

ENGLISH CUP.—RE-PLAYED TIE.

LUTON V. MARLOW.

AN EASY VICTORY AFTER A DULL GAME.

The intervention of the Fog Fiend on Saturday upset the decision of Luton's English Cup tie at Marlow, and necessitated another journey into the Thames valley on Wednesday. There were no local enthusiasts accompanying the team on this the second time of asking, and the reason was no doubt to be found in the general disgust at the postponement on the part of those who ventured on Saturday.

It was almost like a spring day in the early afternoon, and the picturesque reaches of the Thames, overhung by thickly-wooded hills, were lined from Taplow and Bourne End with deserted house-boats, which made a dreary contrast with the sunshine. Marlow itself was taking things most sedately, and but for the large numbers of trippers from Wycombe, Maidenhead, and Slough, the gate must have been of very modest dimensions.

Mr. Saywell was good enough to make a pretty punctual start with the following teams:

Luton: Williams; McCartney and McEwen; Davies, Stewart, and Docherty; Gallacher, Coupar, Galbraith, McInnes, and Ekins.

Marlow: White; E. Shaw and Morton; Spindlo, Ellerton, and Faulkner; W. Davis, Jones, Wethered, Nicholls, and C. A. Shaw.

The linesmen were Messrs. Finlayson and Meakes.

As there was a stiff breeze out, it was distinctly unfortunate for Stewart to have lost the toss. Apart from a few furrows in the centre, the field is fairly level, but the surface was a trifle treacherous after the rain. The attendance did not exceed 1,500.

The pace became very warm as soon as Galbraith had kicked off. Luton got away immediately, and a run by the forwards ended in Ekins forcing a corner. The crowd disputed this, but Mr. Saywell awarded Luton a flag-kick, which was placed beautifully. In a trice McInnes headed against the post, and Galbraith, catching the re-bound, promptly put Luton one up in 2 minutes from the start. This seemed to promise lively work, and, cheered on by their supporters, the Marlow men put in all they knew.

Football was discounted, and a desperate kick and rush game set in for some time. There was a great uproar when fouls were given against Docherty and Galbraith, and Ellerton put behind twice. The visitors retaliated, and Ekins forced another corner. Gallacher then sending in a terrific shot, which luckily "cannoned" away into touch. The first shot Williams had to deal with came from C. Shaw, who sent in another decent centre, which McCartney headed out.

The wind was blowing very strongly, and considerably aided the Marlow attack. From a foul against Stewart, placed by Morton, the home team gained the fruitless consolation of a corner. The amateurs were putting tremendous energy into the game, but it was manifestly too good to last. But for the fine defence of E. Shaw, who cleared a beauty from Docherty, Luton must have scored on several occasions.

White was kept on the alert and ran out to save from Ekins. Then one of the home defenders handled close in, but Davies placed tamely, and a barren corner followed. At this point a new ball had to be procured, and Gallacher at once trundled it past Morton, and must have scored but for White's rushing out. Before half-time, Marlow made a last effort to get "just one," but Williams threw out smartly from Shaw, and again from a long shot, McEwen also making a useful clearance. The interval then arrived—

LUTON	..	..	..	1	goal
MARLOW	..	..	..	0	„

Turning round, Luton had the advantage of the wind, and speedily made "things hum." Gallacher put across a ripping centre but Ekins struck the side of the net. Next Coupar sent in a grand shot, which White had to tip overhead, and Luton took three corners one after another. A momentary excursion was made by the Marlow forwards, and Williams kicked out an easy one. E. Shaw conceded a corner to Gallacher, who aimed miles high, and subsequently kicked out a "powder" shot from the Luton right winger.

Luton were simply penning their opponents, and after a foul had been given against Morton, Ekins banged the ball across, and Coupar scored a lovely goal just under the bar—No. 2, after 12

minutes' play. This was received in dead silence. But after a run by Davis, the Luton forwards waltzed down the field with fine combination. White managed to save a clinking attempt from Coupar, and then Gallacher shot like a 100-ton gun against the cross-bar.

A little flutter was made by Shaw, but McEwen was on the spot, and enabled Ekins to embark on a rapid trip to the other end, where White was lucky in saving from Gallacher twice in succession. A foul against McCartney evoked the usual demonstration but this only led to another warm assault by the visitors. McInnes dashed away and White met Coupar's shot, but was completely beaten by a grand drive from Gallacher, who shot from the out-field—No. 3 after 15 minutes.

Williams was now troubled for the last time by Shaw, but his brother giving a corner directly afterwards, Luton again got on the job. Davies placed the flag-kick, and, of course, Stewart's head did the rest—No. 4 after 5 more minutes. The local temperature became somewhat frigid after this, and barely 2 minutes more had passed when Docherty placed another corner splendidly and the goal-keeper fisted the ball against the post, whence it dropped gently into the net—No. 5 to Luton.

The game had been practically over for some time, and from now to the finish, Luton simply played with their opponents, who were hopelessly "done." Both Galbraith and Stewart, however, sent in a couple of magnificent shots which were within an ace of scoring. For a bit, Gallacher and Coupar played some rare antics with the amateurs' defence, and the crowd were cruel enough to laugh. In the last few minutes, McInnes struck the post once when offside and treated White to further employment. Luton looked like making up the half dozen from a corner when time arrived:

LUTON	..	..	..	5	goals
MARLOW	..	..	..	0	..

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