

Literary Section

DRAWN FOR
THE SUNDAY
CALL by
THOMAS
MITCHELL
PIERCE
ONE OF AMERICA'S
FOREMOST
ILLUSTRATORS



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THOMAS
MITCHELL
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A Labor Day Poem.

There's work in the world for us all to do;
Work for me and work for you;
Something for each in the world's wide span;
And he who works is the happier man.

There's work in the world for each one to do;
-Work for the rose-and work for you-
Cheering and brightening and smoothing the
way,
That is the work for us all to-day.

The summer sun ripens the yellowed grain,
There's a task for the breeze and a task for
the rain;
Each has its appointed work to do-
And there's work for me and work for you.

