



UNITED LEAGUE.

LUTON v. READING.

A DRAW.

Reading visited Luton on Monday to play off a United League fixture. The spectators numbered about 500. The teams were:—

Luton: Perkins; Dow and Williams; C. Ford, Sharp, and Crump; Brock, McInnes, Kemplay, Boutwood and Dimmock.

Reading: Whittaker; Henderson and O'Brien; Ballantyne, Holt, and Eccleston; Foster, Goldie, Davies, Johnson and Plant.

Referee: Mr. Jamieson (Woolwich).

Play opened rather tamely so far as Luton was concerned. Davies had a fine shot which Perkins stopped and shortly afterwards he had to do duty from Johnson. Brock got away on several occasions but hardly dangerously. Dimmock was the first to pot at the Reading goal after nearly 10 minutes' play.

Hands against Crump led to a fruitless corner. Play opened out considerably, though the home team were defective in combination. C. Ford and Brock got within shooting distance, and the left wing had a pretty run, which led up to a veritable bombardment of the Reading goal during which a goal seemed imminent every second. Indeed Luton were hardly dealt with in not finding the net.

At last a corner fell to Luton. Dimmock put up and Brock centred twice with grand judgment. A scrum ensued in which McInnes was badly fouled just outside the penalty line. This was another advantage, for Davies got away and twice in succession Perkins had to handle, Goldie's shot being particularly lively.

Charlie Ford had been playing a fine game, but an unnecessary foul by him led to Davies scoring the first goal for Reading. O'Brien was meting out unscrupulous treatment to Brock, using his weight unnecessarily and, when beaten in a sprint, pushing unfairly. At last he was vigorously pulled up by the "referee." But the free-kick availed nothing, and half-time came with the score:—

READING	...	...	...	1
LUTON...	...	...	...	0

The re-start was celebrated in handsome style. Goldie handled and Dow put up. Holt returned and the home right back tried another shot. McInnes deftly used his head and the ball sailed well and truly home.

This success awakened the slumbering interest, and Luton attacked brilliantly. Crump drew cheers with a swift shot that flew past the post, and Brock forced a corner. Again inertia seized both teams for a time. Fouls fell frequently, though none were vicious.

A black cloud hanging over the ground dissolved itself in a shower of snowflakes. Neither of the teams could make much impression. Both Perkins and Whittaker had to save several times, but the shots sent in savoured of the "soft" variety. The end came with a tie of