

When Pat was twenty-one years old, he began to work in a small office in a city. At first he never travelled anywhere, but then he became a little more important, and he began to go to other cities for a few days to do some work there. Of course, he stayed in small hotels, when he was away from his home, but he did not know very much about living in hotels at first.

One evening when he was staying in a small hotel in Sheffield, he came back from the office and said to the clerk at the desk in the hotel, 'Good evening. Did any letters come for me today, please?'

The clerk was busy, but when he finished his work, he went to a big pile of letters and said, 'What name, please?'

'Well,' answered Pat, 'the name will be on the letters.'