

DON'T DELAY—START TO-DAY!

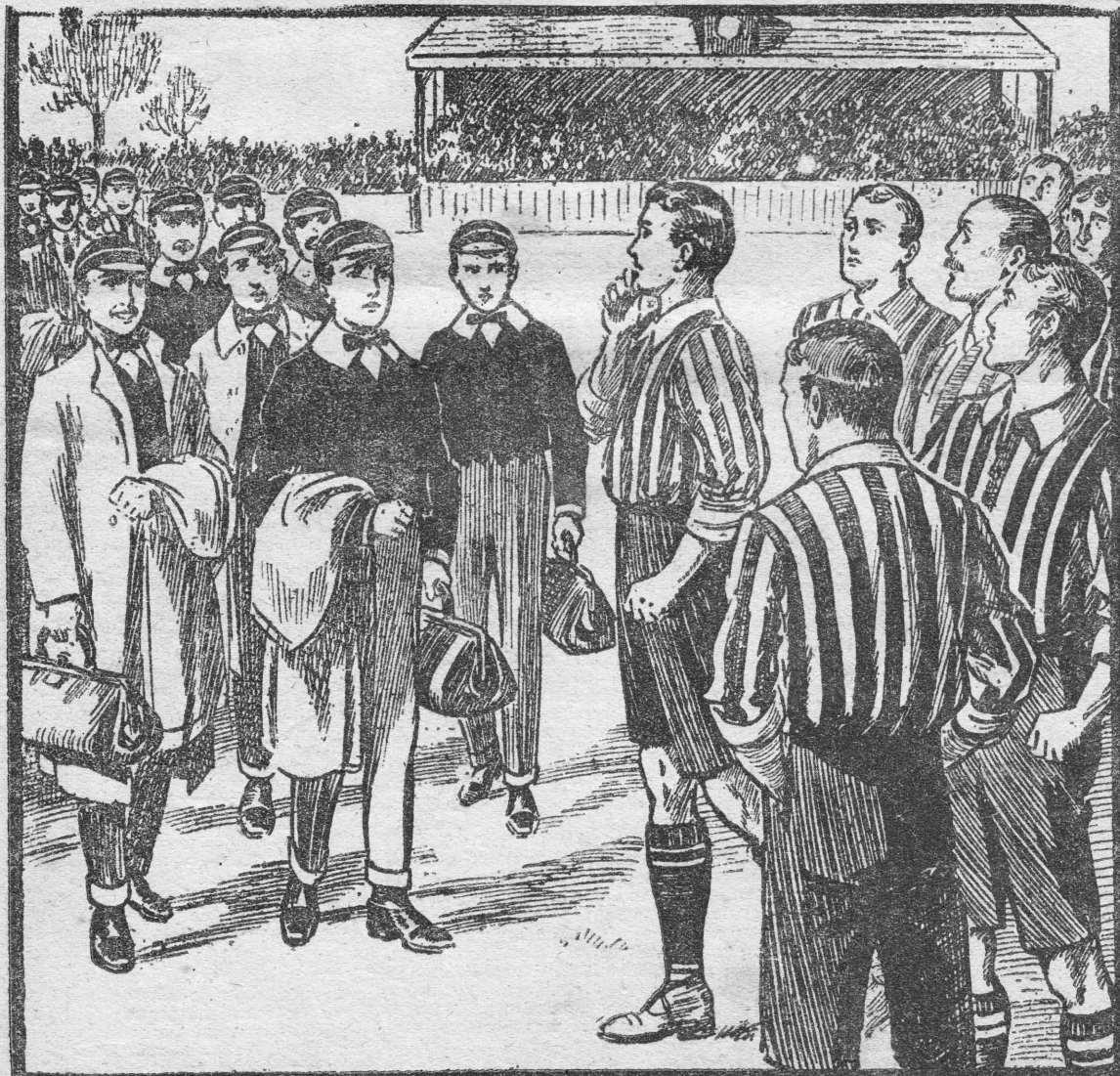
*See the Magnificent
Offer on Page 13
of This Issue!*

**The
Penny
Popular**

*Week Ending
March 3rd, 1917.*

No
230.

*Three Complete Stories of—
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—JACK, SAM, & PETE—TOM MERRY & Co.*



THE ARRIVAL OF THE WRONG TEAM!

*(A Great Scene from the Splendid Long Complete Tale of Tom Merry & Co.,
contained in this issue.)*

finish, the field was blackened with a rushing crowd. Shouting, yelling, cheering, the St. Jim's fellows surrounded their champions, and bore them shoulder-high off the field.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was waving his wrecked topper in the air, careless now whether it was a wreck or not; Manners, equally enthusiastic, was waving his camera; Kangaroo had snatched a bowler hat off a perfect stranger, and was waving that.

All the St. Jim's team came in for a wild ovation, but Fatty Wynn was the hero of the hour. Fatty Wynn had saved the match; there was no doubt about that. Fatty Wynn had snatched victory from the jaws of defeat, and his comrades could not make enough of the plump hero.

Fatty Wynn bore his blushing honours thick upon him with becoming modesty. The only remark he had to make was that he was hungry, and he devoured

sandwiches while the other fellows sang his praises, and he gave much more attention to the sandwiches than to the praises.

Vivian shook hands heartily with Tom Merry when the St. Jim's team left. St. Jim's marched to the railway station in a body, the victorious team in their midst, and the march was like a Roman triumph of old. Eager fellows had whizzed off to St. Jim's on their bikes already to announce the wonderful victory.

When the victorious eleven reached the school they were carried in on the shoulders of their comrades, and the Head himself met them at the door to congratulate them.

There had been a great deal of criticism of Tom Merry's selection of the team, but criticism was silent now. The only thing that was remarked upon was the wonderful judgment Tom Merry had shown in the selection of the team.

Needless to say, St. Jim's celebrated the glorious victory loud and long. There was a really gorgeous feed in Tom Merry's study, to which the senior members of the team came as well as the juniors; but the place of honour was given to Fatty Wynn of the Fourth.

And what Fatty Wynn valued even more highly than the place of honour was an unlimited supply of the best tuck that Dame Taggles' establishment could afford.

The next day Manners' photographs were in great demand, and enlargements of them were hung up in dozens of studies as perpetual souvenirs of the Match of the Season!

THE END.

(Another long complete story of Tom Merry & Co. in next Friday's PENNY POPULAR, entitled "D'Arcy the Detective!" Don't miss it!)

SETTLING WITH SMYTHE!

A Little Episode, Introducing Jimmy Silver & Co.,
the Chums of Rookwood.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. marched into the study belonging to Adolphus Smythe, the dandy of Rookwood.

Smythe & Co., commonly known as the Giddy Goats, were sitting round the study with cheroots alight, and trying to look as if they enjoyed it.

"Look here, what do you want, you cheeky fags?" demanded Smythe indignantly.

"Get out, do!" said Townsend.

"We're enjoyin' ourselves!"

"Yes, you look it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Lock the door, Raby. We don't want to be interrupted. We've come here to see you smoke, Smythe."

Adolphus Smythe stared.

"Is that all you want?" he exclaimed.

"That's all!"

Smythe laughed.

"Well, if that's all you want, you can have it," he said. "Go ahead, dear boys! Let these Good Little Georges see how it's done."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Giddy Goats went on smoking. Lovell & Co. looked exasperated; they didn't like being called Good Little Georges. Smythe's idea was that every fellow who wasn't a blackguard was a Good Little Georgie. And the juniors did not understand what Jimmy Silver was at.

There were six cheroots going, and the atmosphere was like a tap-room, and it made them feel ill. But Jimmy Silver never turned a hair. He just stood watching Smythe, and the other fellows stood watching him, and waiting.

The Giddy Goats were grinning at first, but they soon left off grinning, and they began to slacken down with the cheroots. After a bit, the only chap in the study who was smoking was Adolphus Smythe himself. He was tougher than the others, and he got to the end of his cheroot, and pitched the stump into the fire.

"Go on, Adolphus," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Smythe shook his head.

"One's enough for me," he said.

"Not at all. Take another!"

"I don't choose to just now."

"It isn't what you choose; it's what I choose," explained Jimmy Silver.

"You're going to smoke that whole box of cheroots."

"Wha-a-at!"

"And these silly idiots can watch you do it, and see what a ripping thing smoking is for kids," said Jimmy Silver.

"Now, then, begin!"

"I won't!" roared Smythe.

"Collar him!"

Smythe made a rush for the door. Jimmy Silver caught him by the collar and spun him back, and he dropped into his chair like a sack of coke. Lovell and Raby took him by the ears, and Newcome by the hair, and he was held tight in his seat.

The Co. understood Jimmy Silver's little game now, and they were all grinning.

"Will you begin that cheroot, Smythe?"

"No!" yelled Smythe. As a matter of fact, Adolphus was feeling a little uneasy inside already. "No, I won't!"

"Have you a pin, Lovell?"

Adolphus Smythe looked at Jimmy Silver as if he would bite him. But there was no help for it, and he lighted the cheroot. He smoked it very slowly, but he had to smoke it. Jimmy Silver watched him like a cat.

The other Giddy Goats looked on with sickly faces. They were only too glad that Jimmy Silver was not making them smoke, too. Even the reek in the study was enough to make a fellow ill. Adolphus Smythe's face was very queer by the time he had finished his second cheroot.

"Now let me go, you beasts!" he howled.

"Take another, Smythe."

"Grooh! I won't!"

"Pooh! What are two cheroots to a gay dog like you?" said Jimmy Silver.

"We've come here to see you enjoy yourself, and we're going to do it, by gum! Jolly good smokes—what!"

"Ow! Yaas! Ow!" gasped Adolphus.

"Take another!"

"I won't!"

"Lovell, that pin—"

"Groooooogh!"

Lovell had to jab the pin into Adolphus twice before he would light up the third cheroot. His face was nearly yellow by this time, and his eyes were staring. He looked such a picture of misery that he might have touched the heart of a Hun. But he got through the third cheroot.

"Bravo!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're a goer, Adolphus! You're a blade! You're a dog of the dogs! Take another!"

"Ow-wow! I can't!" moaned Adolphus. "Oh, dear! Lemme off, and I'll never bring another cheroot into the school! Help! Oh, dear!"

"Another'll turn him inside out!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver seemed to consider.

"Well, you can put the box into the fire, Adolphus, or smoke them, whichever you like," he said at last.

Adolphus rose with a groan, and picked up the box, and tottered to the fire. It didn't matter to him at that moment that the smokes had cost him sixpence each, and that there were over a dozen left in the box. He would have given a term's pocket-money rather than have smoked another of them.

The box went into the fire and crackled up. Then there was an awful gurgle from Adolphus. He fell on his knees on the rug, with his head over the fender—like a Channel passenger putting his head over the rail.

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!

"They have queer ideas of enjoyment in this study, haven't they?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Who'd think that Adolphus was enjoying himself at the present moment? It's cost him two bob for that enjoyment alone. Go it, Adolphus!"

"Groogh! Gerooh! Gurgle! Groo!"

"Now, you other chaps," said Jimmy Silver, "if you'd like another smoke—"

"Ow! Don't be a beast!" groaned Townsend.

"Let's get out! I feel sick! Grooh!"

Jimmy Silver opened the door, and the Giddy Goats fairly bolted. Jimmy Silver & Co. followed them, grinning. Adolphus Smythe remained alone in the study.

He couldn't go. He was fixed there, kneeling over the fender, in a state like a volcano in eruption. His cheroots were burning up in the fire, but he was only thinking of his internal convulsions.

Adolphus wasn't seen again that day; and even the next morning he had a white and hollow look. The mere mention of the word "cheroot" made him shudder. For a long time after that there were no more smokes for Smythe.

THE END.