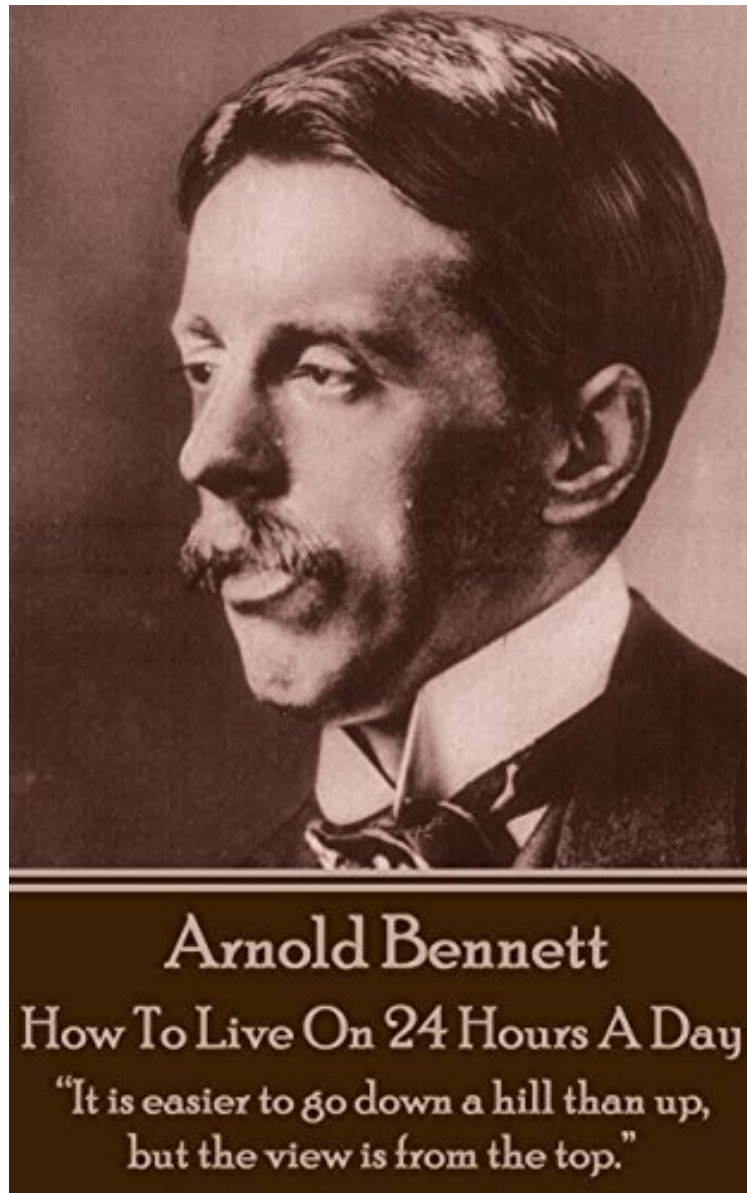


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How To Live On Twenty Four Hours A Day: quot;It is easier to go down a hill than up, but the view is from the top.quot;

Arnold Bennett

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0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. New outlook on life...By MatprI found this book by accident while looking for topics on "motivation". I saw that it was free, so I figured, "might as well download it to my Kindle" to find out what it is all about. Plus, other reviews mentioned it is a quick read, which it is. I was instantly drawn in once I started reading. I didn't put the book down until I was done. How can such a powerful book be such a secret? I feel like this book should be at the top of the "Top 100 Free Books" list. The book, while written in the early 1900s, relates to the modern reader. It addresses why most of us are dissatisfied with our day, our life. We forget that our time is limited, but even more so, how to use our time wisely. We are each given 24 hours a day; there is no aristocracy, no bank of time, no borrowing, no lending. The rich and poor are both presented with time equally. The reader is then provided with insightful wisdom in how to better use the time. In the routines the author presents, happiness can be found. Truly a book on "How to Live". Simple, easy to read, yet more powerful than you would imagine. After reading this book, I went and bought an original hard cover edition in perfect condition (mind you, this is a book from the early 1900s, so it is the only book I have ever been willing to spend major money on for a hard cover). I recommend this to all ages and demographics as a "must read".

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. A Timeless Gem By KrypticThe worth of this gem is indescribable. Nearly each line contains a wealth of knowledge worth reading and re-reading. The book is simply written and beyond expressive. Bennett understands the plight of the busy person and gives all readers valuable insight into practical ways at achieving. They just don't write books like these anymore. Do yourself a favour and read this book!

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Worth the time By CustomerAltho written by a Brit with different cultural references and different sentence structuring, the information is accessible and worth implementation. I have read this book every January for 4 consecutive years. I always find a new element to employ. I use this as a centering guide for my upcoming year. It helps with many aspects of my daily endeavors.

How to Live on Twenty Four Hours a Day is a classic of self-improvement by Arnold Bennett published in 1910. Although the book is more than one century old, the practical advice and the inspirational ideas that it provides have become much pertinent to twenty-first-century concerns since today most people find themselves in a fatal combat with time. The volume is divided into a number of chapters, each of which offers a series of tips to be followed in order to get the best of one's twenty four hours and to "live" rather than just "exist". What has made modern people feel enslaved to time, according to Bennett, is the way the Industrial Revolution has mechanized their lifestyle. They have become like machines reiterating the same things for years and even decades so that they have lost the taste of life. Bennett gives solutions to these modern problems, solution of how to save time and enjoy it, solutions of how to make use of one's existence. Literature, the arts, history and philosophy are among the tools that help achieve such a goal. For Bennett, one has to keep on reminding himself that time is often more precious than money.

"Mr. Bennett writes with his usual crispness, point, and humor." -- Times of London "Straightforward, vigorous, pungent." -- New York Times About the Author Enoch Arnold Bennett (27 May 1867 ndash; 27 May 1931) was an English novelist. His most famous works are the Clayhanger trilogy and *The Old Wives' Tale*. These books draw on his experience of life in the Potteries, as did most of his best work. In his novels the Potteries are referred to as "the Five Towns"; Bennett felt that the name was more euphonious than "the Six Towns" so Fenton was omitted. Excerpt. copy; Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. I. The Daily Miracle "Yes, he's one of those men that don't know how to manage. Good situation. Regular income. Quite enough for luxuries as well as needs. Not really extravagant. And yet the fellow's always in difficulties. Somehow he gets nothing out of his money. Excellent flatmdash;half empty! Always looks as if he'd had the brokers in. New suitmdash;old hat! Magnificent necktiemdash;baggy trousers! Asks you to dinner: cut glassmdash;bad mutton, or Turkish coffeemdash;cracked cup! He can't understand it. Explanation simply is that he fritters his income away. Wish I had the half of it! I'd show himmdash;" So we have most of us criticised, at one time or another, in our superior way. We are nearly all chancellors of the exchequer: it is the pride of the moment. Newspapers are full of articles explaining how to live on such-and-such a sum, and these articles provoke a correspondence whose violence proves the interest they excite. Recently, in a daily organ, a battle raged round the question whether a woman can exist nicely in the country on pound;85 a year. I have seen an essay, "How to live on eight shillings a week." But I have never seen an essay, "How to live on twenty-four hours a day." Yet it has been said that time is money. That proverb understates the case. Time is a great deal more than money. If you have time you can obtain moneymdash;usually. But though you have the wealth of a cloak-room attendant at the Carlton Hotel, you cannot buy yourself a minute more time than I have, or the cat by the fire has. Philosophers have explained space. They have not explained time. It is the inexplicable raw material of everything. With it, all is possible; without it, nothing. The supply of time is truly a daily miracle, an affair genuinely astonishing when one examines it. You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life! It is yours. It is the most precious of possessions. A highly singular commodity, showered upon you in a manner as singular as the commodity itself! For remark! No one can take it from you. It is unstealable. And no one receives either more or less than you receive. Talk about an ideal democracy! In the

realm of time there is no aristocracy of wealth, and no aristocracy of intellect. Genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. And there is no punishment. Waste your infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you. No mysterious power will say:— "This man is a fool, if not a knave. He does not deserve time; he shall be cut off at the meter." It is more certain than consols, and payment of income is not affected by Sundays. Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. Impossible to get into debt! You can only waste the passing moment. You cannot waste to-morrow; it is kept for you. You cannot waste the next hour; it is kept for you. I said the affair was a miracle. Is it not? You have to live on this twenty-four hours of daily time. Out of it you have to spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect, and the evolution of your immortal soul. Its right use, its most effective use, is a matter of the highest urgency and of the most thrilling actuality. All depends on that. Your happiness—the elusive prize that you are all clutching for, my friends!—depends on that. Strange that the newspapers, so enterprising and up-to-date as they are, are not full of "How to live on a given income of time," instead of "How to live on a given income of money"! Money is far commoner than time. When one reflects, one perceives that money is just about the commonest thing there is. It encumbers the earth in gross heaps. If one can't contrive to live on a certain income of money, one earns a little more—or steals it, or advertises for it. One doesn't necessarily muddle one's life because one can't quite manage on a thousand pounds a year; one braces the muscles and makes it guineas, and balances the budget. But if one cannot arrange that an income of twenty-four hours a day shall exactly cover all proper items of expenditure, one does muddle one's life definitely. The supply of time, though gloriously regular, is cruelly restricted. Which of us lives on twenty-four hours a day? And when I say "lives," I do not mean exists, nor "muddles through." Which of us is free from that uneasy feeling that the "great spending departments" of his daily life are not managed as they ought to be? Which of us is quite sure that his fine suit is not surmounted by a shameful hat, or that in attending to the crockery he has forgotten the quality of the food? Which of us is not saying to himself—;which of us has not been saying to himself all his life: "I shall alter that when I have a little more time"? We never shall have any more time. We have, and we have always had, all the time there is. It is the realisation of this profound and neglected truth (which, by the way, I have not discovered) that has led me to the minute practical examination of daily time-expenditure.