



戴尔·卡耐基（Dale Carnegie, 1888—1955），美国现代成人教育家、心理学家和人际关系学家，被誉为 20 世纪最伟大的心灵导师和“成人教育之父”。

卡耐基 1888 年 11 月 24 日出生于美国密苏里州的一个贫穷农民家庭。父亲是个勤劳的农民，母亲是一个虔诚的教徒。母亲鼓励他多读书，希望他将来能成为一名传教士或一名教师，母亲的教育对他的一生影响很大。

1904 年，卡耐基进入密苏里州华伦斯堡州立师范学院学习。大学毕业后，他做过教师、推销员和演员。在经历种种不如意之后，卡耐基开始了一生的成人教育事业。他曾到过很多城市和学校公开演讲，开设了许多关于人际关系和处世技巧的训练班，他的学生有来自社会各个阶层的人，其中包括州长、市长、总统和各类名人。他利用大量普通人不断努力取得成功的故事，通过演讲和著书唤起无数陷入迷惘者的斗志，激励他们取得辉煌的成功。他一生致力于人性问题的研究，运用心理学和社会学知识，对人类共同的心理特点，进行探索和分析，创造并发展出一套独特的融演讲、推销、为人处世、智能开发于一体的成人教育方式。他以超人的智慧、严谨的思维，在道德、精神和行为等方面影响了全世界成千上万人的生活，甚至改变着世界。事实证明，卡耐基教学模式是目前世界上最富成效的方法。卡耐基开创的“人际关系训练班”遍布世界各地，很多人从卡耐基的教育中获益，他们从中汲取力量，从而改变自己的生活，开创崭新的人生。

卡耐基在实践的基础上撰写而成的励志著作，是 20 世纪最畅销的图书。他的主要励志类著作有《沟通的艺术》、《人性的弱点》、《人性的优点》、《美好的人生》、《快乐的人生》、《伟大的人物》和《人性的光辉》。这些著作一经出版，立即风靡全球，先后被译成几十种文字，被誉为“人类出版史上的奇迹”。



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Atlantic on a great ocean liner where the captain standing on the bridge, could press a button and—presto !—there was a clanging of machinery and various parts of the ship were immediately shut off from one another—shut off into watertight compartments. “What I urge is that you so learn to control the machinery as to live with ‘day-tight compartments’ as the most certain way to ensure safety on the voyage. Get on the bridge, and see that at least the great bulkheads are in working order. Touch a button and hear, at every level of your life, the iron doors shutting out the Past—the dead yesterdays. Touch another and shut off, with a metal curtain, the Future—the unborn tomorrows. Shut close, then the great fore and aft bulkheads, and prepare to cultivate the habit of life of ‘day-tight compartments’.”

Did Dr. Osler mean to say that we should not make any effort to prepare for tomorrow? No. Not at all. But he did go on in that address to say that the best possible way to prepare for tomorrow is to concentrate with all your intelligence, all your enthusiasm, on doing today’s work superbly today. That is the only possible way you can prepare for the future.

By all means take thought for the tomorrow, yes, careful thought and planning and preparation. But have no anxiety. “I can use my time much better working on tomorrow’s problem than by fretting about yesterday’s. Besides, if I let those things get me, I wouldn’t last long.”

Whether in war or peace, the chief difference between good thinking and bad thinking is this: good thinking deals with causes and effects and leads to logical, constructive planning; bad thinking frequently leads to tension and nervous breakdowns.

I had the privilege of interviewing Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher (1935~1961) of one of the most famous newspapers in the world, The New York Times. Mr. Sulzberger told me that when the Second World War flamed across Europe, he was so stunned, so worried about the future, that he found it almost impossible to sleep. He would frequently get out of bed in the middle of the night, take some canvas and tubes of paint, look in the mirror, and try to paint a portrait of himself. He didn’t know anything about painting, but he painted anyway, to get his mind off his worries. Mr. Sulzberger told me that he was never able to banish his worries and find peace until he had adopted as his

Brought up in poverty, Edward Evans made his first money by selling newspapers, then worked as a grocer's clerk. Later, with seven people dependent upon him for bread and butter, he got a job as an assistant librarian. Small as the pay was, he was afraid to quit. Eight years passed before he could summon up the courage to start out on his own. But once he started, he built up an original investment of fifty-five borrowed dollars into a business of his own that made him twenty thousand dollars a year. Then came a frost, a killing frost. He endorsed a big note for a friend—and the friend went bankrupt. Quickly on top of that disaster came another: the bank in which he had all his money collapsed. He not only lost every cent he had, but was plunged into debt for sixteen thousand dollars. His nerves couldn't take it. "I couldn't sleep or eat," he told me. "I became strangely ill. Worry and nothing but worry," he said, "brought on this illness. One day as I was walking down the street, I fainted and fell on the sidewalk. I was no longer able to walk. I was put to bed and my body broke out in boils. These boils turned inward until just lying in bed was agony. I grew weaker every day. Finally my doctor told me that I had only two more weeks to live. I was shocked. I drew up my will, and then lay back in bed to await my end. No use now to struggle or worry. I gave up, relaxed, and went to sleep. I hadn't slept two hours in succession for weeks; but now with my earthly problems drawing to an end, I slept like a baby. My exhausting weariness began to disappear. My appetite returned. I gained weight.

"A few weeks later, I was able to walk with crutches. Six weeks later, I was able to go back to work. I had been making twenty thousand dollars a year; but I was glad now to get a job for thirty dollars a week. I got a job selling blocks to put behind the wheels of automobiles when they are shipped by freight. I had learned my lesson now. No more worry for me—no more regret about what had happened in the past—no more dread of the future. I concentrated all my time, energy, and enthusiasm into selling those blocks."

Edward S. Evans shot up fast now. In a few years, he was president of the company—the Evans Product Company. It has been listed on the New York Stock Exchange for years. When Edward S. Evans died in 1945, he was one of the most progressive businessmen in the United States. If you ever fly over Greenland, you may land on Evans Field—a flying-field named in his honor.

创伤的士兵，方法就是给他们的时间表里排满了各种活动。早在十八世纪时，教友会的疗养院就通过让精神病人纺亚麻的方式来帮助他们镇静神经。现在，“工作疗法”已经成了精神病学领域里的常用术语。

朗费罗也是靠这个办法赶走丧妻之痛的，他亲眼看见自己的妻子被烧伤并因此去世，却无能为力。这段记忆令他痛苦得几乎发疯。最后，抚养三个孩子的责任使他没有被巨大的悲伤压倒，并重新得到了内心的平静。他还把父子的那段亲情写成了诗歌。

事实上，对大多数人来说，只要全神贯注地做自己的日常工作，就不会有什么烦恼和焦虑。可一旦我们有了闲暇，就很容易开始胡思乱想，诸如，老板会不会对我有意见，工作完成得到底怎样等等。如果我们的大脑不再专注于某件建设性的工作，忧虑、恐惧、憎恨、嫉妒一类的情绪就会冲进大脑填满空间，因为它们常常受杂乱无章的原始力量驱使，来赶走我们思想内所有平静快乐的思想 and 情绪。

二战期间，一位芝加哥的母亲总是为她前线上的儿子焦心，差点毁了自己的健康。她克服焦虑的方法就是寻找到一项建设性的事情来消耗她的时间和精力，因此她找了一份百货商店售货员的工作。果然，紧张的工作使她筋疲力尽，她没有时间也没有精力去忧虑了。

世界著名的女探险家奥莎曾经遭受过生活的重击。她和丈夫周游世界，拍摄了许多濒临灭绝的动物影片，准备在各地巡回演讲并放映。然而有一次飞机失事，她的丈夫当场死亡，医生说她要永远卧床。但她坐在轮椅上，坚持进行她的演讲，一个季度就演讲了一百多场。她这样做的目的是让自己没有时间悲伤和忧虑。

博德上将曾在南极的一个小木屋里独自生活了五个月，那里天寒地冻，没有白昼，方圆百里之内没有任何生物。他只有靠一直忙碌保持清醒：每天夜里，他拟好次日的工作计划，修理自己的生活物品，将工作细化到每一个小时。如果没有这些计划和目标，那些死寂的日子就会让人崩溃。

我认识一位纽约的商人，曾因商业上的变故陷入紧张焦虑的泥潭。他叫朗曼，是纽约一家生产水果制品公司的财务人员。他们曾投资五十万美元为冰淇淋制造商提供草莓罐头。突然，他们的产品卖不出去了，因为冰淇淋制造商为了节省资金和时间，转而直接购进新鲜草莓。这样，他们的罐头生意遭到重创，大量滞留的草莓和银行的贷款使公司的资金状况雪上加霜。他不得不去见公司总裁，而总裁认为是他们公司推销乏力，经过几天的辩论，他才说服总裁将草莓卖到新鲜浆果市场。然而，他还是无法摆

paces and threatens to burn out its bearings or even to tear itself to bits. The remedy for worry is to get completely occupied doing something constructive."

But you don't have to be a college professor to realize this truth and put it into practice. During the Second World War, I met a housewife from Chicago who told me how she discovered for herself that "the remedy for worry is to get completely occupied doing something constructive." I met this woman and her husband in the dining-car while I was travelling from New York to my farm in Missouri.

This couple told me that their son had joined the armed forces the day after Pearl Harbour. The woman told me that she had almost wrecked her health worrying over that only son. Where was he? Was he safe? Or in action? Would he be wounded? Killed?

When I asked her how she overcame her worry, she replied: "I got busy." She told me that at first she had dismissed her maid and tried to keep busy by doing all her housework herself. But that didn't help much. "The trouble was," she said, "that I could do my housework almost mechanically, without using my mind. So I kept on worrying while making the beds and washing the dishes. I realized I needed some new kind of work that would keep me busy both mentally and physically every hour of the day. So I took a job as a saleswoman in a large department store.

"That did it," she said. "I immediately found myself in a whirlwind of activity: customers swarming around me, asking for prices, sizes, colours. Never a second to think of anything except my immediate duty; and when night came, I could think of nothing except getting off my aching feet. As soon as I ate dinner, I fell into bed and instantly became unconscious. I had neither the time nor the energy to worry."

She discovered for herself what John Cowper Powys meant when he said, in *The Art of Forgetting the Unpleasant*: "A certain comfortable security, a certain profound inner peace, a kind of happy numbness, soothes the nerves of the human animal when absorbed in its allotted task."

And what a blessing that it is so! Osa Johnson, the world's most famous woman explorer, recently told me how she found release from worry and grief. You may have read the story of her life. It is called *I Married Adventure*. If any

woman ever married adventure, she certainly did. Martin Johnson married her when she was sixteen and lifted her feet off the sidewalks of Chanute, Kansas, and set them down on the wild jungle trails of Borneo. For a quarter of a century, this Kansas couple traveled all over the world, making motion pictures of the vanishing wild life of Asia and Africa. Back in America nine years ago, they were on a lecture tour, showing their famous films. They took a plane out of Denver, bound for the Coast. The plane plunged into a mountain. Martin Johnson was killed instantly. The doctors said Osa would never leave her bed again. But they didn't know Osa Johnson. Three months later, she was in a wheel chair, lecturing before large audiences. In fact, she addressed over a hundred audiences that season—all from a wheel chair. When I asked her why she did it, she replied: "I did it so that I would have no time for sorrow and worry."

Osa Johnson had discovered the same truth that Tennyson had sung about a century earlier: "I must lose myself in action, lest I wither in despair."

Admiral Byrd discovered this same truth when he lived all alone for five months in a shack that was literally buried in the great glacial ice-cap that covers the South Pole—an ice-cap that holds nature's oldest secrets—an ice-cap covering an unknown continent larger than the United States and Europe combined. Admiral Byrd spent five months there alone. No other living creature of any kind existed within a hundred miles. The cold was so intense that he could hear his breath freeze and crystallise as the wind blew it past his ears. In his book *Alone*, Admiral Byrd tells all about those five months he spent in bewildering and soul-shattering darkness. The days were as black as the nights. He had to keep busy to preserve his sanity.

"At night," he says, "before blowing out the lantern, I formed the habit of blocking out the morrow's work. It was a case of assigning myself an hour, say, to the Escape Tunnel, half an hour to leveling drift, an hour to straightening up the fuel drums, an hour to cutting bookshelves in the walls of the food tunnel, and two hours to renewing a broken bridge in the man-hauling sledge....

"It was wonderful," he says, "to be able to dole out time in this way. It brought me an extraordinary sense of command over myself. Without that or an equivalent, the days would have been without purpose; and without purpose

Here is a dramatic story that I'll probably remember as long as I live. It was told to me by Robert Moore, of 14 Highland Avenue, Maplewood, New Jersey.

"I learned the biggest lesson of my life in March, 1945," he said, "I learned it under 276 feet of water off the coast of Indochina. I was one of eighty-eight men aboard the submarine Baya S.S. 318. We had discovered by radar that a small Japanese convoy was coming our way. As daybreak approached, we submerged to attack. I saw through the periscope a Jap destroyer escort, a tanker, and a minelayer.

"We fired three torpedoes at the destroyer escort, but missed. Something went haywire in the mechanics of each torpedo. The destroyer, not knowing that she had been attacked, continued on. We were getting ready to attack the last ship, the minelayer, when suddenly she turned and came directly at us. (A Jap plane had spotted us under sixty feet of water and had radioed our position to the Jap minelayer.) We went down to 150 feet, to avoid detection, and rigged for a depth charge. We put extra bolts on the hatches; and, in order to make our sub absolutely silent, we turned off the fans, the cooling system, and all electrical gear.

"Three minutes later, all hell broke loose. Six depth charges exploded all around us and pushed us down to the ocean floor—a depth of 276 feet. We were terrified. To be attacked in less than a thousand feet of water is dangerous—less than five hundred feet is almost always fatal. And we were being attacked in a trifle more than half of five hundred feet of water—just about knee-deep, as far as safety was concerned. For fifteen hours, that Jap minelayer kept dropping depth charges.

"If a depth charge explodes within seventeen feet of a sub, the concussion will blow a hole in it. Scores of these depth charges exploded within fifty feet of us. We were ordered 'to secure'—to lie quietly in our bunks and remain calm. I was so terrified I could hardly breathe. 'This is death,' I kept saying to myself over and over. 'This is death ! ... This is death !' With the fans and cooling system turned off, the air inside the sub was over a hundred degrees; but I was so chilled with fear that I put on a sweater and a fur-lined jacket; and

“I rushed to the cook,” she told me later, “and found that the other three napkins had gone to the laundry. The guests were at the door. There was no time to change. I felt like bursting into tears! All I could think was: ‘Why did this stupid mistake have to spoil my whole evening?’ Then I thought—well—why let it? I went in to dinner, determined to have a good time. And I did. I would much rather our friends think I was a sloppy housekeeper,” she told me, “than a nervous, bad-tempered one. And anyhow, as far as I could make out, no one noticed the napkins !”

A well-known legal maxim says: *De minimis non curat lex*—“the law does not concern itself with trifles.” And neither should the worrier—if he wants peace of mind.

Much of the time, all we need to overcome the annoyance of trifles is to affect a shifting of emphasis—set up a new, and pleasurable, point of view in the mind. My friend Homer Croy, who wrote *They Had to See Paris* and a dozen other books, gives a wonderful example of how this can be done. He used to be driven half crazy, while working on a book, by the rattling of the radiators in his New York apartment. The steam would bang and sizzle—and he would sizzle with irritation as he sat at his desk.

“Then,” says Homer Croy, “I went with some friends on a camping expedition. While listening to the limbs crackling in the roaring fire, I thought how much they sounded like the crackling of the radiators. Why should I like one and hate the other? When I went home I said to myself: ‘The crackling of the limbs in the fire was a pleasant sound; the sound of the radiators is about the same—I’ll go to sleep and not worry about the noise.’ And I did. For a few days I was conscious of the radiators ; but soon I forgot all about them.

“And so it is with many petty worries. We dislike them and get into a stew , all because we exaggerate their importance....”

Disraeli said: “Life is too short to be little.” “Those words,” said Andre Maurois in *This Week* magazine, “have helped me through many a painful experience: often we allow ourselves to be upset by small things we should despise and forget...Here we are on this earth, with only a few more decades to live, and we lose many irreplaceable hours brooding over grievances that, in a year’s time, will be forgotten by us and by everybody. No, let us devote our life

fourteen times, and the innumerable avalanches and storms of four centuries thundered past it. It survived them all. In the end, however, an army of beetles attacked the tree and leveled it to the ground. The insects ate their way through the bark and gradually destroyed the inner strength of the tree by their tiny but incessant attacks. A forest giant which age had not withered, nor lightning blasted, nor storms subdued, fell at last before beetles so small that a man could crush them between his forefinger and his thumb.

Aren't we all like that battling giant of the forest? Don't we manage somehow to survive the rare storms and avalanches and lightning blasts of life, only to let our hearts be eaten out by little beetles of worry.

A few years ago, I traveled through the Teton National Park, in Wyoming, with Charles Seifred, highway superintendent for the state of Wyoming, and some of his friends. We were all going to visit the John D. Rockefeller estate in the park. But the car in which I was riding took the wrong turn, got lost, and drove up to the entrance of the estate an hour after the other cars had gone in. Mr. Seifred had the key that unlocked the private gate, so he waited in the hot, mosquito-infested woods for an hour until we arrived. The mosquitoes were enough to drive a saint insane. But they couldn't triumph over Charles Seifred. While waiting for us, he cut a limb off an aspen tree—and made a whistle of it. When we arrived, was he cussing the mosquitoes? No, he was playing his whistle. I have kept that whistle as a memento of a man who knew how to put trifles in their place.

To break the worry habit before it breaks you, here is Rule 2:

Let's not allow ourselves to be upset by small things we should despise and forget.

Remember "Life is too short to be little."

likely to happen. Even if the car does slide into the ditch, by the law of averages, we won't be hurt.' His calmness and confidence quieted me.

"One summer we were on a camping trip in the Touquin Valley of the Canadian Rockies. One night we were camping seven thousand feet above sea level, when a storm threatened to tear our tents to shreds. The tents were tied with guy ropes to a wooden platform. The outer tent shook and trembled and screamed and shrieked in the wind. I expected every minute to see our tent torn loose and hurled through the sky. I was terrified! But my husband kept saying: 'Look, my dear, we are travelling with Brewster's guides. Brewster's know what they are doing. They have been pitching tents in these mountains for sixty years. This tent has been here for many seasons. It hasn't blown down yet and, by the law of averages, it won't blow away tonight; and even if it does, we can take shelter in another tent. So relax....' I did; and I slept soundly the balance of the night.

"A few years ago an infantile-paralysis epidemic swept over our part of California. In the old days, I would have been hysterical. But my husband persuaded me to act calmly. We took all the precautions we could: we kept our children away from crowds, away from school and the movies. By consulting the Board of Health, we found out that even during the worst infantile-paralysis epidemic that California had ever known up to that time, only 1, 835 children had been stricken in the entire state of California. And that the usual number was around two hundred or three hundred. Tragic as those figures are, we nevertheless felt that, according to the law of averages, the chances of any one child being stricken were remote.

" 'By the law of averages, it won't happen.' That phrase has destroyed ninety per cent of my worries; and it has made the past twenty years of my life beautiful and peaceful beyond my highest expectations."

General George Crook—probably the greatest Indian fighter in American history—says in his Autobiography that "nearly all the worries and unhappiness" of the Indians "came from their imagination, and not from reality."

As I look back across the decades, I can see that that is where most of my

已故的谢德先生，是《费城公报》的编辑，善于用新颖有趣的方式讲述古老的真理。他曾在某大学毕业班演讲时，询问学生是否锯过木头。大部分人表示锯过。继而他又追问道，有多少人锯过木屑，但没有人举手。他大声说道，你们不可能锯木屑，因为它已经被锯过了，当你开始忧虑那些已经结束的事情，其实你只是在设法锯木屑。

去年感恩节，我与邓普西共进晚餐，他说曾经因为一项重量级比赛输给了腾尼，他的自尊深受打击，一年后又与腾尼比赛了一场，再次落败。然而他叮嘱自己不要为打翻的牛奶哭泣，默默地接受了失败的现实，集中精力规划未来，然后在百老汇大街上开了家饭店，又在第五十七大街开了家旅馆，并且积极推动职业拳击赛，举办拳击展览会。

他说，这些事情做得比他当拳王还好。他相信莎士比亚的话：“聪明人永远不会坐等他们的损失，而是会爽快地寻找医治创伤的良方。”

As I write this sentence, I can look out of my window and see some dinosaur tracks in my garden—dinosaur tracks embedded in shale and stone. I purchased those dinosaur tracks from the Peabody Museum of Yale University; and I have a letter from the curator of the Peabody Museum, saying that those tracks were made 180 million years ago. Even a Mongolian idiot wouldn't dream of trying to go back 180 million years to change those tracks. Yet that would not be any more foolish than worrying because we can't go back and change what happened 180 seconds ago—and a lot of us are doing just that. To be sure, we may do something to modify the effects of what happened 180 seconds ago; but we can't possibly change the event that occurred then.

There is only one way on God's green footstool that the past can be constructive; and that is by calmly analysing our past mistakes and profiting by them – and forgetting them.

I know that is true; but have I always had the courage and sense to do it? To answer that question, let me tell you about a fantastic experience I had years ago. I let more than three hundred thousand dollars slip through my fingers without making a penny's profit. It happened like this: I launched a large-scale enterprise in adult education, opened branches in various cities, and spent money lavishly in overhead and advertising. I was so busy with teaching that I

it had to do with the hygiene course he was teaching. Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Brandwine stood up, swept the bottle of milk with a crash into the sink—and shouted: ‘Don’t cry over spilt milk!’

“He then made us all come to the sink and look at the wreckage. ‘Take a good look,’ he told us, ‘because I want you to remember this lesson the rest of your lives. That milk is gone—you can see it’s down the drain; and all the fussing and hair-pulling in the world won’t bring back a drop of it. With a little thought and prevention, that milk might have been saved. But it’s too late now—all we can do is write it off, forget it, and go on to the next thing.’

“That one little demonstration stuck with me long after I’d forgotten my solid geometry and Latin. In fact, it taught me more about practical living than anything else in my four years of high school. It taught me to keep from spilling milk if I could; but to forget it completely, once it was spilled and had gone down the drain.”

Some readers are going to snort at the idea of making so much over a hackneyed proverb like “Don’t cry over spilt milk.” I know it is trite, commonplace, and a platitude. I know you have heard it a thousand times. But I also know that these hackneyed proverbs contain the very essence of the distilled wisdom of all ages. They have come out of the fiery experience of the human race and have been handed down through countless generations. If you were to read everything that has ever been written about worry by the great scholars of all time, you would never read anything more basic or more profound than such hackneyed proverbs as “Don’t cross your bridges until you come to them” and “Don’t cry over spilt milk.” If we only applied those two proverbs—instead of snorting at them—we wouldn’t need this book at all. In fact, if we applied most of the old proverbs, we would lead almost perfect lives. However, knowledge isn’t power until it is applied; and the purpose of this book is not to tell you something new. The purpose of this book is to remind you of what you already know and to kick you in the shins and inspire you to do something about applying it.

I have always admired a man like the late Fred Fuller Shedd, who had a gift for stating an old truth in a new and picturesque way. He was editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*; and, while addressing a college graduating class, he asked: “How many of you have ever sawed wood? Let’s see your hands.” Most

No, unfortunately, life isn't so simple as all that. But I am advocating that we assume a positive attitude instead of a negative attitude. In other words, we need to be concerned about our problems, but not worried. What is the difference between concern and worry? Let me illustrate. Every time I cross the traffic-jammed streets of New York, I am concerned about what I am doing—but not worried. Concern means realising what the problems are and calmly taking steps to meet them. Worrying means going around in maddening, futile circles.

A man can be concerned about his serious problems and still walk with his chin up and a carnation in his buttonhole. I have seen Lowell Thomas do Just that. I once had the privilege of being associated with Lowell Thomas in presenting his famous films on the Allenby-Lawrence campaigns in World War I. He and his assistants had photographed the war on half a dozen fronts; and, best of all, had brought back a pictorial record of T. E. Lawrence and his colorful Arabian army, and a film record of Allenby's conquest of the Holy Land. His illustrated talks entitled "With Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia" were a sensation in London—and around the world. The London opera season was postponed for six weeks so that he could continue telling his tale of high adventure and showing his pictures at Covent Garden Royal Opera House. After his sensational success in London came a triumphant tour of many countries. Then he spent two years preparing a film record of life in India and Afghanistan. After a lot of incredibly bad luck, the impossible happened: he found himself broke in London. I was with him at the time. I remember we had to eat cheap meals at cheap restaurants. We couldn't have eaten even there if we had not borrowed money from a Scotsman—James McBey, the renowned artist. Here is the point of the story: even when Lowell Thomas was facing huge debts and severe disappointments, he was concerned, but not worried. He knew that if he let his reverses get him down, he would be worthless to everyone, including his creditors. So each morning before he started out, he bought a flower, put it in his buttonhole, and went swinging down Oxford Street with his head high and his step spirited. He thought positive, courageous thoughts and refused to let defeat defeat him. To him, being licked was all part of the game—the useful training you had to expect if you wanted to get to the

pretended to feel! The improvement went on. And today—months after I was supposed to be in my grave—I am not only happy, well, and alive, but my blood pressure is down! I know one thing for certain: the doctor's prediction would certainly have come true if I had gone on thinking 'dying' thoughts of defeat. But I gave my body a chance to heal itself, by nothing in the world but a change of mental attitude!"

Let me ask you a question: If merely acting cheerful and thinking positive thoughts of health and courage can save this man's life, why should you and I tolerate for one minute more our minor glooms and depressions? Why make ourselves, and everyone around us, unhappy and blue, when it is possible for us to start creating happiness by merely acting cheerful?

Years ago, I read a little book that had a lasting and profound effect on my life. It was called *As a Man Thinketh* by James Lane Allen, and here's what it said:

"A man will find that as he alters his thoughts towards things and other people, things and other people will alter towards him...Let a man radically alter his thoughts, and he will be astonished at the rapid transformation it will effect in the material conditions of his life. Men do not attract that which they want, but that which they are....The divinity that shapes our ends is in ourselves. It is our very self.... All that a man achieves is the direct result of his own thoughts A man can only rise, conquer and achieve by lifting up his thoughts. He can only remain weak and abject and miserable by refusing to lift up his thoughts."

According to the book of Genesis, the Creator gave man dominion over the whole wide earth. A mighty big present. But I am not interested in any such super-royal prerogatives. All I desire is dominion over myself—dominion over my thoughts ; dominion over my fears; dominion over my mind and over my spirit. And the wonderful thing is that I know that I can attain this dominion to an astonishing degree, any time I want to, by merely controlling my actions—which in turn control my reactions.

So let us remember these words of William James: "Much of what we call Evil... can often be converted into a bracing and tonic good by a simple change of the sufferer's inner attitude from one of fear to one of fight."

9. Just for today I will have a quiet half-hour all by myself and relax. In this half-hour sometimes I will think of God, so as to get a little more perspective into my life.

10. Just for today I will be unafraid, especially I will not be afraid to be happy, to enjoy what is beautiful, to love, and to believe that those I love, love me.

If we want to develop a mental attitude that will bring us peace and happiness, here is Rule 1:

Think and act cheerfully, and you will feel cheerful.