

**DON'T MISS "THE FREAK OF ST. FREDAS!"  
OUR HUMOROUS NEW SCHOOL STORY!**

# *The* **POPULAR**

**2<sup>d</sup>**

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## **CAVALIER *Against* ROUNDHEAD!**

*Romantic Adventure Story Complete in this Issue!*



# AN AMAZING FOOTBALL STORY!

to play football for Horace Coker of Greyfriars—but they don't. And the reason for this state of affairs will be found in the rollicking holiday story below!

Jimmy Silver & Co. should regard it as a great honour



# Playing For Coker!

A rollicking, long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Unexpected!

**C**OKER!" "Phew!" Jimmy Silver & Co. stared. It was a sharp January morning. Jimmy Silver & Co., home for the holidays, had turned out after breakfast for skating.

The six Rookwood juniors were heading for the lake in the grounds of the Priory, Jimmy's home, when they caught sight of a burly and somewhat ungainly figure coming up the drive.

They recognised the visitor at once. Only the day before the Rookwood chums had come into contact with Horace Coker of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. The last time they had seen Coker, that burly youth had been hopping away, with one leg tied up. They hadn't expected to see him again. And here he was!

Coker, they knew, was staying at the Fox and Feathers, an inn about a mile away, with his comrades, Potter and Greene. Apparently, the three Fifth-Formers of Greyfriars were spending part of the Christmas vacation in a walk in Wiltshire. Jimmy, if he had thought of the trio at all, had supposed that they had gone on their way. But here was Coker!

"Looking for trouble!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Plenty ready for him!" remarked Mornington.

Jimmy Silver looked rather serious. The egregious cheek of Horace Coker had led the Rookwooders to handle him somewhat severely. Jimmy had no special objection to handling him again if it came to that. But, naturally, he did not want the handling to take place under the windows of his father's house.

"Silly ass to come here!" said Jimmy. "Surely he can't be looking for a row!"

"Of course he is!" said Newcome. "Let's meet him on the way, and give

him what he wants before he asks for it!"

Jimmy hesitated. "Come on!" said Raby. "We can skate afterwards!"

"Hallo! He's seen us!" said Putty Grace.

Coker of Greyfriars stopped, and waved his hand to the Rookwood juniors. His bawling voice came through the frosty air.

"Here! Come here at once!"

"Better, I suppose," said Jimmy. "If he's looking for trouble, the farther from the house the better. The pater and mater wouldn't understand—"

"We can rush him out into the road in two ticks," said Mornington. "Come on!"

And the six Rookwood juniors headed for Coker, who stood waiting on the drive for them to come up.

Considering the circumstances in which they had parted last, Jimmy Silver & Co. took it for granted, naturally enough, that the Greyfriars fellow had come hunting for trouble. Coker had threatened vengeance, and now he was here for vengeance!

So they did not stand upon ceremony. They came up to Coker with a run. Without wasting words on the Fifth-Former of Greyfriars, they collared him.

There was a roar from Coker. "What—how—stoppit—oh!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not heed. Six pairs of hands grasped Horace Coker, and he was swept off the ground.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye he was rushed back to the gate, which stood open, and rushed out into the road.

There he was out of sight of the house, and the chums of Rookwood were free to deal with him.

Coker bumped on the ground in a breathless heap.

"Good!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Now, the best thing we can do is to dribble him away! Take it in turns to kick!"

"Hear, hear!" Coker sat up.

"Groogh! Oh! Ow!" he spluttered. "You young idiots! Groogh! Ow! Wharrer you up to? Ooooch! This what you call civil when a fellow comes along to do you a favour? Wow!"

"What!"

"Didn't you come here for a row?" asked Jimmy, rather taken aback.

"Ooooh! Ow! No! Wow!"

"Oh dear! What on earth did you come for, then?"

Coker staggered up.

"You silly dummy—" he spluttered. "Just a friendly call!" grinned Putty of the Fourth. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sorry!" gasped Jimmy. "You see, I thought—"

"You knew what you deserved, you mean!" hooted Coker. "I've a jolly good mind to thrash the lot of you! You deserve it! You've asked for it! By Jove, I've a jolly good mind to mop up the ground with the lot of you, and not let you play in the football match at all!"

"The football match?" repeated Jimmy.

Evidently there had been a misapprehension.

Coker did not answer immediately. He was breathless, he was wrathful, and he was indignant. He looked as if he were strongly inclined to run amok among the Rookwooders, hitting out right and left. It was not the odds that stopped him; Coker of the Fifth never counted odds. But he controlled his righteous wrath.

For some minutes he spluttered and glared. Jimmy Silver & Co. waited politely. After giving the visitor such a very unceremonious reception, they felt that it was up to them to wait till he had finished spluttering.

"I came here," gasped Coker, "to see you, Silver!"

"Well, here I am," said Jimmy. "Take a good look! No charge!"

"Don't be a young ass! I want you fellows this afternoon. I've got a football match on, and I want you to play."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"This is how it is," said Coker. "I'm putting up for the present at the Fox and Feathers, near Denewood. There's a football crowd in Denewood—not much in the way of players, of course; but they think they can play. Their skipper, young Bates, is a cheeky cad."



"Well?"

"They were punting a ball about the other day," said Coker, "clumsy young asses! I chimed in, to show them how to kick. By an extraordinary fluke, the ball went through a window. I had to pay for it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't cackle when I'm talking to you! I'm not in the habit of standing cheek from fags, I can tell you! Well, that cheeky cad Bates had the neck to chip me afterwards, making out that I couldn't kick a footer, you know. I told him I'd mop up his team in a match, anyhow. That's how it came about. It's fixed for this afternoon."

"Well?" said Jimmy, still inquiring.

"I thought of you kids," explained Coker. "You're only fags, but I suppose you play footer of sorts at your school!"

"Just a little!" smiled Jimmy.

"We know a football from a foot-warmer!" said Raby gravely. "Do you?"

"Don't be cheeky! Your footer won't amount to much, of course!" said Coker, "but you'll help to fill up a team! Six of you, and Potter and Greene and me—that makes nine. Nine will be enough to walk over that set of joskines—with me captaining. Practically I could beat the lot on my own! My footer's something a bit out of the common!"

"I've heard from Greyfriars chaps that it's a bit out of the common," assented Jimmy Silver. "Do you always break windows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up your silly cackling. The match is fixed up for three this afternoon, on the village green at Dene-wood," said Coker. "They've got a local football-ground there—of sorts. Anyhow, there's a dressing-room there they can lend us. You kids had better turn up at halfpast two or thereabouts. Mind, I'm not expecting much of you. But do your best."

"But—" said Jimmy.

"That's all," said Coker.

"But—"

"That's all, I tell you."

And Horace Coker of the Greyfriars Fifth turned and walked away, the matter being finished, leaving the Rookwooders staring after him blankly.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Says "Yes!"

"GREAT SCOTT!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, of all the cheeky dummies—"

The Rookwooders stared after Coker, whose burly figure was disappearing down the road.

Evidently it had not even occurred to Coker that his request might be declined, with or without thanks.

He had made his request—or rather, had issued his command—and there was an end! That was how Coker looked at it apparently.

He had not even waited to hear whether the Rookwooders consented to play for him. He took that for granted.

Jimmy Silver burst into a laugh.

"Doesn't he take the biscuit?" he said. "Blessed if I should believe in Coker if I hadn't seen him."

"Rather a facer for him when we don't turn up!" remarked Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The cheeky ass!" said Mornington.

"Let's get on with the skating."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. repaired to

THE POPULAR.—No. 417.

the lake, and were soon cutting merry figures on the ice.

Coker was dismissed from their cheerful minds.—The Rookwooders had no intention whatever of receiving commands from Coker of the Fifth.

But when the juniors went indoors to lunch, Jimmy Silver thought the matter over. The idea of a football match that keen, cold day appealed to him. Coker was a cheeky ass, that was certain; but a football game would not come amiss. And Jimmy, as it happened, had met Master Bates of Dene-wood, and knew that that young gentleman could put up a good game.

If Coker had had just a little more sense—if he had only put it with bare civility—Jimmy would have been willing to oblige him. But there was a limit, and Coker was the limit.

Soon after lunch the telephone bell rang, and Mr. Silver came to look for his hopeful son.

"Someone wishes to speak to you, Jimmy," said the old gentleman. "He gave the name of Potter. Go and take the call."

"Yes, dad."

Jimmy Silver wondered what Potter of Greyfriars had to say. He soon discovered.

"Hallo! Is that you, young Silver?"

"Yes. Is that you, young Potter?" inquired Jimmy cheerfully.

"Young Potter" probably did not please the Fifth-Former of Greyfriars. But he made no comment on it.

"Coker's asked you to play for him this afternoon in a silly match he's fixed up here?"

"Yes."

"Are you playing?"

"No!"

"Coker thinks you are."

"No accounting for what a chap thinks, with a brain like Coker's."

"Well, I couldn't get out of Coker that you'd actually agreed," said Potter.

"He's such a silly ass—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Such a burbling chump!" said Potter. Potter of the Fifth, apparently, was a very candid friend.

"You know him!" assented Jimmy.

"Such a frabjous burbler, you know," said Potter. "But the fact is, we're in a scrape. That dummy—that crass ass—has fixed up a football match without a team to play in it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it may be funny, but it isn't funny for us," said Potter. "Greene and I have to turn up with him, and precious fools we shall look if the match doesn't come off because there isn't any team."

"You will!" agreed Jimmy with a chuckle.

"Well, couldn't you play?" asked Potter. "Never mind Coker, he can't help being a born idiot. But it's jolly weather for a football match, and I've seen you kids play the Remove at Greyfriars. I know you're good at the game. Never mind Coker—just come along and play."

Jimmy Silver considered a moment or two.

"All serene!" he said, at last. "We'll come. Rely on us."

"Thanks! You're a good kid."

Jimmy Silver hung up the receiver, and rejoined his chums. He found them getting ready for the ramble.

"Well, what about Potter?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell.

Jimmy Silver explained.

Arthur Edward grunted.

"Play for that cheeky chump—"

"Well, it will be a game of football, anyhow," said Jimmy. "I've answered

for you fellows, so you must play up. It will be a good game. Bates and his men can play."

"Oh, all right!"

And so it was arranged. In good time, Jimmy Silver & Co. started for Dene-wood. They walked cheerily through the frosty lanes, in the keen winter air, in very good spirits. Every member of the party was a good footballer, and Jimmy Silver and Mornington were first-class. What sort of a captain Coker would prove was as yet unknown. Jimmy had his doubts on that point. But in his most dubious moments he did not dream of the kind of footballer Horace Coker actually was. That was a discovery that Jimmy Silver had yet to make.

At a quarter to three Jimmy Silver & Co. were on the football-ground at Dene-wood. They found Bates and most of his men already there, and Jimmy and Bates exchanged greetings. Coker & Co. had not yet turned up, but they came along soon afterwards.

Coker gave his companion a lofty grin.

"You see, they're here!" he said. "I told you you were a silly idiot, Potter, thinking the kids mightn't turn up. I knew I was right."

Apparently Potter hadn't mentioned the incident of the telephone. Coker was satisfied that his lordly behests had been obeyed.

"Get changed, you kids!" said Coker. "Hallo, Bates! You're going to see what football is like, now! Rather a discovery for you."

"I don't think!" remarked Bates.

"My team isn't much class, as you can see!" said Coker, with a lofty disregard of the feelings of that team. "A set of scrubby fags, excepting two. But a good skipper can do a lot even with poor materials. You'll see!"

"We're waiting to see!" grinned Bates.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were shown into their dressing-room where they changed for the match. During that process Coker gave them some directions.

"I shall play centre," he told them.

"What you kids have got to do, is to keep your eye on me, and play up to me. Listen to every word I say, and obey promptly. None of your fag larking, or trying to play the game on your own. Leave the goals to me."

Arthur Edward Lovell opened his lips, but closed them again. It was useless to begin the proceedings with a row with Coker. But it was not in the most optimistic mood that the Rookwooders followed Horace Coker into the field.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER. Football Extraordinary!

HORACE COKER lost the toss, and was given the wind to kick against. He arranged his team with some care. Having asked the Rookwood juniors in what positions they were accustomed to play, he proceeded to allocate the places in lofty disregard of their answers. Greene was put into goal; Potter was made centre-half—a position that Jimmy Silver was accustomed to. Jimmy was put in the front line; Lovell, who also was accustomed to playing half, was made forward; while Raby and Newcome, who were best as forwards, were settled upon as halves. Mornington was a brilliant forward; and he was given a place at back, with Putty Grace. The two blank places were in the front line; but Coker was there, and no doubt Coker was equal to filling many places beside his own.



The referee, a local young man, blew the whistle, and the ball was kicked off. Bates and his merry men started with a rush.

The country team were not bad players; but they were not up to Rookwood form. Jimmy Silver's team from Rookwood would have given them some startling surprises. But it was not Jimmy's team that they had to deal with. It was Coker's team.

The Denewood attack came right through, and there was a hot assault upon goal. Greene drove out the ball, and Morny would have cleared to mid-field in a second more—but the second was not granted him. Coker was there!

Coker was centre-forward; but evidently he felt that it was his duty to put in some work for the backs. Coker did his duty.

He bumped into Morny, and hurled him off the ball, with the intention of clearing right up the field. Only it did not happen; for Bates was there, and he hooked the ball away from Coker with perfect ease and drove it into goal.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

There was a shout from the villagers round the field. The home team had scored in the first five minutes of the match.

Mornington picked himself up dizzily.

"What did you shove me off the ball for, Coker?" he raved.

"You clumsy young ass!" roared Coker. "What did you get in my way for? Didn't I tell you to play up to me?"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Mornington.

Coker lined up his team again with a frowning brow. The game had not started according to Coker's programme. Coker was not blaming himself. Far from that. He felt that he had done the best that was possible, with a rotten team of fags to back him up. But he was annoyed.

By that time Jimmy Silver was repenting deeply that he had listened to the urgings of Potter on the telephone. But repentance came too late. Certainly he had never anticipated anything like this. It was almost incredible that a fellow who fancied himself as a footballer, could play the game quite so rottenly as Horace Coker.

Coker was marvellous.

As the game went on, he developed amazingly. The villagers looking on at the game almost rubbed their eyes. Bates and his men were laughing most of the time; sometimes laughing too much to take the chances Coker handed over to them.

Coker's ideas of the duties of a football captain were extensive. His view of centre-forward's place was that it embraced the whole field, from one goal to the other, from touch-line to touch-line.

Coker's charges were worth watching. They were powerful charges—Coker was a hefty fellow. Never a foul charge—for Coker, like Brutus, was an honourable man. Their chief defect was that his own men got more of them than the enemy did.

Coker was busy on both wings; but he had a lot of work to do for the halves, and he bestowed his support upon the backs. Nobody would have been surprised if he had dropped into goal to give Greene a lift.

Meanwhile, the home score went up by jumps. Four goals were marked when half-time drew near.

Then came a chance for Coker's team,



**DEALING WITH COKER EFFECTIVELY!** "Ready, you fellows?" said Jimmy Silver. "Good-bye, Coker!" The Rookwooders trooped out of the dressing room in high good humour now. There was a chance, at least, of pulling the game out of the fire—without the assistance of the great Coker! (See Chapter 4.)

Jimmy Silver and Lovell succeeded in getting the ball up the field, with only the goalie to beat. Considering how they were handicapped, that was very creditable. For the moment, they seemed to be safe from Coker—indeed, it would have caused no astonishment if he had charged the spectators.

Jimmy sent the ball in, and it was fisted out beautifully, to be headed in again. Just as Jimmy was heading it in, an earthquake struck him from behind—that is, it seemed like an earthquake. But it was only Coker.

Jimmy went sprawling, with a wild howl. Where the ball went he did not see—he could not see anything but stars for some time.

But as he sat up, in a dazed state, the roar of the crowd enlightened him.

"Goal!"

Bates & Co. had put it in again at the other end!

The referee managed to blow the whistle—a difficult task when he was gasping with merriment. The first half was over, with five goals to the credit of the home team against nil.

Jimmy Silver staggered away to the dressing-room. There he sat down and gasped. Arthur Edward Lovell, rubbing a bruise that had been caused by Coker's elbow, breathed fire and slaughter.

"I'm off!" gasped Lovell. "No good playing this out. I'm going to kill Coker, and then I'm off!"

"Ow—ow!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh dear! The idiot caught me in the back with his knee!" moaned Putty Grace. "His knee—in my back! Ow!"

"Where's Potter?" gasped Jimmy,

"Let's slaughter Potter for getting us into this!"

But Potter and Greene—perhaps with a view to their own safety—had not come into the dressing-room.

"No more for me!" said Mornington.

"No fear!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "We can't chuck a match in the middle. I've got a wheeze."

"Look here——" roared Lovell.

Jimmy Silver rose. There was a very determined expression on his face.

"We've got to play this out!" he said. "We've got to win, if we can——"

"With Coker!" snorted Lovell.

"Without Coker."

"He won't agree, you ass!"

"He won't have any choice about that," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "We'll leave him in the dressing-room."

"Do you think he'll stay in the dressing-room, you ass?"

"I do—if we fix him up so that he can't move."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The voice of Coker of the Fifth was heard without. The interval was nearly up.

"Now, then, you slacking fags! Show up!"

Jimmy Silver made a sign to his chums. There was no answer to Coker's hail. His heavy footsteps came tramping in.

"Now, then——"

Coker put his head in at the door.

The next moment the surprise of his life happened to Horace Coker. There was a rush, and Coker, in the grasp of many hands, went with a crash to the floor.



THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
Minus Coker!

"SIT on him!"  
"Pin him down!"  
"Got him!"  
"Groogh! Ow! What a wharrer—Ooooooh!"

Coker struggled desperately. He was a hefty fellow; but six Rookwood juniors were much more than a match even for the hefty Coker.

He was fairly squashed to the floor, with the juniors sitting or standing on him; and Jimmy Silver thoughtfully shoved a handkerchief into his mouth, so that Coker could not yell.

"Mmmm!"  
That was Coker's next remark. He glared up at the Rookwooders in rage and astonishment. For the life of him, Coker could not understand this.

He had played a wonderful game, cruelly handicapped by a rotten team. He had told them so. He had told them that they weren't any good, that he had been a fool to play them, and that he had a good mind to thrash them all round when the match was over. He had told them those things, and a good many more. And still they had turned on him in this amazing and unaccountable manner!

"Mmmm!" mumbled Coker helplessly.

Coker's arms were securely fastened down to his sides with his own braces. Coker wondered whether he was dreaming.

His necktie and some other articles came in useful for fastening his legs. Then the juniors left him on the floor.

The Greyfriars Fifth-Former glared up at them. He could not speak, and he could hardly move. And he could not understand.

There was a step outside.  
"You fellows ready?" called out Potter.

Jimmy Silver hurriedly slammed the door.

"Minute or two!" he called back.  
"We're talking to Coker."

Potter, a little puzzled, retreated again. Jimmy Silver turned back to the hapless football captain.

"We're landed in this match now, Coker, and we're going to play it out—without you. Do you understand, you dummy?"

Coker's eyes rolled wildly.  
"We're going to leave you tied up here for the second half. Got that into your wooden skull?"

"Mmmm! Grrr!"  
That was all Coker could say faintly. What he would have liked to say was obviously something much more personal and emphatic. But he couldn't.

His face was scarlet with wrath. His eyes rolled. He wriggled and struggled frantically. But he was quite secure. The Rookwooders had tied him up thoroughly and carefully.

It is said that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. And it could not be doubted that Coker was a desperate disease, in a football eleven.

Coker would possibly have been speechless with rage, anyhow; certainly he was speechless now. The handkerchief stuffed into his mouth had cut off the gas, as it were, very effectually.

"Ready, you fellows?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha! Yes."  
"Good-bye, Coker!"  
"Mmmm!"

The Rookwooders trooped out of the room in high good humour now. There was a chance, at least, of pulling the game out of the fire—without the assistance of the great Coker. Anyhow, the

rest of the match would be football, whether it was won or lost.

So the chums of Rookwood came out very cheerily, surprising Potter and Greene by their smiling looks.

"Where's Coker?" asked Greene.  
"The fellows are waiting."  
"Coker's standing out of the second half," explained Jimmy Silver.  
"Great Scott!"  
"Thank goodness!" said Potter fervently.

"But—but he wouldn't—" said Greene, in amazement. "He's going to muck up the match to the finish—that's Coker!"

"Well, he isn't," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm captain till the finish."  
"You?" said Potter, with a stare. "I don't think! If Coker's standing out you can leave that to me."  
"Rats!"  
"Look here, young Silver—" "You can line up or not, as you choose!" snorted Lovell. "But we're playing our own captain, and you can go and eat coke!"  
"Oh, my hat!" said Greene. "What a game!"  
Potter and Greene decided to line up. They had a suspicion of what must have happened in the dressing-room, but they were very careful not to inquire. Being relieved of Coker seemed almost too good to be true. They could not help feeling a little grateful to Jimmy Silver & Co.

The teams lined up for the second half, Jimmy making several alterations for the better in his side. The eleven was now three men short, instead of two; but undoubtedly it was a much stronger team.

"Another man short?" asked Bates, with a puzzled grin.  
"Yes; Coker's taking a rest."  
"Good luck for you!" grinned Bates. The whistle went, and the second half started. It started on quite different lines.

There was no Coker present now, to yell contradictory directions—all of them ill-judged—and to charge the halves, and bump over the backs, and make the enemy a present of the ball. Without Coker the team pulled up wonderfully.

Bates & Co. discovered that they had quite a different proposition to tackle. Jimmy made a strong front line with Potter, Mornington, Raby, Newcome, and Putty Grace. Attack was the order of the day, and Jimmy, at half, was ever ready to help the forwards; and Lovell behind him, and Greene in goal were adequate for defence.

From the whistle Bates & Co. seldom got even across the half-way line. The fighting was nearly all in the home half, and most of it round about the Denewood goal.

Valentine Mornington was at the top of his form; and two quick goals in succession showed it. Potter put the ball in once, and it was followed up by a goal from Jimmy Silver—a long shot that came off successfully. Then Mornington succeeded again; and, with ten minutes to go, the score was level.

Master Bates was looking quite serious now. His team was outclassed by the Rookwooders, and he realised the fact. It was the handicap of Horace Coker that had given the local players their success in the first half; and Coker was now out of harm's way.

Coker's feelings, as he lay in the dressing-room, wriggling in his bonds, must have been terrific. It was not only that he was out of the game; that he was tied up like a turkey, and left to entertain himself by wriggling on a hard, unsympathetic floor. That was not

the worst. The game, without him, was bound to go to pot—Coker had no doubt about that. With him, assuredly, it had not gone remarkably well; but without him—Coker hardly dared to think of the stunning score that would be piled up by the enemy now that he was not there to play forward, half-back, and full-back, all on his own.

He wriggled, and wriggled, and wriggled, and mumbled, and mumbled, and mumbled. At last he began to get loose. But he realised that the game was nearly over by that time.

But he was loose at last!  
Meanwhile, the second half of that amazing match was drawing to a close. Five goals a-side was a rather unusual score; but the game was a rather unusual one in many respects.

Just on the finish Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed the home goal, and the ball went in again from Morny's foot.  
"Goal!"  
"Bravo!" gasped Jimmy Silver breathlessly.  
The whistle went.  
"Beaten them!" gasped Arthur Edward Lovell. "Oh, my hat! Good old Rookwood!"  
"Hurrah for little us!" chuckled Mornington. "I wonder what Coker will say?"  
"Coker!" Jimmy Silver had forgotten Coker. "Ha, ha, ha! Well, we can let him off the chain now."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
The Rookwooders walked off to the dressing-room. It was at that moment that Horace Coker, free at last after infinite wriggings, emerged. He stared at the Rookwooders, who grinned cheerily.  
"You young scoundrels!" panted Coker.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You've thrown away the game—"  
"We've won it!" roared Lovell.  
"What?"  
"Six to five—our six, and your five to the enemy!"  
"Won it!" gasped Coker. "Well, my hat!" The great Coker seemed taken quite aback. "I suppose they hadn't much left in them, the way I put them through it in the first half."  
"Oh, my hat!"  
"Now I'm going to give you what you've asked for!" roared Coker.  
Coker of the Fifth rushed on, regardless of odds, as usual. But the odds were there!  
Coker of the Fifth found himself colared, and bumped hard.

The Rookwooders crowded into the dressing-room, leaving Coker to get his second wind. By the time they had changed and emerged Coker was ready for them again. He came on with a rush. Potter and Greene had disappeared—apparently to avoid an argument with Coker.  
"Now, you young villains—"  
"Bump!"  
"Oh, crumbs, I'll—"  
"Bump, bump, bump!"  
Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away with smiling faces. Coker sat up, in a breathless and rumped state, and stared after them. He did not follow. It was borne in even upon Horace Coker's powerful intellect that it was no use asking for more bumping. He sat, and gasped breathlessly, and Jimmy Silver & Co. walked home in a merry mood, quite "bucked" by the result of the amazing match.

THE END.  
("Putty's Little Joke!" is the title of next week's topping story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School. Don't miss it.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 417.