

THE UNITED LEAGUE.

LUTON TOWN v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

Played at Northumberland Park on Saturday.
Result:—

Luton Town 2 goals.
Tottenham Hotspur 1 goal.

The teams were as follow:—

RIGHT. LUTON TOWN LEFT.

Williams (goal).

McCartney McEwen.

Davies. Stewart. Docherty.

Gallacher. Coupar. Galbraith. McInnes. Ekins.

Payne. Cement. Allen. Milliken. McElheney.

Crump. Almond. Devlin.

Montgomery. Furrow.

Ambler (goal).

LEFT. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR RIGHT.

Referee, Mr. A. G. Kingscott (Derby); Luton linesman, Mr. E. Birch.

Cycling Stockings and Cycling Shirts! Specialities at Special Prices during the Sale that is now proceeding at M. Mares.—[ADVT.]

Last week, I stated that the Tottenham Hotspur match was, in my opinion, one of the most dangerous that Luton had to face, and I think anyone who saw the game will concede that the opinion was fully justified by the event. During the greater part of the play, it seemed that the best that Luton could hope for was a draw, and neither the equalising nor the winning goal came a moment before it was wanted.

In saying this, I do not mean to imply that Luton were not the better lot. But teams like Tottenham Hotspur have a habit of reserving themselves for great occasions, and that they placed Saturday's match in that category may be judged from the fact that they had undergone special training for it. And added to a special training was a grim determination to do or die—hard.

The pace they set to begin with was a cracker. They swept along like a whirlwind, almost carrying the Luton men off their feet, and bombarded the Luton citadel with all the fury imaginable. No team could stand against them; no team could keep going for long as they began. It was just like doing a sprint at the start of a five miles' race. The man who did that would leave his competitors far in the rear at the onset, but would be nowhere at the finish.

And that was just how the Spurs were. They were the only team in it during the first ten or fifteen minutes, but after that they failed to respond to the plaintive admonitions of their supporters, and in the second half they were practically spun out, for only twice during that forty-five minutes did they succeed in testing Williams.

The weather was everything the football enthusiast could desire, and owing to this, to the importance of the event, and to the cheapness of the train fare, some five or six hundred Lutonians patronised the excursion arranged by the committee. South Tottenham was reached about three o'clock, and thence it was a full two miles walk to the ground.

At half-past three, however, three or four thousand spectators had assembled, a boys' match being in progress, and an hour later, when the kick-off took place, there were just about as many persons crowded together as the ground was capable of accommodating—six or seven thousand I should think would be somewhere near the number. A brass band was in attendance, but I am afraid I cannot say that it discoursed sweet music.

The famous Black Dyke Band is giving two concerts at Bedford on Saturday afternoon and evening.—[ADVT.]

The Spurs won the toss, and though there was very little wind to take advantage of, they soon found their way to the vicinity of the Luton goal, and Stewart gave a corner to a centre from McElheney. The latter placed, and the ball again going behind off Davies, Payne kicked from the flag-staff. The ball had no sooner alighted among the players than Luton made a confident appeal for hands, and while they were doing so, Devlin landed the ball in the net with a beautiful cross-shot.

The Luton men were very indignant with the referee for allowing the point, the more so because they still feel rather sore about the goal which lost them the West Bromwich Cup-tie. The spectators, on the other hand, were jubilant. The Spurs, encouraged by their success, continued to press, and after Williams had saved once or twice, McElheney got in a good centre, and Payne headed through. This was the signal for further demonstrations of joy, but the joy was short-lived, as Payne was adjudged to have been offside.

judged to have been outside.

The homesters were not done with yet, however, and for several minutes the Luton defence was severely tried, Williams saving grandly from a shot by McElheney. The Luton forwards then showed up with some pretty passing, and soon afterwards Gallacher had a shot, while Luton also got dangerous from a free kick. But the Spurs were quickly on the aggressive again, and Williams had to save three times in succession, twice to beautiful dropping shots from McElheney and Milliken.

A corner for the Spurs was not improved upon, and after one or two more efforts by the homesters, Luton had a turn, and McInnes headed in finely from a well-placed kick by Davies, Ambler saving at the expense of a corner. Gallacher undertook the kick, and Stewart headed in beautifully, but again Ambler fisted out, and then Gallacher shot over the top. Galbraith next lost a good opening, but a moment later Gallacher got in a low shot, which Ambler saved by the skin of the teeth.

The Spurs retaliated, and Payne hit the corner of the goal with a long shot, and shortly afterwards there was a tremendous scrimmage in Williams' proximity, as the result of a free kick. Subsequently the Spurs slowed down considerably, and Luton were seen to more advantage. Ekins sent over the bar, and Stewart, McCartney, and Gallacher got in shots, while Ambler had to give a corner to a beauty from Docherty. From the kick, the Hotspur goal experienced a very narrow escape, the ball being headed on to the cross-bar by one of the Spurs. Try as they would, however, Luton could not get on equal terms, the homesters still being a goal to the good at the interval.

When play was resumed, Luton made tracks for the Hotspur headquarters, and Gallacher forced a corner, from which another resulted, Ambler sending behind from a header by Stewart. Gallacher placed again, but hands against McInnes relieved. McElheney then made a run, and sent in a clinking shot, which Williams negotiated in his most approved style. Gallacher replied and landed the ball on the net, while a minute later the two right-wingers had a very nice run, but in the end Coupar was badly fouled by Montgomery. After the free kick had been taken, McCartney scored with a lovely long shot, but to the surprise of everybody, and to none more than the Luton players, Mr. Kingscott disallowed the goal, presumably on the ground that Ambler had been impeded.

The Luton men, or some of them, started play again with a very bad grace, and the result of the referee's decisions was that the players all round became a trifle reckless. Luton, however, continued the attack, and Ekins was responsible for a grand shot, which was brilliantly negotiated by Ambler. In a further attack by the visitors, Galbraith came to grief at practically the same moment that Ekins was brought down by Devlin within the twelve yards' line.

A penalty was awarded, and Davies scored. But success and disaster came together, for Galbraith was so badly hurt that he had to be carried off the field. Fortunately, Dr. McArthur had, for once in a way, torn himself from Luton to go up and see the match, and he immediately attended the injured man. A brief examination showed that the knee was right out, but the Doctor skilfully put it in again, bandaged it up, and Galbraith, showing perhaps more pluck than discretion, came out again and played.

With only ten men, Luton had much the best of matters, the homesters only now and again threatening danger, and when Galbraith came on, the pressure was kept up almost continuously until, from a free kick, Docherty placed, then Davies put in again, and eventually the ball was rushed through, going last off McInnes. This was about ten minutes from the finish, and with this goal the hopes of the Spurs and their supporters were dashed to the ground. The subsequent play was of a desultory character, but the only incursion made by the homesters was a very dangerous one, Williams having a tremendously hot shot to stop.

The game, taken on the whole, was not a great one, and though, as I have said, Luton were the better team, they were certainly a bit lucky to win as they did. The play of the forwards was a trifle disappointing, but perhaps that was in some measure due to the extraordinary vigour of the Hotspur defence. The men were never properly together, and the lack of cohesion was particularly noticeable in front of goal.

I cannot say that any one of the forwards distinguished himself. Ekins made several good runs, but

it was not till the second half that he learned that it was better to centre than to keep on shooting on his own account. McInnes did some useful work, and some of Coupar's dribbles were very clever, but they took too much time to be effective. Gailacher was not as brilliant as usual, perhaps because he did not get the opportunities, and Galbraith was not seen at his best, though he is deserving of the greatest credit for his wonderful pluck in playing after his injury. And he was not a passenger then.

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But these criticisms must be qualified by consideration of the strength of the defence opposed to the forwards. Ambler was very fine in goal, and Burrows and Montgomery were superb. The three half-backs also played up very strongly in the first half, but the backs maintained their form all the way through.

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Stewart was the best of the Luton halves, but the others played capital football, and McCartney was irresistible at back. McEwen likewise rendered excellent service, but his kicking was not quite so sure or so powerful as his partner's. Williams was in his very best form in goal, for nearly every shot he had to deal with was a good one. But for his coolness and skill, the result might have been different.

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Of the Tottenham forwards, Payne and Clement were by far the most troublesome, and they certainly played a capital game, while McElheney wanted a lot of stopping. Allen, the Clapton man, who occupied the centre position, performed very pluckily, and was not in any way deserving of some of the hard things said about him by the Tottenham supporters.

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Millwall, on their own ground, vanquished Loughborough by six goals to nil. The game was not as one-sided as the score, and Loughborough were very unfortunate in losing Thompson at back early in the game. On Monday, Tottenham Hotspur went to Kettering, but the weather and the ground were so bad that the play had to be stopped after each side had scored a goal. The League table now reads as follows:—