

DESERVED MORE.

LUTON AGAIN GIVE WATFORD A CRUELLING.

(By "CRUSADER").

"If we had won all the matches in which we had the better of the game we should have been as near the top as Swansea," was a remark made to me on Saturday night. I won't go quite so far as that, but I do think we might well have had at least half a dozen points more than we have. Moreover, Watford should have been two points worse off, for once more they were outplayed by the Town, yet escaped defeat. Apart from the defences, Luton were immensely better than the Hertfordshire team in Saturday's return game at Vicarage-road, and Williams, Horsman and Johnson again earned their side a point by a quite remarkable repetition of their play at Luton. Williams was not quite so much in the limelight as at Luton, but his backs had even more to do, and they did it much better.

How they staved off defeat they could not themselves tell coherently, but they did so, and that was the main thing. We from Luton were not satisfied with the result, perhaps, but we were unanimous in declaring that it was a game well worth going over to Watford to see, and it speaks volumes for the sportsmanship of the players as a whole that in such

A "NEEDLE" MATCH

they kept their heads so well. I heard many Watford people grumbling at the poor display of their men, but they were only poor because Luton were so good, and I think the Town directors are now reaping some of the fruits of the wise policy of not tampering with the side once a successful run had been started. It is possible that by the time this appears in print some change in the side for next Saturday's game will be compulsory, but we hope for the best, and if we can field the same eleven, and they maintain the standard of play they have shown against Watford, we need have no fear of the result.

The ground was in a rather rough condition, but there was plenty of turf, and the wind was not such a spoiling factor as in the previous game. As soon as the game started a stiff pace was set up, and it gradually increased until the crowd were kept at a high pitch of enthusiasm and excitement. The major portion of the game was fought in the Watford half, and for long periods there were

STRENUOUS TUSSELS

in the Watford penalty area, but the grand defensive work of Horsman and Johnson, who took full advantage of the reluctance the Town forwards showed in the matter of shooting, prevailed. It deserved to, for they stood up to the sweeping attacks of the speedy Town forwards as stubbornly as ever, fighting every inch of ground, and never faltering to dash in and take risks, and accepting the hard knocks and the general hurly-burly with a sangfroid that was admirable. Their work was not so daintily achieved as that of Anderson and Till, but it was just as effective in thwarting the enemy. They protected Williams and saved his goal time after time, and their work was the salvation of Watford.

The halves were poor, Toone, although the best, not having anything like a happy afternoon. Carter I was sorry for, as he got hurt in the first half, and played on the wing afterwards. At no time, however, did the line shape well. Thus the forwards suffered again, and White alone seemed able to master the difficulties of the situation. He never lost heart and

THE MENACE

the Town defence had to face. Foxall did well because White was with him, but for the rest of the side there is not a bouquet.

Gibbon had an easy afternoon, about half a dozen shots being the sum total of his work. Anderson and Till gave us another wonderful exhibition of back play—polished, fast, judicious. What more need be said? They co-operated with their middle men to good purpose, and there was nothing lacking in the defensive work. Jennings and his partners put up a sterling game. The captain was again at his best, a difficult obstacle to beat, and a dangerous factor in attack. Several times he went through the opposition with the ball at his toe, and had the inside forwards taken advantage of these openings they would have won handsomely. Walker had the hardest task, for he faced White and Foxall. He did his bit well, and now seems to be bent on making the position his own. Millar once more proved too warm a member for the clever Stephenson, giving him precious little elbow, and showing equal pace and resolution.

Portsmouth have scored 31 goals; Luton's two figures are the same, but reversed, yet I am certain the top goal scorers of the League have not had more chances than our inside trio. It makes one wonder if they get enough shooting-in practice of the right sort, so many chances did they miss. This was their great failing. The forward work in other respects was delightful. It had the smoothness and swiftness of

AN ELECTRIC MACHINE.

Butcher would dart hither and thither with the ball at his toe as if it were glued there, often two or three men in unavailing pursuit; Kerr and Green made thrilling solo raids, and all three passed with a precision and exactness that enabled the wing men to make ground and get the ball back into the middle squarely and truly, but goals would not come. Butcher was as good a shot as any, and Green was the misser-in-chief, for he had the ball and the time on many occasions, but could not get the right aim. When this fault is remedied the Town will win matches, and at the risk of being regarded as a "Bloomer-phil" I would again suggest an old hat on a broom-handle in the middle of the ground, and all the players grouped round trying to knock off the hat. This made Bloomer

THE DEADLY SHOT

he was; it made Horace Barnes; it made Harry Storer, and the present marksmen of Derby County. Why should it not make Luton? Something must be done. The defence has the remarkable record of five matches without a goal against, but in that seven and a half hours' play the forwards have only scored three goals, and Hoten has got the lot.

Quick, accurate shooting is urgently necessary, and with improvement in this department the Town will go ahead at a rapid rate. Hoar and Hoten are good enough to provide the openings. They did so on Saturday. Their opportunities would not have come but for the splendid mid-field work of the inside forwards and the

halves; it is up to the inside men to round off their work.

For stamina the Town were more than a match for the home team, and Fred Westgarth has good reason to be pleased therewith, but it all comes to nought without goals.

WATFORD.—Williams; Horsman, Johnson; Toone, White (V.), Carter; Stephenson, Poole, Mummery, White (C.), Foxall.

LUTON TOWN.—Gibbon; Anderson, Till; Walker, Jennings, Millar; Hoar, Green, Kerr, Butcher, Hoten.