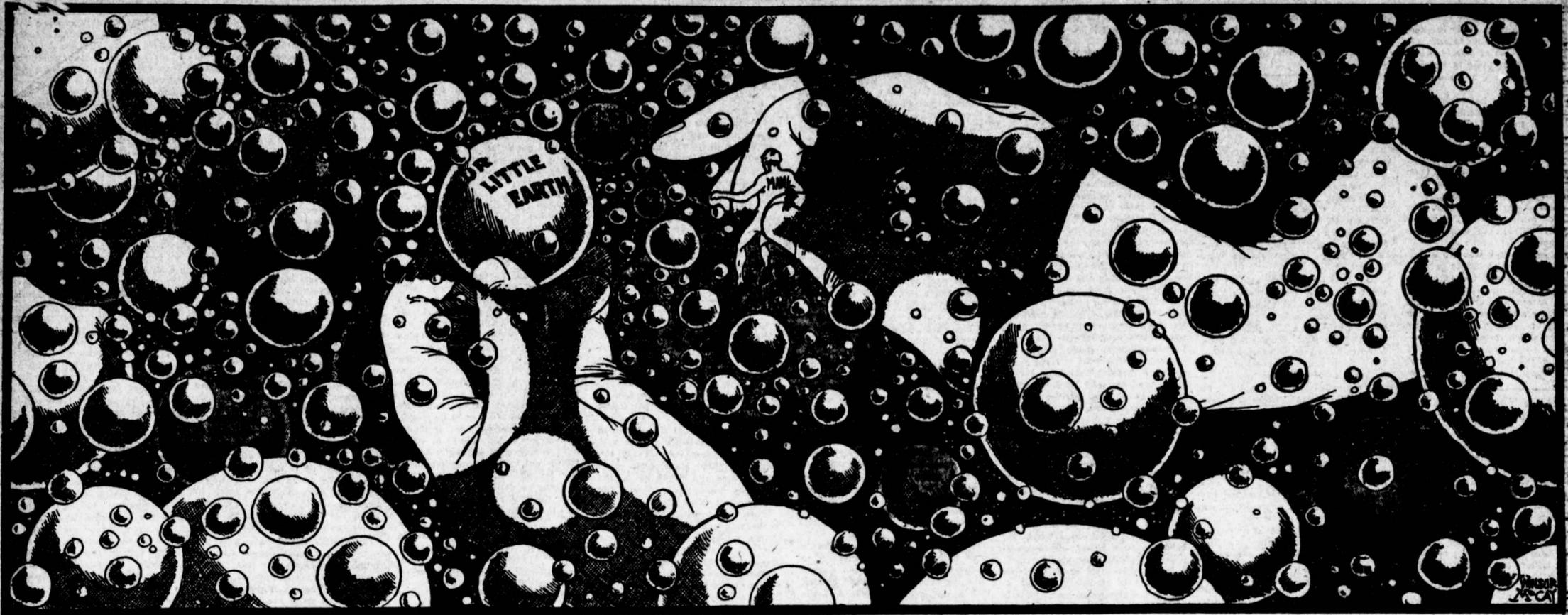


HERE GOD HAS PLACED US

Copyright, 1921, by International Picture Service. Great Britain Rights Reserved.



"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—St. John, xiv., 2.

The two great hands in this picture represent the hands of God, the Power ruling all space, all the suns and planets, all that vast universe in which this earth is like a grain of sand on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Mr. McCay's powerful imagination has

designed this striking cartoon, and your own imagination will supply its meaning.

The Will of GOD, for this short life, has placed us on this little earth. The will power of MAN should make him do his best wherever he may be placed HERE.

"MANY mansions," indeed, are scattered through the vast and inconceivable spaces that make up the universe. There are millions upon millions of suns, each with its family of planets. One of those suns within reach of our telescope is a million times as big as our own sun. And the sun that lights our earth is a million times as big as our earth.

What life may exist on those gigantic stars, a million MILLION times bigger than our little planet? And for all we know, what we call "the universe" may be one little corner in space, one little sandpile on the shore of the ocean of time.

In Mr. McCay's picture you see a little man, YOURSELF, held between the thumb and forefinger of Infinite Power, and placed on this earth.

Few of us complain of the PLANET that we inhabit. It has many deserts and swamps; it has frozen Poles and a burning Equator; wild beasts and diseases destroy men in certain parts of it; stony ground in other parts yields reluctantly a thin living.

But our imaginations are weak. We cannot conceive of the nobler, greater "mansions" to which we may some day be transferred.

We accept this little earth as it is and do not complain of it, as a planet.

BUT HOW BITTERLY AND HOW OFTEN WE COMPLAIN OF THE PARTICULAR SPOT ON THIS EARTH IN WHICH WE FIND OURSELVES.

Ninety out of a hundred of us, ninety-nine, perhaps, complain of what we HAVE, what we SEE, what we SUFFER.

Cosmic Power that placed us here, if it condescends to listen to our little cries, hears from this planet, as it rolls through space, the constant murmur of complaint.

The rich man says the poor are ungrateful; he helps them, and then they go on strike.

The poor man says the rich are cold-hearted; he slaves for them; they neglect him in his old age. In the North they complain of cold in the South they complain of heat. In Winter they want Summer, and in Summer they want cool weather.

Children cry because they must go to bed; they want to be grown-up. And those grown up sigh for their youth, and write poems about "I remember, I remember, the house where I was born."

Women say that their lives are hard and they would like to be men. Men say women have no idea how hard they—the men—work, or how fortunate they—the women—are, to have somebody work for them.

In old days in Paris, before the Revolution came to clear the air, and before steam cars came to carry passengers, the prosperous travelled from their homes to the dinner or the ball in Sedan chairs, carried by lackeys running on foot. As the aristocrats were carried comfortably on their satin cushions, their minds were full of complaint. "My servants are careless, the King is ungrateful, I am important, and not appreciated."

If you could have seen one of them you would have said: "Be grateful that you have those poor devils to carry you; be grateful that you have out on your lands miserable peasants slaving for you that you never saw. Be thankful that you sit on satin, when you might be sitting on the cold hard rocks."

What the Sedan chair with its luxury was to the noblemen of days before the Revolution this earth is to us human beings.

We live on this beautiful little planet; the sun warms it, the rain falls and makes it fertile. Surrounded on all sides by the inconceivable cold of the ether, we live in a fairly even temperature. And our bodies, so miraculously contrived, keep the temperature of the blood the same at all times, whether we live under the Equator or within the Arctic Circle.

There may be in space, working out their destiny, beings on other planets that envy us OUR comfort and good fortune with good reason, just as the poor hag begging in the streets of Paris envied the fine ladies that she saw going by in their Sedan chairs.

How much Divine Wisdom does for us, supplying all that we need, and enabling us to get

all the luxuries in addition, if we will work. If we realized that there would be less complaining and murmuring going up into the thin air above us.

As we accept this particular planet to which we are sent, so should we accept with determination to improve it if we can, with gratitude that it is no worse, the place in which we find ourselves—especially if that place is the United States of America.

There were men on this planet, of a strange animal kind, five hundred thousand years ago. Science proves it, and only childish ignorance denies it.

There were men of a different kind, but still savage, one hundred thousand years ago. And only twelve thousand years ago, when what we are pleased to call "The Dawn of Civilization" occurred, men and women lived here under conditions that would fill us with horror if we could see them.

They ate each other's bodies. The constant dread of the red-haired woman in her cave was that her man would play her false, run away with a younger woman, and leave her and her children to be eaten by the neighbors. That's what makes women so jealous now. It is not that men are lovely; they are necessary.

Life was a constant struggle with savage animals; with the cold, with famine that came with the snow.

Less than two hundred years ago, in France, more than half the people were in horrible poverty, close to starvation.

In one of the French plagues it was necessary to pass a law forbidding the living to eat the bodies of those that had died of the plague. Peasants were forbidden to destroy the wild animals and birds that ate their crops—the noblemen wished the pleasure of killing them in the hunt.

The young girl at the foot of a hill was the property, if he chose, of the baron that lived on the hilltop. We have changed that.

Here in the United States, when Lincoln was a boy, the man that could earn as much as a dollar a day was something to be wondered at.

In one period of our history as a magnificent free republic, according to one of the best historians, there was just ONE mechanic in the United States able to earn \$1 a day all the year round. And a President of the United States complained bitterly and publicly that everything was going to the dogs because you couldn't hire a good workman under one hundred dollars a year.

The real pleasure in life is working and solving problems. How many problems men have solved. They lived in cliff dwellings, in misery to escape their enemies.

Now they build great sky-scraping cliffs of glass and steel, and live in them. They crawled painfully along the earth's surface carrying heavy loads. Now they fly through the air.

All the wonderful changes have been made because here and there, at intervals, appears the man who says: "Instead of COMPLAINING about conditions, I shall MAKE THEM BETTER."

This striking picture shows you where you are and how you came here. You live on a planet so small that if it rained planets like our earth on one of the greatest stars, the rain would hardly be noticed.

But it isn't the SIZE of the planet, or the size of your job, or the grandeur of your position that counts. It is WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT.

The man that first made a bow and arrow and killed an animal fifty feet from him was as great an inventor as Edison or Maxim. All that he had to work with was a piece of wood and the skin or entrails of an animal.

The woman that first tamed a she buffalo and got its milk for her children was as great as Mrs. Pankhurst, who tamed the British Government and got the votes for women.

Here we are, here we were put, and our job is to change ourselves from savage, selfish competing creatures into unselfish, civilized, kindly human beings. Our job at the same time is to change this little earth into a beautiful garden, the deserts irrigated, the swamps drained, the mountain tops inhabited, each with its flying machine garage. We growl, and grumble, but we ARE working, and civilization IS coming.

The energy that is used up in complaining, the nervous force that is broken down in worrying would, if properly used, make life successful. Fix up your corner of the earth.