

## 第二章 分析你的忧虑

### 揭开忧虑之谜

前面曾提到的威利斯·卡瑞尔战胜忧虑的万能公式，是否能解决你所有的忧虑呢？不，当然不能。

那么当你面对忧虑时，应该怎么办呢？答案是——我们一定要学会下面三个分析问题的基本步骤，并用它们来解决各种不同的困难。

这三个步骤是：

第一步：要看清事实。

第二步：具体地分析事实。

第三步：得出结论，做出决定，然后依照决定理智地实施行动计划。

这是大哲学家——亚里士多德教给我们的宝贵思想，也是他亲自实践过的思维模式。如果我们想解决那些压迫我们、令我们寝食难安的、使我们成天像生活在地狱中的问题，那我们就必须应用这些方法。

我们先来看看第一步：要看清事实。看清事实为何如此重要呢？因为除非我们看清楚事实，否则就不能很明智地解决问题。没有这些事实，我们只能在混乱中摸索。这是我自己研究出来的吗？不是，这是已故的哥

## 让忧虑“到此为止”

你想知道如何在华尔街赚钱吗？当然，恐怕至少有100万人想知道这一点。如果我知道这个问题的答案，恐怕这本书就可以卖到10000美元一本了。不过，这里却有一个很好的想法，而且许多有所成就的人都在加以应用。

一位叫查尔斯·罗伯茨的投资顾问讲了下面这个故事。

“我刚从得克萨斯州来到纽约的时候，身上只有朋友托付我到股票市场上进行投资用的20000美元。我原以为，我对股票市场了解得已经足够多了，可是后来我赔得分文不剩。不错！在某些生意上我赚了一些钱，可最终我全部都赔光了。

“如果我只是赔光了自己的钱，我倒不会太在意。可是，我认为把我朋友们的钱赔光了就是一件非常糟糕的事情，虽然他们都有足够的钱。在我们的投资出现这种不幸的结果之后，我真的很害怕再见到他们，但让我没有想到的是，他们对这件事情不仅看得很开，而且还乐观到令我难以置信的地步。

我知道这是因为抱着碰碰运气和人云亦云的态度想投机才造成的。正如H.I.菲利浦说过的，我一直在用“用耳朵炒股”。

“我开始仔细研究我所犯过的错误。我下定决心，在我再度进入股票市场以前，一定要先弄明白股票市场到底是怎么回事。于是，我找到一位最成功的预测专家波顿·卡瑟斯，和他交上了朋友。我相信我从他那里能学到很多东西，因为多年以来他一直是个非常成功的人，我知道能做出这样一番事业的人，不可能靠的全是机遇和运气。

“他先问了我几个问题，问我以前是如何去做的。接着告诉了我一个

年：沙利文为他们剧院买了一块新地毯，可是当吉尔特看到账单时，非常恼火。这件事后来甚至闹上公堂，从此两个人到死都没有再交谈过。

沙利文为新歌剧写完曲子之后，就把它寄给吉尔特；而吉尔特填上歌词之后，再把它寄回给沙利文。有一次，他们不得不同时上台谢幕，于是他们站在舞台的两边，分别面朝着不同的方向鞠躬，这样才不至于看见对方。他们就不懂得在出现矛盾和不快的时候，订下一个“到此为止”的最低限度，而林肯却做到了这一点。

在美国南北战争期间，有一次，林肯的几位朋友攻击他的一些敌人，林肯说：“你们对私人恩怨的感受比我更多，也许我这种感觉太少吧。可是我向来以为这样很不值得，一个人实在没有必要在争吵上浪费时间。要是那个人不再攻击我，我也不会再记他的仇。”

我真希望我的伊蒂丝姑妈也能有林肯这样宽以待人的胸襟。她和姑父富兰克住在一栋被抵押出去的农庄上。那里的土质很恶劣，灌溉条件也差，收成自然不好。他们的日子很艰难，每一个小钱都得省着用。可是伊蒂丝姑妈却喜欢买一些窗帘和其他的小饰物来装饰家里，她曾向密苏里州马利维里的一家小杂货店赊购这些东西。姑父富兰克很担心他们的债务无法还清，而且他是个很注重个人信誉的人，不愿意欠债，因此他私下里告诉杂货店老板，不让姑妈再赊账买他的东西。

当姑妈听说这件事之后，大为恼火——那时离现在差不多有50年了，可是她还在大发脾气。我曾经不止一次地听她说起这件事情。我最后一次见到她的时候，她已经快80岁了。我对她说：“伊蒂丝姑妈，富兰克姑父这种做法的确不对，可是你就没有觉得，自从那件事发生之后，你差不多埋怨了半个世纪，这难道比他所做的事情还要坏吗？”

伊蒂丝姑妈对她这些不愉快的记忆所付出的代价，实在是太大了——她付出的是她自己内心的平静。

本杰明·富兰克林小的时候，也犯了一次让他在70年来一直难以释怀

食物化学实验工作的先生们，到那时候要么退休，要么已经过世了，但将会有许多现在刚刚开始学习并充满了热诚的年轻人来接替他们的位置。25年之后，哈南·霍华很可能成为他这一行的领袖人物。而当年从他手里买冰淇淋的那些同学，却很可能穷困潦倒，甚至失业在家，他们只会责怪政府，说他们没有好的工作机会。而哈南·霍华若不是努力把一件很没有意思的工作变得有意思的话，恐怕也同样不会有什么机会。

几年前，一个年轻人在一家工厂里，因为整天站在一部车库旁边做螺丝钉，而感到非常没有意思。他的名字叫山姆。他很想辞职不干，可是又怕无法找到其他的工作。既然他非要做这件没有意思的工作不可，他决定想办法使这个工作变得有意思。于是，他开始和旁边另外一个管机器的工人比赛，由其中一位先在自己的机器上做出大样来，交给另外一个把它磨到规定的直径。他们偶尔互换机器，看谁做出来的螺丝钉比较多。上级很欣赏领班山姆的工作速度和精确度，不久就把他调到一个好一些的职位，而这只是他一连串升迁的开始。30年之后，山姆成了巴尔温火车头制造公司的董事长。要是他没有想到使他那个没有意思的工作变得有意思的话，或许他一辈子只能做一名工人。

有名的无线电新闻分析家H.V.卡尔滕伯恩告诉了我，他是怎样把一件毫无意思的工作变得富有趣味的。他22岁那年，在一艘横渡大西洋的运牲畜的船上工作，为船上的牲口喂水喂食。后来，他骑着脚踏车周游了英国，接着到了巴黎。那个时候他身无分文，一贫如洗，又没有饭吃，只好把身上的照相机当了5美元，在巴黎版的《纽约先驱报》上登了一个求职广告，得到了一份推销立体观测镜的差事。用这种观测镜去看两张完全一样的照片时，就会产生一个奇迹：观测镜的两个镜头把两张照片叠合成一张立体照片，可以看出前后的距离，并产生相当真实的立体感。

卡尔滕伯恩刚开始挨家挨户地在巴黎推销这种观测镜——而他又不会说法语。可是头一年他就赚到了5000美元的佣金，而且使他成为当年法国收

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. Sir William Osier urged the students at Yale to begin the day with Christ's prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread."

By all means take thought for the tomorrow, yes, careful thought and planning and preparation. But have no anxiety.

During the war, our military leaders planned for the morrow, but they could not afford to have any anxiety. "I have supplied the best men with the best equipment we have," said Admiral Ernest J. King, who directed the United States Navy, "and have given them what seems to be the wisest mission. That is all I can do."

"If a ship has been sunk," Admiral King went on, "I can't bring it up. If it is going to be sunk, I can't stop it. 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 recently had the privilege of interviewing Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher 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



kinds of skin rashes, eruptions, and pimples.

Heart disease, is the number-one killer in America today. During the Second World War, almost a third of a million men were killed in combat; but during that same period, heart disease killed two million civilians-and one million of those casualties were caused by the kind of heart disease that is brought on by worry and high-tension living. Yes, heart disease is one of the chief reasons why Dr. Alexis Carrel said: "Business men who do not know how to fight worry die young." The Negroes down south and the Chinese rarely have the kind of heart disease brought on by worry, because they take things calmly. Twenty times as many doctors as farm workers die from heart failure. The doctors lead tense lives-and pay the penalty.

"The Lord may forgive us our sins," said William James, "but the nervous system never does." Here is a startling and almost incredible fact: more Americans commit suicide each year than die from the five most common communicable diseases.

Why? The answer is largely: "Worry."

When the cruel Chinese war lords wanted to torture their prisoners, they would tie their prisoners hand and foot and put them under a bag of water that constantly dripped ... dripped ... dripped ... day and night. These drops of water constantly falling on the head finally became like the sound of hammer blows-and drove men insane. This same method of torture was used during the Spanish Inquisition and in German concentration camps under Hitler.

Worry is like the constant drip, drip, drip of water; and the constant drip, drip, drip of worry often drives men to insanity and suicide.

When I was a country lad in Missouri, I was half scared to death by listening to Billy Sunday describe the hell-fires of the next world. But he never ever mentioned the hell-fires of physical agony that worriers may have here and now. For example, if you are a chronic worrier, you may be stricken some day with one



of the most excruciating pains ever endured by man: angina pectoris. Boy, if that ever hits you, you will scream with agony. Your screams will make the sounds in Dante's *Inferno* sound like Babes in Toyland. You will say to yourself then: "Oh, God, oh, God, if I can ever get over this, I will never worry about anything-ever." If you think I am exaggerating, ask your family physician.

Do you love life? Do you want to live long and enjoy good health? Here is how you can do it. I am quoting Dr. Alexis Carrel again. He said: "Those who keep the peace of their inner selves in the midst of the tumult of the modern city are immune from nervous diseases."

Can you keep the peace of your inner self in the midst of the tumult of a modern city? If you are a normal person, the answer is "yes". "Emphatically yes." Most of us are stronger than we realise. We have inner resources that we have probably never tapped. As Thoreau said in his immortal book, *Walden*: "I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. ... If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours."

Surely, many of the readers of this book have as much will power and as many inner resources as Olga K. Jarvey has. Her address is Box 892, Could d'Alene, Idaho. She discovered that under the most tragic circumstances she could banish worry. I firmly believe that you and I can also-if we apply the old, old truths discussed in this volume. Here is Olga K. Jarvey's story as she wrote it for me: "Eight and a half years ago, I was condemned to die-a slow, agonising death-of cancer. The best medical brains of the country, the Mayo brothers, confirmed the sentence. I was at a dead-end street, the ultimate gaped at me! I was young. I did not want to die! In my desperation, I phoned to my doctor at Kellogg and cried out to him the despair in my heart. Rather impatiently he upbraided me: 'What's the matter, Olga, haven't you any fight in you? Sure, you will die if you keep on

in bed that I became unconscious in a few seconds.

"I kept up this programme for about three months. I had broken the habit of worry by that time, so I returned to a normal working day of seven or eight hours. This event occurred eighteen years ago. I have never been troubled with insomnia or worry since then."

George Bernard Shaw was right. He summed it all up when he said: "The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not." So don't bother to think about it! Spit on your hands and get busy. Your blood will start circulating; your mind will start ticking -and pretty soon this whole positive upsurge of life in your body will drive worry from your mind. Get busy. Keep busy. It's the cheapest kind of medicine there is on this earth-and one of the best.

To break the worry habit, here is Rule 1:

Keep busy. The worried person must lose himself in action, lest be wither in despair.



## Chapter 7 –Don't Let The Beetles Get You Down

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 Indo-China. 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

even if I had noticed it But his wife saw it and jumped down his throat right in front of us. "John," she cried, "watch what you are doing! Can't you ever learn to serve properly!"

Then she said to us: "He is always making mistakes. He just doesn't try." Maybe he didn't try to carve; but I certainly give him credit for trying to live with her for twenty years. Frankly, I would rather have eaten a couple of hot dogs with mustard-in an atmosphere of peace-than to have dined on Peking duck and shark fins while listening to her scolding.

Shortly after that experience, Mrs. Carnegie and I had some friends at our home for dinner. Just before they arrived, Mrs. Carnegie found that three of the napkins didn't math the tablecloth.

"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

New York:

"Early in June, 1944, I was lying in a slit trench near Omaha Beach. I was with the 999th Signal Service Company, and we had just 'dug in' in Normandy. As I looked around at that slit trench-just a rectangular hole in the ground-I said to myself: 'This looks just like a grave.' When I lay down and tried to sleep in it, it felt like a grave. I couldn't help saying to myself: 'Maybe this is my grave.' When the German bombers began coming over at 11 p.m., and the bombs started falling, I was scared stiff. For the first two or three nights I couldn't sleep at all. By the fourth or fifth night, I was almost a nervous wreck. I knew that if I didn't do something, I would go stark crazy. So I reminded myself that five nights had passed, and I was still alive; and so was every man in our outfit. Only two had been injured, and they had been hurt, not by German bombs, but by falling flak, from our own anti-aircraft guns. I decided to stop worrying by doing something constructive. So I built a thick wooden roof over my slit trench, to protect myself from flak. I thought of the vast area over which my unit was spread. I told myself that the only way I could be killed in that deep, narrow slit trench was by a direct hit; and I figured out that the chance of a direct hit on me was not one in ten thousand. After a couple of nights of looking at it in this way, I calmed down and slept even through the bomb raids!"

The United States Navy used the statistics of the law of averages to buck up the morale of their men. One ex-sailor told me that when he and his shipmates were assigned to high-octane tankers, they were worried stiff. They all believed that if a tanker loaded with high-octane gasoline was hit by a torpedo, it exploded and blew everybody to kingdom come.

But the U.S. Navy knew otherwise; so the Navy issued exact figures, showing that out of one hundred tankers hit by torpedoes sixty stayed afloat; and of the forty that did sink, only five sank in less than ten minutes. That meant time to get off the ship-it also meant casualties were exceedingly small. Did this help

exchange this experience for a happier one." It taught him acceptance. It taught him that nothing life could bring him was beyond his strength to endure. It taught him, as John Milton discovered, that "It is not miserable to be blind, it is only miserable not to be able to endure blindness."

If we rail and kick against it and grow bitter, we won't change the inevitable; but we will change ourselves. I know. I have tried it.

I once refused to accept an inevitable situation with which I was confronted. I played the fool and railed against it, and rebelled. I turned my nights into hells of insomnia. I brought upon myself everything I didn't want. Finally, after a year of self-torture, I had to accept what I knew from the outset I couldn't possibly alter.

I should have cried out years ago with old Walt Whitman:

Oh, to confront night, storms, hunger,

Ridicule, accident, rebuffs as the trees and animals do.

I spent twelve years working with cattle; yet I never saw a Jersey cow running a temperature because the pasture was burning up from a lack of rain or because of sleet and cold or because her boy friend was paying too much attention to another heifer. The animals confront night, storms, and hunger calmly; so they never have nervous breakdowns or stomach ulcers; and they never go insane.

Am I advocating that we simply bow down to all the adversities that come our way? Not by a long shot! That is mere fatalism. As long as there is a chance that we can save a situation, let's fight! But when common sense tells us that we are up against something that is so-and cannot be otherwise-then, in the name of our sanity, let's not look before and after and pine for what is not.

The late Dean Hawkes of Columbia University told me that he had taken a Mother Goose rhyme as one of his mottoes:

For every ailment under the sun.

There is a remedy, or there is none;

If there be one, try to find it;

did Dale Carnegie on many occasions. And so did the immortal Leo Tolstoy, author of two of the world's greatest novels, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. According to The Encyclopedia Britannica, Leo Tolstoy was, during the last twenty years of his life, "probably the most venerated man in the whole world." For twenty years before he died—from 1890 to 1910—an unending stream of admirers made pilgrimages to his home in order to catch a glimpse of his face, to hear the sound of his voice, or even touch the hem of his garment. Every sentence he uttered was taken down in a notebook, almost as if it were a "divine revelation". But when it came to living—to ordinary living—well, Tolstoy had even less sense at seventy than Franklin had at seven. He had no sense at all.

Here's what I mean. Tolstoy married a girl he loved very dearly. In fact, they were so happy together that they used to get on their knees and pray to God to let them continue their lives in such sheer, heavenly ecstasy. But the girl Tolstoy married was jealous by nature. She used to dress herself up as a peasant and spy on his movements, even out in the woods. They had fearful rows. She became so jealous, even of her own children, that she grabbed a gun and shot a hole in her daughter's photograph. She even rolled on the floor with an opium bottle held to her lips, and threatened to commit suicide, while the children huddled in a corner of the room and screamed with terror.

And what did Tolstoy do? Well, I don't blame the man for up and smashing the furniture—he had good provocation. But he did far worse than that. He kept a private diary! Yes, a diary, in which he placed all the blame on his wife! That was his "whistle"! He was determined to make sure that coming generations would exonerate him and put the blame on his wife. And what did his wife do, in answer to this? Why, she tore pages out of his diary and burned them, of course. She started a diary of her own, in which she made him the villain. She even wrote a novel, entitled *Whose Fault?* in which she depicted her husband as a household fiend and herself as a martyr.

Warden Lawes told me about one Sing Sing prisoner-a gardener-who sang as he cultivated the vegetables and flowers inside the prison walls.

So why waste the tears? Of course, we have been guilty of blunders and absurdities! And so what? Who hasn't? Even Napoleon lost one-third of all the important battles he fought. Perhaps our batting average is no worse than Napoleon's. Who knows? And ,anyhow,all the king's horses and all the king's can't put the past together again. So let's remember Rule 6:

Don't try to saw sawdust.

## Chapter 16 –How To Banish The Boredom That Produces Fatigue, Worry, And Resentment

One of the chief causes of fatigue is boredom. To illustrate, let's take the case of Alice, a stenographer who lives on your street. Alice came home one night utterly exhausted. She acted fatigued. She was fatigued. She had a headache. She had a backache. She was so exhausted she wanted to go to bed without waiting for dinner. Her mother pleaded ... . She sat down at the table. The telephone rang. The boy friend! An invitation to a dance! Her eyes sparkled. Her spirits soared. She rushed upstairs, put on her Alice-blue gown, and danced until three o'clock in the morning; and when she finally did get home, she was not the slightest bit exhausted. She was, in fact, so exhilarated she couldn't fall asleep.

Was Alice really and honestly tired eight hours earlier, when she looked and acted exhausted? Sure she was. She was exhausted because she was bored with her work, perhaps bored with life. There are millions of Alices. You may be one of them.

It is a well-known fact that your emotional attitude usually has far more to do with producing fatigue than has physical exertion. A few years ago, Joseph E. Barmack, Ph.D., published in the *Archives of Psychology* a report of some of his experiments showing how boredom produces fatigue. Dr. Barmack put a group of students through a series of tests in which, he knew, they could have little interest. The result? The students felt tired and sleepy, complained of headaches and eyestrain, felt irritable. In some cases, even their stomachs were upset. Was it all "imagination"? No. Metabolism tests were taken of these students. These tests showed that the blood pressure of the body and the consumption of oxygen actually decrease when a person is bored, and that the whole metabolism picks up

all night long! When morning came, I was almost ill. I was ill from fatigue and worry. This kept on for eight weeks. I can't put into words the tortures I suffered. I was convinced I was going insane. Sometimes I paced the floor for hours at a time, and I honestly considered jumping out of the window and ending the whole thing!

"At last I went to a doctor I had known all my life. He said: 'Ira, I can't help you. No one can help you, because you have brought this thing on yourself. Go to bed at night, and if you can't fall asleep, forget all about it. Just say to yourself: "I don't care a hang if I don't go to sleep. It's all right with me if I lie awake till morning." Keep your eyes closed and say: "As long as I just lie still and don't worry about it, I'll be getting rest, anyway." '

"I did that," says Sandner, "and in two weeks' time I was dropping off to sleep. In less than one month, I was sleeping eight hours, and my nerves were back to normal."

It wasn't insomnia that was killing Ira Sandner; it was his worry about it.

Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, professor at the University of Chicago, has done more research work on sleep than has any other living man. He is the world's expert on sleep. He declares that he has never known anyone to die from insomnia. To be sure, a man might worry about insomnia until he lowered his vitality and was swept away by germs. But it was the worry that did the damage, not the insomnia itself.

Dr. Kleitman also says that the people who worry about insomnia usually sleep far more than they realise. The man who swears "I never slept a wink last night" may have slept for hours without knowing it. For example, one of the most profound thinkers of the nineteenth century, Herbert Spencer, was an old bachelor, lived in a boarding house, and bored everyone with his talk about his insomnia. He even put "stoppings" in his ears to keep out the noise and quiet his nerves. Sometimes he took opium to induce sleep. One night he and Professor Sayce of