

Min Right Right

— 英汉对照

卡耐塞波涛学 DALE CARNEGIE

> [美]戴尔・卡耐基 著 子达 编译

黑龙江科学技术出版社



人性的优点 HTSWASL

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

人性的优点 / 子达编译.——哈尔滨: 黑龙江科学技术出版社, 2012.7 ISBN 978-7-5388-7302-3

I.①人··· II.①子··· III.①成功心理 – 通俗读物 IV.①B848.4-49

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2012)第 171637 号

人性的优点

BENXING DE YOUDIAN

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出 版 黑龙江科学技术出版社

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电话:(0451)53642106 电传:(0451)53642143

网址:www.lkcbs.cn www.lkpub.cn

发 行 全国新华书店

印 刷 四川省南方印务有限公司

开 本 711×1016 1/16

印 张 22

字 数 360 千字

版 次 2013年8月第1版 2013年8月第1次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5388-7302-3/B·159

定 价 39.80元

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译者的话

我是个没有什么远大抱负的人,除了对语言文字工作的执著,就是希望成为一个备受欢迎的人;对于前者,我付出的热情和努力很幸运地得到了相应的回报,但对于后者,却一直都不得要领。于是,我只能将在人际交往上的失败归结于性格原因。

但事实并非如此。我的一个很要好的朋友,性格热情开朗,在推销员的工作 岗位上做得十分出色。但就在事业蒸蒸日上的时候,他却选择了放弃,他对我说: "我被人际关系压得喘不过气来,我甚至一说话就感到紧张!"

看来,开朗的个性并不是轻松处理好人际关系的决定性因素。那么,决定性的因素到底是什么?那些风度翩翩、谈吐得体、在社交场合进退自如又极受欢迎的人,在他们的身上是否有共同的特质?我决定求助于西方人际关系学的经典之作,希望能从中找到想要的答案。

我很幸运,或者说是戴尔·卡耐基先生的名声太响了——我从一位主修传播学的朋友那里借到的第一本书就是卡耐基最享有盛誉的著作之一——《人性的弱点》。这本只有一百多页的小册子令我豁然开朗,我经常能从那些简单易懂的小故事中看到自己的影子,甚至能想象到处在那种境况中的自己所感受到的茫然与窘迫:与他人争论不休,自己的意见总是被忽视,与别人交谈时突然就冷了场……然而,当读书过半时,我忽然发现自己似乎知道该如何处理这些状况或是从一开始就避免它们的发生了,因为卡耐基先生让我意识到:人际交往是需要技巧的,而熟练地掌握这些技巧正是我所寻求的处理好人际关系的决定性因素。

当然,更重要的是,卡耐基先生为我们列出了这些技巧,从书中那些普通人的成功经历中可以看出,这些技巧真的非常具有可操作性,而且效果惊人:他们

更和谐地与家人和朋友相处,在职场中和各种社交场合中成为受欢迎的人物,成功地说服他人接受自己的产品或意见,从而走上事业的巅峰——而这一切都仿佛是一个再自然、再轻松不过的过程。

在那时,我就产生了翻译卡耐基先生作品的念头,希望能把这珍贵的启示送给那些与我有着同样困惑的人们。事实上,在全世界,已有无数人从卡耐基的人际关系理论中获益,仅在他生前开办人际关系培训课程的40年间,就有45万美国人参加了这项课程;而其作品更是先后被翻译成几十种文字,每一个国家都有其忠实的追随者和因其理论而改变自己命运的人。在我国,也早有翻译界的前辈引进了卡耐基的部分著作,但在相继阅读了《人性的优点》、《美好的人生》、《快乐的人生》、《语言的突破》等一系列作品后,我还是决定着手重译"卡耐基人际关系学及成功学全集",一是希望有更多的人能接触到这些能帮助人们实现梦想、获得幸福的神奇著作,二是为了能将卡耐基的重要作品集结出版,以使读者更加全面、深入地获得这位人际关系学大师点石成金的宝贵建议。

我感到,这种全面且深入的了解是完全有必要的,即使你只是想从中学到几个实用的技巧。因为,世界上没有纯粹的技巧,或者说,如果持有学一做一的态度,是永远不可能把技巧应用到炉火纯青的地步的。卡耐基的其他著作为读者提供了更深层次的提高人格魅力和生活质量的方法,以及举一反三的应用实例。《人性的优点》帮助我们消除郁积于心的忧虑;《美好的人生》为我们提供为人处世的底线,并把家庭作为改变人际关系的起点;《快乐的人生》教我们如何为自己寻求快乐,又如何将快乐带给他人;而《语言的突破》则侧重演讲与沟通艺术,让你更有效地说服他人,提升领袖气质。如果能从这些方面入手,全面改变自己的处世方式,技巧的习得就将成为一个非常自然的过程,而且绝对会为人际关系的改善锦上添花。

在翻译的过程中,我更关注和侧重作品间的关联性和整体性,以循序渐进为原则进行了编排,以期读者能够更快、更好地把握卡耐基人际交往理论的精髓。在语言方面,尊重原作者平实的、生活化的文风,以使阅读过程更加轻松愉悦,同时也能增加实例的生动性。当然,由于文字量大,翻译中难免出现疏漏和错误,我衷心希望各位读者进行批评、指正和建议,以使这部作品臻于完美。

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~ 改变人生的一句话

Live in "Day-tight Compartments"

In the spring of 1871, a young man picked up a book and read twenty-one words that had a profound effect on his future. A medical student at the Montreal General Hospital, he was worried about passing the final examination, worried about what to do, where to go, how to build up a practice, how to make a living.

The twenty-one words that this young medical student read in 1871 helped him to become the most famous physician of his generation. He organized the world-famous Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. He became Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford — the highest honor that can be bestowed upon any medical man in the British Empire. He was knighted by the King of England. When he died, two huge volumes containing 1,466 pages were required to tell the story of his life.

His name was Sir William Osier. Here are the twenty-one words that he read in the spring of 1871-twenty-one words from Thomas Carlyle that helped him lead a life free from worry: "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

Forty-two years later, on a soft spring night when the tulips were blooming on the campus, this man, Sir William Osier, addressed the students of Yale University. He told those Yale students that a man like himself who had been a professor in four universities and had written a popular book was supposed to have "brains of a special quality". He declared that that was untrue. He said that his intimate friends knew that his brains were "of the most mediocre character".

What, then, was the secret of his success? He stated that it was owing to what he called living in "day-tight compartments." What did he mean by that? A few months before he spoke at Yale, Sir William Osier had crossed the Atlantic on a great ocean liner where the captain standing on the bridge, could press a button and — presto! — there was a clanging of ma-

chinery and various parts of the ship were immediately shut off from one another — shut off into watertight compartments. "Now each one of you," Dr. Osier said to those Yale students, "is a much more marvelous¹ organization than the great liner, and bound on a longer voyage. 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. Then you are safe-safe for today! Shut off the past! Let the dead past bury its dead Shut out the yesterdays which have lighted fools the way to dusty death the load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, carried today, makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past the future is today there is no tomorrow. The day of man's salvation is now. Waste of energy, mental distress, nervous worries dog the steps of a man who is anxious about the future Shut close, then the great fore and aft bulkheads, and prepare to cultivate the habit of life of 'day-tight compartments'."

Did Dr. Osier 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.

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**² 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 you 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 Bengermino, of 5716 Newholme Road, Baltimore, Maryland — and he had worried himself into a first-class case of combat fatigue.

"In April, 1945," writes Ted Bengermino, "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, Noncommissioned 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**³ 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 practiced 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 in business. I am a Stock Control Clerk for the Commercial Credit Company in Baltimore. 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 half of all the beds in our hospitals are 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 would be walking the streets today, leading happy, useful lives, if they had only heeded the words of Jesus: "Have no anxiety about the morrow"; or the words of Sir William Osier: "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 for ever, 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, 815, Court Street, 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 books 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 from 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 today his own:
He who, secure within, can say:
"Tomorrow, do your worst, for I have lived today."

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 I 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 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. His company — the Evans Product Company — 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 business men in the United States. If you ever fly over Greenland, you may land on Evans Field — a flying-field named in his honour.

Here is the point of the story: Edward S. Evans would never have had the thrill of achieving these victories in business and in living if he hadn't seen the folly of worrying — if he hadn't learned to live in day-tight compartments.

Five hundred years before Christ was born, the Greek philosopher Heraclitus told his students that "everything changes except the law of change". He said: "You cannot step in the same river twice." The river changes every second; and so does the man who stepped in it. Life is a ceaseless change. The only certainty is today. Why mar the beauty of living today by trying to solve the problems of a future that is shrouded in ceaseless change and uncertainty — a future that no one can possibly foretell?

The old Romans had a word for it. In fact, they had two words for it. Carpe diem. "Enjoy the day." Or, "Seize the day." Yes, seize the day, and make the most of it.

That is the philosophy of Lowell Thomas. I recently spent a week-end at his farm; and I noticed that he had these words from Psalm CXVIII framed and hanging on the walls of his broadcasting studio where he would see them often:

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

John Ruskin had on his desk a simple piece of stone on which was carved one word: Today. And while I haven't a piece of stone on my desk, I do have a poem pasted on my mirror where I can see it when I shave every morning — a poem that Sir William Osier always kept on his desk — a poem written by the famous Indian dramatist, Kalidasa:

Salutation To The Dawn Look to this day! For it is life! The very life of life.

In its brief course

Lie all the verities and realities of your existence:

The bliss of growth

The glory of action