with more vigour than finish in his play. Another half-back, named Spiers, from Burnley, has now arrived to strengthen the Reading defence.

Luton now occupy the second position on the League Table, and if they beat Swindon away next week, and Millwall here on December 7, their chances for the championship will be very rosy. It was a case of hoping against hope that Millwall would go down before the Ordnance on Saturday, but fortune helped them to victory with only a goal to spare. The table is as follows:

	Goals									
	Played	Won	Drn	Lost	For	Agst	Pts			
Millwall Ath...	7	6	1	0	23	5	13			
Luton	6	4	0	2	20	6	8			
Swindon	4	3	1	0	10	6	7			
Chatham	5	3	1	1	14	11	7			
New Brompton	5	2	2	1	7	10	6			
Southampton..	7	3	0	4	11	17	6			
Reading	6	2	0	4	8	18	4			
R. Ordnance ..	6	1	1	4	7	11	3			
Clapton	4	1	0	3	14	17	2			
Ilford	6	0	0	6	1	14	0			