

For the first time in years I recalled what Mr. Carnegie had said about this "other self." I recalled now that he said I would discover it toward the end of my labor of research into the causes of failure and success, and that the discovery usually came as the result of an emergency, when men are forced to change their habits and to think their way out of difficulty.

I continued to walk around the school house, but now I was walking on air. Subconsciously I seemed to know that I was about to be released from the self-made prison into which I had cast myself.

I realized that this great emergency had brought me an opportunity, not merely to discover my "other self," but to test the soundness of the philosophy of achievement which I had been teaching others as being workable. Soon I would know whether it would work or not. I made up my mind that if it did not work I would burn the manuscripts I had written and never again be guilty of telling other people that they were "the masters of their fate, the captains of their souls."

**Hill is paraphrasing from the poem "Invictus,"
published in 1888
by William Ernest Henley (1849–1903).**

*Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.*