

The League. — Division II.

LINCOLN CITY v. LUTON TOWN.

Played at Lincoln on Saturday. Result:—

Lincoln City	2 goals.
Luton Town	nil.

Misfortunes never come singly, and the Luton officials, in addition to being hard put to it to find the ways and means for the Club to fulfil its engagement at Lincoln, had the extra burden of re-organising the team, owing to the inability of several of the players to make the journey. Draper had been called upon by the authorities to take a spell of soldiering, and J. Brown and Holdstock were unable to leave their work at Luton.

McInnes therefore had to go centre forward, letting in Durrant on the right wing, and Brook had once more to appear in the half-back line. McGurdy, despite his injured hand, pluckily partnered Dow at back, the full team being: Daw; Dow and McGurdy; Ellingham, Williams, and Brook; Brown, Durrant, McInnes, Eckford, and Dimmock. Under the circumstances, it was not a bad team, and as matters turned out, it was one thoroughly capable of giving a good account of itself.

Lincoln City, with only seven losses against them this season, and with a reputation for being almost invincible on their own ground, could well afford, as they imagined, to hold the Lutonians at a very cheap rate, and the spectators, numbering between two and three thousand, were prepared to extract that fun which spectators always get from a one-sided match, when the team on top happens to sport the home colours.

But a surprise awaited them, for Lincoln's first attack was quickly repelled, and Luton in turn made several strong assaults on the Citizens' headquarters, Webb, the custodian, being called upon to join in the defence. The visitors, however, were eventually driven back, and were then unlucky in having a goal given against them of which the referee was so doubtful that he had to consult both linesmen before allowing it. Scott had previously shot, and Hartley, who was almost under the bar, put on the finishing touch, the point in dispute being as to whether Hartley was offside.

From now to the interval, Luton had quite as much of the play as their opponents, but there was no more scoring, and the Citizens crossed over with the lead of a goal. In the early part of the second half, it seemed that this lead would not be maintained, for Luton adopted very aggressive tactics, and were frequently dangerous. After the lapse of fifteen minutes, however, M'Cairns made a brilliant single-handed run, going clean through the defence and beating Daw with a clever shot.

"This," as a Lincoln writer says, "only seemed to infuse fresh energy into the visitors, and their front rank was continually on the aggressive," but after repeated and unsuccessful attempts, their efforts became a little less determined, and the Lincolnshire men then went at it for all they were worth. Fortunately, the Luton defence was very sound, and Daw in particular played a great game, and dealt with a number of teasing shots in smart and workmanlike fashion.

The conclusion of a very keen and even game was a win for Lincoln by two goals—a result which, considering the circumstances and the relative positions of the two teams, reflected more credit, perhaps, on the losers than the winners. All through, Luton played a very good game, and they may take credit for the fact that the town has probably never had a team which would have done better on the Lincoln ground.

Next Saturday, we shall have a Lincolnshire team at Luton, and I do sincerely hope that everyone who has the slightest love for the game, or even for sport of any kind, will make an effort to be present. Readers have no need to be told that the present is a very critical time with the Club, but possibly they do not fully realise that it is a critical time with the town itself, so far as all outdoor sports are concerned.

The directors are constantly having to put their hands in their pockets, and they are doing it, to their credit be it said, more with a view to the future than for consideration of the present. If the Club should break up now, it would mean good-bye to football and good-bye to the ground, but if the season can be gone through, there is hope that matters may be placed on a different footing and plans laid for the future, with some hope of success.

"Let 'em all come," should therefore be the cry for next Saturday, and if anyone should not feel sufficiently interested in football to spend a sixpence or shilling and an hour and a half's time on the Bury Park enclosure, why let them do it for the sake of sport.

Leicester Fosse, who were going to play