

missioner Sells a man of lofty purposes, constructive ability, and sincere devotion to the work committed to his hands. Nevertheless, we realize great needs not yet relieved on our reservations, and great fundamental changes necessary in our national legislation, policies and administration. We look to the President, to Congress, and to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and his Bureau, for immediate remedial measures.

We reserve the further and specific demands of our Society for presentation in more detail in a petition and memorial to the President and Congress of the United States and to the Bureau of Indian Affairs with regard to the need of a careful revision and codification of Indian law and the definition of Indian status; the just trusteeship and distribution of tribal funds; the efficient allotment of lands; the wise utilization of mineral and water resources; the settlement of tribal claims through the Federal Court of Claims; adequate education; and the just settlement of many specific grievances on the several reservations.

We call upon every man and woman of Indian blood to give of himself to the uttermost, that our people may live in a higher sense than ever before, and regain in that sense, a normal place in this country of free men.

We equally invite to our standards an increased number of associate members of the races to co-operate with us.

Our final appeal is again to our own race. We have no higher end than to see it reach out towards a place where it will become an active, positive and constructive factor in the life of this great nation.

THE WELCOME MAN

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, deep in the aisles of the woods, wherever he goes the welcome hand—he's
THE ONE WHO DELIVERS THE GOODS.

The failures of life sit around and complain, the Gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever there's rain, and they haven't their lanterns at night. Men tire of failures who fill with their sighs, the air of their own neighborhoods, there's a man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's

THE MAN WHO DELIVERS THE GOODS.

One fellow is lazy and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer with which he will knock, and one tells a