

When Dick Russell retired from the army after the last war, he and his wife decided to buy a small but pleasant hotel at the side of a busy road which went from one big city to another. Business was always very good there, because plenty of people who were travelling in motorcars used to stop at the hotel, have a good dinner, spend the night and then continue their journey the next morning. A lot of people who travelled regularly knew the hotel and tried to arrange to get there in the evening.

Then one year the government decided to build a new and much bigger road, which would run between the same two cities, but would be several miles further to the east. Dick was afraid that this wonderful new road would be very bad for business at his hotel, and as soon as it was ready, he began to complain to all his friends and neighbours about the business it was taking away from him, because so many cars now used this new, faster road instead of the older one which his hotel was on.

At first, Dick's friends and neighbours listened to him kindly and said that they were very sorry to hear that he was losing so much business; but after a few weeks, they became rather tired of his continuous complaining.

At last one of his neighbours said to him one evening, 'But, Dick, what are you complaining about? I still see a big notice outside your gate every night, which says "FULL UP".'

'Oh, I know,' answered Dick, 'but that's nothing. Before the government build the new road, we used to refuse thirty or forty travellers every evening after my hotel was full up; but now we don't refuse more than ten or twelve.'