



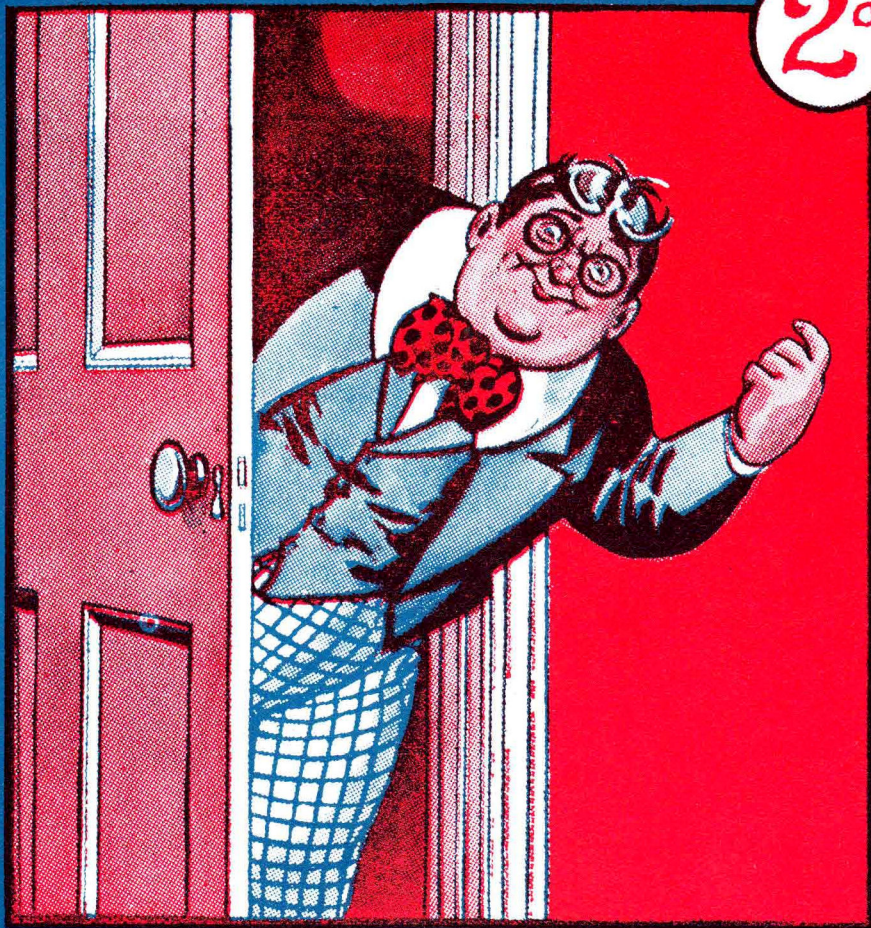
MEET POSHER P. POSH

"The Freak of St. Freda's!"

IN THIS ISSUE!

The POPULAR

2^d



Come Inside

and have a "Yarn" with the
Chums of Greyfriars!

Week Ending January 15th, 1927.

EVERY TUESDAY.

New Series. No. 416.

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A MERRY HOLIDAY MEETING! Horace Coker, at his own school, has what he calls a short way with fags. But outside Greyfriars, when he tries his high-handed methods on Jimmy Silver of Rookwood, he finds himself decidedly "in the soup"!



Here they are—Your Old Pals Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, in another fine holiday adventure! Related by OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The High Hand!

"DO you know the way back, Potter?"

"No."

"Do you, Greene?"

"No."

"Precious pair of asses!"

Jimmy Silver heard those remarks as he came tramping along through the thick snow in the lane. Snow was falling, and fields and hedgerows were sheeted in white.

At the cross-roads, three fellows had halted; three rather big fellows who looked like senior schoolboys, wrapped in coats and mufflers. Apparently they had lost their way; and they did not look good-tempered.

Jimmy Silver quickened his steps a little. He was home for his Christmas holidays, and he knew that part of Wiltshire like the palm of his hand. So he hurried on with the kind intention of being of service to the trio in distress.

He thought he knew the fellows, too. They did not belong to Rookwood; but he had seen them before somewhere.

"Precious pair of asses!" repeated the first speaker. "I'd like to know how we're going to get back for lunch!"

"Well, do you know the way yourself, Coker?" demanded the other two fellows simultaneously and wrathfully.

Coker grunted angrily.

"Oh, don't jaw!" he said. "Jawing won't find the way, will it? Never saw such chaps for jawing!"

Coker stared at him morosely, and caught sight of Jimmy Silver coming up. He waved his hand to Jimmy.

"Here's a kid!" he said. "I'll give him sixpence to guide us back to the Fox and Feathers. Hi!"

Jimmy came up. He was smiling now. He recognised Coker, and Potter, and Greene of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. He had seen them more than once when a Rookwood team had gone over to Greyfriars to play the Remove.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy cheerfully.

"You live in these benighted parts?" asked Coker.

"Yes."

"Then you can guide us," said Coker.

"I'll give you sixpence!"

Jimmy stared at him.

"I've seen that kid before," remarked

Potter. "Aren't you one of the Rookwood fags, young 'un? You were playing the Lower Fourth at our school at footer last term."

"I'm a Rookwooder," said Jimmy. "You can keep your sixpence, Coker—keep it towards your expenses at Colney Hatch when you get there."

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Coker. "Don't be cheeky, kid! How do you know my name, I'd like to know?"

"He's one of the Rookwood kids," said Greene. "You've seen him at Greyfriars, Coker."

Coker snorted. "I'm not likely to take notice of fags, and remember them, I suppose," he said.

"Don't be an ass, Greene!"

"Look here, Coker—"

"Dry up!" roared Coker. "Look here, kid—I think I remember you now—your name's Copper, or Gold, or something, isn't it?"

"Silver!" said Jimmy cheerfully. "I remember you, too—your name's Poker, or Stoker, or Choker, or something, isn't it?"

"Don't be cheeky!" roared Coker. Losing his way in the wilds had not improved Horace Coker's temper—never very reliable. "We're putting up at the Fox and Feathers, between Denewood and Hadley Priors. Do you know the place?"

"Of course I do!"

"Good! Guide us there!"

"Sorry!" said Jimmy politely. "I'll direct you, if you like. But I can't guide you. I'm on my way to the station to meet a chap who's coming down to visit me."

"Never mind that!" said Coker. "He can wait at the station, I suppose."

"My only hat!" said Jimmy, staring at the Fifth-Former of Greyfriars.

Coker, at his own school, had what he called a short way with fags. It was, he said, his system. Outside Greyfriars his "system" was likely to cause astonishment and wrath. Coker of the Fifth never seemed quite able to remember that.

That Jimmy should leave Putty Grace of the Rookwood Fourth hanging up at Hadley Priors Station while he guided Coker about, seemed to the lofty Horace the most natural thing in the world. But the suggestion seemed to astonish Jimmy.

"Well, start!" said Coker impatiently.

"Start?" repeated Jimmy.

"Yes. Don't I keep on telling you I'm late for lunch?"

"I rather think Putty and I would be late for lunch if I put in an hour leading you about the country, Coker!" gasped Jimmy.

"Sorry! I don't see how that's to be helped," said Coker. "Come on!"

"You silly owl!" said Jimmy Silver. "If you fellows are his keepers, I advise you to look after him a bit more carefully. He's not in a fit mental state to be wandering about. Good-bye!"

And with that Jimmy Silver tramped on towards the village, having done, as he supposed, with Coker & Co.

But he was not quite done with them yet.

Coker made a jump at him, and grasped him by the collar of his overcoat. Jimmy Silver was jerked back so suddenly that he sat down in the snow with a bump and a roar.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Tit for Tat!

JIMMY SILVER sat and blinked up at Horace Coker. He was so surprised that he could do nothing else for the moment. Coker's high-handed methods quite took Jimmy's breath away.

The Greyfriars Fifth-Former glared down at him.

"Now, do you want a hiding?" he asked.

"A—a—a hiding?" gasped Jimmy.

"Just that!" said Coker darkly. "I don't stand on ceremony with cheeky kids, I can tell you!"

"You—you—" stuttered Jimmy.

"Now, then, young Silver, I'm waiting. Get up!"

Jimmy got up.

"Now lead the way!" said Coker.

"You frabjous chump!" howled Jimmy Silver. "I won't lead the way, but I'll jolly well punch your cheeky nose!"

"Ow!" gasped Coker, as the Rookwood junior came at him like an arrow from a bow.

Crash!

Jimmy's knuckles landed. Coker of the Fifth was a burly fellow, so much

bigger than Jimmy Silver that it was not easy for the Rookwood Fourth-Former to reach his nose; but he succeeded in reaching it—hard!

Coker went over in the snow as if a poleaxe had hit him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Potter and Greene, apparently perceiving something comic in this sudden downfall of their great chief.

Coker leaped, up like a jack-in-the-box.

"My hat!" he gasped. "My nose! Why, I—I—I—I'll—" He rushed at Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy's hands were up for defence. Jimmy was a great fighting-man in the Rookwood Fourth, but against so hefty an antagonist as Coker he had little chance of holding his own.

Coker grasped him, heedless of two or three hard knocks, and fairly swept him off his feet.

"Now, you cheeky little waster!" gasped Coker.

"Leggo, you rotter!" spluttered the Rookwooder.

"Yes, when I've licked you! Lay on that cane, Potter, while I hold him across my knee!"

"Look here—" gasped Potter.

"Don't jaw! Do as I tell you! Here, give me the cane!" Coker grabbed Potter's walking-cane. "Now, you young rascal!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver struggled desperately, but he was well held by the burly Coker. His overcoat protected him a good deal; but Coker was putting his beef into the whacks, and Jimmy felt them—severely.

Potter and Greene stared on at the scene. They were used to Coker, and they gave him his head, for the sake of a quiet life. Besides, Coker was paying the expenses of that little tour in Wiltshire. When a fellow was footing all the bills he had to be given his head to some extent.

"Leggo!" raved Jimmy Silver.

Whack, whack, whack!

"There!" said Coker, setting the Rookwood junior on his feet again. "Now lead the way before I give you some more."

Jimmy Silver gazed at him speechlessly. Jimmy had met all sorts and conditions of fellows, but Coker was something novel to him. How Coker had reached his present age without being massacred was a deep mystery to Jimmy.

"I'm waiting!" rapped out Coker.

Jimmy controlled his feelings. He was no match for the hefty Horace at fisticuffs, that was certain; but there were other ways.

"Follow me!" he said.

"Mind, if you try to cut and run I shall be after you, and I'll lam you till you fairly squirm!" warned Coker.

Jimmy Silver obediently led the way across a field, and then down a lane. Coker followed him triumphantly, and Potter and Greene followed Coker, perhaps thinking that Horace's drastic methods were going to be useful, after all. Certainly they were very anxious to get back to their inn and a belated lunch.

For a good mile Jimmy Silver led the Greyfriars Fifth-Formers on, till they reached a running stream, full to the brim with melted snow, which was crossed by a single plank. Jimmy led the way out on the plank.

It was obvious that the plank was not safe for more than one at a time, so Coker waited till Jimmy was across before he set foot on it.

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Jimmy crossed it very quickly.

Then he turned back and stooped over the end of the plank, which rested in frozen rushes barely above the level of the running water.

"That's right," said Coker approvingly. "Hold it while I cross. It looks a bit rocky."

Coker stepped on the end of the plank. At the same moment Jimmy jerked his end out of the rushes, and lifted it. Coker slid back off the plank, and sat in frozen reeds, on his side, with his feet in running water. There was a terrific roar from Coker.

"Yoooop!"

Jimmy cheerfully pulled the plank away, and landed it on his side of the stream.

Coker scrambled up, his legs drenched and dripping, raving.

"You clumsy young idiot!" he belated. "You wait till I get across! I'll skin you!"

Jimmy chuckled, and landed the plank in the rushes. With twelve feet of running water—deep in the middle—between him and Coker, he did not quite see how the Greyfriars senior's threats were to be executed.

Coker glared across the stream at the Rookwood junior.

"Silver, put back that plank at once!"

"Dear man!" said Jimmy.

"I'll smash you—"

"How?" inquired Jimmy sweetly.

"I—I—I—" gasped Coker.

"You're landed, old bean!" said Jimmy. "Next time you ask a stranger the way, I suggest a little more politeness. It might pay better in the long run, you know. Good-bye!"

"Hold on!" shouted Potter. "How do we get to the Fox and Feathers from here?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"That's a little problem for you to work out," he explained. "I've led you a mile out of your way—"

"What?" gasped Coker.

"You've got three miles to do, if you can find the short cuts, which you can't do," explained Jimmy. "If you find the road—and you may in time—you'll have six miles."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You'll have to ask the way six or seven times at least. Better be a bit more civil next time."

And, with that, Jimmy Silver turned his back on the stream, and the Greyfriars fellows on the other side of it, and started at a run. He had a roundabout course to follow now to reach Hadley Priors, and he was late for Putty Grace's train; but he was feeling fairly well satisfied with himself as he trotted off.

Behind him three voices were raised in wrathful discussion and argument. Coker, Potter, and Greene, hopelessly lost in a snow-covered and apparently uninhabited country required all their breath to get back to their inn, and they ought to have saved it for that purpose. Instead of which, they expended a great deal of it in slanging one another.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Unexpected Meeting!

"SLACKER!" said Putty Grace severely.

Putty of the Fourth was cooling his heels outside the little railway station at Hadley Priors, when Jimmy Silver arrived there—an hour late for his appointment. Jimmy came up crimson and breathless with running.

"Sorry, old chap!" said Jimmy. "It's too bad! But it wasn't really my fault. I've been kidnapped on the road by a wild Hun."

"What?" ejaculated Putty.

Jimmy Silver explained his adventure with Coker & Co. of Greyfriars.

Putty Grace stared at first, and then he chuckled.

"I remember Coker at Greyfriars," he said. "I've seen him there. Silly ass and cheeky! Wonderful man at football, I've heard. Kicks the ball through his own goal, and all that!"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"The worst of it is, we're jolly late for lunch," he said. "I suppose you're pretty peckish?"

"Famished!" said Putty feelingly. "Two hours in a giddy train—one hour kicking my heels waiting for a silly ass who—"

"We'll grub at the inn here," said Jimmy, laughing. "They give you jolly good prog at the Priors Inn."

"Good!"

It did not take Jimmy Silver many minutes to telephone to the Priory from the station, asking the Co. and Mornington to stroll down to meet them after lunch. Then he walked with Putty to the Priors Inn, where mine host was an old acquaintance of Jimmy's.

Mine host produced turkey and other good things for lunch, and Putty's face beamed over the festive board. A big fire blazed at the end of the panelled low-ceiled ancient room, and a diamond-paned window near the juniors gave them a view of the village street, white and gleaming with thick snow.

"Jolly old place!" said Putty. "You're a lucky beggar, Jimmy! I live in a beastly town. I say, Tubby Muffin would like this turkey! I've had three helpings! I'll make it four! I'd make it five, but I want to leave some room for the Christmas-pudding!"

The two juniors enjoyed their lunch. They had finished it, and were further enjoying coffee, when there was a trampling of footsteps under the low bow window.

Jimmy glanced round lazily.

"Can't be Lovell and the chaps yet," he said. "Oh, my only summer chapeau!"

Through the window he sighted three figures—three figures he knew. Coker and Potter and Greene of the Greyfriars Fifth. The wandering footsteps of the Greyfriars trio had not led them back to their own quarters, evidently.

Coker's voice came booming through the window.

"This looks a decent show, and we can get some grub here. Don't argue, for goodness' sake!"

"Who's arguing?" snapped Potter. "We're over two hours late for lunch, and I could eat a horse!"

"For goodness' sake, let's get something, if it's only bread and cheese!" said Greene. "The landlord will be able to tell us the way back to Denewood, too. But let's feed first!"

"If you two silly asses hadn't lost the way—"

"Look here, Coker—"

"And if you hadn't let that young scoundrel Silver strand us in the middle of a howling desert—"

"You let him!" roared Potter. "I'm frozen!" moaned Greene. "Do shut up, you fellows, till after grub, at least!"

"I'm going to look for that young cad Silver later!" said Coker. "I'm going to smash him! The moment I set eyes on him again I'm going to knock him into more pieces than he can count!"

Putty looked expressively at Jimmy Silver across the table.

"That looks lively for you, Jimmy!" he murmured. "They'll be in here in a minute, too!"

Jimmy made a grimace.

The three seniors of Greyfriars tramped into the inn. From some dusky retreat the rubicund innkeeper emerged, to show his new guests into the dining-room.

"Well, this looks comfy!" said Coker, as he sighted the blazing fire. "This is all right! Why, what—what—"

He fixed his eyes on Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy jumped up. A public school fellow, especially a senior, might have been expected to know better than to kick up a shindy at an inn. But it was quite clear that Horace Coker did not know better, and that there was going to be a shindy of a terrific character.

"Silver!" stuttered Coker. "Here! Here he is, you chaps! Here's that young scoundrel who led us astray!"

"Cheeky little beast!" said Greene. "We'll thrash him after lunch! For goodness' sake, let's get some lunch!"

"I'm going to thrash him now!"

"Coker, old man—"

"Dry up, Potter! I'm simply going to thrash that cheeky young scoundrel!"

"Look here—"

Coker did not look there. Coker was cold and Coker was hungry; four or five hours of wandering on a frozen countryside had made him both hungry and cold. But vengeance came first. Coker's lofty dignity had been affronted; he had been treated with disrespect and contumely, just as if he had been an ordinary mortal and not Coker of the Fifth at all.

Coker rushed across at Jimmy Silver. Jimmy dodged round the table.

"Hands off, you silly hooligan!" he shouted.

"I'm going—"

"Order, gentlemen!" exclaimed the startled landlord.

Coker did not heed. The inn might have been Coker's private property, to judge by his proceedings. He rushed round the table after Jimmy Silver.

"Yooop!" roared Jimmy, as the big Fifth-Former's powerful clutches fastened on him.

"Gentlemen!" gasped the landlord.

"Coker!" shouted Potter and Greene. "Now, you cheeky young villain!" gasped Coker. "Take that—and that—and— Yaroooooop!"

Putty Grace, always quick to act, weighed in with his coffee-cup. The coffee was hot—extremely hot, it seemed to Coker, as it jerked out of the cup and landed full upon his rugged features.

Coker staggered back, spluttering. "Ooooh! Ooooop! Grooogh! Gug-gug!"

"Good man, Putty!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "He may as well have mine, too!"

Swoosh! Splash!

"Ooooh! Oh! Ow! Wooooop!" Coker dabbed streaming coffee from his face, and fairly leaped at the two Rookwooders. The landlord dashed between, holding up his plump hands to stave Coker off.

But Coker was not to be staved off.

He rushed right into the plump gentleman and sent him spinning. Mine host crashed on the table, and there was another crash as several dishes and plates went to the floor.

Coker staggered from the shock.

"Better slide out of this!" murmured Jimmy. "The dear man looks dangerous!"

And the Rookwooders retreated from the inn, leaving Coker in possession of the field of battle. Coker rushed to the door after them.

"Come on, you fellows!" he roared. And he dashed in pursuit



TROUBLE WITH COKER! Coker rushed across at Jimmy Silver. Jimmy dodged round the table. "Hands off, you silly hooligan!" he shouted. "Order, gentlemen!" exclaimed the startled landlord. Coker did not heed. The inn might have been Coker's private property, to judge by his proceedings. (See Chapter 3.)

"We're going to feed!" howled back Potter.

"Come on, I tell you!"

"Lunch, you ass—"

"You'll get no lunch here, you young ruffians!" hooted the innkeeper, spluttering with wrath. "Get out, the lot of you! Hear me? Get out of my inn! Here, Garge! Garge, let the bulldog loose!"

"Look here—" gasped Potter.

"Garge!" bawled the innkeeper.

Potter and Greene were hungry. But they realised that there would be no lunch at that particular inn. They decided not to await the arrival of George and the bulldog. In a very hurried manner they followed Horace Coker from the inn.

"Come on!" bawled Coker.

Coker was going strong in pursuit of the two Rookwooders. And as there seemed nothing else to be done, Potter and Greene followed him—keen enough for vengeance upon Jimmy Silver, but probably keener still for vengeance upon Horace Coker, if that had been practicable.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nice For Coker!

"OH, my hat! They're after us!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

He looked back along the snowy lane. Out of the village street came Horace Coker, going strong. Farther behind, Potter and Greene came into view. There was no lunch for the heroes of Greyfriars, and apparently they had decided upon vengeance instead.

"Put it on!" panted Putty. "Coker will be a bit rough, I think, if he catches us!"

"Ha, ha! I fancy so!"

The two juniors trotted on. Putty had a bag to carry, and it was rather

heavy for running with. Both the Rookwooders were good sprinters. But they did not gain ground. Horace Coker's long legs covered the ground at a great rate.

He gained on the two Fourth-Formers of Rookwood. Potter and Greene hung on behind, but they did not gain on Coker.

Jimmy glanced back again.

"Coker's going to overhaul us unless you chuck that bag away, Putty," he said. "You can't do that. I think we'd better stop for him."

"Three seniors against us two—"

"The other two are a good way back. Don't stop till I do," said Jimmy Silver. "Right-ho!"

Jimmy dropped a little behind his chum. Coker, his long legs going like machinery, came up hand over fist.

He was soon close behind Jimmy Silver, breathing hard, his rugged face flaming with exertion. His outstretched hand almost touched Jimmy's shoulder as his heavy feet pounded behind.

"Got you, you young villain!" gasped Coker.

Jimmy stopped suddenly.

He braced himself for the shock, and it came. Coker, quite unanticipative of that sudden stop, crashed right into him.

The impact was terrific.

Jimmy pitched forward under it, and Coker, gasping like a punctured tyre, sat down with a bump in the snow.

"Ooooooogh!" gasped Coker.

Jimmy Silver turned on him in a twinkling. Before Coker knew what was happening, Jimmy had both hands on his collar, and Coker's features were jammed into thick snow.

"Back up, Putty!"

Putty rushed back. Coker was struggling up when Putty's bag smote him

on the head. With a wild roar, Coker went down again.

Then the two juniors grasped him hard, and rolled him in the snow and over the edge of the ditch beside the lane. There was snow in the ditch, but there was water under the snow, and mud—plenty of mud. Coker's lower half vanished from sight with a horrid sound of squelching.

Potter and Greene were coming up hand over hand, and it was time to go. The two juniors ran on, gasping with laughter.

Coker squelched in the ditch, and roared. There was mud and water up to his knees, and snow up to his waist. Potter and Greene came to a breathless halt.

"Help me out, you idiots!" bellowed Coker. "Can't you see I'm stuck in the mud, you burbling jabberwocks? What are you standing there gaping for, you cuckoos?"

Thus politely adjured, Potter and Greene each took a hand of the wriggling Coker, and with a combined effort dragged him out of the ditch, and landed him sprawling on the road.

Coker sprawled and roared.

He had been wrathful before, but his previous wrath, compared with his present wrath, was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, so to speak. He sat up and raved.

"You dummies! Ooooh! Why didn't you keep up with me? Groooogh! Smothered with mud! Ow! Look at my bags! Ooooh! Oh, you fatheads!"

He staggered to his feet. For a moment it looked as if Coker intended to commit assault and battery upon his faithful chums, and they backed away in alarm. But he turned his fiery eye on the two juniors disappearing in the distance, and checked his wrath.

"Come on!" he spluttered.

And Coker rushed in pursuit of the Rookwooders, boiling. Potter and Greene exchanged a glance. There was nothing for it but to follow Coker, and they followed. They comforted themselves with the prospect of giving the Rookwood juniors a terrific thrashing.

Jimmy and Putty were going strong. They were more than half-way now to Jimmy's home, the Priory. At every moment Jimmy hoped to see his chums come in sight. Lovell and Raby, Newcome and Mornington, had had Jimmy's message on the telephone, and they were to walk down to the village to meet Jimmy and Putty on their way. Jimmy would have been extremely glad to see them just then. For it was only too likely that the fugitives would not reach safety before the enraged Greyfriars fellows came up. And once Coker & Co. were at close quarters, the result—though perhaps solacing to Coker & Co.—would have been extremely painful for Jimmy Silver.

The two juniors ran their hardest.

They came round a bend in the lane, between the high, snowy hedges, at top speed; and there was a sudden yell. The two fugitives ran full tilt into four fellows who were strolling down the lane towards them.

"What the thump——" roared Arthur Edward Lovell, as he went spinning in the snow.

"Oh gad!" gasped Mornington, sitting down in the snow, with Putty's bag on his knees. "What the——"

"Sorry!" gasped Jimmy.

"You wait till I get up—I'll make you sorrier!" spluttered Lovell.

And he scrambled to his feet and rushed at Jimmy Silver.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Hop it!

"HOLD on!" Jimmy jumped back, and waved off his excited chum.

"What's the row?" asked Raby.

"What the dickens——" exclaimed Newcome.

Jimmy Silver hurriedly explained. By that time the heavy-pounding steps of Coker & Co. could be heard approaching the corner. The Fifth-Formers of Greyfriars were not yet in sight, but they were close at hand now.

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell. "Well, there's enough of us to handle all the Greyfriars Fifth, if you come to that!"

"What-ho!" grinned Mornington.

"Let 'em all come!"

"They're coming!" grinned Putty. "I can hear their fairy footsteps. Take cover, you chaps; don't let them see you till they come up. We don't want them to turn back till we've interviewed them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell & Co. backed among the trees by the lane, grinning. Louder and louder sounded the trampling footsteps.

Jimmy and Putty stood in the middle of the lane with smiling faces. They had ample help at hand now, and they were not at all reluctant to see Coker & Co. at close quarters.

Round the corner came Horace Coker, running hard, and still squelching mud from his boots. Close behind came Potter and Greene.

"Here they are!" roared Coker. "They've stopped! Collar the young cads!"

"Come on, Coker!" sang out Jimmy Silver.

Coker came on with a rush.

"Now, you young villain——" he gasped.

He seized Jimmy Silver in a herculean grasp, and a second later Potter and Greene had hold of Putty.

"Show up!" shouted Jimmy.

Lovell & Co. did not wait for his call. They rushed out of ambush, and hurled themselves upon the enemy.

The sudden rush caused a complete change in the programme. Coker had supposed that vengeance was within his grasp; but a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, as it were, as Lovell & Co. rushed in.

Hands seized the mighty Coker on all sides, and he was dragged off Jimmy Silver and bumped down in the snow.

He hardly knew what was happening till he realised that he was on his back, with Jimmy Silver sitting on his chest and Arthur Edward Lovell trampling recklessly on his long legs.

"Oh!" gasped Coker. "Ow!"

Potter and Greene were struggling with Raby and Newcome, Mornington, and Putty Grace. Two to one was long odds, as Potter and Greene quickly found. They went down in the snow, and were sat upon.

"Sort of turned the tables, what?" asked Jimmy Silver, with a smile, as he playfully pulled Coker's nose.

"Ow!" spluttered Coker.

"Look here," gasped Potter, "we'll make it pax! Don't shove that snow into my face, you young rascal—Grooooh!"

"Don't you——" began Greene.

But he had to stop as a handful of snow was jammed into his mouth. After that he gurgled.

"Roll 'em over, and then let them go!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're keeping Coker for a bit!"

"Look here!" howled Coker. "I—Grooooh! Mmmmmmmmm!"

A handful of snow choked Coker's utterance.

Potter and Greene were rolled in the snow till they hardly knew whether they were on their heads or their heels. Then they were released, with the order to travel.

Potter and Greene were only too glad to travel. What happened to Coker they did not care in the least; only they hoped it would be something very severe. They fled back the way they had come, with snowballs raining after them till they disappeared.

Then the Rookwooders turned their attention to Coker. Coker, in Jimmy Silver's opinion, was in need of a lesson. Jimmy felt sure of that, and he felt still surer that Coker was going to get it.

Coker's necktie was used to tie his wrists behind his back. Then his muffler came in handy to tie his right leg, bent up at the knee. Then the great Coker was lifted up, and he stood on one leg like a meditative stork.

He hopped to keep his footing, and spluttered:

"You young villains, I—I—I'll——"

"Travel!" said Jimmy Silver.

"How can I travel like this?" roared Coker. "Let my leg loose!"

"You'll have to wait for some good Samaritan to do that, old dear!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Hop it!"

"I—I can't! I——"

"Try—we'll help!"

The Rookwooders gathered snowballs and proceeded to help. With that kind of help in plenty, Coker found that he could "hop" it.

He hopped it, in fact, at a great rate, and disappeared in the distance, hopping, followed by a yell of laughter from the merry Rookwooders.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked home in cheery spirits. What became of Horace Coker they did not know; possibly he found Potter and Greene, and was released—or possibly somebody else found him and released him. But the heroes of Rookwood did not worry about it. Fortunately, it did not matter what became of Coker!

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's rollicking long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, entitled: "Playing For Coker!")

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