

ENGLISH CUP.

LUTON v. SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

THE TOWN JUST CRAWL HOME.

Of all the English Cup-ties in the South on Saturday, that of Luton v. Shepherd's Bush was looked upon as the only certainty for the home team. Last season, of course, we should have ridiculed the task as the easiest walk-over, but the Town Club has lately got into such a parlous state that their supporters were prepared for almost anything. Indeed, at one period of the game, the London amateurs seemed very likely winners, and the narrow margin in Luton's favour was hailed with intense relief by the 2,000 odd spectators.

Shepherd's Bush are a London team in the Southern League, 2nd Division, and in name, at least, sport the amateur ticket. Most of the men belonged to the Old St. Stephen's combination, and the captaincy is held by J. W. Julian, the old Luton centre-half. They brought about 50 enthusiastic supporters with them on Saturday. The local muster was very moderate, particularly on the grand stand. W. G. Ford was given a rest, and Crump appeared at outside left, while Harry Williams was retained at centre-half, where he did so well against Southampton. Mr. Nat Whitaker, of London, refereed with the following 22 men under command:—

Luton: Perkins; Dow and Moore; C. Ford, Williams, and Hewitt; Durrant, McInnes, Kemplay, Brock and Crump.

Shepherd's Bush: Heapy; T. Williams and Powell; Julian, Mayer, and Moffatt; Mann, Ide, McDavid, Chadwick and Murray.

The Bushmen kicked off against the sun, but Luton pressed at once in most promising fashion. A smart shot from Brock struck the post and went behind off Powell. From the corner, Luton were momentarily repulsed, but Crump ran down nicely and shot into goal-mouth, Heapy letting the ball through in a feeble attempt to save. This was a cheering start for Luton, and soon afterwards McInnes looked certain to score but was ruled offside. Only 7 minutes after the opening score, Kemplay very cleverly dribbled past the London backs and scored No. 2 with a shot which beat Heapy anyhow.

With a lead of two goals in such a short space of time, Luton played with every confidence, and the spectators were expecting to see the ugly score at Small Heath amply revenged. All went well for a time, and Crump was doing finely on the wing. Perkins had to wait 20 minutes for his first goal-kick, and McInnes shot splendidly, the ball striking the cross-bar. Tommy was next fouled, but Crump shot over. When Dow had nearly let in Chadwick, Moore came to the rescue with a smart dash. Luton made a prolonged attack on the Londoners' citadel, Durrant and McInnes shooting repeatedly, and the locals should have easily doubled their score.

Then a period of slackness and carelessness set in, of which Shepherd's Bush took prompt advantage. After Julian had sent wide from a corner kick, a piece of bad judgment by Dow gave McDavid a clear field; Perkins hesitated

and allowed the Shepherd's Bush centre to dribble right past him into the net. The small band of Londoners were delighted with this unexpected good fortune, but they shouted themselves hoarse 2 minutes later, when Murray broke away and centred to Mann, who followed up a tricky shot by "bustling" through Perkins before he could clear. Half-time arrived immediately with the surprising figures:

LUTON		2 goals
SHEPHERD'S BUSH		2 ..

It was sheer carelessness, which had left Luton in this doubtful position instead of with 4 or 5 goals' lead. And when the second half started, their combination seemed worse than ever and at times they were quite out-paced by their lively opponents, who worked out the "kick-and-rush" principle admirably.

Many chances went begging, notably by Hewitt and Brock, while Heapy picked the ball off Kemplay's toe with wonderful smartness. Durrant sent across a lovely centre but the left wing missed badly when the slightest touch must have meant a goal. Hands were awarded against Dow, and then the London custodian got on his knees to stop a fine shot by Durrant. Once more, Hewitt made a disappointing failure, and a great outcry arose against the referee, for dis-allowing a score from Durrant, who centred from the touch-line. There were loud shouts of "Millwall," and some foolish hooting.

Shepherd's Bush made a rush down the field and a hot shot rebounded from the cross-bar, Crump assisting the clearance with his fist. Mr. Whitaker gave a penalty and the Shepherd's Bush supporters were mad with joy, when they saw T. Williams register a bull's-eye. Only 15 minutes remained, and the situation looked serious for Luton.

Both players and spectators were excited. The Bush-men kicked all over the field to clear their lines, while Luton were too anxious to "get much forrarder." Heapy stopped several shots before Durrant banged in a beauty, which equalised matters. Luton worked harder than ever to score the winning point, and one of the London backs fisted the ball from a corner. Hewitt had the honour of scoring from the penalty, and it was now Luton's turn to shout. Less than 5 minutes remained, but the Londoners had had enough, Julian quenching their last hope by placing a free-kick outside the net. Result:

LUTON		4 goals
SHEPHERD'S BUSH		3 ..

Football Notes.

The Shepherd's Bush folk were well justified in being sarcastic about the certain defeat which everyone foretold would result from their visit to Luton. Their men made a capital show, and gave the Luton spectators a very anxious time in the second half.

The careless assurance which made Luton hold their opponents as dirt cheap after scoring a couple of goals deserved humiliation, and got it. Of course, the London amateurs did not play high-class football, but they are a team by no means to be despised. They have a first-rate centre-half in Mayer, and the backs are not at all bad, while the goal-keeper, after his first mistake, performed admirably.

After the Bushrangers had equalised, Luton seemed to go all to pieces, and combination went to the winds. It was painful to see the feeble display of the locals, while Shepherd's Bush seemed to bring off everything they tried for, their forwards being particularly energetic. Mr. Whittaker was very uncertain as referee, and certainly disallowed a good goal for Luton, but that is no palliation for the Town, whose exhibition is best passed over in silence.

Before Luton went to Kettering, their record stood at 23 matches played, 8 won, 12 lost, 3 drawn, 44 goals for, 58 against. In Northamptonshire, last year, Luton only lost by a single goal to nil, but on Monday they suffered defeat by 4-0, and made their goal record in the United League 14 to 29, with only 3 points from 9 matches. Fortunately, the Arsenal vanquished Rushden on the same day by 6-0, so that we are saved by one solitary point from resuming the bottom place in the League table. However, I am afraid that this consolation will be short-lived.