

UNITED LEAGUE.

LUTON v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

AN EXCITING WIN FOR THE SPURS.

An exceptionally large crowd turned out on Monday to welcome the Town team on taking the field against the North Londoners, fresh from the honours gained at Leicester. It was a dull, cloudy afternoon. The Spurs brought down a good following, and evidently anticipated a stiff fight. In the home team, C. Ford was left out owing to injuries sustained on Saturday, and his namesake went half instead. The visitors did not bring Bradshaw, and changed their left wing. Mr. T. Saywell made a prompt start with the following 22:—

Luton: Perkins; Clarke and Williams; W. Ford, Sharp, and Hewitt; Durrant, McInnes, Kemplay, Brock and Ekins.

Tottenham: Cullen; Erentz and Cain; Hall, McNaught, and Jones; Hartley, McKay, Joyce, Stormont and Cameron.

Messrs. Walsh and Brettell were linesmen.

The Spurs had the good fortune to win the toss, and were considerably helped by the wind in the first half. However, Luton were first to get dangerous, Ekins getting right down his wing. Then the Spurs settled down to a long spell of attacking, which culminated in having goal No. 1 put to the credit of Joyce, who shot from an awkward angle on the right wing. Perkins, unhappily, fisted the ball into his own goal. This was 15 minutes from the start, and the Londoners made a great demonstration.

The Town stuck well to their opponents, and Erentz was lucky in clearing a smart dash by McInnes and Durrant, while Hewitt put in a good shot. The Spurs pressed again, but two corners availed them nothing, and then the spectators had a veritable "eye-opener," for, from a lovely centre by Ekins, Tommy McInnes scored a grand goal. The equaliser came when least expected, only 9 minutes from the last score, and the Lutonians did not forget to shout.

The game became livelier than ever. Another 5 minutes, however, brought about a transformation scene. In saving from McKay, Perkins put the ball out to Hartley, who at once banged it into goal-mouth, where Joyce lying close by, promptly registered No. 2. Once more ahead, the Spurs worked harder than ever, but Williams was doing splendidly at back for Luton, and nipped in repeatedly. McInnes gave Cullen a warm handful, and then Ekins sprinted clean past Erentz, hugely disappointing the crowd by shooting wide.

Twice more McInnes shone in attack, sending in a magnificent "header" from Ekins' centre, which Cullen had some difficulty in clearing at the expense of a corner. Just before half-time, Joyce broke through, but handled the ball before shooting into the net, nothing being allowed. At the interval, the score stood:—

TOTTENHAM	...	...	...	...	2
LUTON	...	...	...	...	1

The locals set off in the second half with rare spirit and dash, and there could be little doubt that we should see more scoring. Mr. Saywell gave a queer decision against Luton in favour of Cain, but Ekins was fouled directly afterwards, though Cullen saved. 'The Spurs' forwards then got down and Perkins cleared magnificently from Cameron, when he was absolutely clear. The Tottenham vanguard pressed again and Clarke put behind a shot from Hartley, the corner being headed wide.

Cullen was called upon twice in succession, thanks to a foul on W. Ford, and McInnes just landed the ball over the cross-bar. Brock got at loggerheads with an opponent and was penalised, but Luton made a sustained bombardment. From an exciting bully, Ekins missed a good chance, but he atoned for this by dropping across a stinging centre. It was too hot for Cullen to hold, and, in breathless suspense, the crowd watched a wild tussle between him and McInnes for possession, Tommy eventually settling matters by rushing through No. 2. This was after 20 minutes' play, and the sides were once more level, the Luton crowd making the welkin ring with cheers.

For a few minutes, the players caught the excitement fever, and Mr. Saywell had to throw the ball up, while administering a mild caution. The Spurs seemed desperate, but Luton only played steadily and forced a corner. Hewitt checked a dangerous rush by the Tottenham right, and directly afterwards Perkins effected a marvellous save from Joyce, picking the ball off his toe. The spectators, now thoroughly warmed up, roared applause.

I was sorry to see Hartley lose his head and approach Hewitt in a threatening manner, after a corner, but the referee soothed the warring elements. Jones fouled McInnes badly, but the Spurs were working like Trojans, and Stormont enthused his friends by scoring No. 3 from Hartley's pass after 30 minutes' play.

By no means discouraged, Luton plodded away. Sharp and Clarke exchanging places until the finish. The locals forced a corner and a fierce scrimmage followed Durrant's centre, Cullen putting the ball through his own goal, and making the points again level. The last 8 minutes saw a grand struggle for the winning goal. Durrant was penalised for playfully charging Cain and another free-kick against Ekins helped the Spurs into Luton

territory. The forwards bore down in force, and an unlucky misunderstanding between Williams and Perkins almost on the goal-line allowed Joyce to score the winning point. Only 2 minutes remained, and an exciting game ended :—

TOTTENHAM SPURS	...	...	4
LUTON	...	...	3