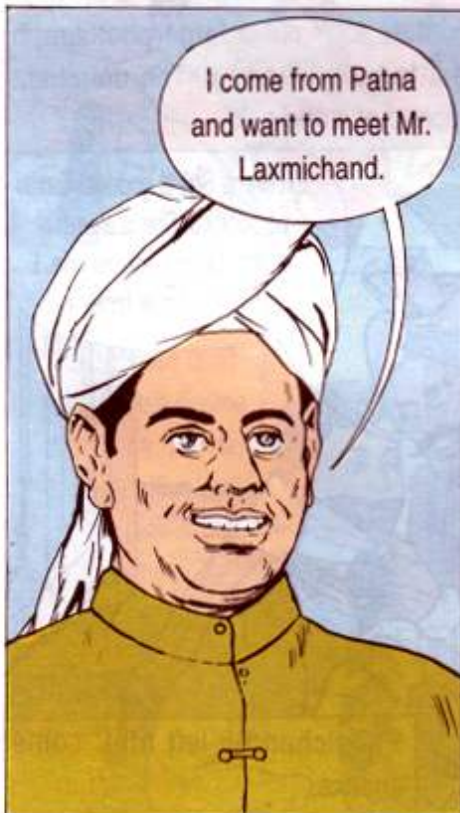
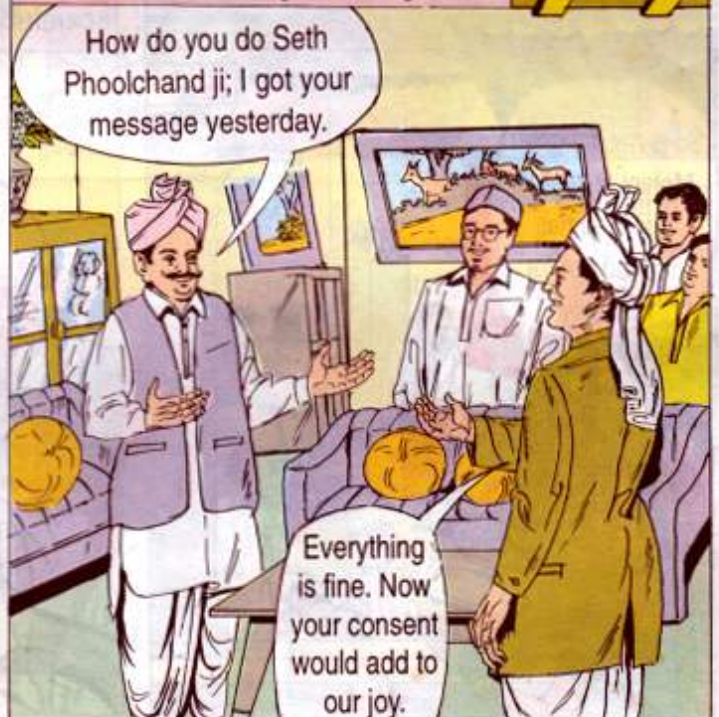


THE STING OF WORD

In the Chowk market in Varanasi a coach arrived outside Laxmi Niwas, a grand mansion. A rich merchant got down and asked—



The accountant lead the guest into the drawing room where Laxmichand greeted the guest—



Laxmichand's son, Shripati, returned from college and entered the room. He was introduced to the guest—



After keenly observing Shripati Phoolchand ji commented—

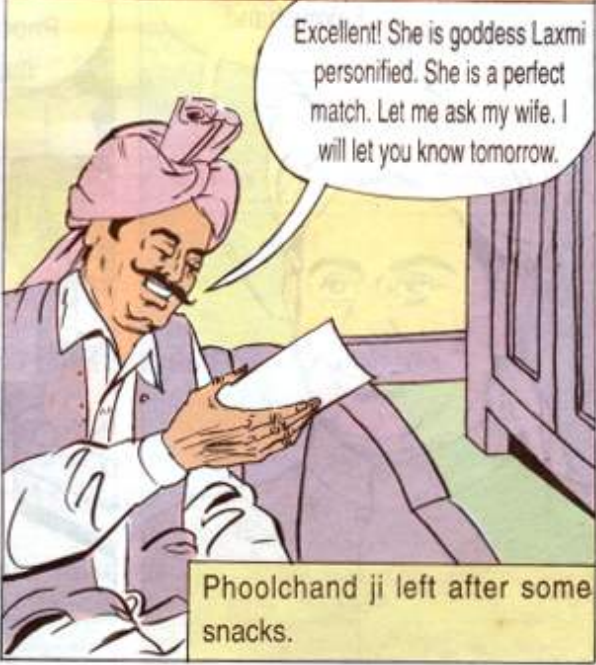
Your influence is vividly reflected in his personality and behaviour.



Now Phoolchand ji said—

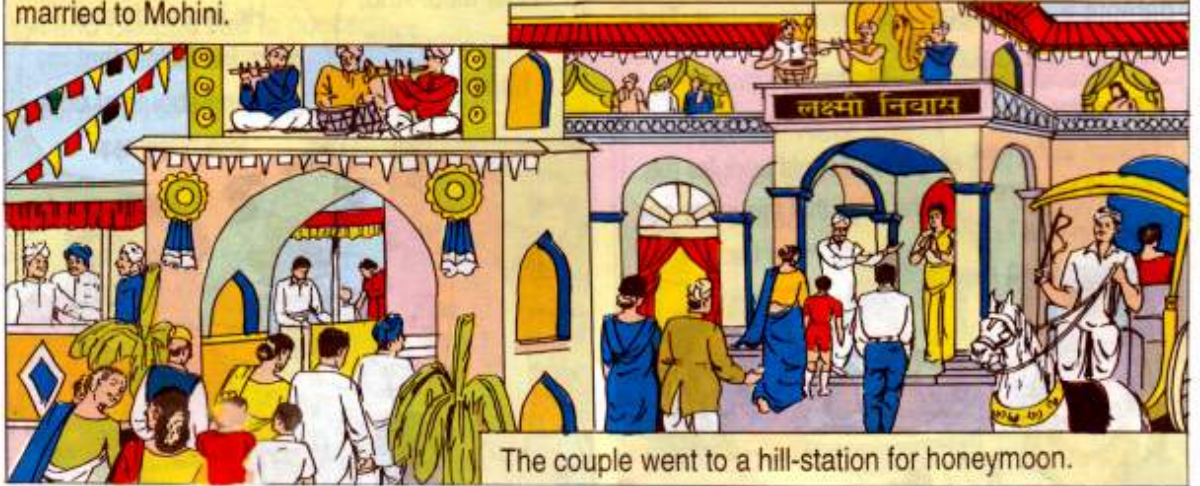


The accountant took out a large photograph and gave it to Laxmichand ji. The merchant carefully looked at it and said—



THE STING OF WORD

A few days later Laxmichand ji sent his consent. Soon, on an auspicious date, Shripati was married to Mohini.



The couple went to a hill-station for honeymoon.

When three months passed Laxmichand one day told Shripati—



Son! Now you should devote some time to business. Your wife should also start looking after the household.

Laxmichand's wife, Kamala, intervened—

You are only worried about your profits. For our youthful son it is the age to eat, drink, and be merry. He has all his life to worry about business.

I am not talking of profits. He will be equipped for any future problems if he takes over while I am alive.



Shripati commented—

Father! Please don't worry. I have a degree in commerce. The day I go to the office I will take care of everything.

As you wish, son. But in business it is the experience that matters, not the degree.

