



## UNITED LEAGUE.

### LUTON v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS.

#### TWO MORE LEAGUE POINTS.

In spite of the English Cup Final at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the majority of the local "footer" enthusiasts stayed at home to witness the fight between Luton v. Tottenham Spurs in the United League. The match meant more than a mere defeat or a win for Luton. The Spurs are hopelessly out of the running for championship honours, but Luton are vying with Millwall for "the chief place in the synagogue." Both would dearly like to see the League flag waving them on to victory next season, and it seemed probable Luton will have the pleasure by reason of their splendid goal average.

Luton were not at full strength at the kick-off. Gallacher had journeyed to Scotland on the mournful mission of witnessing the funeral of his mother, who died early in the week after a prolonged illness. The defence of the Spurs was altogether out of joint. Burrows, still feeling the effects of his injuries in the Southampton encounter, was absent from the right, and Montgomery was at home in bed a victim of influenza. Markham has also been on the injured list since the Wolverton match, and Milliken was absent from inside right for a similar cause. The Red Cross Band enlivened the crowd of about 3,000 previous to the match and during the interval. Mr. Tillotson refereed, and whistled out the men under a warm sun.

*Luton*: Williams; McCartoe and McEwen; Davies, Stewart, and Docherty; Perrins, Coupar, Galbraith, McInnes, and Ekins.

*Tottenham*: Ambler; Mair and Allen; Crump, Stanley Briggs, and Delvin; Payne, Clement, Wilson, Newbiggin, and M'Elheney

Luton kicked off and broke through, Galbraith passing to Coupar, who kept the ball so long that he was eventually robbed. The Spurs dashed away, and Clement as quick as lightning sent in a grounder, just missing the net. McEwen was badly fouled by Newbiggin, and the usual penalty followed. Docherty put up, and Galbraith, finding himself in a difficult position, passed across to Stewart, but the skipper just missed "the evening star."

Galbraith was playing a strong game, and he was lustily cheered for breaking through the defence with the ball at his toe. Unfortunately he over-ran himself. Ambler ran out, but "Gally" quickly recovered, and the Spurs' keeper was glad to get off with a corner.

The Whites were bound to score, considering the game they were playing. McInnes centred from Davies in finished style, and Ambler failed to make a perfect clearance. In the "scrum" close in which followed, Coupar was badly fouled. Perrins put up, and before the Spurs had realized their position, Ekins had found the net. This was pretty good for 10 minutes' play, and the crowd shook hands with itself.

In fact, Luton were having their innings just now. Mair gave a corner, and Ekins was working like a Trojan, and showing no end of spirit in his tackling. Davies and Docherty sent up time after time, and Galbraith did his best to beat Ambler again. But it was not to be, although Ekins and McInnes forced Allen to give a corner as the result of a combined run.

Excitement was visible on the face of every one, and loud cheers went up when Galbraith banged in from a well-judged centre by McInnes. How Ambler managed to touch over is simply unexplainable.

From another corner Galbraith, Ekins, Davies, Stewart, and McInnes had shots in succession, but Ambler met the lot in style, and finally the right wing broke away and forced a corner. McEwen cleared, but he paid dearly for his part in the struggle, for he got his leg hurt severely, and Trainer Lawson had to help him off. This occurred after 20 minutes had sped.

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Davies went back, and Perrins succeeded him at right-half, and Luton had to continue with 10 men. They defended very well and for the space of a quarter of an hour nothing happened. The game was getting a trifle common-place. The awakening came after 35 minutes' play, when loud cheers greeted McEwen's return. The attention of the players was momentarily arrested and directed towards their old comrade, while Clements, with commendable promptitude seized the physiological moment, and with a rush got behind the backs and beat Williams.

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This made things even, and the Luton team took its original form, but McEwen was practically helpless. He kicked the ball when it came near him, but was so lame that he could not tackle or run.

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M'Elheney was troubling McCartney fearfully, and he was their strong man, barring of course Stanley Briggs, who laid out Galbraith very expeditiously shortly before half-time, when the score stood

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|-----------|----|----|----|--------|
| LUTON     | .. | .. | .. | 1 goal |
| TOTTENHAM | .. | .. | .. | 1 ,,   |

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McEwen finally retired, and the previous arrangement was resorted to. With an even score, and only 10 men, it looked hardly likely that the League Championship would come this way after all. However, we soon saw Davies get into the stride of his new-old position, and the forwards made for goal every time.

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Ekins and McInnes were showing pretty combination, well backed up by Docherty and Stewart. "Tommy" tested Ambler once more, Ekins made one of his finest runs, and it was somewhat disappointing to see Galbraith convert a lovely centre into a sky-scraper.

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"George" got away again, and this time he took the leather up himself, running through Mair and Crump and giving Ambler no earthly chance of stopping his shot. It was certainly one of the finest goals got this season, and the enthusiasm of the crowd was unbounded.

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They wanted more; "just another," "give one more," were the cries on every hand. But brilliant individual efforts such as that, are only inspired, and there was no immediate response. But Galbraith, who had gone to outside right, centered very prettily, and Tommy McInnes ran in. Cheers and cries of "goal" were heard, but they quickly died away when it was seen that Ambler had made a lucky save.

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Luton could not expect to have all the play all the time; certainly we had it some of the time. Williams had to effect two dangerous saves in succession, and Stewart ran Clements off when he had the goal before him. Stanley Briggs also had a pot shot, and Tottenham were generally pressing.