

HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING DALE CARNEGIE

上架建议：英文读物



一个学术性教育性
出版机构

责任编辑：田 娜
封面设计：覃一彪

网址：<http://www.fltrp.com>

ISBN 978-7-5135-0234-4



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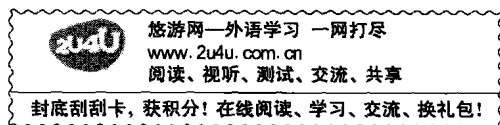
定价：29.00元

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

人性的优点 = How to Stop Worrying and Start Living / (美) 卡耐基 (Carnegie, D.) 著. — 北京: 外语教学与研究出版社, 2010.10
(卡耐基励志经典: 英文原版)
ISBN 978-7-5135-0234-4

I. ①人… II. ①卡… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②成功心理学—通俗读物 IV. ①H319.4: B

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2010) 第 198160 号



出 版 人: 于春迟

责任编辑: 田 娜

封面设计: 覃一彪

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com>

印 刷: 北京铭传印刷有限公司

开 本: 650×980 1/16

印 张: 23.5

版 次: 2010 年 11 月第 1 版 2010 年 11 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5135-0234-4

定 价: 29.00 元

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物料号: 202340001

Sixteen Ways in Which This Book Will Help You

1. Gives you a number of practical, tested formulas for solving worry situations.
2. Shows you how to eliminate fifty per cent of your business worries immediately.
3. Brings you seven ways to cultivate a mental attitude that will bring you peace and happiness.
4. Shows you how to lessen financial worries.
5. Explains a law that will outlaw many of your worries.
6. Tells you how to turn criticism to your advantage.
7. Shows how the housewife can avoid fatigue and keep looking young.
8. Gives four working habits that will help prevent fatigue and worry.
9. Tells you how to add one hour a day to your working life.
10. Shows you how to avoid emotional upsets.
11. Gives you the stories of scores of everyday men and women, who tell you in their own words how they stopped worrying and started living.
12. Gives you Alfred Adler's prescription for curing melancholia in fourteen days.
13. Gives you the 21 words that enabled the world-famous physician, Sir William Osler, to banish worry.
14. Explains the three magic steps that Willis H. Carrier, founder of the air-conditioning industry, uses to conquer worry.
15. Shows you how to use what William James called "the sovereign

cure for worry”.

16. Gives you details of how many famous men conquered worry — men like Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*; Herbert E. Hawkes, former Dean of Columbia University; Ordway Tead, Chairman of the Board of Higher Education, New York City; Jack Dempsey; Connie Mack; Roger W. Babson; Admiral Byrd; Henry Ford; Gene Autry; J. C. Penney; and John D. Rockefeller.

Preface

How This Book Was Written — and Why

In 1909, I was one of the unhappiest lads in New York. I was selling motor-trucks for a living. I didn't know what made a motor-truck run. That wasn't all: I didn't want to know. I despised my job. I despised living in a cheap furnished room on West Fifty-sixth Street — a room infested with cockroaches. I still remember that I had a bunch of neckties hanging on the walls; and when I reached out of a morning to get a fresh necktie, the cockroaches scattered in all directions. I despised having to eat in cheap, dirty restaurants that were also probably infested with cockroaches.

I came home to my lonely room each night with a sick headache — a headache bred and fed by disappointment, worry, bitterness, and rebellion. I was rebelling because the dreams I had nourished back in my college days had turned into nightmares. Was this life? Was this the vital adventure to which I had looked forward so eagerly? Was this all life would ever mean to me — working at a job I despised, living with cockroaches, eating vile food — and with no hope for the future?... I longed for leisure to read, and to write the books I had dreamed of writing back in my college days.

I knew I had everything to gain and nothing to lose by giving up the job I despised. I wasn't interested in making a lot of money, but I was interested in making a lot of living. In short, I had come to the Rubicon — to that moment of decision which faces most young people when they start out in life. So I made my decision — and that decision completely altered

my future. It has made the rest of my life happy and rewarding beyond my most utopian aspirations.

My decision was this: I would give up the work I loathed; and, since I had spent four years studying in the State Teachers' College at Warrensburg, Missouri, preparing to teach, I would make my living teaching adult classes in night schools. Then I would have my days free to read books, prepare lectures, write novels and short stories. I wanted "to live to write and write to live".

What subject should I teach to adults at night? As I looked back and evaluated my own college training, I saw that the training and experience I had had in public speaking had been of more practical value to me in business — and in life — than everything else I had studied in college all put together. Why? Because it had wiped out my timidity and lack of self-confidence and given me the courage and assurance to deal with people. It had also made clear that leadership usually gravitates to the man who can get up and say what he thinks.

I applied for a position teaching public speaking in the night extension courses both at Columbia University and New York University, but these universities decided they could struggle along somehow without my help.

I was disappointed then — but now I thank God that they did turn me down, because I started teaching in YMCA night schools, where I had to show concrete results and show them quickly. What a challenge that was! These adults didn't come to my classes because they wanted college credits or social prestige. They came for one reason only: they wanted to solve their problems. They wanted to be able to stand up on their feet and say a few words at a business meeting without fainting from fright. Salesmen wanted to be able to call on a tough customer without having to walk around the block three times to get up courage. They wanted to

of all the trades and professions — and most of them had problems! There were women in the classes — businesswomen and housewives. They, too, had problems! Clearly, what I needed was a textbook on how to conquer worry — so again I tried to find one. I went to New York's great public library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and discovered to my astonishment that this library had only twenty-two books listed under the title WORRY. I also noticed, to my amusement, that it had one hundred eighty-nine books listed under WORMS. *Almost nine times as many books about worms as about worry!* Astounding, isn't it? Since worry is one of the biggest problems facing mankind, you would think, wouldn't you, that every high school and college in the land would give a course on "How to Stop Worrying"? Yet, if there is even one course on that subject in any college in the land, I have never heard of it. No wonder David Seabury said in his book *How to Worry Successfully*: "We come to maturity with as little preparation for the pressures of experience as a bookworm asked to do a ballet."

The result? More than half of our hospital beds are occupied by people with nervous and emotional troubles.

I looked over those twenty-two books on worry reposing on the shelves of the New York Public Library. In addition, I purchased all the books on worry I could find; yet I couldn't discover even one that I could use as a text in my course for adults. So I resolved to write one myself.

I began preparing myself to write this book seven years ago. How? By reading what the philosophers of all ages have said about worry. I also read hundreds of biographies, all the way from Confucius to Churchill. I also interviewed scores of prominent people in many walks of life, such as Jack Dempsey, General Omar Bradley, General Mark Clark, Henry Ford, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Dorothy Dix. But that was only a beginning.

I also did something else that was far more important than the interviews and the reading. I worked for five years in a laboratory for conquering worry — a laboratory conducted in our own adult classes.

As far as I know, it was the first and only laboratory of its kind in the world. This is what we did. We gave students a set of rules on how to stop worrying and asked them to apply these rules in their own lives and then talk to the class on the results they had obtained. Others reported on techniques they had used in the past.

As a result of this experience, I presume I have listened to more talks on “How I Conquered Worry” than has any other individual who ever walked this earth. In addition, I *read* hundreds of other talks on “How I Conquered Worry” — talks that were sent to me by mail — talks that had won prizes in our classes that are held throughout the world. So this book didn’t come out of an ivory tower. Neither is it an academic preachment on how worry *might* be conquered. Instead, I have tried to write a fast-moving, concise, *documented report on how worry has been conquered by thousands of adults*. One thing is certain: this book is practical. You can set your teeth in it.

I am happy to say that you won’t find in this book stories about an imaginary “Mr. B —” or a vague “Mary and John” whom no one can identify. Except in a few rare cases, this book names names and gives street addresses. It is authentic. It is documented. It is vouched for and certified.

“Science,” said the French philosopher Valery, “is a collection of successful recipes.” That is what this book is, a collection of successful and time-tested recipes to rid our lives of worry. However, let me warn you: you won’t find anything new in it, but you will find much that is not generally applied. And when it comes to that, you and I don’t need to be

told anything new. We already know enough to lead perfect lives. We have all read the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount. Our trouble is not ignorance, but inaction. The purpose of this book is to restate, illustrate, streamline, air-condition, and glorify a lot of ancient and basic truths — and kick you in the shins and make you do something about applying them.

You didn't pick up this book to read about how it was written. You are looking for action. All right, let's go. Please read Parts One and Two of this book — and if by that time you don't feel that you have acquired a new power and a new inspiration to stop worry and enjoy life — then toss this book away. It is no good for you.

DALE CARNEGIE

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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 motto five words from a church hymn: *One step enough for me.*

Lead, Kindly Light...

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

At about the same time, a young man in uniform — somewhere in Europe — was learning the same lesson. His name was Ted Bengermينو, of Baltimore, Maryland — and he had worried himself into a first-class case of combat fatigue.

“In April, 1945,” wrote Ted Bengermينو, “I had worried until I had developed what doctors call a ‘spasmodic transverse colon’ — a condition that produced intense pain. If the war hadn’t ended when it did, I am sure I would have had a complete physical breakdown.

“I was utterly exhausted. I was a Graves Registration, non-commissioned Officer for the 94th Infantry Division. My work was to help set up and maintain records of all men killed in action, missing in action, and hospitalised. I also had to help disinter the bodies of both Allied and enemy soldiers who had been killed and hastily buried in shallow graves during the pitch of battle. I had to gather up the personal effects of these men and see that they were sent back to parents or closest relatives who would prize these personal effects so much. I was constantly worried

for fear we might be making embarrassing and serious mistakes. I was worried about whether or not I would come through all this. I was worried about whether I would live to hold my only child in my arms — a son of sixteen months, whom I had never seen. I was so worried and exhausted that I lost thirty-four pounds. I was so frantic that I was almost out of my mind. I looked at my hands. They were hardly more than skin and bones. I was terrified at the thought of going home a physical wreck. I broke down and sobbed like a child. I was so shaken that tears welled up every time I was alone. There was one period soon after the Battle of the Bulge started that I wept so often that I almost gave up hope of ever being a normal human being again.

“I ended up in an Army dispensary. An Army doctor gave me some advice which has completely changed my life. After giving me a thorough physical examination, he informed me that my troubles were mental. ‘Ted,’ he said, *‘I want you to think of your life as an hourglass. You know there are thousands of grains of sand in the top of the hourglass; and they all pass slowly and evenly through the narrow neck in the middle. Nothing you or I could do would make more than one grain of sand pass through this narrow neck without impairing the hourglass. You and I and everyone else are like this hourglass. When we start in the morning, there are hundreds of tasks which we feel that we must accomplish that day, but if we do not take them one at a time and let them pass through the day slowly and evenly, as do the grains of sand passing through the narrow neck of the hourglass, then we are bound to break our own physical or mental structure.’*

“I have practised that philosophy ever since that memorable day that an Army doctor gave it to me. ‘One grain of sand at a time.... One task at a time.’ That advice saved me physically and mentally during the war;

and it has also helped me in my present position of public Relations and Advertising Director for the Adcrafters Printing & Off-set Co. Inc. I found the same problems arising in business that had arisen during the war: a score of things had to be done at once — and there was little time to do them. We were low in stocks. We had new forms to handle, new stock arrangements, changes of address, opening and closing offices, and so on. Instead of getting taut and nervous, I remembered what the doctor had told me. ‘One grain of sand at a time. One task at a time.’ By repeating those words to myself over and over, I accomplished my tasks in a more efficient manner and I did my work without the confused and jumbled feeling that had almost wrecked me on the battlefield.”

One of the most appalling comments on our present way of life is that at one time half of all the beds in our hospitals were reserved for patients with nervous and mental troubles, patients who have collapsed under the crushing burden of accumulated yesterdays and fearful tomorrows. Yet a vast majority of those people could have avoided those hospitals — could have led happy, useful lives — if they had only heeded the words of Jesus: “*Have no anxiety about the morrow*”; or the words of Sir William Osler: “*Live in day-tight compartments.*”

You and I are standing this very second at the meeting place of two eternities: the vast past that has endured forever, and the future that is plunging on to the last syllable of recorded time. We can’t possibly live in either of those eternities — no, not even for one split second. But, by trying to do so, we can wreck both our bodies and our minds. So let’s be content to live the only time we can possibly live: from now until bedtime. “Anyone can carry his burden, however hard, until nightfall,” wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. “Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes

down. And this is all that life really means.”

Yes, that is all that life requires of us; but Mrs. E. K. Shields, of Saginaw, Michigan, was driven to despair — even to the brink of suicide — before she learned to live just till bedtime. “In 1937, I lost my husband,” Mrs. Shields said as she told me her story. “I was very depressed — and almost penniless. I wrote my former employer, Mr. Leon Roach, of the Roach-Fowler Company of Kansas City, and got my old job back. I had formerly made my living selling World Book to rural and town school boards. I had sold my car two years previously when my husband became ill; but I managed to scrape together enough money to put a down payment on a used car and started out to sell books again.

“I had thought that getting back on the road would help relieve my depression; but driving alone and eating alone was almost more than I could take. Some of the territory was not very productive, and I found it hard to make those car payments, small as they were.

“In the spring of 1938, I was working out of Versailles, Missouri. The schools were poor, the roads bad; I was so lonely and discouraged that at one time I even considered suicide. It seemed that success was impossible. I had nothing to live for. I dreaded getting up each morning and facing life. I was afraid of everything; afraid I could not meet the car payments; afraid I could not pay my room rent; afraid I would not have enough to eat. I was afraid my health was failing and I had no money for a doctor. All that kept me from suicide were the thoughts that my sister would be deeply grieved, and that I did not have enough money to pay my funeral expenses.

“Then one day I read an article that lifted me out of my despondence and gave me the courage to go on living. I shall never cease to be grateful for one inspiring sentence in that article. It said: ‘Every day is a new life to a wise man.’ I typed that sentence out and pasted it on the windshield

of my car, where I saw it every minute I was driving. I found it wasn't so hard to live only one day at a time. I learned to forget the yesterdays and to not think of the tomorrows. Each morning I said to myself: 'Today is a new life.'

"I have succeeded in overcoming my fear of loneliness, my fear of want. I am happy and fairly successful now and have a lot of enthusiasm and love for life. I know now that I shall never again be afraid, regardless of what life hands me. I know now that I don't have to fear the future. I know now that I can live one day at a time — and that 'Every day is a new life to a wise man.' "

Who do you suppose wrote this verse:

Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He, who can call to-day his own:

He who, secure within, can say:

"To-morrow, do the worst, for I have liv'd to-day."

Those words sound modern, don't they? Yet they were written thirty years before Christ was born, by the Roman poet Horace.

One of the most tragic things I know about human nature is that all of us tend to put off living. We are all dreaming of some magical rose garden over the horizon — instead of enjoying the roses that are blooming outside our windows today.

Why are we such fools — such tragic fools?

"How strange it is, our little procession of life!" wrote Stephen Leacock. "The child says: 'When I am a big boy.' But what is that? The big boy says: 'When I grow up.' And then, grown up, he says: 'When I get

married.’ But to be married, what is that after all? The thought changes to ‘when I’m able to retire’. And then, when retirement comes, he looks back over the landscape traversed; a cold wind seems to sweep over it; somehow he has missed it all, and it is gone. Life, we learn too late, is in the living, in the tissue of every day and hour.”

The late Edward S. Evans of Detroit almost killed himself with worry before he learned that life “is in the living, in the tissue of every day and hour.” 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