

# SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

## LUTON v. MILLWALL.

Luton's loss to Millwall on Saturday had the result of sending the Strawhatters to the bottom of the Southern League, unless we are to take into consideration Wellingborough, who at present hold the "wooden spoon," but who will not—at least, for a few seasons—again figure in this tourney.

Thus the hopes we had a week ago have been dashed to the ground by this unfortunate defeat. Glancing at the League table, I am afraid there are but slight hopes of bettering our position. It is not probable that the proverbial luck attached to the game will assist us for the remaining few matches, seeing that it has quite forsaken us so far this season.

We stand in the League this week with 21 points for our 27 matches. Watford, who are immediately above us, have also 21 points, but they have only played 23 matches. It is possible for Luton to pass Swindon, who for their 28 matches have 22 points; but I fancy Millwall, Queen's Park, and Brentford will maintain their position in front of us right up to the end. We have a stiff match in front of us on Saturday against Tottenham, but I think that we shall manage to draw as Tottenham have not yet beaten us in the Southern League. Scarcely one of the remaining home matches can be regarded as a "snip."

I am told that though the officials of the Town F.C., are naturally concerned about the present state of affairs, they are not in the least alarmed about Luton's chance of appearing in the First Division of the Southern League next season. We are assured that those chances are not only good, but that there is little likelihood of Luton being turned out of the League in preference for new applicants. I hope this will be the case, because should we be forced into the Second Division of the League, goodness knows what will become of our gates.

As to Saturday's match on the Bury Park, I do not propose to say much. Last season at home we drew 1—1 with the Dockers, while in London the score was 3—2 in our favour. I was glad to see such a good gate on Saturday; it made the Directors rub their hands. The weather was beautiful, but the turf was still heavy. Winning the spin of the coin, Millwall decided to take all the possible advantages—incline, sun and breeze. Luton were the first to get away, and Lamberton livened matters by shooting in the first minute, though the shot was easily stopped by Joyce. Then Millwall attacked with spirit.

At the other end, Barnes and Ross both came within an ace of scoring, but Joyce bravely kept his goal intact. At length a beautiful goal was scored by Calvey, who with Bradbury on the right wing, was playing a good game. The home side quickly returned to the attack; Joyce saved a fast drive from Ross, then the leather struck the bar, Moody finishing up the attack by sending wide. Millwall replied, and for a time fine football was witnessed. A few minutes before half-time, Hunter put on the second goal for the Dockers.

On changing ends, the Millwall goal was bombarded. Barnes put in a dangerous centre, but Joyce came out and intercepted, and afterwards Eaton missed one of the best chances of the afternoon. Eventually, from a melee in front of the goal, Barnes succeeded in reducing Millwall's lead. Then an unfortunate thing happened. R. McLean, the Millwall right back, was severely kicked on the face by one of his own halves, and had to be carried off the field, bleeding badly. The result of this was that Millwall had to play the one-back game. Thus play deteriorated because whenever Luton broke away, they were repeatedly off-side.

Nevertheless, there was only one team in it during the second half and that was Millwall. For a considerable time the Dockers pressed hard, and no one would have been surprised at seeing them score. Nothing further was done and the game ended:—

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|---------------|----------|
| Millwall..... | 2 goals, |
| Luton.....    | 1 goal.  |

Though the Dockers may not have deserved so great a lead at the interval, the best team on the afternoon's play certainly won. The home defence was somewhat weak, especially in the case of McEwen, who made one or two blunders. On the other hand, Stevenson played a magnificent game. He was the best back on the field; and indeed on Saturday's form will compare favourably with any other back in the South. In the second half, when he was alone, the Millwall back showed what he could do. Joyce, too, gave a splendid display at goalkeeping. Millwall really won on their merits.