



captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all 25 of you will have a pleasant trip," said the captain, as the soup appeared, "and that this little assembly of 24 will be much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these 22 smiling faces as a father upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of 17. I hope that all 14 of you will join me in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we 8 are most congenial, and I applaud the judgment which chose these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward, clear away those dishes and bring me the fish!"

GOING ON A VACATION

Eugene was going for a week's motor trip with his father.

"Have you everything you need?" inquired his mother. "You'd better let me look at your bag."

"Everything's in it," replied the boy, who was very anxious to be off. "Every single thing I need."

"Have you taken your brush and comb?" queried his mother.

"Brush and comb!" cried Eugene, indignantly. "Why, mother, I thought I was going on a vacation!"
—Everybody's Magazine.

