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Once a circle missed a wedge. The circle wanted to be whole so it went around looking for its missing piece. But because it was incomplete and therefore could roll only very slowly it admired the flowers along the way. It chatted with worms. It enjoyed the sunshine. It found lots of different pieces but none of them fit. So it left them all by the side of the road and kept on searching. Then one day the circle found a piece that fit perfectly. It was so happy. Now it could be whole with nothing missing. It incorporated the missing piece into itself and began to roll. Now that it was a perfect circle it could roll very fast too fast to notice the flowers or talking to the worms. When it realized how different the world seemed when it rolled so quickly it stopped left its found piece by the side of the road and rolled slowly away.

The lesson of the story I suggested was that in some strange sense we are more whole when we are missing something. The man who has everything is in some ways a poor man. He will never know what it feels like to yearn to hope to nourish his soul with the dream of something better. He will never know the experience of having someone who loves him give him something he has always wanted or never had.

There is a wholeness about the person who has come to terms with his limitations who has been brave enough to let go of his unrealistic dreams and not feel like a failure for doing so. There is a wholeness about the man or woman who has learned that he or she is strong enough to go through a tragedy and survive who can lose someone and still feel like a complete person.

Life is not a trap set for us by God so that he can condemn us for failing. Life is not a spelling bee where no matter how many words you've gotten right you're disqualified if you make one mistake. Life is more like a baseball season where even the best team loses one third of its games and even the worst team has its days of brilliance. Our goal is to win more games than we lose.

When we accept that imperfection is part of being human and when we can continue rolling through life and appreciate it we will have achieved a wholeness that others can only aspire to. That I believe is what God asks of us not "Be perfect" not "Don't even make a mistake" but "Be whole."

If we are brave enough to love strong enough to forgive generous enough to rejoice in another's happiness and wise enough to know there is enough love to go around for us all then we can achieve a fulfillment that no other living creature will ever know.

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What makes a home? Love and sympathy and confidence.

It is a place where kindly affections exist among all the members of the family. The parents take good care of their children, and the children are interested in the activities of their parents. Thus all of them are bound together by affection, and they find their home to be the cheeriest place in the world.

A home without love is no more a home than a body without a soul is a man. Every civilized person is a social being. No one should live alone. A man may lead a successful and prosperous life, but prosperity alone can by no means insure happiness.

Many great personages in the world history had deep affections for their homes. Your home may be poor and humble, but your duty lies there. You should try to make it cheerful and comfortable. The greater the difficulties, the richer will be your reward. A home is more than a family dwelling. It is a school in which people are trained for citizenship. A man will not render good service to his country if he can do nothing good for his home; for in proportion as he loves his home, will he love his country. The home is the birthplace of true patriotism. It is the secret of social welfare and national greatness. It is the basis and origin of civilization.

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Too Dear for the Whistle

When I was a child of seven years old , my friends , on a holiday , filled my pocket with coppers . I went at once to a shop where they sold toys for children . Being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I had seen by the way , in the hands of another boy , I handed over all my money for one . I then came home , went whistling all over house , much pleased with my whistle , but disturbing all my family . My brother and sister and cousins , when I told of the bargain I had made , said I had given four times as much as the whistle was worth . they put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money , and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation . think about the matter gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This , however , was afterwards of use to me , for the impression continued on my mind . so that often , when I was tempted to buy something I do not need . I said to myself . "Don't give too much for the whistle ," and I saved my money . As I grew up , came into the world and observed the actions of men . I thought I met with many , very many , who "gave too much for the whistle ." When I saw some man too eager for court favour , wasting his time at court gatherings , giving up his rest , his liberty , his virtue , and perhaps his friends , for royal favour , I said to myself -- "This man gives too much for the whistle ." When I saw another fond of popularity , constantly taking part in political affairs , neglecting his own business , and ruining it by neglect , "He pays , indeed ," said I , "too dear for his whistle ."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living , all the pleasure of doing good to others , all the esteem of his fellow citizens and the joys of friendship , for the sake of gathering and keeping wealth -- "Poor man ." said I , "you pay too dear for your whistle ." When I met a man of pleasure , who did not try to improve his mind or his fortune but merely devoted himself to having a good time , perhaps neglecting his health , "Mistaken man ," said I , "you are providing pain for yourself , instead of pleasure ; you are paying too dear for your whistle ." If I saw someone fond of appearance of who had fine clothes , fine houses , fine furniture , fine earrings , all above his fortune , and for which he had run into debt , and ends his career in a prison . "Alas ," said I , "he has paid dear , very dear , for his whistle . " In short the miseries of mankind are largely due to their putting a false value on things -- to giving "too much for their whistles".

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Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 60 more than a boy of 20. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spring back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living. In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station: so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the aerials are down, and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at 20, but as long as your aerials are up, to catch waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at 80.

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On Punctuality

A punctual person is in the habit of doing a thing at the proper time and is never late in keeping an appointment. The unpunctual man on one hand never does what he has to do at the proper time. He is always in a hurry and in the end loses both time and his good name. There is a proverb that says, "Time flies never to be recalled". This is very true. A lost thing may be found again but lost time can never be regained. Time is more valuable than material things.

In fact time is life itself. The unpunctual man is for ever wasting and mismanaging his most valuable assets as well as the assets of others'. The unpunctual person is always complaining that he finds no time to answer letters or return calls or keep appointments promptly. But the man who really has a great deal to do is very careful with his time and seldom complains because he lacks it. He knows that he can not get through his huge amount of work unless he faithfully attends to every piece of work when it has to be attended to ...

Failure to be punctual in keeping one's appointments is a sign of disrespect towards others. If a person is invited to dinner and arrives later than the appointed time he keeps all the other guests waiting for him. Usually this will be regarded as a great disrespect to the host and all other guests present. Unpunctuality moreover is very harmful when it comes to doing one's duty whether public or private. Imagine how it would be if those who are put in charge of important tasks failed to be at their proper place at the appointed time. A man who is known to be habitually unpunctual is never trusted by his friends or fellow men. And the unpunctual man is a source of annoyance both to others and to himself.

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Work and Pleasure

To be really happy and really safe, one ought to have at least two or three hobbies, and they must all be real. It is no use starting late in life to say: ! I will take an interest in this or that. \$ Such an attempt only aggravates the strain of mental effort. A man may acquire great knowledge of topics unconnected with his daily work, and yet hardly get any benefit or relief. It is no use doing what you like; you have got to like what you do. Broadly speaking, human being may be divided into three classes: those who are toiled to death, those who are worried to death, and those who are bored to death. It is no use offering the manual laborer, tired out with a hard week's sweat and effort, the chance of playing a game of football or baseball on Saturday afternoon. It is no use inviting the politician or the professional or business man, who has been working or worrying about serious things for six days, to work or worry about trifling things at the weekend.

It may also be said that rational, industrious, useful human beings are divided into two classes: first, those whose work is work and whose pleasure is pleasure; and secondly, those whose work and pleasure are one. Of these the former are the majority. They have their compensations. The long hours in the office or the factory bring with them as their reward, not only the means of sustenance, but a keen appetite for pleasure even in its simplest and most modest forms. But Fortune's favored children belong to the second class. Their life is a natural harmony. For them the working hours are never long enough. Each day is a holiday, and ordinary holidays when they come are grudged as enforced interruptions in an absorbing vacation. Yet to both classes the need of an alternative outlook, of a change of atmosphere, of a diversion of effort, is essential. Indeed, it may well be that those whose work is their pleasure are those who most need the means of banishing it at intervals from their minds.

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Days of witchery, subtly sweet,
When every hill and tree finds heart,
When winter and spring like lovers meet
In the mist of noon and part -
In the April days.
Nights when the wood frogs faintly peep
Once - twice - and then are still,
And the woodpeckers martial voices sweep
Like bugle notes from hill to hill -
Through the pulseless haze.
Days when the soil is warm with rain,
And through the wood the shy wind steals,
Rich with the pine and the poplar smell,
And the joyous earth like a dancer reels -
Trough april days.

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The intimacy between man and Nature began with the birth of man on the earth, and becomes each century more intelligent and far-reaching. To Nature, therefore, we turn as to the oldest and most influential teacher of our race; from one point of view once our task-master, now our servant; from another point of view, our constant friend, instructor and inspirer. The very intimacy of this relation robs it of a certain mystery and richness which it would have for all minds if it were the reward of the few instead of being the privilege of the many. To the few it is, in every age, full of wonder and beauty; to the many it is a matter of course.

The heavens shine for all, but they have a changing splendor to those only who see in every midnight sky a majesty of creative energy and resource which no repetition of the spectacle can dim. If the stars shone but once in a thousand years, men would gaze, awe-struck and worshipful, on a vision which is not less but more wonderful because it shines nightly above the whole earth. In like manner, and for the same reason, we become indifferent to that delicately beautiful or sublimely impressive sky scenery which the clouds form and reform, compose and dissipate, a thousand times on a summer day. The mystery, the terror, and the music of the sea; the secret and subduing charm of the woods, so full of healing for the spent mind or the restless spirit; the majesty of the hills, holding in their recesses the secrets of light and atmosphere; the infinite variety of landscape, never imitative or repetitious, but always appealing to the imagination with some fresh and unsuspected loveliness; who feels the full power of these marvelous resources for the enrichment of life, or takes from them all the health, delight, and enrichment they have to bestow?

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! Who moved my cheese? is a story about change that takes place in a Maze where four amusing characters look for ! Cheese. Cheese being a metaphor for what we want to have in life, whether it is a job, a relationship, money, a big house, freedom, health, recognition, spiritual peace, or even an activity like jogging or golf. Each of us has our own idea of what Cheese is, and we pursue it because we believe it can make us happy. If we get it, we often become attached to it. And if we lose it, or it is taken away, it can be traumatic. The ! Maze in the story represents where you spend time looking for what you want. It can be the organization you work in, the community you live in, or the relationships you have in your life. In the story you will see that the two mice do better when they are faced with change because they keep things simple, while the two little people's complex brains and human emotions complicate things. It is not that mice are smarter. We all know people are more intelligent than mice. However, as you watch what the four characters do, and realize both the mice and the little people represent parts of ourselves, the simple and the complex, you can see it would be to our advantage to do the simple things that work when things change.

The Story of WHO MOVED MY CHEESE? (Extracted)

Having cheese makes you happy. The more important your cheese is to you, the more you want to hold on to it. If you do not change you can become extinct. What would you do if you weren't afraid? Smell the cheese often so you know when it is getting old. Movement in a new direction helps you find new cheese. When you move beyond your fear, you feel free. Imagining myself enjoying new cheese, even before I find it, leads me to find it. The quicker you let go of old cheese, the sooner you find new cheese. It is safer to search in the Maze than remain in a cheeseless situation. Old beliefs do not lead you to new cheese. When you see that you can find and enjoy new cheese you can change course. Noticing small changes early helps you to adapt to the bigger changes that are to come.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL:

Change Happens - They keep moving the cheese. Anticipate Change - Get ready for the cheese to move. Monitor Change - Smell the cheese so you know when it is getting old. Adapt To Change Quickly - The quicker you let go of old cheese, the sooner you can enjoy new cheese. Change - Move with the cheese. Enjoy Change - Savor the adventure and enjoy the taste of new cheese. Be ready to change quickly and enjoy it again. They keep moving the cheese. Move With The Cheese And Enjoy It!

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"I was sure that I was to be killed. I became terribly nervous. I fumbled in my pockets to see if there were any cigarettes, which had escaped their search. I found one and because of my shaking hands, I could barely get it to my lips. But I had no matches, they had taken those. "I looked through the bars at my jailer. He did not make eye contact with me. I called out to him "Have you got a light? He looked at me, shrugged [3] and came over to light my cigarette. "As he came close and lit the match, his eyes inadvertently locked with mine. At that moment, I smiled. I don't know why I did that. Perhaps it was nervousness, perhaps it was because, when you get very close, one to another, it is very hard not to smile. In any case, I smiled. In that instant, it was as though a spark jumped across the gap between our two hearts, our two human souls. I know he didn't want to, but my smile leaped through the bars and generated a smile on his lips, too. He lit my cigarette but stayed near, looking at me directly in the eyes and continuing to smile.

"I kept smiling at him, now aware of him as a person and not just a jailer. And his looking at me seemed to have a new dimension too. "Do you have kids?" he asked. "Yes, here, here. I took out my wallet and nervously fumbled for the pictures of my family. He, too, took out the pictures of his family and began to talk about his plans and hopes for them. My eyes filled with tears. I said that I feared that I'd never see my family again, never have the chance to see them grow up. Tears came to his eyes, too. "Suddenly, without another word, he unlocked my cell and silently led me out. Out of the jail, quietly and by back routes, out of the town. There, at the edge of town, he released me. And without another word, he turned back toward the town.

"My life was saved by a smile." Yes, the smile—the unaffected, unplanned, natural connection between people. I really believe that if that part of you and that part of me could recognize each other, we wouldn't be enemies. We couldn't have hate or envy or fear.

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Among the more curious questions that can be asked about love is this, when one feels romantic love, does he feel it in breaks with interruptions or changes, or does he feel it continuously without interruption or change? Poetry and song seduce one into thinking love continues without interruption. ! Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, \$ wrote Shakespeare in one of his famous sonnets, ! love is an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken. \$ he continued. And (Elizabeth Berra Browning) wrote of her constancy to her husband Robert, in such lines is this, "what I do and what I dream include he." Some of the greatest operas also praise the ever-lasting love by some heroes and heroines dying for it.

In reality, love probably goes on with breaks and interruptions. First, it is difficult to suppose that one can experience anything continuously. Sleep interrupts wakefulness, and sleep itself is interrupted by dreams and nightmares. The feeling one has for his lover during wakefulness may be (blooded out) or intensified by sleep, in either case, the feeling changes. When one is awake, he cannot fix his eyes or his attention constantly on a single object, he must blink if nothing else. More likely, he will look to something else for variety or (from necessity). His mind may turn to the stock market, or he may become fascinated by the operation of a pile driver on his way to work. His focus for much of his day is on work, as he closes the door to his office, his thought may turn to his love, but sitting at his desk, his eyes fix on the print and figures there.

Pain and pleasure, either one (can distract) a love from concentrating on his love. Pain cause everything to itself, one can forget one's love for a period even over a (stubbed toe). The pleasure of too much food or drink can be totally absorbing. The pleasure, even of one's lover, may become boring periodically. Often the greatest distraction is oneself. As times, the preoccupation with ! self\$, the worry over ! self\$, the development of ! self\$, the delight in ! self\$ admit no other thought. Lovely as love might be, one can neither live nor love continuously. At best, a lover can only echo the words of the poet, (Ernest Dpwsn), and say ! I have been faithful to the in-mind fashion. \$

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Hope is the thing with feathers

That perches in the soul,

And sings the tune without the words,

And never stops at all.

The sweetest in the gale is heard;

And sore must be the storm

That could abash the little bird

That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land,

And on the strangest sea;

Yet, never, in extremity,

It asked a crumb of me.

Sometimes people come into your life and you know right away that they were meant to be there, to serve some sort of purpose, teach you a lesson, or to help you figure out who you are or who you want to become. You never know who these people may be (possibly your roommate, neighbor, coworker, long lost friend, lover, or even a complete stranger), but when you lock eyes with them, you know at that very moment they will affect your life in some profound way.

And sometimes things happen to you that may seem horrible, painful, and unfair at first, but in reflection you find that without overcoming those obstacles you would have never realized your potential, strength, willpower, or heart.

Everything happens for a reason.

Nothing happens by chance or by means of good luck.

Illness, injury, love, lost moments of true greatness, and sheer stupidity all occur to test the limits of your soul. Without these small tests, whatever they may be, life would be like a smoothy paved, straight, flat road to nowhere. It would be safe and comfortable, but dull and utterly pointless.

The people you meet who affect your life, and the success and downfalls you experience, help to create who you are and who you become.

Even the bad experiences can be learned from.

In fact, they are probably the most poignant and important ones.

If someone hurts you, betrays you, or breaks your heart, forgive them, for they have helped you learn about trust and the importance of being cautious when you open your heart.

If someone loves you, love them back unconditionally, not only because they love you, but because in a way, they are teaching you to love and how to open your heart and eyes to things.

Make every day count.

Appreciate every moment and take from those moments everything that you possibly can for you may never be able to experience it again.

Talk to people that you have never talked to before, and actually listen.

Let yourself fall in love,break free,and set your sights high.

Hold your head up because you have every right to.

Tell yourself you are a great individual and believe in yourself,for if you don t believe in yourself,it will be hard for others to believe in you.

You can make of your life anything you wish.

Create your own life and then go out and live it with absolutely no regrets.

Most importantly,if you LOVE someone,tell him or her,for you never know what tomorrow may have in store.

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Night has fallen over the country. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them; and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass.

I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes I know not if it be the wind or the sound of the neighboring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone.

How different it is in the city! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night as if you folded her garments about you. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges, and floats away with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace.

The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by with grotesque shadows, now foreshortened, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him revolving like the sail of a windmill. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices; a tumult; a drunken brawl; an alarm of fire; then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night.

The belated moon looks over the rooftops and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of the streets angular like blocks of white marble.

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Ladys First

For a long period before the 1960s, women were considered to be the weaker sex, just as Shakespeare said in Hamlet: ! Frailty, thy name is women. \$ In contrast, men were regarded the stronger and the dominant sex. In this light man should undertake the duty to adopt a protective attitude toward the so-called weaker sex. This implied that men should help women on and off with their coats, light their cigarettes, open the doors for them to get on and off the wagon, train, bus, etc. Or to enter the houses.

Have you ever seen the movie ! Titanic\$? Well, when the ship was sinking, it was the women who had the right to get on the lifeboats first, just because men had the responsibility for taking care of and protecting women! This could lead to the conclusion that the custom ! Lady First\$ was developed out of respect in appearance, but in fact it was kind of looking down upon women in nature.

In the 1960s, women began to challenge this tradition. Just as one lady put it, ! Historically, men should walk on the outside of the pavement so as to prevent the lady's dress from being spoiled by mud splashed by a carriage. Today a man is supposed to walk on the outside side. A man should walk where he wants to. So should a woman. If out of love and respect, he actually wants to take the blows, he should walk on the inside, because that's where muggers are hiding these days. \$ This shows that to treat a woman as inferior just because she is a female is not only insulting but also out of step with contemporary American culture. Women may go to the restaurants Dutch treat. They may refuse such words as chairman, businessmen, policeman. Instead they prefer chairperson, businessperson, police or cop just to show that they are equal in every respect with males!

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If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I thought like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

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Now as to the matter of lying. You want to be very careful about lying, otherwise you are nearly sure to get caught, once caught, you can never again be, in the eyes of the pure and the good, what you were before. Many a young person has injured himself permanently through a single clumsy and ill-finished lie, the result of carelessness born of incomplete training. Some authorities hold that the young ought not to lie at all. That, of course, is putting it rather stronger than necessary. Still, while I can't go quite so far as that, I do maintain, and I believe I am right, that the young ought to be temperate in the use of this great art until practice and experience shall give them that confidence, elegance, precision which alone make the accomplishment graceful and profitable. Patience, diligence, painstaking attention to detail - these are the requirements. These, in time, will make the student perfect. Upon these, and upon these only, may he rely as the sure foundation for future eminence.

Think what tedious years of study, thought, practice, and experience, went to the equipment of the peerless old master who was able to impose upon the whole world with the lofty and sounding maxim that "Truth is mighty and will prevail." - The most majestic compound feature of fact which any of woman born has yet achieved.

For the history of our race and every individual's experience, are sown thick with evidence that a truth is not hard to kill and that a lie told well is immortal. There is in Boston a monument of the man who discovered the anesthesia. Many people are aware, in these later days, that he didn't discover it at all, but stole the discovery from another man. Is the truth mighty, and will it prevail? No, My hearers, the monument is made of hard materials, but the lie it tells will outlast a million years. An awkward, feeble, leaky lie is a thing which you ought to make it your unceasing study to avoid. Why, you might as well tell the truth at once and be done with it.

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My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe

My heart's in the highlands wherever i go.

Farewell to the highlands, farewell to the north!

The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;

Wherever i wander, wherever I rove,

The hills of the highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the highlands, a-chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe

My heart's in the highlands wherever I go.

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It is well that young men should begin at the beginning and occupy the most subordinate positions. Many of the leading businessmen of Pittsburgh had a serious responsibility thrust upon them at the very threshold of their career. They were introduced to the broom, and spent the first hours of their business lives sweeping out the office. I notice we have janitors and janitresses now in offices, and our young men unfortunately miss that salutary branch of business education. But if by chance the professional sweeper is absent any morning, the boy who has the genius of the future partner in him will not hesitate to try his hand at the broom. The other day a fond fashionable mother in Michigan asked a young man whether he had ever seen a young lady sweep in a room so grandly as her Priscilla. He said no, he never had, and the mother was gratified beyond measure, but then he said, after a pause, ! What I should like to see her do is sweep out a room. \$ It does not hurt the newest comer to sweep out the office if necessary. I was one of those sweepers myself.

Assuming that you have all obtained employment and are fairly started, my advice to you is ! aim high\$. I would not give a fig for the young man who does not already see himself the partner or the head of an important firm. Do not rest content for a moment in your thoughts as head clerk, or foreman, or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say to yourself, ! My place is at the top. \$ Be king in your dreams.

And here is the prime condition of success, the great secret: concentrate your energy, thought, and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it, adopt every improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it.

The concerns which fail are those which have scattered their capital, which means that they have scattered their brains also. They have investments in this, or that, or the other, here there, and everywhere. ! Don't put all your eggs in one basket. \$ is all wrong. I tell you to ! put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket. \$ Look round you and take notice, men who do that not often fail. It is easy to watch and carry the one basket. It is trying to carry too many baskets that breaks most eggs in this country. He who carries three baskets must put one on his head, which is apt to tumble and trip him up. One fault of the American businessman is lack of concentration.

To summarize what I have said: aim for the highest; never enter a bar room; do not touch liquor, or if at all only at meals; never speculate; never indorse beyond your surplus cash fund; make the firm s interest yours; break orders always to save owners; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket, and watch that basket; expenditure always within revenue; lastly, be not impatient, for as Emerson says, ! no one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves. \$

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Much meaning can be conveyed, clearly, with our eyes, so it is often said that eyes can speak.

Do you have such kind of experience? In a bus you may look at stranger, but not too long. And if he is sensing that he is being stared at, he may feel uncomfortable.

The same in daily life. If you are looked at for more than necessary, you will look at yourself up and down, to see if there is anything wrong with you. If nothing goes wrong, you will feel angry toward other s stare with you that way. Eyes do speak, right?

Looking too long at someone may seem to be rude and aggressive. But things are different when it comes to stare at the opposite sex. If a man glances at a woman for more than 10 seconds and refuses to avert his gaze, his intentions are obvious, that is, he wishes to attract her attention, to make her understand that he is admiring her.

However, the normal eye contact for two people engaged in conversation is that the speaker will only look at the listener from time to time, in order to make sure that the listener does pay attention to what the former is speaking, As for the listener, he will, to a certain extent, look continuously at the speaker to tell him that he is attentive.

If a speaker looks at you continuously when speaking, as if he tries to dominate you, you will feel disconcerted. A poor liar usually exposes himself by looking too long at the victim, since he believes in the false idea that to look straight in the eye is a sign of honest communication. Quite the contrary.

In fact, continuous eye contact is confined to lovers only, who will enjoy looking at each other tenderly for a long time, to show affection that words cannot express.

Evidently, eye contact should be done according to the relationship between two people and the specific situation.

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Tucked away in our subconsciousness is an idyllic vision. We see ourselves on a long trip that spans the continent. We are travelling by train. Out the windows, we drink in the passing scene of cars on nearby highways, of children waving on a crossing, of cattle grazing on a distant hillside, of smoke pouring from a power plant, of row upon row of corn and wheat, of flatlands and valleys, of mountains and rolling hillsides, of city skylines and village halls.

But the uppermost in our minds is the final destination. On a certain day at a certain hour, we will pull into the station. Bands will be playing and flags waving. Once we reach there, so many wonderful dreams will come true and the pieces of our lives will be fit together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. How restlessly we pace the aisles, damning the minutes loitering, waiting, waiting, waiting for the station.

"When we reach the station, that will be it", we cry. "When I'm 18", "When I buy a new 450SL Mercedes Benz", "When I put my last kid through collage", "When I have paid off the mortgage", "When I get a promotion", "When I reach the age of the retirement, I shall live happily ever after."

Sooner or later, we must realize that there is no station, no one place to arrive at once and for all. The true joy of life is the trip. The station is only a dream. It constantly outdistances us.

"Relish the moment" is a good motto, especially when coupled with the Psalm 118:24: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." It isn't the burdens of today that drive men mad. It is the regrets over yesterday and the fear of tomorrow. Regret and fear are twin thieves who rob us of today.

So stop pacing the aisles and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more icecreams, go barefoot more often, swim more rivers, watch more sunsets, laugh more and cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. Then the station will come soon enough.

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It is curious that our own offenses should seem so much less heinous than the offenses of others. I suppose the reason is that we know all the circumstances that have occasioned them and so manage to excuse in ourselves what we cannot excuse in others. We turn our attention away from our own defects, and when we are forced by untoward events to consider them, find it easy to condone them. For all I know we are right to do this; they are part of us and we must accept the good and bad in ourselves together.

But when we come to judge others, it is not by ourselves as we really are that we judge them, but by an image that we have formed of ourselves from which we have left out everything that offends our vanity or would discredit us in the eyes of the world. To take a trivial instance: how scornful we are when we catch someone out telling a lie; but who can say that he has never told not one, but a hundred?

There is not much to choose between men. They are all a hotchpotch of greatness and littleness, of virtue and vice, of nobility and baseness. Some have more strength of character, or more opportunity, and so in one direction or another give their instincts freer play, but potentially they are the same. For my part, I do not think I am any better or any worse than most people, but I know that if I set down every action in my life and every thought that has crossed my mind, the world would consider me a monster of depravity. The knowledge that these reveries are common to all men should inspire one with tolerance to oneself as well as to others. It is well also if they enable us to look upon our fellows, even the most eminent and respectable, with humor, and if they lead us to take ourselves not too seriously.

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They are the principles on which my wife and I have tried to bring up our family .They are the principles in which my father believed and by which he governed his life .They are the principles,many of them ,which I learned at my mother's knee.

They point the way to usefulness and happiness in life, to courage and peace in death.

If they mean to you what they mean to me, they may perhaps be helpful also to our sons for their guidance and inspiration.

Let me state them:

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life ,liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility;every opportunity ,an obligation ;every possession,a duty.

I believe that the law was made for the man and not man for the law;that government is the servant of people and not their master.

I believe in the dignity of the labor,whether with head or hand;that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe that thrift is essential to wellordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure,whether in government,business or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise,that a man's word should be as good as his bond,the character--not wealth or power or position--is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God,named by whatever name,and that the individual's highest fulfillment,greatest happiness and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

There are the principles, however formulated, for which all good men and women throughout the world, irrespective of race or creed, education, social position or occupation, are standing, and for which many of them are suffering and dying.

These are the principles upon which alone a new world recognizing the brotherhood of man the fatherhood of God can be established.

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People in the United States honor their parents with two special days: Mother's Day, on the second Sunday in May, and Father's Day, on the third Sunday in June.

Mother's Day was proclaimed a day for national observance by President Woodrow Wilson in 1915. Ann Jarvis from Grafton, West Virginia, had started the idea to have a day to honor mothers. She was the one who chose the second Sunday in May and also began the custom of wearing a carnation.

In 1909, Mrs. Dodd from Spokane, Washington, thought of the idea of a day to honor fathers. She wanted to honor her own father, William Smart. After her mother died, he had the responsibility of raising a family of five sons and a daughter. In 1910, the first Father's Day was observed in Spokane. Senator Margaret Chase Smith helped to establish Father's Day as a national commemorative day, in 1972.

These days are set aside to show love and respect for parents. They raise their children and educate them to be responsible citizens. They give love and care.

These two special days are celebrated in many different ways. On Mother's Day people wear carnations. A red one symbolizes a living mother. A white one shows that the mother is dead. Many people attend religious services to honor parents. It is also a day when people whose parents are dead visit the cemetery. On these days families get together at home, as well as in restaurants. They often have outdoor barbecues for Father's Day. These are days of fun and good feelings and memories.

Another tradition is to give cards and gifts. Children make them in school. Many people make their own presents. These are valued more than the ones bought in stores. It is not the value of the gift that is important, but it is "the thought that counts". Greeting card stores, florists, candy makers, bakeries, telephone companies, and other stores do a lot of business during these holidays.

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A most curious and useful thing to realize is that one never knows the impression one is creating on other people. One may often guess pretty accurately whether it is good, bad, or indifferent & some people render it unnecessary for one to guess, they practically inform one & but that is not what I mean. I mean much more than that. I mean that one has one's self no mental picture corresponding to the mental picture which one's personality leaves in the minds of one's friends. Has it ever struck you that there is a mysterious individual going around, walking the streets, calling at houses for tea, chatting, laughing, grumbling, arguing, and that all your friends know him and have long since added him up and come to a definite conclusion about him & without saying more than a chance, cautious word to you; and that that person is you? Supposing that you came into a drawing room where you were having tea, do you think you would recognize yourself as an individuality? I think not. You would be apt to say to yourself as guests do when disturbed in drawing rooms by other guests: ! Who's this chap? See ms rather queer. I hope he won't be a bore. \$ And your first telling would be slightly hostile. Why, even when you meet yourself in an unsuspected mirror in the very clothes that you have put on that very day and that you know by heart, you are almost always shocked by the realization that you are you. And now and then, when you have gone to the glass to arrange your hair in the full sobriety of early morning, have you not looked on an absolute stranger, and has not that stranger piqued your curiosity? And if it is thus with precise external details of form, colour, and movement, what may it not be with the vague complex effect of the mental and moral individuality?

A man honestly tries to make a good impression. What is the result? The result merely is that his friends, in the privacy of their minds, set him down as a man who tries to make a good impression. If much depends on the result of a single interview, or a couple of interviews, a man may conceivably force another to accept an impression of himself which he would like to convey. But if the receiver of the impression is to have time at his disposal, then the giver of the impression may just as well sit down and put his hands in his pockets, for nothing that he can do will modify or influence in any way the impression that he will ultimately give. The real impress is, in the end, given unconsciously, not consciously; and further, it is received unconsciously, not consciously. It depends partly on both persons. And it is immutably fixed beforehand. There can be no final deception

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If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give away to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and toss
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will, which says to them: ! hold on!\$

If you can talk with crows and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds worth of distance run

Yours is the Earth and everything that s in it,

And which is more you ll be a Man, my son!

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Simplicity is an uprightness of soul that has no reference to self; it is different from sincerity, and it is a still higher virtue. We see many people who are sincere, without being simple; they only wish to pass for what they are, and they are unwilling to appear what they are not; they are always thinking of themselves, measuring their words, and recalling their thoughts, and reviewing their actions, from the fear that they have done too much or too little. These persons are sincere, but they are not simple; they are not at ease with others, and others are not at ease with them; they are not free, ingenuous, natural; we prefer people who are less correct, less perfect, and who are less artificial. This is the decision of man, and it is the judgment of God, who would not have us so occupied with ourselves, and thus, as it were, always arranging our features in a mirror.

To be wholly occupied with others, never to look within, is the state of blindness of those who are entirely engrossed by what is present and addressed to their senses; this is the very reverse of simplicity. To be absorbed in self in whatever engages us, whether we are laboring for our fellow beings or for God—to be wise in our own eyes reserved, and full of ourselves, troubled at the least thing that disturbs our self-complacency, is the opposite extreme. This is false wisdom, which, with all its glory, is but little less absurd than that folly, which pursues only pleasure. The one is intoxicated with all it sees around it; the other with all that it imagines it has within; but it is delirium in both. To be absorbed in the contemplation of our own minds is really worse than to be engrossed by outward things, because it appears like wisdom and yet is not, we do not think of curing it, we pride ourselves upon it, we prove of it, it gives us an unnatural strength, it is a sort of frenzy, we are not conscious of it, we are dying, and we think ourselves in health.

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too composed. The soul is not carried away by outward things, so that it cannot make all necessary reflections; neither does it make those continual references to self, that a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul, which looks straight onward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to contemplate those that it has already taken, is true simplicity.

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To son, Cecil,

Just a quick note preface before I start in earnest. When I wrote this you were 8, still a little boy. In 2002, I was called to active duty in the Marine Corps in the War on Terrorism. On the 11th of September 2001 when America was attacked, I knew that I would eventually have to go and I was filled with a deep sense of sadness. That night as you and Keiko were asleep, I looked at your little faces and couldn't help but fight the tears. I knew it would be hard for you because I had a similar experience. When I was a little boy aged 6, my Dad, your Grandpa Cawley, was sent to Vietnam during the War there. I remember how much I missed him, too. But now unfortunately I have come to realise just how rough it must have been for Grandpa to be away from his children for a year. Thinking about this, I wanted to put my thoughts and feelings down for you and your sister. I am so sorry that I had to leave for such a long time. There is no place I would rather be than with you and Keiko. You two are the lights of my life. I have known no greater joy than in the few years since you two were born. I hope to have many more years with you. If this doesn't happen, then know that I love you more than words can express. If for some reason I don't make it home, I will need you to take care of your little sister and your Mom. You will be the Man of the Cawley family. Be good my son and God will watch over you as he has me. I will be waiting impatiently for the time when we can all be together again.

All my love, Dad

(Two days after Cawley's death, his last letter arrived at his family's home in Utah. Written on the packaging of an MRE Meal Ready to Eat, the US military's frontline ration it consisted of a message in Japanese to his wife and his final words to his children.)

Dear Cecil and Keiko,

Hi little guys. How are you? Daddy is fine. I miss you. Send me a letter okay. It will make me very happy. I am proud of you. You are such good kids. I will see you again.

Love, Daddy -

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In America, courtroom proceedings are generally open to the public and can, within strict guidelines, be reported on in newspapers and on radio and television. We use the word ! allegation\$ and its verb form ! allege\$ to indicate that charges brought against a person have not been proven. Cameras are also generally barred from courtrooms to protect the identities of the jurors, unless special permission is given by the judge. A jury, by the way, consists of from six to twelve ordinary citizens who are chosen by lottery to hear a case and decide, under instructions from the judge, on whether the persons being tried are guilty or innocent. In some cases which attract widespread public interest, permission is given to televise the proceedings if and only if the television cameras never photograph the members of the jury.

An exception to the rule of open proceedings are the proceedings of a Grand Jury. Grand Jury proceedings are always secret. In this instance, a jury is convened not to judge a defendant guilty or not guilty but to decide if sufficient evidence is on hand to bring charges against someone and begin a public trial. The secrecy of the grand jury proceedings is considered necessary to protect the integrity of the testimony and the evidence which may be brought forward later in a public trial. The secrecy prevents any future jury members from having formed an opinion about the case before the facts are known; and it protects the reputations of people who may have been wrongfully or unnecessarily accused of a crime. The fundamental rule of American legal practice is that a person accused of a crime is innocent until proven guilty. The people accusing or prosecuting the defendant must prove through facts and testimony that the person is guilty ! beyond a reasonable doubt. \$

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The lack of opportunity is ever the excuse of a weak, vacillating mind. Opportunities! Every life is full of them. Every lesson in school or college is an opportunity. Every examination is a chance in life. Every business transaction is an opportunity-an opportunity to be polite, an opportunity to be manly, an opportunity to be honest, an opportunity to make friends. Every proof of confidence in you is a great opportunity. Every responsibility thrust upon your strength and your honor is priceless. Existence is the privilege of effort, and when that privilege is met like a man, opportunities to succeed along the line of your aptitude will come faster than you can use them.

Young men and women, why do you stand here all the day idle? Was the land all occupied before you were born? Has the earth ceased to yield its increase? Are the seats all taken? The positions all filled? the chances all gone? are the resources of your country fully developed? Are the secrets of nature all mastered? Is there no way in which you can utilize these passing moments to improve yourself or benefit another? Don't wait for your opportunity. Make it, make it as Napoleon made his in a hundred "impossible" situations. Make it, as all leaders of men, in war and in peace, have made their chances of success. Make it, as every man must, who would accomplish anything worth the effort. Golden opportunities are nothing to laziness, but industry makes the commonest chances golden.

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(41)ÑÒÓ

I wander d lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host , of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky way,
They stretch d in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gaze ãand gazed ãbut little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

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(42)Ô ÕÖ

I was up the next morning before the October sunrise, and away through the wild and the woodland. The rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light, he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of gray mountain and wavering length of upland. Beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped and crept to the hollow places, then stole away in line and column, holding skirts and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners where rock hung over grass-land, while the brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond other gliding.

The woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with a depth of awe, and memory of the tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was upon them, as they owned already, touched with gold and red and olive, and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father. Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene they lit on, and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming, "God is here!" Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower and bud and bird had a fluttering sense of them, and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence. So, perhaps, shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill and valley, nor great unvintaged ocean; when glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory; but all things shall arise, and shine in the light of the Father's countenance, because itself is risen.

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The art of living is to know when to hold fast and when to let go. For life is a paradox: it enjoins us to cling to its many gifts even while it ordains their eventual relinquishment. The rabbis of old put it this way: ! A man comes to this world with his fist clenched, but when he dies, his hand is open. \$ Surely we ought to hold fast to life, for it is wondrous, and full of a beauty that breaks through every pore of God's own earth. We know that this is so, but all too often we recognize this truth only in our backward glance when we remember what was and then suddenly realize that it is no more. We remember a beauty that faded, a love that waned. But we remember with far greater pain that we did not see that beauty when it flowered, that we failed to respond with love when it was tendered.

A recent experience re-taught me this truth. I was hospitalized following a severe heart attack and had been in intensive care for several days. It was not a pleasant place. One morning, I had to have some additional tests. The required machines were located in a building at the opposite end of the hospital, so I had to be wheeled across the courtyard on a gurney. As we emerged from our unit, the sunlight hit me. That's all there was to my experience. Just the light of the sun. And yet how beautiful it was! How warming, how sparking, how brilliant! I looked to see whether anyone else relished the sun's golden glow, but everyone was hurrying to and fro most with eyes fixed on the ground. Then I remembered how often I, too, had been indifferent to the grandeur of each day, too preoccupied with petty and sometimes even mean concerns to respond from that experience is really as commonplace as was the experience itself: life's gifts are precious but we are too heedless of them.

Here then is the first pole of life's paradoxical demands on us: never too busy for the wonder and the awe of life. Be reverent before each dawning day. Embrace each hour. Seize each golden minute. Hold fast to life, but not so fast that you cannot let go. This is the second side of life's coin, the opposite pole of its paradox: We must accept our losses, and learn how to let go. This is not an easy lesson to learn, especially when we are young and think that the world is ours to command, that whatever we desire with the full force of our passionate being can nay will be ours. But then life moves along to confront with realities, and slowly but surely this truth dawns upon us. At every stage of life we sustain losses and grow in the process.

We begin our independent lives only when we emerge from the womb and lose its protective shelter. We enter a progression of schools, then we leave our mothers and fathers and our childhood homes. We get married and have children and then

have to let them go. We confront the death of our parents and our spouses. We face the gradual or not so gradual waning of our strength. And ultimately, as the parable of the open and closed hand suggests, we must confront the inevitability of our own demise losing ourselves as it were, all that we were or dreamed to be.

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I look around me and the room has changed imperceptibly and overtly. There are elephants on thin legs lining the walls, the people around me have become giant insects, my watch melts and slowly drips from my wrist. A Dalinian dream? A Kafkaesque nightmare? The breeze of surrealism blows through my hair; an existential whirlwind captures my imagination.

In the images of these two great creators, I see reflections of beautiful and insatiable imaginations, completely undisciplined, unbounded; yet full of the magic and power of the artists' visions. These images are not as true as photographs, but they are a hundred times more honest. I, too, often find myself misrepresenting the world. In the midst of a truly dreary lecture I sometimes force wakefulness upon myself by images of what I am learning, and instead of seeing my teacher carrying on about the military campaigns of the Civil War, I see muskets blazing against raised flags.

More often, I see my life as an adventure; romanticized, idealized, exhilarating. Instead of seeing a boring test of memory, I see a test of will; instead of a debate, I see a battle of wits; instead of seeing the photographic image of life, I see the existential and intoxicating war of man against Fate itself. In these images I am sometimes challenged by faceless opponents, sometimes I am climbing a mountain. Perhaps I am fighting a bull or jumping on rooftops.

At times I question the benefits of reinventing the world to suit my fancy. It is true, of course, that everyone does this. Even the strictest of thinkers cannot avoid letting their own vision of the world show through in their works. Dali and Kafka are not exceptions, they are extremes. Why are we all so eager to get away from reality? I find that I, like many others, often don't seem to fully belong. But of course I do belong, this is my world as much as anyone else's. I try to solve this contradiction between the perceived and the real by altering the world ever so slightly: a horse drawn carriage instead of a car, a prize winning essay rather than another homework assignment so that it finds its place around me.

A simple solution indeed. We do not change ourselves to fit the world, but change the world to fit within us. A simple act of wish fulfillment, and all is done. And, of course, to melt a watch with the mind is far better than to enslave the intellect within the watch like a genie in a bottle. Freedom to think requires only so little, and to adjust the world to one's thought is ever more noble than adjusting thought to the world.

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Research in the field of language indicates that there are many things you can do to become a successful learner. Curiosity about language and culture, daily study, and the commitment to use English in every possible situation while in an English-speaking environment, are very important conditions for success.

1. Be clear and realistic about your goals. Your sense of success will depend on your needs for English and whether or not you meet your needs. It is not just a question of measured progress. If you need conversational fluency, note-taking skills will not meet your needs. If you must learn to write effective business letters, informal conversation with current slang will not help you achieve your goal.

Know what your goals are. Do you need English for occasional speaking situations, for travel or entertaining English-speaking visitors? Do you want to improve comprehension in both written and spoken English? Do you need to write English for professional purpose? Are you preparing for a university career in English? If so, your goals must include proficiency in all skill areas.

Learning a foreign language is an inexact process. Very few people learn to use a foreign language as well as a native speaker does. Fortunately, very few people need to learn English like a native English speaker in every skill area. Be realistic and aware of your goals. There are many reasons to learn English, and your reasons are your own goals.

2. Be realistic about the length of time it takes to learn a language. Programs which promise overnight success are simply not being honest. Language learning is a cumulative process. You will experience bursts of accomplishment as well as blocks and delays in progress. You will notice improvement at different speeds in each skill area. Many students progress more quickly in passive skills (reading and grammar analysis) than in active and complex skills (speaking, note-taking during a lecture). If you are beginning level student whose goal is proficiency, a typical program may include at least nine months of intensive English study. If your study program is short-term and your goals include improvement and review rather than proficiency you may realise some progress in two or more weeks.

3. Be aware of your learning style. If you know that you learn more quickly when you listen to an English statement a few times before writing it, or if you know that seeing a picture or graphic representation of a word or expression helps you to remember the word, then develop study habits which use the most

effective techniques for you. Excellent instructors who know that students must be involved in active learning will create active learning experiences to connect you with the language.

4. Learn something about ! language learning\$. Remember that language is a complex system of meaningful sounds organised with a series of rules (grammar). Every student has to study enough pronunciation, grammar and sentence structure to understand this! It is also true that language is a form of behaviour involving the human need to communicate and to be understood. Language learning involves motivation, emotion, a sense of self, and a set of cultural beliefs. Language is much more than sound and words and grammar. As you learn a new language, you will produce a ! series of successive approximations\$, meaning that each attempt at a new language will bring you closer to effective communication. Language learning requires that you make mistakes. Do not be afraid of a language or afraid of making errors. Develop an ability to relax; ! playing\$ with a new language is an important part of learning.

5. Take responsibility for your own learning. A good instructor is half the equation for successful language learning. Take charge of your learning; participate actively in your program. Look for opportunities to use your new language in any of many new environments. Be willing to make mistakes and learn from these mistakes. Focus on your goals, your study habits, and your willingness to ! learn to learn\$. Enjoy the process! Find inside yourself the reasons you want to learn, and determine ways to evaluate your success for yourself.

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When A. G. Bell first invented the telephone, it was a communication tool. Little did he know that he had created an object of emotional significance.

You know those cute toy telephones with colorful push buttons that make happy noises. Those plastic imitations are supposed to let little Junior copy parental behavior, but little Junior wants the real thing. He wants to hold, bang, push, chew on and talk into the real telephone. You cannot simply buy him off with a little baby toy.

Then little Junior grows up. He is busy, successful and important. Or at least he hopes to appear so. What better way to feel like a top man than to close a business deal over his cell phone while grabbing his morning cup of Espresso at Starbucks.

There is also that fashionable lady at the cafe. Her little cell phone in its designer jacket has beeped at least three times, signaling her popularity.

Each time, she seemed to enjoy an intimate conversation spiced with little private jokes while you waited in vain for that cellular beep to announce to the world your importance.

Admittedly, not everyone declares social status or personal popularity through the telephone. For many, telephones are practical tools for accessing family, friends and business associates. There are also a few like me who dread the phone.

In my youth, I had believed that the more calls I received, the more important and popular I was. Now older, busier and hopefully wiser, there is nothing I detest more than telephone calls. I had beautiful dreams shattered by the shrill summons of the phone, hard-earned coffee breaks dissolved by friendly but unwanted interruptions and even urgent bathroom runs painfully delayed. Having been haunted and hounded by the telephone for many years, I can now ignore its insistent jangle.

In fact, I can even with a clear conscience flick the receiver off its hook and slip into blissful dreamland.

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If you change your mind - from pessimism to optimism - you can change your life. Do you see the glass as half-full rather than half empty? Do you keep your eye upon the doughnut, or upon the hole? Suddenly these clichés are scientific questions, as researchers scrutinize the power of positive thinking. Research is proving that optimism can help you to be happier, healthier and more successful. Pessimism leads, by contrast, to hopelessness, sickness and failure, and is linked to depression, loneliness and painful shyness. If we could teach people to think more positively, it would be like inoculating them against these mental ills.

Your habits count but the belief that you can succeed affects whether or not you will. In part, that's because optimists and pessimists deal with the same challenges and disappointments in very different ways. When things go wrong the pessimist tends to blame himself. "I'm not good at this." "I always fail." He would say. But the optimist looks for loopholes. Negative or positive, it was a self-fulfilling prophecy. If people feel hopeless they don't bother to acquire the skills they need to succeed.

A sense of control is the litmus test for success. The optimist feels in control of his own life. If things are going badly, he acts quickly, looking for solutions, forming a new plan of action, and reaching out for advice. The pessimist feels like fate's playing and moves slowly. He doesn't seek advice, since he assumes nothing can be done. Many studies suggest that the pessimist's feeling of helplessness undermines the body's natural defenses, the immune system. Research has found that the pessimist doesn't take good care of himself. Feeling passive and unable to dodge life's blows, he expects ill health and other misfortunes, no matter what he does. He munches on junk food, avoids exercise, ignores the doctor, has another drink.

Most people are a mix of optimism and pessimism, but are inclined in one direction or the other. It is a pattern of thinking learned at our mothers' knees. It grows out of thousands of cautions or encouragements, negative statements or positive ones. Too many "don't"s and warnings of danger can make a child feel incompetent, fearful and pessimistic. Pessimism is a hard habit to break - but it can be done.

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You've had a problem, you've thought about it till you were tired, forgotten it and perhaps slept on it, and then flash! When you weren't thinking about it suddenly the answer has come to you, as a gift from the gods.

Of course all ideas don't come like that, but the interesting thing is that so many do, particularly the most important ones. They burst into the mind, glowing with the heat of creation. How they do it is a mystery. Psychology does not yet understand even the ordinary processes of conscious thought, but the emergence of new ideas by a ! leap in thought\$ is particularly intriguing, because they must have come from somewhere. For the moment let us assume that they come from the ! unconscious\$. This is reasonable, for the psychologists use this term to describe mental processes which are unknown to the subject, and creative thought consists precisely in what was unknown becoming known.

It seems that all truly creative activity depends in some degree on these signals from the unconscious, and the more highly intuitive the person, the sharper and more dramatic the signals become.

But growth requires a seed, and the heart of the creative process lies in the production of the original fertile nucleus from which growth can proceed. This initial step in all creation consists in the establishment of a new unity from disparate elements, of order out of disorder, of shape from what was formless. The mind achieves this by the plastic reshaping, so as to form a new unit, of a selection of the separate elements derived from experience and stored in memory. Intuitions arise from richly unified experience.

This process of the establishment of new form must occur in pattern of nervous activity in the brain, lying below the threshold of consciousness, which interact and combine to form more comprehensive patterns. Experimental physiology has not yet identified this process, for its methods are as yet insufficiently refined, but it may be significant that a quarter of the total bodily consumption of energy during sleep goes to the brain, even when the sense organs are at rest, to maintain the activity of ten million brain cells. These cells, acting together as a single organ, achieve the miracle of the production of new patterns of thought. No calculating machine can do that, for such machines can ! only do what we know how to design them to do\$, and these formative brain processes obey laws which are still unknown.

Can any practical conclusions be drawn from the experience of genius? Is there an art of thought for the ordinary person? Certainly there is no single

road to success; in the world of the imagination each has to find his own way to use his own gift.

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Your Majesties, Members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, Excellencies,
Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is with a deep sense of gratitude that I accept this prize. I am grateful to my wife Rosalynn, to my colleagues at the Carter Center, and to many others who continue to seek an end to violence and suffering throughout the world.

Most Nobel laureates have carried out our work in safety, but there are others who have acted with great personal courage. None has provided more vivid reminders of the dangers of peacemaking than two of my friends, Anwar Sadat and Yitzhak Rabin, who gave their lives for the cause of peace in the Middle East.

Like these two heroes, my first chosen career was in the military, as a submarine officer. My shipmates and I realized that we had to be ready to fight if combat was forced upon us, and we were prepared to give our lives to defend our nation and its principles. At the same time, we always prayed fervently that our readiness would ensure that there would be no war.

Later, as President and as Commander in Chief of our armed forces, I was one of those who bore the sobering responsibility of maintaining global stability during the height of the Cold War, as the world's two superpowers confronted each other.

The world has changed greatly since I left the White House. Now there is only one superpower, with unprecedented military and economic strength. The coming budget for American armaments will be greater than those of the next fifteen nations combined, and there are troops from the United States in many countries throughout the world.

But instead of entering a millennium of peace, the world is now, in many ways, a more dangerous place. The greater ease of travel and communication has not been matched by equal understanding and mutual respect. There is a plethora of civil wars, within which an overwhelming portion of the casualties are unarmed civilians who have no ability to defend themselves. And recent appalling acts of terrorism have reminded us that no nations, even superpowers, are invulnerable.

It is clear that global challenges must be met with an emphasis on peace, in harmony with others, with strong alliances and international consensus. Imperfect as it may be, there is no doubt that this can best be done through the United Nations.

We must remember that today there are at least eight nuclear powers on earth,

and three of them are threatening to their neighbors in areas of great international tension. For powerful countries to adopt a principle of preventive war may well set an example that can have catastrophic consequences.

If we accept the premise that the United Nations is the best avenue for the maintenance of peace, then the carefully considered decisions of the United Nations Security Council must be enforced. All too often, the alternative has proven to be uncontrollable violence and expanding spheres of hostility. (To be continued)

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I am not here as a public official, but as a citizen of a troubled world who finds hope in a growing consensus that the generally accepted goals of society are peace, freedom, human rights, environmental quality, the alleviation of suffering, and the rule of law.

During the past decades, the international community, usually under the auspices of the United Nations, has struggled to negotiate global standards that can help us achieve these essential goals. They include: the abolition of land mines and chemical weapons; an end to the testing, proliferation, and further deployment of nuclear warheads; constraints on global warming; prohibition of the death penalty,

at least for children; and an international criminal court to deter and to punish war crimes and genocide. Those agreements already adopted must be fully implemented, and others should be pursued aggressively.

Despite theological differences, all great religions share common commitments that define our ideal secular relationships. I am convinced that Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, and others can embrace each other in a common effort to alleviate human suffering and to espouse peace.

At the beginning of this new millennium I was asked to discuss, here in Oslo, the greatest challenge that the world faces. Among all the possible choices, I decided that the most serious and universal problem is the growing chasm between the richest and poorest people on earth. Citizens of the ten wealthiest countries are now seventy-five times richer than those who live in the ten poorest ones, and the separation is increasing every year, not only between nations but also within them. The results of this disparity are root causes of most of the world's unresolved problems, including starvation, illiteracy, environmental degradation, violent conflict, and unnecessary illnesses that range from Guinea worm to HIV/AIDS. But tragically, in the industrialized world there is a terrible absence of understanding or concern about those who are enduring lives of despair and hopelessness. We have not yet made the commitment to share with others an appreciable part of our excessive wealth. This is a potentially rewarding burden that we should all be willing to assume.

Ladies and gentlemen,

War may sometimes be a necessary evil. But no matter how necessary, it is always an evil, never a good. We will not learn how to live together in peace by

killing each other's children. The bond of our common humanity is stronger than the divisiveness of our fears and prejudices. God gives us the capacity for choice. We can choose to alleviate suffering. We can choose to work together for peace. We can make these changes and we must. Thank you.

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I feel that this award was not made to me as a man, but to my work a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too,

by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat. He must learn them again.

He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the

courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

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Most Americans have great vigor and enthusiasm. They prefer to discipline themselves rather than be disciplined by others. They pride themselves on their independence, their right to make up their own minds. They are prepared to take the initiative, even when there is a risk in doing so. They have courage and do not give in easily. They will take any sort of job anywhere rather than be unemployed. They do not care to be looked after by the government. The average American changes his or her job nine or ten times during his or her working life.

Americans have a warmth and friendliness which is less superficial than many foreigners think. They are considered sentimental. When on ceremonial occasions they see a flag, or attend parades celebrating America's glorious past, tears may come to their eyes. Reunions with family and friends tend to be emotional, too. They like to dress correctly, even if ! correctly\$ means flamboyantly. They love to boast, though often with tongue in cheek. They can laugh at themselves and their country, and they can be very self-critical, while remaining always intensely patriotic. They have a wide knowledge of everyday things, and a keen interest in their particular city and state. Foreigners sometimes complain, however, that they have little interest in or knowledge of the outside world.

The Americans have a passion for grandeur. Their skyscrapers, bridges and dams often have a splendor which matches in beauty and scale the country's natural wonders. Is the sole aim of most Americans to make money and possess luxuries which could be called excessive? The majority of Americans would certainly deny this, though most feel proud to amass wealth and possessions through hard work. In the USA, about 90% of the population is well enough off to expect a brighter future. The USA still has one of the highest standards of living in the world, although, at the present time, 10% are below what the Government considers to be the ! poverty line. \$ While these underprivileged people receive help from the Government, they have no high hopes for their future. It is from this ! underclass, \$ and those who take advantage of it, that most of the violence springs, which is one of the least pleasant aspects of American society. Americans are beginning to realize that this terrible problem of poverty is their problem and not just the Government's. It has been said that the individual American is generous, but that the American nation is hard.

The USA is reputed to be a classless society. There is certainly not much social snobbery or job snobbery. The manual worker is usually quite at ease in any company. This is partly explained by the fact that people of all income groups go together to the same schools. Americans are far more race-conscious than they are

class-conscious.

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All the wisdom of the ages, all the stories that have delighted mankind for centuries, are easily and cheaply available to all of us within the covers of books but we must know how to avail ourselves of this treasure and how to get the most from it. The most unfortunate people in the world are those who have never discovered how satisfying it is to read good books.

I am most interested in people, in them and finding out about them. Some of the most remarkable people I've met existed only in a writer's imagination, then on the pages of his book, and then, again, in my imagination. I've found in books new friends, new societies, new words.

If I am interested in people, others are interested not so much in who as in how. Who in the books includes everybody from science fiction superman two hundred centuries in the future all the way back to the first figures in history. How covers everything from the ingenious explanations of Sherlock Holmes to the discoveries of science and ways of teaching manner to children.

Reading is pleasure of the mind, which means that it is a little like a sport: your eagerness and knowledge and quickness make you a good reader. Reading is fun, not because the writer is telling you something, but because it makes your mind work. Your own imagination works along with the author's or even goes beyond his. Your experience, compared with his, brings you to the same or different conclusions, and your ideas develop as you understand his.

Every book stands by itself, like a one-family house, but books in a library are like houses in a city. Although they are separate, together they all add up to something, they are connected with each other and with other cities. The same ideas, or related ones, turn up in different places; the human problems that repeat themselves in life repeat themselves in literature, but with different solutions according to different writings at different times. Books influence each other; they link the past, the present and the future and have their own generations, like families. Wherever you start reading you connect yourself with one of the families of ideas, and in the long run, you not only find out about the world and the people in it; you find out about yourself, too.

Reading can only be fun if you expect it to be. If you concentrate on books somebody tells you you ought to read, you probably won't have fun. But if you put down a book you don't like and try another till you find one that means something to you, and then relax with it, you will almost certainly have a good time and if you become, as a result of reading, better, wiser, kinder, or more

gentle, you won't have suffered during the process.

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How did a peddler of cheap shirts and fishing rods become the mightiest corporation in America?The short version of Wal-Mart's rise to glory goes something like this:In 1979 it racked up a billion dollars in sales. By 1993 it did that much business in a week;by 2001 it could do it in a day.

It's a stunning tale - one that propelled Wal-Mart from rural Arkansas, where it was founded in 1962,to the top of the Fortune 500 this year. Sam Walton, Wal-Mart's founder,pushed sales growth relentlessly while squeezing costs with sophisticated information technology.He exhorted employees to sell better with the! ten foot rule\$ (greet customers if they are that close).He was, in other words, an early evangelist forthe first commandment of today's economy: Service rules.Wal-Mart, in fact, is the first service company to rise to the top of the Fortune 500.When Fortune first published its list of the largest companies in America in 1955, Wal-Mart didn't even exist.That year General Motors was America's biggest company, and in every year that followed, either GM or another mighty industrial, Exxon, was NO. 1.

Wal-Mart's achievement caps a bigger economic shift - from producing goods to providing services.Manufacturing's share of U.S. employment peaked in 1953, at 35%.It has been declining steadily since. In the decade that will end in 2010,the Bureau of Labor Statistics figures that goods producing industries will create 1.3 million new jobs,compared to 20 million for service industries.To look at it another way, today there are about four times as many people working in service jobs as in other kinds of jobs.And even within manufacturing, services are an increasingly large share of operations.

As America got richer consumption got more complicated. With more income to throw around,people started spending more on services movies and travel, mortgages to buy houses, insurance to protect those houses,the occasional decadent weekend at a luxury hotel.Economists call this a shift in the demand pattern;Fortune calls it the main reason that 64 of this year's top 100 are service companies.Over the next few years, only three of the ten fastest growing occupations (software engineers, nurses,and computer support) pay middle class salaries.The rest could be called, well, Wal-Mart kinds of jobs - cashiers, retail assistants, food service, and so on. In short, the service economy is delivering more good jobs than ever before.

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Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

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The love of beauty is an essential part of all healthy human nature. It is a moral quality. The absence of it is not an assured ground of condemnation, but the presence of it is an invariable sign of goodness of heart. In proportion to the degree in which it is felt will probably be the degree in which nobleness and beauty of character will be attained.

Natural beauty is an all pervading presence. The universe is its temple. It unfolds into the numberless flowers of spring. It waves in the branches of trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and the sea. It gleams from the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects but the oceans, the mountains, the clouds, the stars, the rising and the setting sun - all overflow with beauty. This beauty is so precious, and so congenial to our tenderest and noblest feelings, that it is painful to think of the multitude of people living in the midst of it and yet remaining almost blind to it.

All persons should seek to become acquainted with the beauty in nature. There is not a worm we tread upon, nor a leaf that dances merrily as it falls before the autumn winds, but calls for our study and admiration. The power to appreciate beauty not merely increases our sources of happiness - it enlarges our moral nature, too. Beauty calms our restlessness and dispels our cares. Go into the fields or the woods, spend a summer day by the sea or the mountains, and all your little perplexities and anxieties will vanish. Listen to sweet music, and your foolish fears and petty jealousies will pass away. The beauty of the world helps us to seek and find the beauty of goodness.

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Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
 And sorry I could not travel both
 And be one traveler, long I stood
 And looked down one as far as I could
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;
 Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,
 Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
 Though as for that the passing there
 Had worn them really about the same,
 And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
 I doubted if I should ever come back.
 I shall be telling this with a sigh
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:
 [O Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
 I took the one less traveled by,
 And that has made all the difference.

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What is leadership? Its qualities are difficult to define. But they are not so difficult to identify.

Leaders don't force other people to go along with them. They bring them along. Leaders get commitment from others by giving it themselves, by building an environment that encourages creativity, and by operating with honesty and fairness.

Leaders demand much of others, but also give much of themselves. They are ambitious - not only for themselves, but also for those who work with them. They seek to attract, retain and develop other people to their full abilities.

Good leaders aren't lone rangers. They recognize that an organization's strategies for success require the combined talents and efforts of many people. Leadership is the catalyst for transforming those talents into results.

Leaders know that when there are two opinions on an issue, one is not bound to be wrong. They recognize that hustle and rush are the allies of superficiality. They are open to new ideas, but they explore their ramifications thoroughly.

Successful leaders are emotionally and intellectually oriented to the future - not wedded to the past. They have a hunger to take responsibility, to innovate, and to initiate. They are not content with merely taking care of what's already there. They want to move forward to create something new.

Leaders provide answers as well as direction, offer strength as well as dedication, and speak from experience as well as understanding of the problems they face and the people they work with.

Leaders are flexible rather than dogmatic. They believe in unity rather than conformity. And they strive to achieve consensus out of conflict.

Leadership is all about getting people consistently to give their best, helping them to grow to their fullest potential, and motivating them to work toward a common good. Leaders make the right things happen when they're supposed to.

A good leader, an effective leader, is one who has respect. Respect is something you have to have in order to get. A leader who has respect for other people at all levels of an organization, for the work they do, and for their

abilities, aspirations and needs, will find that respect is returned. And all concerned will be motivated to work together.

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I have your letter, my adorable love. It has filled my heart with joy ... Since I left you I have been sad all the time. My only happiness is near you. I go over endlessly in my thought of your kisses, your tears, your delicious jealousy. The charm of my wonderful Josephine kindles a living, blazing fire in my heart and senses. When shall I be able to pass every minute near you, with nothing to do but to love you and nothing to think of but the pleasure of telling you of it and giving you proof of it?

I loved you some time ago; since then I feel that I love you a thousand times better. Ever since I have known you I adore you more every day. That proves how wrong is that saying of La Bruyere ! love comes all of a sudden. \$ Ah, let me see some of your faults; be less beautiful, less graceful, less tender, less good. But never be jealous and never shed tears. Your tears send me out of my mind ... they set my very blood on fire. Believe me that it is utterly impossible for me to have a single thought that is not yours, a single fancy that is not submissive to your will. Rest well. Restore your health. Come back to me and then at any rate before we die we ought to be able to say: ! We were happy for so very many days! \$ Millions of kisses even to your dog.

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Madam President (of Finland),

Mr. President (of Namibia),

Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am deeply honored to welcome you all.

Never before have the leaders of so many nations come together in a single Assembly. This is a unique event. A unique opportunity. And therefore a unique responsibility. You, ladies and gentlemen, are the leaders to whom the world's peoples have entrusted their destiny. They look to you to protect them from the great dangers of our time; and too ensure that all of them can share in its great achievements.

In an age when human beings have learnt the code of human life, and can transmit their knowledge in seconds from one continent to another, no mother in the world can understand why her child should be left to die of malnutrition or preventable disease. No one can understand why they should be driven from their home, or imprisoned or tortured for expressing their beliefs. No one can understand why the soil their parents tilled has turned to desert, or why their skills have become useless and their family is left hungry.

People know that these challenges cannot be met by one country alone, or by one government alone. Change cannot be held back by frontiers. Human progress has always come from individual and local initiatives, freely devised and then freely adapted elsewhere.

Your job, as political leaders, is to encourage such initiatives. To make sure they are not stifled, and that all your peoples can benefit from them. And to limit, or to compensate for, the adverse effects that change always has, on some people, somewhere.

Your peoples look to you for a common effort to solve their problems. They expect you to work together, as governments. And they expect you to work together with all the other institutions - profit or non profit, public and private where human beings join hands to promote their ideas and their interests.

People want to see this happen between neighboring countries, and among all the countries of each region. But since today's biggest challenges are global, they expect above all that we will work together at the global level, as the

United Nations.

My friends, that is why we are here. We are here to strengthen and adapt this great institution, forged 55 years ago in the crucible of war, so that it can do what people expect of it in the new era - an era in which rule of law must prevail. Last month I sent you a Report, produced by a panel of experts, which makes detailed suggestions for strengthening the United Nations in the crucial area of peace and security the area where people look especially to the State, and where the world's peoples look to the United Nations, to save them ! from the scourge of war\$. Please consider that Report very seriously.

It is not only in that field, however, that the United Nations needs strengthening. We must strengthen it across the whole range of our activities.

We need to decide our priorities. And we must adapt our United Nations, so that in future those priorities are reflected in clear and prompt decisions, leading to real change in people's lives.

That, my friends, is what the peoples expect of us. Let us not disappoint them.

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! What can you tell me about yourself?\$ This is not an invitation to give your life history. The interviewer is looking for clues about your character, qualifications, ambitions, and motivations. The following is a good example of a positive response. ! As a college student, I worked in a clothing store part-time and found that I could sell things easily. The sale was important, but for me, it was even more important to make sure that the customer was satisfied. It was not long before customers came back to the store and specifically asked for me to help them. \$

! Why do you want to work for us?\$ This is an obvious question and, if you have done your research on the company, you should be able to give a good reason. Organize your reasons into several short sentences that clearly spell out your interest. ! You are a leader in the field of electronics. Your company is a Fortune 500 company. \$

! Why should I hire you?\$ Once again, you should not be long-winded, but you should provide a summary of your qualifications. Be positive and show that you are capable of doing the job. It can be ! Based on the internships that I have participated in and the related part-time experiences I have had, I can do the job. \$

! How do you feel about your progress to date?\$ Never apologize for what you have done. ! I think I did well in school. In fact, in a number of courses I received the highest exam scores in the class. \$! As an intern for the X Company, I received some of the highest evaluations that had been given in years. \$

! What would you like to be doing five years from now?\$ Know what you can realistically accomplish. ! I hope to be the best I can be at my job and because many in this line of work are promoted to area manager,

I am planning on that also. \$

! What is your greatest weakness?\$ You cannot avoid this question by saying that you do not have any, everyone has weaknesses. The best approach is to admit your weakness but show that you are working on it and have a plan to overcome it.

! What is your greatest strength?\$ This is a real opportunity to toot your own horn. Do not brag or get too egotistical, but let the employer know that you believe in yourself and that you know your strengths. ! I feel that my strongest asset is my ability to stick to things to get them done. I feel a real sense of

accomplishment when I finish a job and it turns out just as I d planned. \$

! What goals have you set and how did you meet them?\$This question examines your ability to plan ahead and meet your plan with specific actions. Last year, during a magazine drive to raise money for our band trip, I set my goal at raising 20 percent more than I had the year before. I knew the drive was going to begin in September, so I started contacting people in August. I asked each of my customers from last year to give me the names of one or two new people who might also buy a magazine. I not only met my goal, but I also was the top salesperson on the drive. \$No matter what question you are asked, answer it honestly and succinctly. Most interviewers are looking for positive statements, well-expressed ideas, persuasiveness, and clear thinking under pressure.

Always maintain eye contact with the interviewer. Show that you are confident by looking straight at the person. Most interviewers greet the applicant with a handshake. Make sure that your clasp is firm. Being jittery about the interview can result in cold, clammy hands, which create a negative impression. Therefore, make sure your hands are warm and dry. Before leaving, try to find out exactly what action will follow the interview and when it will happen.

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Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy - ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of my life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness - that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what - at last - I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds away above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

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My friend said cars are a pain. What he meant was that his car was a lot of trouble. I suppose he must have bought a ! lemon\$, that is, a car full of problems and not worth its keep.

Not everybody feels the same way about cars. To some, cars are just machines on wheels. These people hunt for the best value. They look for vehicles that are affordable but reliable, gas efficient, comfortable enough, reasonably safe and not too expensive to repair. In contrast, you have also seen owners who lovingly polished their machines, dressing them in fancy seat covers, and attaching cute little doodads to the windows.

To some, cars are not machines. They are the emotional extensions of their owners. Think about the adrenaline high when one looks at a BMW. The status, speed and wealth identified with the BMW are certainly tempting. Think Jaguar, and we picture the sleek, dangerous, fast and powerful black cat with rippling muscles leaping after its prey. What about the latest hot wheels - the mini-vans and jeeps? They spell outdoors, young, sporty, carefree, cool. Or cute little Smart cars - trendy, city, efficient, modern.

There is also a special class of car owners - the sentimental. To them, modern day vehicles are artistic disasters - tasteless and boring. For them, the only real cars are vintage those really old-fashion vehicles you see in movies about the days of our great grandparents. These cars may be antique but not ugly. They are polished to a dazzling shine, with spotless chrome and bright clean tires.

As for me, I shudder at the cost of a new vehicle. So for now, just get me a sturdy used car that can bring me from here to there without breaking down. Besides, I do not have to fret about someone running an initiation scratch on the new paint job.

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First of all, love is a joint experience between two persons but the fact that it is a joint experience does not mean that it is a similar experience of the two people involved. There are the lover and the beloved, but these two come from different countries. Often the beloved is only a stimulus for all the stored up love which has lain quiet within the lover for a long time hitherto. And somehow every lover knows this. He feels in his soul that his love is a solitary thing. He comes to know a new, strange loneliness and it is this knowledge which makes him suffer. So there is only one thing for the lover to do. He must house his love within himself as best he can; he must create for himself a whole new inward world - a world intense and strange, complete in himself. Let it be added here that this lover about whom we speak need not necessarily be a young man saving for a wedding ring this lover can be a man, woman, child, or indeed any human creature on this earth.

Now, the beloved can also be of any description. The most outlandish people can be the stimulus for love. A man may be a doddering great grandfather and still love only a strange girl he saw in the streets of Cheehaw one afternoon two decades past. The preacher may love a fallen woman. The beloved may be treacherous, greasy headed, and given to evil habits. Yes, and the lover may see this as clearly as anyone else - but that does not affect the evolution of his love one whit. A most mediocre person can be the object of a love which is wild, extravagant, and beautiful as the poison lilies in the swamp. A good man may be the stimulus for a love both violent and debased, or a jabbering madman may bring about in the soul of someone a tender and simple idyll. Therefore, the value and quality of any love is determined solely by the lover himself.

It is for this reason that most of us would rather love than be loved. Almost everyone wants to be the lover. And the curt truth is that, in a deep secret way, the state of being beloved is intolerable to many. The beloved fears and hates the lover, and with the best of reasons. For the lover is forever trying to strip bare his beloved. The lover craves any possible relation with the beloved, even if this experience can cause him only pain.

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I think that, from a biological standpoint, human life almost reads like a poem. It has its own rhythm and beat, its internal cycles of growth and decay. It begins with innocent childhood, followed by awkward adolescence trying awkwardly to adapt itself to mature society, with its young passions and follies, its ideals and ambitions; then it reaches a manhood of intense activities, profiting from experience and learning more about society and human nature; at middle age, there is a slight easing of tension, a mellowing of character like the ripening of fruit or the mellowing of good wine, and the gradual acquiring of a more tolerant, more cynical and at the same time a kindlier view of life; then in the sunset of our life, the endocrine glands decrease their activity, and if we have a true philosophy of old age and have ordered our life pattern according to it, it is for us the age of peace and security and leisure and contentment; finally, life flickers out and one goes into eternal sleep, never to wake up again. One should be able to sense the beauty of this rhythm of life, to appreciate, as we do in grand symphonies, its main theme, its strains of conflict and the final resolution.

The movements of these cycles are very much the same in a normal life, but the music must be provided by the individual himself. In some souls, the discordant note becomes harsher and harsher and finally overwhelms or submerges the main melody. Sometimes the discordant note gains so much power that the music can no longer go on, and the individual shoots himself with a pistol or jumps into a river. But that is because his original leitmotif has been hopelessly overshadowed through the lack of a good self education. Otherwise the normal human life runs to its normal end in a kind of dignified movement and procession.

No one can say that a life with childhood, manhood and old age is not a beautiful arrangement; the day has its morning, noon and sunset, and the year has its seasons, and it is good that it is so. There is no good or bad in life, except what is good according to its own season. And if we take this biological view of life and try to live according to the seasons, no one but a conceited fool or an impossible idealist can deny that human life can be lived like a poem.

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Franklin's life is full of charming stories which all young men should know how he peddled ballads in Boston, and stood as the guest of kings in Europe; how he worked his passage as a stowaway to Philadelphia, and rode in the queen's own litter in France; how he walked the streets of Philadelphia, homeless and unknown, with three penny rolls for his breakfast, and dined at the tables of princes, and received his friends in a palace; how he raised a kite from a cow shed, and was showered with all the high degrees the colleges of the world could give; how he was duped by a false friend as a boy, and became the friend of all humanity as a man; how he was made Major General Franklin, only to resign because, as he said, he was no soldier, and yet helped to organize the army that stood before the trained troops of England and Germany.

This poor Boston boy, with scarcely a day's schooling, became master of six languages and never stopped studying; this neglected apprentice tamed the lightning, made his name famous,

received degrees and diplomas from colleges in both hemispheres, and became forever remembered as ! Doctor Franklin\$, philosopher, patriot, scientist, philanthropist and statesman. Self made, self taught, and self reared, the candle maker's son gave light to all the world; the street ballad seller set all men singing of liberty; the runaway apprentice became the most sought after man of two continents, and brought his native land to praise and honor him.

He built America, for what our Republic is today is largely due to the prudence, the forethought, the statesmanship, the enterprise, the wisdom, and the ability of Benjamin Franklin. He belongs to the world, but especially does he belong to America. As the nations honored him while living, so the Republic glorifies him when dead, and has enshrined him in the choicest of its niches, the one he regarded as the loftiest the hearts of the common people, from whom he had sprung and in their hearts Franklin will live forever.

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Napoleon declared, ! Victory belongs to the most persevering. \$ Upon careful study we find perseverance depends upon three things - purpose, will, and enthusiasm. He who has a purpose is always concentrating his forces. By the will, the hope and the plan are prevented from evaporating into dreams. Enthusiasm keeps the interest up, and makes the obstacles seem small.

Life is in a sense a battle. The man who thinks to get on by mere smartness and by idling meets failure at last. Perseverance is the master impulse of the firmest souls, and holds the key to those treasure-houses of knowledge from which the world has drawn its wealth both of wisdom and of moral worth.

Great men never wait for opportunities; they make them. They seize upon whatever is at hand, work out their problem, and master the situation. The greatest thing a man can do in this world is to make the most possible out of the stuff that has been given to him. This is success and there is no other.

One of the important lessons of life is to learn how to get victory out of defeat. It takes courage and stamina, when mortified by humiliating disaster, to seek in the ruins the elements of future conquest. Yet this measures the difference between those who succeed and those who fail. We cannot measure a man by his failures. We must know what use he makes of them. The man who has not fought his way upward and does not bear the scar of desperate conflict does not know the highest meaning of success.

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Ah, beautiful Paris. For centuries this city has attracted the admiration of the world. The allure and charm of Paris captivate all who visit there.

Where can you discover the charm of Paris for yourself? Is it in the legacy of all the French rulers who worked to beautify their beloved city? Is it in the famous castles, palaces, statues and monuments, such as the Eiffel Tower? Can you find it in the world-class museums, such as the Louvre? Perhaps Paris' allure lies in the zest and style of the Parisians.

When you visit Paris, you don't have to spend all of your time visiting museums and monuments. They are certainly worthy of your time, but ignore them for a day. First take some time to look around and experience life in Paris. You'll find it charming.

Take a stroll along the Seine River. Browse through the art vendors' colorful paintings. Peek through delicate iron gates at the well-kept gardens. Watch closely for the French attention to detail that has made France synonymous with good taste. You will see it in the design of a doorway or arch and in the little fountains and quaint balconies. No matter where you look, you will find everyday objects transformed into works of art.

Spend some time in a quiet park relaxing on an old bench. Lie on your back on the green grass. When you need refreshment, try coffee and pastries at a sidewalk cafe.

Strike up a conversation with a Parisian. This isn't always easy, though. With such a large international population living in Paris, true natives are hard to find these days.

As evening comes to Paris, enchantment rises with the mist over the riverfront. You may hear music from an outdoor concert nearby: classical, jazz, opera or chansons, those French folk songs. Parisians love their music. The starry sky is their auditorium. You can also hear concerts in the chateaux and cathedrals. In Paris the Music never ends.

Don't miss the highlight of Paris evening: eating out. Parisians are proud of their cuisine. And rightly so; it's world famous. Gourmet dining is one of the indispensable joys of living. You need a special guidebook to help you choose one of the hundreds of excellent restaurants. The capital of France boasts every regional specialty, cheese and wine the country has to offer. If you don't know

what to order, ask for the suggested menu. The chef likes to showcase his best dishes there. Remember, you haven't tasted the true flavor of France until you've dined at a French restaurant in Paris.

After your gourmet dinner, take a walking tour of the floodlit monuments. Cross the Pont Neuf, the oldest bridge in the city, to the Ile de la Cite. The most famous landmark of Paris looms up in front of you: the Notre Dame Cathedral (Cathedral of Our Lady). Stand in the square in front of the cathedral. Here, you are standing in the center of France. All distances are measured from the front of Notre Dame. Every road in France leads to her front door. All French kings and leaders have journeyed here to commemorate important occasions and give thanks. Notre Dame is the heart of Paris and the heart of France.

Your visit in Paris has only just begun. You've just started to discover the charm of this old city. May the rest of your journey be unforgettable. When it is time to leave, you will go reluctantly. You will say with the French, *À bientôt, Paris, à bientôt!* (See you again soon, Paris!)

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Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful.

Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action.

The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him and the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounters with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even to death.

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For me the most interesting thing about a solitary life, and mine has been that for the last twenty years, is that it becomes increasingly rewarding. When I can wake up and watch the sun rise over the ocean, as I do most days, and know that I have an entire day ahead, uninterrupted, in which to write a few pages, take a walk with my dog, lie down in the afternoon for a think (Why does one think better in a horizontal position?), read and listen to music, I am flooded with happiness.

I am lonely only when I am overtired, when I have worked too long without a break, when for the time being I feel empty and need filling up. And I am lonely sometimes when I come back home after a lecture trip, when I have seen a lot of people and talked a lot, and am full to the brim with experience that needs to be sorted out.

Then for a little while the house feels huge and empty, and I wonder where myself is hiding. It has been recaptured slowly by watering the plants, perhaps, and looking again at each one as though it were a person, by feeding the two cats, by cooking a meal.

It takes a while, as I watch the surf blowing up in fountains at the end of the field, but the moment when the world falls away, and the self emerges again from the deep unconsciousness, bringing back all I have recently experienced to be explored and slowly understood, when I can converse again with my hidden powers, and so grow, and so be rewarded, till death do us part.

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Image life as a game in which you are playing some five balls in the air. You name them - work, family, health, friends and spirit, and you're keeping all these balls in the air.

You understand that work is a rubber ball. If you drop it, it will bounce back. But the other four balls are made of glass. If you drop one of these, it will be irrevocably scuffed, marked, damaged or even broken into pieces. They will never be the same. You must learn to strive for balance in your life. How?

Don't undermine your worth by comparing yourself to others. It is because we are different that each of us is special.

Don't set your goals by what other people consider important. Only you know what is best for you.

Don't take for granted the things closest to your heart. Hold on to them as you would to life, for without them, it's meaningless.

Don't give up when you still have something to give. Nothing is really over until the moment you stop trying.

Don't be afraid to admit that you are less than perfect. It is this fragile thread that binds us to each other.

Don't be afraid to encounter risks. It is by taking chances that we learn how to be brave.

Don't shut love out of your life by saying it's impossible to find. The quickest way to receive love is to give it; the fastest way to lose love is to hold it too tightly; and the best way to keep love is to give it wings.

Don't forget, a person's greatest emotional need is to feel appreciated.

Don't be afraid to learn. Knowledge is weightless, a treasure you can always carry easily.

Don't use time or words carelessly. Neither can be retrieved.

Don't let life slip through your fingers by living in the past or in the future. By living your life one day at a time, you live all the days of your life.

Don't run through life so fast that you forget not only where you've been, but also where you are going.

Life is not a race, but a journey to be enjoyed slowly each step of the way. Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, and today is a gift. That's why we call it - the present.

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What exactly does globalization mean? Concepts related to globalization include internationalization, ! multidomestic marketing\$, and ! multinational or transnational marketing\$, suggesting that the basic criterion is transactions across national boundaries. In the marketing and strategic management literature, globalization is conceptualized as a means to gain competitive advantage by locating different stages of production in different geographic regions according to the particular region's comparative advantages. This conceptualization focuses only on the economic aspects of globalization; social, cultural and political factors are only considered in the context of achieving economic advantage.

Thus, being ! culturally sensitive\$ in global markets is being able to sell one's product with enough ingenuity to avoid possible pitfalls arising from the seller's ignorance of local customs. International marketing textbooks discuss such cultural pitfalls in great detail; however, the cultural context of globalization is always framed by the economic.

Broader conceptualizations of globalization can be found in other disciplines such as sociology and anthropology. Waters defined globalization as ! a social process in which the constraints of geography on social and cultural arrangements recede and in which people become increasingly aware that they are receding. \$ This conceptualization with its much broader scope, allows for the examination of a number of consequences of globalization, not just economic but social, cultural and political ones.

While there are a few different conceptualizations of globalization, researchers seem to be in agreement that there are at least three dimensions of globalization: economic, political and cultural. The economic aspects of globalization stem from the spread of the capitalist world economy and the resulting expansion of geographical boundaries for the production and consumption of goods and services. The need for cheap raw materials, cheap labor and new markets saw the expansion of the capitalist world economy from one that was primarily Eurocentric to one that encompassed the entire world. This process was achieved by various means and often involved overcoming political resistances (frequently through military means) in the new ! markets\$. The political aspects of globalization involved establishing control over markets and raw materials through either the use of direct military power or the establishment of international institutions (through diplomacy) that control such markets. The rise of the nation state is an example of the political aspect of globalization,

although it is argued that advances in telecommunications and information systems and the resulting constructions of institutions that transcend territorial boundaries are making the nation state obsolete.

If the economic and political aspects of globalization involve material and power exchanges, the cultural of globalization involves the expression of symbols that represent facts, meanings, beliefs, preferences, tastes and values. In fact, these symbolic exchanges are increasingly displacing economic and political exchanges in the spread of global mass culture. Traditional barriers of language pose no problems to modern means of cultural production such as satellite television and film. However, the new ! global culture\$, despite its manifestations through consumption of global products and symbols in different parts of the globe, is essentially the culture of dominant groups centered in the West.

Thus despite its worldwide connotation, globalisation is essentially a western notion inextricably linked with economic development. It's a western world view which in economic terms define the world as a market that can be exploited to generate wealth.

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Self-control is essential to happiness and usefulness. It is the master of all the virtues, and has its root in self-respect. Let a man yield to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he gives up his moral freedom.

It is the self-discipline of a man that enables him to pursue success with superior diligence and sobriety. Many of the great characters in history illustrate this trait. In ordinary life the application is the same. He who would lead must first command himself. The time of test is when everybody is excited or angry, then the well-balanced mind comes to the front.

There is a very special demand for the cultivation of his trait at present. The young men who rush into business with no good education or drill will do poor and feverish work. Endurance is a much better test of character than act of heroism.

A fair amount of self-examination is good. Self-knowledge is a preface to self-control. Too much self-inspection leads to morbidness; too little conducts to careless and hasty action. There are two things which will surely strengthen our self-control. One is attention to conscience; the other is a spirit of good will. The man who would succeed in any great undertaking must hold all his faculties under perfect control; they must be disciplined and drilled until they quickly and cheerfully obey the will.

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In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression - everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way - everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want - which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peace time life for its inhabitants - everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear - which, translated into world terms, means a world wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor - anywhere in the world.

That is no vision of a distant millennium. It is a definite basis for a kind of world attainable in our own time and generation. That kind of world is the very antithesis of the so called new order of tyranny which the dictators seek to create with the crash of a bomb.

To that new order we oppose the greater conception - the moral order. A good society is able to face schemes of world domination and foreign revolutions alike without fear.

Since the beginning of our American history we have been engaged in change - in a perpetual peaceful revolution - a revolution which goes on steadily, quietly adjusting itself to changing conditions - without the concentration camp or the quicklime in the ditch. The world order which we seek is the cooperation of free countries, working together in a friendly civilized society.

This nation has placed its destiny in the hands and heads and hearts of its millions of free men and women; and its faith in freedom under the guidance of God. Freedom means the supremacy of human rights everywhere. Our support goes to those who struggle to gain those rights and keep them. Our strength is in our unity of purpose.

To that high concept there can be no end save victory.

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Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!
 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

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(76) Û È F

Conservatism refers to the acceptance of anything familiar and refusal of anything strange or foreign. There are numerous facts that tell the conservatism of the Englishmen.

The monarchy as nominal head of the state still exists in the highly developed capitalist country.

The national anthem was, is and will be in the near 1000 years the old ! God Save the King (or Queen) \$.

English judges as usual wear long wigs in law courts, as shown in many films shot in Hong Kong. (As a colony of the British Empire, Hong Kong was once forced to adopt the British legal system.)

Despite the fact that the feudal class is a term of only history significance,

noble titles are conferred on distinguished persons, who would accept the titles as something of the greatest honor.

Many Englishmen still spend lots of money keeping dummy fireplaces that are of no value at all, although their rooms are heated by gas or electric fire. They find it difficult to say goodbye to the past.

As the first country to complete the industrial revolution, Britain refused to introduce decimal system until 1971. Pence, shilling, pound and inch, foot, yard... all these are hard to be forgotten.

English people are always suspicious of any new plans of the government. Today they are still doubtful of the Europe integration plan, thus they are reluctant to allow pound to be integrated into Euro Dollars.

Never talk about any kind of reform to an Englishman, he would surely be silent and keep away from you!

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If the past has taught us anything, it is that every cause brings effect - every action has a consequence. This thought, in my opinion, is the moral foundation of the universe; it applies equally in this world and the next.

We Chinese have a saying: ! If a man plants melons, he will reap melons; if he sows beans, he will reap beans. \$And this is true of every man's life: good begets good, and evil leads to evil.

True enough, the sun shines on the saint and sinner alike, and too often it seems that the wicked wax and prosper. But we can say with certitude that, with the individual as with the nation, the flourishing of the wicked is an illusion, for, unceasingly, life keeps books on us all.

In the end, we are all the sum total of our actions. Character cannot be counterfeited, nor can it be put on and cast off as if it were a garment to meet the whim of the moment. Like the markings on wood which are ingrained in the very heart of the tree, character requires time and nurture for growth and development.

Thus also, day by day, we write our own destiny, for inexorably we become what we do. This, I believe, is the supreme logic and the law of life.

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While popular in the U.S., the April Fool's Day tradition is even more prevalent in European countries, such as France and Great Britain. Although the roots of the traditional trickings are unclear, the French and the British both have claims on the origin of the celebration.

One theory holds that the first April Fool's Day was on April 1 of the year when King of France instituted the new calendar. This new system placed the day that had formerly been the first day of a new year on April 1. Many people were reluctant to adjust to the new calendar and continued to celebrate New Year's Day on what had become the first day of April. Thus, they became the first April fools. Others began to give gag gifts on the day to mock the foolishness of those who continued to celebrate the new year on April 1.

An English story about the day, however, holds that it began sometime during the 1200s. At the time, King John of England was in the habit of making a road out of nearly every path he walked regularly. The citizens of one particular farm village were aware of this. To avoid having their green meadows and pastures disturbed with one of the king's roads, they built a fence that prevented the king from walking through their countryside. The king sent a group of messengers to inform the villagers that they must remove the barrier. Upon hearing that the king was planning to do this, however, the villagers developed a plan of their own. When the messengers arrived, they found what appeared to be a community of lunatics, with people behaving in a bizarre manner, throwing things and running around wildly. The messengers, alarmed at what they had found, reported to King John that these people were so mad as to be beyond punishment. So, the villagers saved their farmland by tricking the King. In Great Britain, tradition only allows April Fool's tricks from midnight to noon on April 1. Those who try to play tricks in the afternoon become the fools themselves.

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It's great to be here and have a chance to share some of my excitement with you.

I got involved with computers at 18. And the computer was a very limited teletype that had to be connected through a phone lineup to a mainframe like computer, but my friends and I became fascinated with understanding what the computer can do, what was the future, and how would it be used. When we found out about chip technology, and the miracle of being able to improve the power of the chip exponentially, we realized that computers had a very bright future. We spent a lot of our time writing software because we loved writing software, because we thought that the software being written by a lot of big hardware companies wasn't as good as what we could do.

I was 19 when I realized that if I wanted to be the first to do a software company for these new cheap computers, I needed to get my friends together and start right away, so Microsoft became the first company doing software for these new machines. Our vision was a computer on every desk and in every home. In the last 20 years, that vision is certainly becoming a reality. If we had to change it today, we would simply add that now we also want to have a computer in every pocket, every car - many other places that we had not thought about when we first started doing development. I believe software is the key element that really unlocks the power of all this technology, and the idea of making it easy to find information, easy to create information, easy to communicate with other people. Software is at the center of that, and so software will be the fastest growing industry in the world and one that will create lots and lots of great jobs. Certainly here in China the opportunity for hundreds of thousands of great jobs should be very exciting because there is a global shortage in terms of computer skills.

The personal computer revolution got started in 1975, that's when I left college and started Microsoft. These last 22 years have really been amazing, every prediction we've made about improvements have all come true. As we look ahead, that pace of innovation is not slowing down, in fact if anything it's speeding up. Very high speed processors like 300MHz Pentiums, or new 64 bit processors that we're already developing Windows NT for; incredible storage capacity, which will let us store, not just data, but also digital video as well; great screen technology to create a tablet like device that would be good enough for reading and writing; advanced graphics and now the ability to connect computers together at very high speed.

The Internet is the way that all these machines can be connected together. And those standards, and the improvement of those standards, is very very important. Some people like to think about how the computer industry compares to other industries. I've shown before what the cost of the typical car was in 1980 in US, and that rose up to be about from 8,000 to 19,000 today, and likewise cereal has increased in price. How does that compare to PCs? If the same model was followed for PCs, can buy a car for 27 cents and cereal for less than one cent, so there's no other area of the economy that has this rapid improvement, and people just aren't used to it. You almost have to tell people, ! What would you do if Internet computing power was free. \$ Because that's what we'll be able to deliver with all these improvements.

Microsoft's vision of computing is global computing. We see PCs connected to the Internet making the world a smaller place, and that's positive in so many ways: to build understanding between people, to share research in key science areas, including medicine, to allow world commerce to work very well. And the Internet is driving this already. Microsoft has set up cooperations around the world, and we are very pleased with the success we're having here in China. We are doing significant software development on products here, and that will continue to increase, and key for us is having very very high quality software people, and we've been lucky to hire a great number of people from this university. Really I'd say that the core of the teams we've put together have come from here, and I've listed some of those employees here, and we certainly hope that in the future this list will increase dramatically, and the quality of our work continues to rise. (To be continued)

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(80) J ĩ ê K L M N C Ý Ó (2)

Microsoft believes in doing a lot of research because the software of today is not adequate for tomorrow. It's come a long way, such as the graphics interface, the application, and the way we deal with linguistics; it's much better than it was a year ago. Building the Internet into the software has come a long way. Some of the more ambitious things, like teaching the computer to speak or listen or see, still require a lot of software work that's not yet done, and so we've been investing in research, and building the number of research locations which will be increasing in the years ahead. One advance is teaching the computer to pick up sentences and understand them, and not just think of them as a series of characters.

Here we have an example where the word processor is looking at an English sentence, and suggesting that the grammar is not correct, and showing exactly how the grammar might be fixed. That kind of thing has proven to be extremely popular, and (it's just a step on the road to getting computers to actually understand what's going on) in the same way that humans do. That pursuit of artificial intelligence is the most exciting thing in computer science. Although the progress in that has been fairly slow, I'm confident that that will be accelerating quite a bit.

Another interesting area that I think people aren't expecting is computer vision. The actual digital cameras that allow you to have an image and scan that image are going down in cost; and software to recognize users, see what they're looking at, what kind of gestures they're making, that kind of software is coming along quite well. In fact I brought a short little film of a demonstration that someone from our vision group did, so let's take a quick look at some of the progress that's been made.

That just gives you a glimpse of one area that is expected to make the personal computer really disappear into the environment and connect up in a rich way. Tomorrow's PC will be quite different from what we have today, tomorrow's Internet will be much better than what we have today, but it will all evolve out of this technology that we have right now.

It's clear that the reason we refer to this as the information age is that the capabilities available in the information age will let people reach out and get what they need, whether it's business, learning, or for entertainment. Microsoft feels in a very lucky position to be helping to drive these things, and key for us is working with other software companies so that they can build other

applications on top of the system. Every industry needs a lot of software work there, and so I talk about the software industry creating so many great jobs in the years ahead. I think you picked a great field to be in, and we look forward to working with you.

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However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not as bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The faultfinder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it often happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old, return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts.

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There are quite a few questions that are supposed never to be asked about. It is impolite or rude even to mention them in a conversation. These topics include one's age, income, marriage, religious belief and political position as well as any other fields of privacy.

In order to understand the American or western idea of a personal concept of privacy, one may think of the concept of ! territory\$. As well known, a nation has borders or boundaries with other countries and everything within the border belongs to the nation alone and no one else.

One's home - one's castle

Is one able to enter another country without a passport - a permit from another? Absolutely not. It is the same for one's home.

If one enters someone else's home without asking for permission, he is likely to be charged with trespassing or even burglary. Inside the house everything is within the territory of the owner, no one else. A bedroom is his or her castle. No one may visit it without permission.

Inside the room - confidential

No one has the right to open a closet, desk or drawer in the room - these are something secret in the host or hostess's castle. On top of the desk there may be letters, business papers or exercise books, these too are within the owner's territory. Never touch them or read them! Similarly never read over one's shoulder when he or she is reading something!

You don't want to behave like a spy, do you? Anything one is reading is his or her private property. Don't invade it!

Income - a top secret

In the United States, one's income is the top secret. Never even try to ask any questions about it! Avoid asking for dishonor. In the same way, it is impolite to inquire about one's property or the cost of some articles. You may say how cool something is, but never ask about the price.

Age - taboo for everyone

Age is considered a taboo, especially for the ladies. They hate any topics about age, simply because they hate to get old, because they want to stay young

forever! They are very sensitive to questions like: ! When were you born?\$ or
! Do you have artificial teeth?\$

Never make any comment like ! You have grey hair\$, otherwise the males and
females alike will beat you black and blue.

Religion - sensitive

Religion is what one believes in personally. It is totally a personal matter.
Never ask,! Why do you worship as a Christian\$, it is none of your business.
Everyone has the freedom to believe as they choose in belief.

Politics - big men s affairs

Politics is a sensitive topic too. It s completely of personal opinion.
There is no argument about taste, anyway. Besides, such questions as ! Do you
believe Israel will accept the conditions for peace talks?\$ should be on the
agenda of those ! big men\$, not for a ! nobody\$ like you and me.

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Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*. Nay there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen; for they are cymini sectores. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

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June 24 If a man is ever going to admit that he belongs to the earth, not the other way round, it probably will be in late June. Then it is that life surpasses man's affairs with incredible urgency and outreaches him in every direction. Even the farmer, on whom we all depend for the substance of existence, knows then that the best he can do is cooperate with wind and weather, soil and seed. The incalculable energy of chlorophyll, the green leaf itself, dominates the earth, and the root in the soil is the inescapable fact. Even the roadside weed ignores man's legislation.

The urgency is everywhere. Grass blankets the earth, reaching for the sun, spreads its roots, flowers and comes to seed. The forest widens its canopy, strengthens its boles, nurtures its seedlings, ripens its perpetuating nuts. The birds nest and hatch their fledglings. The beetle and the bee are busy at the grassroot and the blossom, and the butterfly lays eggs that will hatch and crawl and eat and pupate and take to the air once more. Fish spawn and meadow voles harvest the wild meadows, and owls and foxes feed their young. Dragonflies and swallows and nighthawks seine the air where the minute winged creatures flit out their minute life spans.

And man, who glibly calls the earth his own, neither powers the leaf nor energizes the fragile wing. Man participates, but his dominance is limited. It is the urgency of life, or growth, that rules. Late June and early Summer are the ultimate, unarguable proof.

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Happiness is like a pebble dropped into a pool to set in motion an ever-widening circle of ripples. As Stevenson has said, being happy is a duty.

There is no exact definition of the word happiness. Happy people are happy for all sorts of reasons. The key is not wealth or physical well-being, since we find beggars, invalids and so called failures who are extremely happy.

Being happy is a sort of unexpected dividend. But staying happy is an accomplishment, a triumph of soul and character. It is not selfish to strive for it. It is, indeed, a duty to ourselves and others.

Being unhappy is like an infectious disease; it causes people to shrink away from the sufferer. He soon finds himself alone, miserable and embittered. There is, however, a cure so simple as to seem, at first glance, ridiculous: If you don't feel happy, pretend to be!

It works. Before long you will find that instead of repelling people, you attract them.

You discover how deeply rewarding it is to be the center of wider and wider circles of good will.

Then the make-believe becomes a reality. You possess the secret of peace of mind, and can forget yourself in being of service to others.

Being happy, once it is realized as a duty and established as a habit, opens doors into unimaginable gardens thronged with grateful friends.

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All of us ought to be able to brace ourselves for the predictable challenges and setbacks that crop up everyday. If we expect that life won't be perfect, we'll be able to avoid that impulse to quit. But even if you are strong enough to persist the obstacle course of life and work, sometimes you will encounter an adverse event that will completely knock you on your back.

Whether it's a financial loss, the loss of respect of your peers or loved ones, or some other traumatic event in your life these major setbacks leave you doubting yourself and wondering if things can ever change for the better again.

Adversity happens to all of us, and it happens all the time. Some form of major adversity is either going to be there or it's lying in wait just around the corner. To ignore adversity is to succumb to the ultimate self-delusion.

But you must recognize that history is full of examples of men and women who achieved greatness despite facing hurdles so steep that easily could have crashed their spirit and left them lying in the dust. Moses was a stutterer, yet he was called on to be the voice of God. Abraham Lincoln overcomes a difficult childhood, depression, the death of two sons, and constant ridicule during the Civil War to become arguably our greatest president ever. Helen Keller made an impact on the world despite being deaf, dumb, and blind from an early age. Franklin Roosevelt had polio.

There are endless examples. These were people who not only looked adversity in the face but learned valuable lessons about overcoming difficult circumstances and were able to move ahead.

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Why are so many people so anxious to get away from the small town or village where they brought up, and to make for the big cities? They usually describe their hometown as "boring" or "dead", or the harshest criticism of all as "provincial".

If we examine the question from a distance, as if we were viewing the whole country from a long way off, we start to get a clue about what it is that lures us into the big cities.

The main point to notice about big cities is that they are big: there are a lot of people, and there are a lot of things going on. If you look down on a city, literally from a great distance, from an airplane at night, you will be struck by the incredible brightness of a city: there are so many lights that you cannot help feeling that all the bright things of life are down there waiting for you. But a feeling of disappointment will set in shortly after you land, because you will discover as you drive into the city center from the airport that the lights are just that: lights, miles and miles of street lights and neon signs. They are not in themselves sources of joy and happiness: city lights are not friendly, they are merely lights. In fact, the effect will probably be to make you feel lonely and isolated.

And yet the city lures us, because it is not provincial like the dead little town we have left behind us. Provincial is in fact our way of describing not the town but the attitude of the people. In our little town, we know (or think we know) everybody. And what we know about them is that they do not want to go anywhere, or to do anything outside the normal routine of their everyday lives. Unlike us, they have no sense of adventure, no longing for new experiences or new horizons.

So we look down on them, pity or despise them, pack our bags, and make for the big world which we know is out there, where the bright lights are. Then a curious thing happens. We find a job, make a small circle of friends and acquaintances, and move into some cramped accommodation. Gradually we get to know our section of the city, its shops and its people, and for a while, we begin to feel at home. It is small enough, our part of the city, for us not to feel lost or anonymous. We, in effect, create another little village for ourselves within the big city. The ultimate irony comes when we rent a television set so that we can stay in at night and watch exactly the same programs that our despised country cousins watch. Soon we too become ! provincial\$, and others who live round us will be glad to get up and leave us behind.

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Ladies and Gentlemen, Dear Colleagues:

Because I am the Vice Chancellor of the oldest of the foreign universities represented here today, I have been chosen to speak on their behalf. I am pleased to be their voice in presenting our heartfelt congratulations to the professors, teachers, researchers and students of Peking University on the 100th anniversary of its foundation.

Our universities form a great intellectual community round the world. Science has no nationality; knowledge belongs to everyone.

Our universities create new knowledge. They teach this knowledge, together with that of other universities and also the best of the great storehouse of knowledge, which those who came before us have uncovered, tested and accumulated.

All universities contribute to the prosperity and success of their country. They also conserve the culture and inheritance specific to their country's civilization. But, they do more. Knowledge is secure only when it is hard won by the independent tests of accuracy,

rational explanation and truth. So, when we teach our students skills, we also give them values. On the one side, these are values for personal and civic conduct. On the other side, these values underwrite the personal need for independent understanding which is the source of human creativity.

These duties give universities a high responsibility. They are rooted in a great and fine tradition of honesty, free fearless enquiry and independence. Each university is a beacon of light in its own society and, by its association with its sisters, its knowledge and its values are spread wide.

A tradition is not built easily or quickly. During one hundred years, Peking University has been fashioning its tradition. Present and future members of the University! We hope to see you elaborate and consolidate your tradition. We hope to see you become a keystone of the intellectual community. In your next century, we hope to see you contribute to the international academic movement as a whole, as more and more of your numbers come to participate in the activities of your sister universities.

Congratulations, Peking University on your first century of achievement!

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O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring!
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red!
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
O Captain my Captain! rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up - for you the flag is flung - for you the bugle trills,
For you the bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths - for you the shores crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning!
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will!
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won!
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies

Fallen cold and dead.

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A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as an individual.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious efforts,

the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been effort stored up in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure,

he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own place with his fellows, if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.

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Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not: this gives me no concern-why then should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne. Why should I regret and lay it so much to heart that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom?

To die is only to be as we were born; yet no one feels any remorse, or regret, or repugnance, in contemplating this last idea. It is rather a relief and disburdening of the mind; it seems to have been a holiday time with us then; we were not called to appear upon the stage of life, to wear robes or tatters, to laugh or cry, be hooted or applauded; we had lain perdu all this while, snug out of harm's way; and had slept out our thousands of centuries without wanting to be waked up; at peace and free from care, in a long nonage, in a sleep deeper and calmer than that of infancy, wrapped in the softest and finest dust. And the worst that we dread is, after a short fretful, feverish being, after vain hopes, and idle fears, to sink to final repose again, and forget the troubled dream of life!

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What then is the work of life? What the business of great men, that pass the stage of the world in seeming triumph as these men we call heroes have done? Is it to grow great in the mouth of fame and take up so many pages in history? Alas! That is no more than making a tale for the reading of posterity till it turns into fable and romance. Is it to furnish subjects to the poets, and live in their immortal rhymes as they call them? That is, in short, no more than to be hereafter turned into ballad and song and be sung by old women to quiet children, or at the corner of the street to gather crowds in aid of the pickpocket and the poor. Or is their business rather to add virtue and piety to their glory, which alone will pass them into eternity and make them truly immortal? What is glory without virtue? A great man without religion is no more than a great beast without a soul. What is honour without merit? And what can be called true merit but that which makes a person be a good man as well as a great man?

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In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba - no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his cooperation, and quickly. What to do?

Some said to the President, ! There s a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can. \$

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the ! fellow by the name of Rowan\$ took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia - are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, ! Where is he at?\$

By the Eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing - ! Carry a message to Garcia. \$

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man -the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

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There is no month in the whole year, in which nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August! Spring has many beauties, and May is a fresh and blooming month, but the charms of this time of year are enhanced by their contrast with the winter season. August has no such advantage. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields and sweet smelling flowers when the recollection of snow, and ice, and bleak winds, has faded from our minds as completely as they have disappeared from the earth and yet what a pleasant time it is! Orchards and corn-fields ring with the hum of labour; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of ripe fruit, which bows their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth; the influence of the season seems to extend itself to the every wagon, whose slow motion across the well-reaped field, is perceptible only to the eye,

but strikes with no harsh sound upon the ear.

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Today is our chance to say thank you for the way you brightened our lives, even though God granted you but half a life. We will all feel cheated always that you were taken from us so young, and yet we must learn to be grateful that you came along at all. Only now you are gone do we truly appreciate what we are now without and we want you to know that life without you is very, very difficult. We have all despaired at our loss over the past week and only the strength of the message you gave us through your years of giving has afforded us the strength to move forward.

There is a temptation to rush to canonize your memory, there is no need to do so. You stand tall enough as a human being of unique qualities not to need to be seen as a saint. Indeed, to sanctify your memory would be to miss out on the very core of your being, your wonderfully mischievous sense of humour with a laugh that bent you double. Your joy for life, transmitted wherever you took your smile, and the sparkle in those unforgettable eyes. Your boundless energy, which you could barely contain. But your greatest gift was your intuition and it was a gift you used wisely. This is what underpinned all your other wonderful attributes and if we look to analyse what it was about you that had such a wide appeal we find it in your instinctive feel for what was really important in all our lives...

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A Chief Executive officer is not necessarily someone who has had a lot of formal training. So, I doubt more schooling would help you climb up that ladder of success.

Maybe you should try and change your work habits or character. You cannot just sit around in an organization waiting for people to promote you. You have to let people know you are ambitious and waiting for bigger and more rewarding challenges. You should tell your supervisor or boss that you want to be promoted and rise up that management ladder. A good manager will accept, even respect the fact that you wish for career development. If this is not the case, you should find a new job or new company that will allow you to grow.

You must start out small. Hoping that one day you will suddenly become director of a company is doubtful. Getting ready for a slow ascent is more likely. Accept it, and commit yourself, realizing that it may be a long climb.

You will need some skills to propel you up that ladder of success. You must be competent, that is you need to develop skills in many areas, such as marketing, human resources, public relations and finances.

You must also be a good people person, always cultivating relationships with the people around you. Having ! guanxi \$ is a necessary characteristic of any successful CEO.

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The Olympics represents the noble ideal of sports overcoming the barriers of politics with champion athletes of all nations gathering in the spirit of sportsmanship. However, the stakes go beyond who wins the gold medal. Shortly after each competition, nations begin to vie afresh for the bid to host the next game. Winning the vote to host is not merely an honor, it is a political conquest in global recognition. It also spins revenue from the influx of tourists, participants and Olympic related paraphernalia.

However, all that glitters is not gold. For some residents of Beijing, the site of Olympic 2008, the impact of winning the bid cuts deep and far into their personal lives. The capital is expecting to pour billions of dollars into sports facilities and related upgrades such as roads, public transport, landscaping and sanitation. For the bustling city of bicycles and traffic jams tucked among imperial relics, the Olympics is an opportunity for urban renewal.

Yet for those within the areas, something must give way to make room for the model Olympic Village.

Decades of family homes will be uprooted and dispersed among apartments on the outskirts of the city. Although modern plumbing and sanitation will replace chamber pots, the move is an upheaval of a community and its way of life and social dynamics. It will be interesting to follow up on those and study the effects of the transplant.

The Olympics upgrades are not disposable stage props that can be easily discarded after the show. Experts are afraid that without the heartbeat of ordinary people dwelling in the ancient city, the high tech Olympic City would become culturally dry. Careful urban planning and stringent regulations such as building restrictions can preserve the impression of an intact neighborhood. Nevertheless, without the residents, aesthetic is lost and only the facade remains, waiting to be filled by tourists and businesses.

Nonetheless who can begrudge anyone a more comfortable living environment? Even without the Olympics, can the drumbeat of modernization be stopped? And whether the changes are for better or worse, who should presume to judge such things other than those whose lives bear the brunt of the impact?

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Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible - that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty - the first of humankind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact - can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.

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Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sign.

O Troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave your footprints in my words.

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

It is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles in bloom.

The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

The sands in your way beg for your song and your movement, dancing water.
Will you carry the burden of their lameness?

Her wishful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night.

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

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Each human being is born as something new, something that never existed before. Each is born with the capacity to win at life. Each person has a unique way of seeing, hearing, touching, tasting and thinking. Each has his or her own unique potentials - capabilities and limitations. Each can be a significant, thinking, aware, and creative being - a productive person, a winner.

The word ! winner\$ and ! loser\$ have many meanings. When we refer to a person as a winner, we do not mean one who makes someone else lose. To us, a winner is one who responds authentically by being credible, trustworthy, responsive, and genuine, both as an individual and as a member of a society.

Winners do not dedicate their lives to a concept of what they imagine they should be; rather, they are themselves and as such do not use their energy putting on a performance,

maintaining pretence, and manipulating others. They are aware that there is a difference between being loving and acting loving, between being stupid and acting stupid, between being knowledgeable and acting knowledgeable. Winners do not need to hide behind a mask.

Winners are not afraid to do their own thinking and to use their own knowledge. They can separate facts from opinion and don't pretend to have all the answers. They listen to others, evaluate what they say, but come to their own conclusions. Although winners can admire and respect other people, they are not totally defined, demolished, bound, or awed by them.

Winners do not play ! helplessness\$, nor do they play the blaming game. Instead, they assume responsibility for their own lives. They do not give others a false authority over them. Winners are their own bosses and know it.

A winner's timing is right. Winners respond appropriately to the situation. Their responses are related to the message sent and preserve the significance, worth, well-being, and dignity of the people involved. Winners know that for everything there is a season and for every activity a time.

Although winners can freely enjoy themselves, they can also postpone enjoyment, can discipline themselves in the present to enhance their enjoyment in the future. Winners are not afraid to go after what they want, but they do so in appropriate ways. Winners do not get their security by controlling others. They do not set themselves up to lose.

A winner cares about the world and its peoples. A winner is not isolated from the general problems of society, but is concerned, compassionate, and committed to improving the quality of life. Even in the face of national and international adversity, a winner's self-image is not one of a powerless individual. A winner works to make the world a better place.

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