

FOOTBALL.

CUP SATURDAY.

MILLWALL'S DAY OUT.

A DING-DONG STRUGGLE.

WAS TELLUM OFF-SIDE ?

Odd Goal in Three.

The great cup fight is over, and Luton have lost—but by a gross error on the part of the referee, who, in other parts of the game, was alternately transparently fair and totally unjust. The first round of the English Cup left Luton with choice of ground with Millwall, and the Dunstable-road enclosure was the scene of the conflict.

The day opened fine, the sun shone brilliantly but a good deal of rain had fallen during the week, leaving the pitch in a slippery and half heavy state. There was an awkward cross wind, which slightly favoured one side.

The following were the teams:—

Luton.—Platt; McCurdy and Gregory; F. Hawkes, Jones and R. Hawkes; Brown, Haycock, Menzies, Moody and Stansfield.

Millwall.—Joyce; Stevenson and Jeffrey; Riley, Comrie and Blythe; Dean, Shand, Twigg, Jones and Tellum.

Referee, Mr. C. C. Fallowfield (London); linesmen, E. J. Bath (Surrey) and C. L. Pain (London).

Bob lost the toss, and the visitors at once got down, but Tellum shot wide. The visitors put forth another good attempt, but Gregory was very great in defence. The ball travelled right across the Luton goal, but Tellum was out of his place and the sphere was got away, out of danger.

Stansfield worked the ball up the field well, but the final centre went amongst the crowd. Joyce transferred the play to the other end, but Gregory, adopting safe tactics, kicked out. Gregory then handled the ball. Shand cannoned the ball past McCurdy, but Platt proved safe, and caught and kicked away.

Twigg made a sorry mess of a glorious chance when in front of goal, kicking weakly wide. Luton then secured a goal. Brown passed to Haycock, the latter sent the ball forward, and Stevenson headed the ball, only for Moody to hold him off whilst Menzies dribbled the sphere up and easily beat Joyce in the coolest manner possible. The cheering was tremendous.

Play was very even after this. Joyce was cautioned for fouling Stansfield in the corner of the field. What the matter really was, was not easy to understand, but the referee satisfied himself by giving some words of advice to the Millwall man. Certainly throughout the game Stansfield was a marked man, and times out of number he was fouled, without the referee taking the usual course in such cases.

Joyce was nearly caught napping afterwards, when a long, dropping shot was put in. He was watching the ball fall, and did not see how near Brown was. Had the Luton man been a bit taller a different tale would have had to be told, but "Tiny's" trusty fist sent the ball ever so far away.

Millwall were going great guns after this, and they made a dash to the Luton end, where McCurdy got his knee hurt, and had to retire from the fray temporarily to the back of the goal, where Billy Lawson applied his powers to persuade the knee to be sound again, and, to the relief of the spectators, Mac was able to resume after a short rest and massage. Twigg was the man who injured the vice-captain, but fate, in the shape of Jones' head, reversed the position in the second half. A corner fell to the visitors, but was badly placed by Dean, and Bob dribbled away.

Twice the ball was sent over the Luton goal, but the shooting of the Millwall side was very poor. Twigg added to his rough play by fouling Platt, and Peter had to gently hand him round the neck to bring him to a proper understanding of things. Brown and Haycock led off with a pass from Jones, but the ball eventually came to F. Hawkes, who shot wide. Then, following a free kick, Fred put the ball into Joyce's hand, and, from a centre by Brown, Moody headed just wide.

The most glorious chance of the afternoon happened at the Luton end just before half-time. Tellum had the ball a couple of yards from goal, and had only to tap it into the net, but he shot hard, and most execrably, right wide of the goal. Half-time was then sounded with the score standing:—

Luton	1 goal
Millwall	nil

A foul against the Millwall side, as usual, led off the second half, but it was impossible to do anything with it, in consequence of a packed goal. Tellum had another chance, but Gregory just squeezed the ball over the bar from a corner, which proved useless. Platt next made a grand save from Dean, and it was really a brilliant effort on the part of the Luton goalie.

Millwall pressed again, but once more the ball took wings and went high over the bar. Jones, of Luton, was prominent in defence, and kicked and tackled with rare judgment and to the complete discomfiture of the Millwall side. Millwall forced two corners, but were beaten back, but, returning with great determination, Dean received the ball from Shand, and beat Platt with a cross shot.

Luton fell to pieces after this in most regrettable fashion. Their play lost much of its sting. Jones and Gregory nearly made a hungle in the next minute, for each thought the other was going to kick the ball, and Twigg went sailing on with only Platt in front. McCurdy spoiled the effort by the only chance—giving a corner..

Twigg came into contact with Jones' head, though exactly how it happened was hard to say, except by Twigg, who left the field with a badly bleeding mouth, and with a vulgar threat of what he would do to Jones. His language in the presence of a large number of ladies, to say nothing of the members of the sterner sex, was reprehensible.

Twigg was badly hurt, and I was told by a Millwall man after the match that a director of the club, who is a doctor, gave his mouth attention, the teeth having cut through the top lip. He returned a few minutes later, when he and Tellum changed places.

Luton forced a corner through Stansfield, and another corner followed through Stevenson putting behind. Dean then sent in a fine shot just inside the top corner, and Platt, with great skill, caught the ball and threw away.

When things looked like a draw, the winning goal was scored by Millwall in characteristic Millwall cup tie fashion. Two, if not three, forwards were rank offside when they received the ball from Dean, but the referee took no notice, and Tellum, putting out to Dean, the outside right returned the ball to Tellum, who was suspiciously near offside again, and he had no difficulty in scoring. The movement ought to have been stopped minutes before the end came, and it was really distressing to lose a strenuous game by such a goal as this. Luton's last despairing effort fell short, and the whistle sounded just afterwards with a most unsatisfactory result from Luton's point of view. Score:—

Luton	1 goal
Millwall	2 goals

Notes on the Game

LUCKLESS LUTON.

CUP CAREER CLOSED.

DOUBTFUL GOAL WINS THE DAY.

"Cup Saturday" at Luton was a disappointing day, and there were many long faces when it was known that the Millwall "Lions" had successfully raided our local fold. That Millwall were lucky to win I will not say. To an unprejudiced observer they were a far better side than Luton in the second half. It is rather the manner of their winning that I object to, for the deciding point had a very fishy look about it. In fact, it smacked strongly of offside.

It was an exciting scene as the Millwall forwards broke away. Dean, with the ball, was behind the rest. Nearer he drew to the home goal, and swung it across to Tellum. The left wing man must have been yards offside as Dean ran up. As he "teed" the ball for his final shot, the barriers broke with a crack, and the crowd came surging down. But Tellum made no mistake. He calmly steered the ball past Platt, and his colleagues nearly wrung off his hand when it was seen that Referee Fallowfield allowed the goal.

This was the closing scene in a great game. It was rough luck for Luton, who had defended gamely with a strong wind in their teeth against a bigger and a better side. Had the point been a genuine one, we should have been the first to congratulate Millwall on their victory. But to be beaten by a goal like that at the end of a hard-fought game brings about a slump in one's enthusiasm for football for the time being.

Very little fault could be found with Luton's football, except that their work forward lacked that penetrative quality essential to success in cup tie games. Menzies justified his inclusion by his goal, which gave Luton a winning chance in the first ten minutes, and it was not till nearly an hour of the game had elapsed that Millwall got on terms. Up to half-time Luton were the better side, and just prior to the interval, recognising their big task in the second half, they tried hard to make the issue safe by scoring another goal. Every man worked like a Trojan, but the goal did not come, and when the teams crossed over with only one point between them, I felt that Luton's chance of a victory was remote, for there was a stiffish breeze.

In the second half the "Lions" applied most determined pressure, and Luton's attacks were straggling and futile in comparison. It was impossible that the Luton backs could resist the pressure for long. McCurdy was badly "crocked"