Rooms for More

WHILE motoring through Wales, Lloyd George was forced to stop in a very small village because of darkness. He looked for a hotel, but in vain. Finally he stopped in front of a big building, got out of his car and rang the door-bell. Soon the heavy door opened.

"Sir," he said to the man in uniform, "I should like to find shelter for the night."

"Shelter? Here?" replied the astonished porter. "Do you know where you are? This is an insane asylum."

"I don't care. I must sleep somewhere. I'm Mr. Lloyd George."

"Lloyd George?" said the porter with a smile. "That doesn't matter, my dear, we already have five Lloyd Georges among our inmates. There is always room for a sixth."— *L'Humour, Paris.*