

# TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. LUTON TOWN.

Played at Northumberland Park on Monday.  
Result:—

Tottenham Hotspur ..... 1 goal.

Luton Town ..... nil.

The teams were as follow:—

Tottenham: Ambler, goal; Melia and Cain, backs; Jones, McNaught and Stormont, half-backs; Smith, McKay, Joyce, Cameron and Bradshaw, forwards.

Luton: Perkins, goal; Williams and Clarke, backs; O. Ford, Sharp and Crump, half-backs; Durrant, Hewitt, W. Ford, McInnes and Brock, forwards.

Referee, Mr. F. W. Beardsley.

We are improving. There can be no manner of doubt about that. After seeing a portion of Thursday's game, I went to witness the match on Saturday in the full expectation of seeing the Arsenal administer a severe dubbing, and on Monday I journeyed to Tottenham to look on whilst the team of all the talents wiped the floor with their insignificant opponents from Strawopolis.

But instead of a severe drubbing on Saturday, the Arsenal were extremely fortunate in gaining the verdict by a single goal, and on Monday, instead of the Luton men being knocked into a cocked hat, the Spurs were only just able to snatch a victory by the same margin—according to the official reckoning, whilst in my humble judgment it ought to have been a draw. More about that later on, however.

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The kick-off was fixed for the rather late hour of 5.15, and by that time some three or four thousand persons had taken up their positions around the arena. Luton were the first to come on the field, and they were quickly followed by the Spurs, who certainly looked a very likely lot. McInnes won the toss, and took what advantage there was, though there was very little wind, and the sun, which was overpowering in its intensity, shone almost directly across the ground.

At the start it seemed that my gloomy forebodings were about to be justified, for the Spurs ran down from the half-way line, Joyce passing out to Bradshaw, who got clear and put in a beautiful dropping shot, which Perkins tipped over the bar. A foul by Clarke gave the home-sters another chance, and then Luton replying, McInnes profited by a miskick by Melia, but left the shot to Brock, who provided Ambler with a fairly easy job.

Another foul by Clarke almost spelt disaster, for Perkins, in attempting to fist away from Melia's shot, missed the ball, which bounced up against the post. Perkins then cleared, but the Spurs returned to the attack, and McKay struck the bar with a fine shot. Up to this point the Spurs were all over their opponents, who evidently felt themselves handicapped in playing against such a redoubtable lot.

The Luton men soon got the better of that feeling, however, and then the game opened out. After one or two further unsuccessful efforts on the part of the homesters, W. Ford got away, and Cain gave a corner. Brock placed well, and Hewitt eventually headed behind. Crump was next applauded for some good play, and a free kick by Williams led to an assault on the Tottenham goal, McInnes ultimately sending wide.

Bradshaw next raced away and put in a clipping centre, and Perkins, with the men on top of him, managed to save and throw behind. Luton cleared from the corner, and going up the field in fine style, chiefly through Crump and McInnes, the ball was passed out to Brock, who sent in a regular stinger, which Ambler just managed to steer over the bar. Durrant

placed well, but the Spurs got away, and a foul against O. Ford in the neighbourhood of the Luton goal threatened danger, whilst a little later Smith scored an offside goal with a splendid shot.

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Luton made a vigorous response, and from a foul against the Spurs, Clarke placed well up the ground. Hewitt cleverly protected W. Ford, who sent in a lovely shot, Ambler saving by tipping over the bar. Soon afterwards, Luton scored the goal which the referee, as I think, was wrong in disallowing. W. Ford shot, and whilst Ambler had the ball in his hands, he was charged by Brock, and the custodian dropping the leather, the Luton man landed it in the net.

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So far as I could see, it seemed as good a goal as could be wished for, but Mr. Beardsley thought otherwise. The next feature of note was a beautifully-placed free kick by McNaught. Perkins saved and fell down, the ball slipping from his grasp, but though there was a crowd of players round him, he succeeded in getting hold of the leather again and throwing it behind. It was splendidly done.

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The corner proved fruitless, as did another which followed, and half-time arrived with a blank score sheet. Upon resuming, McInnes led a brilliant attack on the Hotspur goal, but for once in a way Brock was unable to get in his centre. A couple of fouls by the Spurs were not turned to account, and Luton then had a spell of defensive work.

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The homesters were beaten off, and after W. Ford had shot wide at the other end, Clarke placed well, Brock middled, and McInnes hit the upright. The Luton men were having so much of the play at this juncture that the spectators made frantic appeals to the Spurs to "Come on," but that was just what the Spurs could not do. For the most part, the efforts of their forwards were nipped in the bud by the Luton halves, who were playing a strong game.

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McInnes and Brock again went down in fine style, and the latter swinging the ball across to the front of goal, W. Ford sent in a shot which Ambler failed to hold, but unfortunately the whistle had just gone for offside. This seemed to wake the Spurs up a bit, and after the spectators had been treated to some very pretty play by Charlie Ford and Hewitt, the battle once again raged in the vicinity of the Luton goal.

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Crump unfortunately got hurt at this point, Smith or McKay jumping on his foot, and that injury, as it happened, was the cause of Luton losing the game. Two or three times the right wing became dangerous through Crump's inability to run, and at length McKay got away and put the ball across the mouth of goal. Perkins ran out with the intention of fisting the ball, but Cameron got his toe to it first, and the Spurs thus obtained the lead a quarter of an hour from the finish.

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The enthusiastic cheers with which this one little goal was greeted showed how terribly anxious the spectators had become, and there is no doubt that anything short of a win would have been a serious blow for the Tottenham Club. Luton after this played up pluckily, but they were not equal to the task of equalising, and so when Mr. Beardsley put an end to hostilities (a minute and a half from time), the Spurs were able to rejoice in the first victory obtained over Luton since the memorable Cup-tie.

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Whilst not claiming that Luton were the equals of the Spurs, I can truthfully say there was very little in it one way or the other on Monday, and I should not be at all surprised if our men succeeded in having their revenge when the return match is played. I should think it highly probable that the Spurs, with a number of weak Clubs to play against, will deteriorate rather than improve, whereas the Luton men are going up by leaps and bounds.

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When the game first began, it really seemed that Luton would be nowhere in it, but when they once began to feel confidence in themselves, they were able to hold their own. They played a dashing game, Molnes setting his men a splendid example. Indeed, for all-round excellence he was as good as any man on the field.

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William Ford got on much better than on Saturday, and more than once looked like getting clean through. He would have been a great deal more dangerous in the first half, however, if he had kept well up between the Hotspur backs, who in that portion of the game were allowed a lot too much freedom. Brock and Hewitt both performed with credit to themselves, the former showing great skill in getting in his centres, and the latter doing any amount of work, but I must confess that I should like to see a little more energy on the part of Durrant. That player's efforts were generally pretty well directed, but if he had been a little less deliberate in his movements he would have done better.

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Sharp played a very smart game at centre-half, and rather took the public fancy, whilst Charlie Ford was in great form and did not suffer by comparison with either of the Hotspur halves. Crump also rendered a good account of himself, and I even heard some of the Hotspur supporters speak well of his display, a fact which sufficiently proves that he was a trier, and a successful one too.

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Williams again did well at back, playing with dash and judgment, and Clarke, after an indifferent display in the first half, buckled to, and worked like a Trojan, breaking up the attacks of the opposing forwards again and again. The team as thus constituted was decidedly very much stronger than Saturday's eleven, and with a little more combination should be able to carry the Luton colours to victory on many occasions.

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There is undoubtedly a lot of talent in the Hotspur ranks, but the men have not got the enthusiasm which animates the Luton players. Bradshaw and McKay appeared to be the pick of the forwards, McNaught put in all he knew at centre-half, and Melia was the better of two strong backs, who were allowed only too much opportunity for the display of their powers. Ambler kept goal well.

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