

THE ENGLISH CUP.

LUTON TOWN v. MARLOW.

Played at Marlow on Saturday. Result:—

Luton Town 3 goals.
Marlow 1 goal.

The teams were as follow:—

Right.	LUTON TOWN	Left.
	Williams (goal).	
	McCartney	McEwen.
	Davies.	Stewart.
	Docherty.	
Gallagher.	Coupar,	Galbraith.
		McLennan
		Ekins.



Shaw.	Nichols.	Wethered.	Jones.	Davis.
Shaw.		Edleston.	Spindle.	
	Morton.		Hansombody.	
		Routledge (goal).		

Left. MARLOW Right.

Referee, Mr. T. W. Saywell; linesmen, Messrs. Gibbs (Luton), and J. G. Meakes (Marlow).

Saturday ought to have been a red-letter day in the history of Marlow, but unfortunately the colours got mixed in the mixing, the football artistes were superseded by a greater authority, what should have been red came out a sort of dirty white, and Marlow, instead of creating a great stir in the leather-hunting world, was itself, for the nonce, obliterated from the view even of its own people.

It was with serious misgivings that Luton undertook the journey, for though they were not afraid of their doughty opponents, the atmospheric conditions were such as to fill them with dread. When the team left home at nine o'clock in the morning, the great straw emporium was enveloped in an almost impenetrable fog, they found the insignificant City of London in an infinitely worse plight, and though they hoped, even against hope, for better things at Marlow, they were doomed to disappointment.

When they reached the riverside town, which they did after innumerable delays, they had to feel rather than see their way to the Crown Hotel, ample encouragement being given them during the process by lusty-lunged young Marlovians, who assembled in force at various points along the route, and promised the visitors a very severe licking at the hands of the local celebrities.

For Marlow, you must remember, is justifiably proud of its footballers, who in years gone by have drubbed Luton more than once. Besides, has not Marlow turned out a Milward, who has been a tower of strength to Everton for years, and does not Marlow now rejoice in the possession of a Hansombody, as handsome a body as ever stepped on to a football field? But you know all this, and it is not necessary to enlarge upon it.

After satisfying the cravings of the inner man, I proceeded to the field to see for myself what were the chances of playing. The result was not gratifying from a football point of view, the fog being so thick that one could stand in the centre of the ground, and not see either goal, but from a personal standpoint, it was all that could be desired, several persons deferentially approaching me and soliciting my opinion, under the impression that I was the referee.

Whether it was an austere countenance, an intelligent look, or a general air of importance which led these good people astray, I cannot say, but I know that the distinction erroneously conferred upon me removed all feeling of discomfort, for is it not said that "A substitute shines brightly as a king. Until a king be by." I know also that if ever I were to be persuaded to take the duties of referee, it would be on just such a day as Saturday, when the crowd would be unable to criticise the decisions.

There's no mistake, it was a fog. It had never before been equalled within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. So I was solemnly assured. For, strange as it may seem to some of us, with our preconceived notions of the association of water and fog, Marlow is said to enjoy remarkable immunity from fogs, and the only thing that falls to its lot in that way is when "The mist is on the river, And the sun is on the hill."

Even when it was impossible to see from the goal to the goal.

in that way when the sun is on the hill."

Even when it was impossible to see from the goal to the corner-flag, some sanguine individuals still hoped that the Cup-tie would be played, but Mr. Saywell brought his experienced optics to bear on the scene, and came to a different conclusion. However, as it was said there were three hundred people from Wycombe, and contingents from other parts anxious to see the game, it was decided to make a start, and leave it to the referee to curtail the time, thus making it a friendly.

I suppose there was a fairly big crowd present. I could not see the people, but I could hear them now and again, and when it came to leaving the ground I could feel them. The field is approached from the Crown Hotel yard, and through the garden, and though it was easy enough to get in, it was quite another matter when fifteen hundred persons wanted, at one and the same moment, to squeeze through a gateway about three feet wide. Some preferred to get over the garden wall, and how that other surging, squeezing, struggling mass contrived to get through that narrow passage must for ever remain a profound mystery.

Now as to the game. Operations commenced at a quarter past two, and having faith in the superior prowess of the Luton team, I stationed myself just behind the goal towards which they played. Wisdom is justified of her children. I had not been there long before Galbraith and one or two others emerged from the fog, and the centre-forward, taking a middle by Ekins, put in a shot which the custodian saved.

Gallacher, a minute later, landed the ball on the net, and then from a free kick for Luton, the goalkeeper saved a well-placed shot by Docherty, while he directly afterwards saved another which came from goodness knows where. After that Luton broke away on the right, and Gallacher looming all very fine and large in front of goal, I knew there was no hope for the gentleman in charge, and the shot, as a matter of course, found the net.

Then a change of goalkeepers took place, and I learned for the first time that Routledge had only just turned up, and that it was Hansombody who had been performing between the sticks up to this point. The fact of the matter was that if the teams had been seven or eight men short, I should have been none the wiser, for it was an absolute impossibility to see more than twenty yards from any given point.

Luton attacked again on several successive occasions, but the forwards adopted quite the wrong style—wrong under any circumstances, but strangely wrong now—being spread-eagled right across the field, instead of keeping closely in touch one with the other. Marlow replied to these ineffectual assaults, and the shouting that ensued at first led one to the conclusion that they had scored, but the expressive and long-drawn-out "Oh!" which immediately followed, was indicative of the fact that something had gone wrong with the works. Luton responded, and Gallacher scored an off-side goal.

Routledge having fisted out a beautiful long shot from Stewart, Gallacher put behind, and then the blowing of the whistle in mid-field and an emphatic admonition from the spectators to "play the game" furnished proof positive that a foul had been given against Luton. After that there was more shouting, but it died away too quickly to allow of its being construed as meaning a goal for Marlow. The locals had probably missed a good opening, or had had the stopper put on by one of the Luton backs.

Luton now attacked somewhat more vigorously, and after good shots from McInnes and Ekins, a corner fell to the visitors, and though Davies had a hard try to turn it to account, he was not successful. Ekins just failed to get his head to a centre from Gallacher, and then Villiam had a try on his own, a terrific shot from his foot rebounding off Morton.

Marlow having cleared from another corner, the players once more disappeared from view, and again a lot of shouting, and the blowing of the whistle indicated that something had happened, but what that something was we at our end could not say. It transpired afterwards that Wethered had actually succeeded in netting the ball, but as he was assisted in so doing by his arm or his hand, the goal was disallowed.

After a period of patient expectation on the part of some of us near the Marlow goal, the ball and the players at length came that way again, and following upon repeated but fruitless attempts, Galbraith

sent the leather across to Gallacher, and the latter put on a second point for Luton, half-time being called with the score at two to nil.

The teams changed ends, and I did ditto. Almost as soon as the play was resumed, Ekine broke away and found himself with the goal at his mercy, but his shot—a hot one—hit the post, and Galbraith missed the ball as it rebounded. A corner for Luton was placed behind, and then Stewart had a rare chance, but his shot was a tame one, which Routledge easily repulsed.

Another corner was well placed by Docherty, and Galbraith got in a beautiful shot. Routledge, however, cleared, and the Marlow defenders also frustrated some well-meant efforts by Davies, after which Marlow went to the other end, and we were left to await the turn of the tide. We did not wait long, for presently McInnes was discerned making tracks for the Marlow goal, and coming through, he scored the third with a lovely shot.

Still, during this half, Marlow must have rendered a pretty good account of themselves, for those of us who were in Routledge's vicinity had frequently nothing to do but to admire the shapeliness of that young gentleman's build. Once, when Luton attacked, Gallacher, just as he was going for goal, was fouled by Hansombody—who forget for the moment that handsome is as handsome does—and once Galbraith missed his kick and a certain goal at the same time.

What happened in Williams' neighbourhood I cannot say, as unfortunately I was not in telegraphic or telephonic communication with anybody there, and I had not had the good sense to arrange with one of Mr. Stead's spooks. But I do know that towards the finish, during one of the periods in which Routledge was left in undisputed possession of the Marlow territory, a tremendous shout went up, such a shout as could only have been evoked by a good, sound, legitimate goal.

I subsequently heard that Janes, taking the ball as it came off McEwen, managed to do the trick, and thus lessened the disparity of the two teams, as indicated by the state of the poll. About thirty or thirty-five minutes each way was played, and I am inclined to think that the scores may be taken as a fairly good index of the state of the game.

What sort of team Marlow really are, I can only guess at, as I never once set eyes on the forwards. A good view of Routledge was afforded me, and though he had very little work to do that was of at all a difficult nature, I think he may safely be set down as a pretty smart man. Hansombody was often in sight, and he seemed to be a wonderfully speedy and capable player, while his partner also did some excellent work. The half-backs I saw too little of to say anything about.

The matches in the London district had to be abandoned on account of the fog, Millwall arranging to meet Northfleet on Monday, and Tottenham Hotspur fixing up with Maidenhead for Wednesday. At Kettering, the home team were more fortunate, the fog lifting nicely and enabling them to beat Leicester Fosse, for the second year in succession, by two goals to one. At Chatham, where play took place despite the fog, the Arsenal created a bit of a surprise by beating the men of Kent by four goals to nil.

THE RE-PLAYED MATCH.

The great interest felt in the Cup-tie in the neighbourhood of Marlow was manifested on Wednesday, when fully fifteen hundred persons turned out to witness the proceedings. The Marlow secretary, with commendable promptitude, set to work immediately after the match on Saturday to make arrangements, as regards cheap trains and so on, for the game yesterday, and he must have been highly gratified at the success which attended his efforts.

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Perhaps the only thing that was beyond the worthy official's influence was the weather, but fortunately this turned out to be delightfully fine, in spite of the depressing forecast issued from the Meteorological Office. Luton were represented on Wednesday by the same eleven that did duty on Saturday, but the Marlow eleven had undergone some alterations, Routledge and Hansombody being absentees.

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E. Shaw therefore went to right back, and his place at left half was taken by G. M. Faulkner, while White filled the vacancy in goal. Mr. T. W. Saywell again acted as whistle-holder, and the linesmen were Messrs. J. G. Meakes (Marlow) and Finlayson (Luton).

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From the very outset, it was evident that the atmosphere was charged with that electrical sort of feeling which always pervades it when a Cup-tie is going on, and Marlow had nothing to complain of in respect of encouragement derived from the cheers of their supporters. The Marlovians seem to be out-and-outers in the matter of football, and I was somewhat amused by the sight of three specimens of the rising generation who watched the game from the roof of a high barn some distance off.

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Marlow, winning the toss, had the advantage of a strong breeze in the first half, and they made the most of it. I was quite prepared to see them put in a little hard work, but they did a great deal more than that, going about their business with that desperate earnestness which so often upsets form and creates surprises in Cup-ties.

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Luton got a goal in the first minute, but they could not add to their score in the remaining forty-four of the initial half, try how they would. The reason was simple. The Marlow men, playing with a vigour and dash which were little less than wonderful, transferred themselves to any desired spot with so much alacrity that the Luton players were quite non-plussed, their efforts, both as regards passing and shooting, being frustrated over and over again.

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As is usually the case with amateur teams, however, the Marlovians played themselves out to a great extent in the first forty-five, and Luton were then able to show a little of that combination which has enabled them to accomplish so many good performances against teams nearer their own calibre.

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No sooner had Mr. Saywell given the signal for the commencement of hostilities than Luton worked their way down on the left, and forced a corner. Docherty placed, and McInnes smacking the ball against the post, Galbraith met it on the rebound and opened the account with a shot which White had no earthly chance of getting at.

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This was a bit of a damper for the local enthusiasts, but their spirits were soon roused by a gallant effort on the part of the home left wing, and then, when Luton retaliated such a vigorous defence was opposed to them that they could not get through. The ball was then trundled up and down the field with great rapidity, and Ellerton was applauded for a grand shot, which just missed the mark. After further overtures by Marlow, Ekins got away from a long pass forward by Galbraith and forced a corner, but this was not improved upon.

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Several free kicks were awarded the homesters for fouls against Luton, but they did not profit by them, and after Gallacher had had a shot, Ekins got away and made two attempts on the Marlow goal, but each time the ball rebounded off someone who happened to be in the way. C. A. Shaw terminated a good run with a centre which landed on the net, and then from a foul against Stewart, Morton turned over to E. Shaw, who sent just by the post.

A corner was conceded Marlow, who then attacked very strongly, and Faulkner got in a shot which bounced just over the goal. It was not to be wondered at that the ball could not stand the hard kicking about it was receiving from both sides, and it made the most effective protest it could by bursting.

A new one was immediately procured, and the game went on as before, the same "do or die" spirit and the same absence of really good play being equally conspicuous. From a free kick for hands, Morton placed well, but McEwen cleared, and then Gallacher twice called upon White, and C. A. Shaw paid a flying visit to Williams.

During the last ten minutes of this half, however, the efforts of Marlow were of rather a more spasmodic character than they had been hitherto, and it was clear that several of them were getting a bit "pumped." Still, they played up very gamely, and when the interval was called the score stood at one to nil in favour of Luton. Moreover, Marlow were the last to attack before the whistle sounded.

When the teams crossed over, which they did without leaving the field, Luton, with the wind behind them, at once made tracks for the Marlow citadel, and from a centre by Gallacher, Ekins put the ball just the wrong side of the net. A splendid shot from Coupar was knocked over the bar by White, and Docherty placed this and another corner-kick which was granted, but though Coupar and McInnes both headed in, Marlow managed to clear.

Then from a rare good centre by Docherty, another corner was conceded, and this was followed by still another, but as yet there was nothing more tangible. Luton were now having pretty well all the game, and at length, after repeated efforts, Ekins got in a clinking centre, and Coupar scored with a splendid shot.

To another centre by Ekins, Marlow responded on the right, and the ball then being slung across to the other side, Davis twice shot, but the first time the ball rebounded off an opponent, and at the second attempt it went high over the goal. Luton made a vigorous response, and after White had punted out a trimming shot from Coupar, Gallacher made the furniture rattle with a tremendous shot.

C. A. Shaw, who was playing a good game, then created a diversion, and really became very dangerous, but was eventually thwarted by McCartney. Luton went up the field again, and they stayed in the vicinity of the Marlow goal until, from a middle by Ekin, Gallacher brought about its further downfall with a shot which I don't suppose White caught a glimpse of until it was in the net. It went in like a flash of greased lightning.

The silence of the spectators was now in marked contrast to the enthusiasm which they displayed at the beginning of the proceedings, and that silence became still more oppressive when, a few minutes later, Davies placed well from a corner, and Stewart headed a fourth goal, which was followed almost immediately by a fifth, also obtained from a corner, the ball curling in from Docherty's kick and going through off the custodian.

Luton several times came very near increasing their lead, Galbraith, Stewart, and Melanes all getting in splendid shots, but when the whistle blew the state of the poll remained the same—five to nil—and Marlow left the field defeated, but not disgraced. Indeed, I think I may fairly say that they are the best lot of amateur players that Luton have had the privilege of meeting for a long time.

They pursued true Cup-tie tactics, and those tactics caused Luton no end of trouble. Their dash was also accompanied by an amount of skill which I must honestly say I had not looked for, and which afforded pleasant contrast to the play of the great majority of amateur teams.

Perhaps the best man on the side was E. Shaw, who, more especially in the first half, played a magnificent game at back, and bothered the Luton left wing above a bit. He was ably partnered by Morton, and was well backed up by White, who performed very finely between the sticks. Faulkner has evidently seen service in good company, his football being of an excellent character, and Ellerton played up grandly at centre half. Among a speedy lot of forwards, perhaps C. A. Shaw showed up most prominently. Altogether, the Marlow team left such a pleasant impression that I hope to have the pleasure of seeing them again.

As to Luton, I can only give them credit for thorough hard work and a determination to win. Stewart set his men a good example, which they were not slow to follow, but they were never able to show their true form, and except in the second half, combination was at a discount. But they won, and won handsomely, and that was a much more creditable feat, bearing all the circumstances in mind, than many people who did not see the game might imagine.

Luton will now have the privilege, on Saturday week, of entertaining Tottenham Hotspur, who beat Maidenhead by six goals to nil. On Saturday next, the visitors to the Dunstable-road ground will be the London Caledonians.

Considerable interest was centred upon the four matches which took place in Bedfordshire on Saturday in connection with the County Cup competition. Luton Reserves journeyed to Woburn Sands to play Powage Albion, and Luton Stars and Volunteers attracted a fairly large crowd to the Bury Park. Dunstable St. Peters and the Town 1st XI. provided entertainment for the enthusiasts in the ancient borough, and Leighton Cee Springs had to visit Bedford to play the Queen's Engineering Works F.C.

Some very good and exciting matches took place. Dunstable Town had little difficulty in scoring a win of five goals to nil over St. Peters, but the game at Woburn Sands with the Reserves was not nearly so one-sided as the score would seem to indicate. The result was a win for Luton by five goals to one, yet during the first half the homesters had almost as much of the play as did the Reserves. True they were not so troublesome in front of goal, but they had a smart custodian between the sticks, and at half time the score was one all.

Crossing over Luton quickly put on two more points. This done, they played up with dash, and before the close put on a couple more, while Woburn failed to improve their position and the game thus ended as stated. For the Reserves Saunders and Smith at half-back did well, while the forwards were all in good form. The Luton team was as follows:—Eaton, goal; Street and Holdstock, backs; Holdstock, Saunders, and Smith, half-backs; Brown and Moody, right; Ellingham, centre; Catlin and Colling, left.

The Stars and Volunteers played a very interesting game, the win of the Stars being somewhat of a surprise, as the "soldiers" were much the bigger team. Young Scott gave a very good account of himself, and Oakley was much in evidence in staying the rushes of the opposing forwards.

At Bedford a disappointment awaited the Engineers, who led until about a minute from time by two goals to one. Then the Cee Springs managed to pop on the equalising goal, and the whistle sounded for a drawn game. In the re-played game at Leighton the Springs should certainly succeed in getting into the semi-finals, the other teams in which will be Luton Reserves, Dunstable, and Luton Star.

Caddington v. Slip End.—Played on Saturday at Caddington in fine weather, a fast and close game ensuing. Slip End won the toss, and kicked downhill. About half-way through the first moiety, Caddington scored, and directly afterwards Everitt equalised. No change in the score took place to half-time. A keen struggle for the winning goal went on right through the second half, and eventually this fell to the homesters. Teams:—Caddington: King, goal; Dell and Marsh, backs; Lacey, Samon and Mardle, half-backs; Mills, Mardle, Skelton, T. Burgess and F. Burgess, forwards. Slip End: W. Mardle, goal; Morris and R. Ellingham, backs; F. Smith, D. Smith and C. Ellingham, half-backs; Whitby, Else, J. Boston, Everitt and A. Smith, forwards. Mr. D. Dockrill was the referee, and gave general satisfaction.