



ENGLISH CUP.—COMPETITION PROPER.

LUTON v. BOLTON WANDERERS.

AN UNLUCKY REVERSE.

The great day of the football season has come and gone, and the feverish anxiety, the wavering hopes and fears, always associated with the struggle for success in the National Cup competition, no longer weigh upon local enthusiasts. For the third time, Luton had the excellent fortune to be drawn at home, and many of their supporters were sanguine that what they had failed to accomplish against Preston North End and West Bromwich Albion, they would just "bring off" against Bolton Wanderers.

The successes over Grimsby and Millwall put the men in good spirit for training at Wheat-hampstead, as usual. The Bolton club, who had gladdened their friends with a victory at Everton in the Lancashire Cup after two months' depressing failures, did their training at home. They started on their journey South on Friday at 3.30, and reached Luton five hours later. The veteran captain, "Di" Jones, had an injured foot, and was not included in the 13 men who made the trip. On Saturday morning, the "Trotters" went for a drive to Harpenden.

The afternoon turned out gloriously fine, and there was a cold snap in the air which added to the zest of the thousands of spectators who were pouring through the turnstiles soon after 1 o'clock. Half-a-crown was secured for the reserved seats in the centre of the grand stand, and there was a vast sea of faces all around the terraces and playing pitch. The attendance must have reached 7,500. The music of the Red Cross Band pleasantly beguiled the tedious wait before the start. Bolton turned out first in white shirts, and a rousing cheer greeted the locals in their familiar stripes.

Just before 2.45, Mr. J. C. Tillotson started operations with the following:

Luton: Williams; McCartney and McEwen; Davies, Stewart, and Docherty; Gallacher, Coupar, Donaldson, Little and McInnes.

Bolton Wanderers: Sutcliffe; Somerville and Davies; Paton, Brown, and Freebairn; Cassidy, Gilligan, T. Miller, Wright and Jack.

The linesmen were Messrs. W. J. Wilson and N. Whittaker (London).

A keen cross-wind made the advantage of the toss doubtful. Luton kicked off towards the railway end, and at once pressed, Coupar dribbling down nicely until McInnes got offside. A succession of throws-in followed, and then Wright made a tricky run for Bolton, Jack eventually kicking wide. Little was next ruled offside, and a lovely kick from McEwen caused Sutcliffe his first save.

From a scientific stand-point, the game was uninteresting, and the hard Cup-tie methods which prevailed in both teams made the football of decidedly poor quality. Though the pace did not seem great, both elevens were doing their utmost, and stubbornly contested every inch of ground.

The first corner fell to the "Trotters," but a foul on McCartney relieved. A dashing run by Miller gave Williams his first and only employment in the first half. Gradually, Luton assumed the upper hand, and the Bolton left back was severely bothered by Gallacher. A smart sprint by Donaldson past Somerville gave him a clear course to goal, but Sutcliffe came out in the nick of time. Luton again attacked hotly, and a magnificent shot from Gallacher "cannonned" behind off Paton.

"cannoned" behind on Luton.

From the corner, Stewart headed wide, but Docherty again forced the assault, Donaldson centred, and another smart attempt by Gallacher rebounded unluckily. After Cassidy had got off-side, the home forwards once more worked their way down, and McInnes missed a splendid chance of scoring from Gallacher's centre. Some tricky play by Coupar assisted further progress, but McInnes was unfortunately off-side. A foul against McEwen was finely placed by Somerville, but nothing resulted. Luton made another rush to the Wanderers' citadel, but the International was not to be caught napping. A foul on Donaldson gave Luton one more chance, and from McCartney's place Sutcliffe cleared wonderfully, as the home forwards were close on him.

Half-time: No SCORE.

So far, Luton had certainly had the best of the game, and only the splendid defence of the visitors had prevented a score. On resuming, Docherty placed a free kick for the locals without success. Within five minutes came the only goal of the day. A foul was given against McEwen, and Gilligan headed in smartly to Williams, who fisted the ball high into the air; unluckily, it was only a partial clearance, and Cassidy got in a quick shot, which "Dick" only touched as it whizzed into the net. Result, Bolton one up, amid mingled cheers and disappointment.

Luton made plucky efforts to get on equality, but Somerville and Davies seemed impassable. McCartney placed with good judgment a foul against Freebairn and Sutcliffe gave a corner. In the fierce scrimmage resulting, one of the Luton men was fouled, but Mr. Tillotson disregarded the loud appeals for a "penalty," and gave an ordinary free-kick a few yards from the line. Of course, the goal was densely packed, and scoring was impossible. The Bolton halves weighed heavily upon the Luton right wing, and twice they were penalised for fouling Gallacher.

The home left wing was now changed, Little going outside, but the latter seemed practically a passenger. Bolton took up the running for some time, and Williams saved three times in as many minutes. Eventually, Luton had another opening from a foul on McInnes, and Docherty placed accurately, the ball striking the post, and Donaldson kicking wide. Another foul against the Wanderers brought Sutcliffe right out of goal, J.W. punting away from a heap of opponents.

Luton now had to swallow their bitterest pill. The forwards made a final big effort, and McInnes sent in a splendid shot, which seemed certain to score. But we had to reckon with Sutcliffe, who met the danger prostrate on his lines, and the ball glanced up his shoulder behind the upright. It was a magnificent save, and the crowd roared applause, but the failure sealed Luton's fate. Mr. Tillotson was kept busy with his whistle to the end, and a wearisome succession of free kicks spoilt most of the second half for the spectator. The end came:

BOLTON WANDERERS 1
LUTON 0

Football Notes.

After an immense struggle, Luton got their dismissal from the English Cup through the kindly offices of the Bolton Wanderers. There never was an occasion, perhaps, when Luton had brighter hopes of entering the second round, and their disappointing failure is therefore all the more keenly felt by hosts of sanguine supporters.

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On the balance of play, Luton were decidedly unlucky to lose, and yet, judging from the standpoint of "class," defeat would have seemed an injustice to the "Trotters." The magnificent defence of Sutcliffe and the backs alone deserved success.

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In an English Cup tie, dash at the critical moment, combined with experience and coolness generally wins the day. For sheer hard work the Luton men could not have done better, but they seemed, I thought, too anxious to win, and nervousness was excusable before some 7,000 enthusiasts who were yearning for their success. It is interesting to speculate whether Luton would not have accomplished another Newton Heath or Grimsby performance away from home.

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For a First League team, the football was of feeble quality. It was a desperate scramble, with purely kick and rush methods at times, and

The gate proceeds amounted to £270, an easy record for the ground. The expenses may not exceed £20, so that each club will receive about £125. When West Bromwich visited us, the receipts were £185, and only £86 was taken from our tie with Preston North End. I am asked to mention that Mr. Jennings kindly decorated the stand. It is said that the Bolton men received a bonus of £2 each for their win.

The "Athletic News" says: "If the Bolton Wanderers had believed the many things that were said about them by some of the Southern Solons they would have been beaten before they turned out at Luton. It was a case of the spider and the fly, for the Wanderers had only to make their appearance and their destruction was certain. Special trips were actually run from London to enable enthusiasts to witness the overthrow of the "old crocks" from the North. Luton had rattled up such a fearful lot of goals on their own ground—where only Woolwich had mastered them on October 2—that they had fully persuaded themselves they could not help winning, and it was as good as over even before the battle commenced. They have a different opinion now. "Di" Jones has latterly been exhibiting such splendid form for his old club that it was a pity he could not accompany the team owing to a refractory toe. It was well that the Wanderers have a capital reserve back in Davies, who for the second successive week was utilised as emergency man. It was no joke for the back division to face the Luton forwards, who went at it hammer and tongs, playing in such a style that would have disconcerted many a team; but it only helped to bring out the fine defensive powers of the Lancashire club. It was a good achievement for the Wanderers to win, and it says something for the team that they have pulled off two important ties on successive Saturdays, and away from home, too. They could not possibly have done better."

A BOLTON VIEW.

The "Bolton Daily Chronicle," of Monday, commented as follows: "Luton, although beaten on the day's play, are a sturdy lot of players. Every man is well-built and fast, and knows how to use his weight. As a team they have not shown themselves the best of cup fighters, for in five years in five ties in the competition proper, four of which have been at home, they have only scored one goal. I was rather surprised to learn this, for they seemed just the kind of eleven to make their mark in cup ties, and I must say that if they failed in this one it was only because the defence against them was first-class. Donaldson has improved in play since he left Newton Heath. He has still some of his old tricks, but he keeps his wings together and goes for goal. Gallacher, Little, and Coupar also play well. I was disappointed with McInnes, but he was off his wing. Stewart was the best of three good half-backs and played finely, and McCartney and McEwen were a sturdy pair of backs, the latter being fast and clever. Williams is as good as ever and kept goal well."

On the winning side the forwards did not go well together, and Miller was a long way below his Everton form. Wright danced about too much and parted with the ball too late. The others except Cassidy—who did not get much to do and redeemed himself with his shot—were only so-so. The half-backs, however, were a strong line, and kicked in all sorts of difficult positions. Brown worked wonderfully well, and fairly kept Donaldson in check. He turned up in all sorts of queer junctures, and greatly bothered all the inside men. Freebairn seemed unfortunate. If he went near a player he was penalised, and it would have been wonderful if he had not been influenced. He, however, put the ball into goal with great judgment, and had not a little to do with the win. Davies played a capital game. He rarely missed getting either the ball or the man, and when he did miss he recovered rapidly and kicked at all sorts of difficult angles. Somerville excelled himself, and was by far the best back on the field. He seemed impassable, and the only time he was beaten was by a foul which ought to have been penalised. He also kicked wonderfully, and throughout seemed to have unlimited resource. Sutcliffe was not so consistently tested as he often has been, but he was all there, and his one save at a critical point was really remarkable."

"After the game the Wanderers dined at the Midland and then journeyed up to London, tl

where they were guests at Barnum's great show."

“They returned by the midnight train reaching Bolton about six o'clock on Sunday morning.”

“When the teams reached the prettily-situated ground they found it crowded, the gate being a record for the town, and the playing pitch looked really splendid.”

There was a big sprinkling of spectators from Tottenham, whose team, the Hotspurs, are keen rivals of the Lutonians. These people yelled themselves hoarse in shouting, “Play up, Trotters!” During the course of the game this produced one or two comical passages of arms.