

porter, impatiently. "What's his Christian name?"

"David, sir."

"There are 10 David Joneses from Cardiff here," answered the official. "You must be more explicit. What kind of hair has he?"

"Red, sir."

"There are six David Joneses from Cardiff with red hair in Jesus," said the porter. "What kind of eyes has he?"

"Well, just a wee bit of a cast in them," was the reply.

"There are three David Joneses from Cardiff with red hair, and with a slight cast in their eye," burst from the angry man at the lodge. "Has your Mr. Jones any other peculiarity?"

"He's a bit lame on one foot, sir."

"Now, why didn't you say so at first? Up the stairs, first to the right, second to the left, third to the right again. At No. 58 is the only David Jones from Cardiff with red hair, a slight cast and a lame foot. Why didn't you say so before?"—London Tit-Bits.

FIRED FOR EXCUSE

William J. Burns, the detective, proposes to train up a number of young college graduates in the detecting trade.

Talking about crime to a group of college graduate applicants for posts on his staff Mr. Burns said:

"It doesn't take me long to decide on a lad's suitability for this career. Only the other day, for example, I discharged a Yale first honor man after 24 hours' trial. His first case proved him valueless."

"What was his first case?" asked a Harvard oarsman.

"Theft of a box of soap," said Mr. Burns. "Theft of a box of soap from a freight car—and the idiot arrested a tramp!"—N. Y. Herald.