

A young lady who was on holiday in Brighton went into a bank to collect some money which had been sent there for her from the town in which she lived.

The clerk in the Brighton bank did not know her, so he said, 'What proof have you got that you are really the lady who should collect this money?'

The young lady looked worried for a few moments and said, 'I don't think I've brought any proof with me,' but then she suddenly looked happy again. She opened her bag, took a photograph of herself out of it and showed it to the clerk.

'Here's something,' she said.

The clerk looked at the photograph carefully and then looked at the young lady. 'Yes, that's you,' he said, and paid the money to her without any more trouble.