

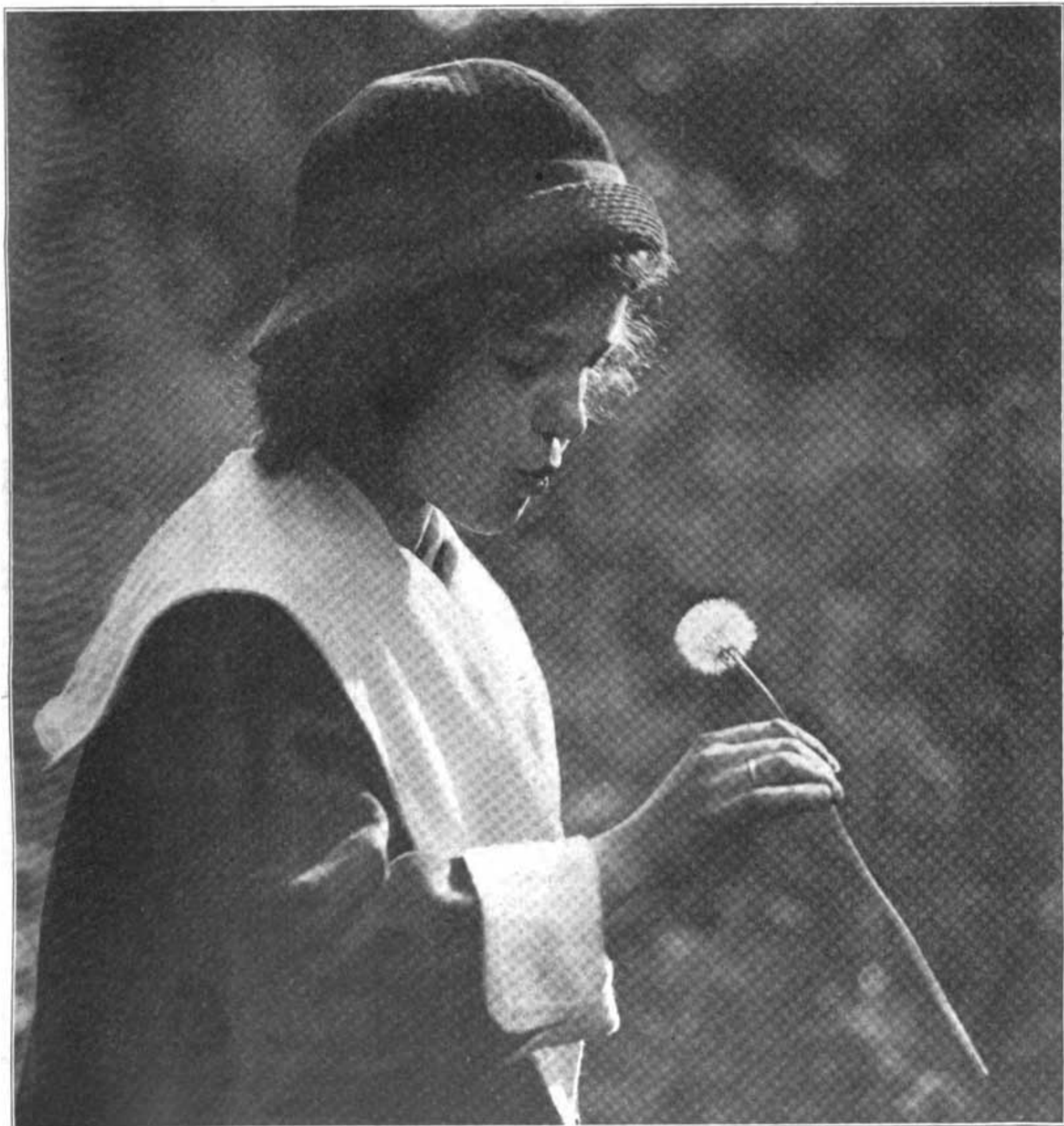
THE HIGH COST OF NOT "MINDING," BY ETHEL COLSON BRAZELTON
PAINTING THE PAST IN PAGEANTRY, BY FLORENCE SLOWN HYDE

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The Honorable Flora Warren Seymour

A Many-Sided Modern American Woman with the True Spirit of the Pioneer

BY MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

PIONEER DAYS are gone forever, but men and women who have the spirit of their forefathers, are still with us. With no more wildernesses to explore, their trail-blazing takes the form of new achievements in the realm of thought, in art, letters, invention, or social betterment. The Honorable Flora Warren Seymour of Chicago, lawyer, author, editor, and friend of the American Indian, is such a trail-blazer.

President Harding recognized her ability a year ago by making her a member of the United States Board of Indian Commissioners. She is the first and only woman to have this honor. This Commission, composed of ten members, was established during the administration of President Grant, who appointed an impartial group of disinterested and upright men to exercise a supervision over the affairs of the Indian Service, and to advise the President concerning them.

Mrs. Seymour had already spent six years in the Indian Service, from 1909 to 1915, acquiring first-hand acquaintance with Indians and their problems, which proves a valuable asset in her work as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. During that period she became familiar with schools and reservations, and with Indians of all grades, from the blanket reservation type to the educated man or woman who has taken a place in the world of the white man on terms of equality. In Mrs. Seymour's work of determining Indian heirships she became familiar with the knotty legal problems that must underlie all discussions of the status of this semi-dependent people. On this valuable legal foundation she built up an equally essential knowledge of the Indian personality, his many different tribes, and an appreciation of the vastness and complexity of his problems.

Commissioner Seymour feels that a better informed public is essential to proper adjustment of Indian affairs. A recital of past wrongs or present needs may arouse vast sympathy for the Indian, but sympathy that is ignorant of actual conditions can accomplish very little. Marked differences in language, culture, manner of living, and adaptability to civilizing influences make the problem an individual one for each Indian tribe or reservation. The average American citizen does not realize this. As a slight step toward remedying this general lack of knowledge, Mrs. Seymour is giving frequent radio talks about the Indians of North



HON. FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

First woman Indian Commissioner; founder and head of the Order of Bookfellows; editor of their organ, *The Step Ladder*, and a writer of distinction.

America, broadcasting information as to their history and mode of life.

It is not alone as an Indian Commissioner that Mrs. Seymour is a pioneer. She is executive head of the Order of Bookfellows, a unique organization which owes its creation and inspiration to her and her book-loving husband, George Steele Seymour, who is also an author. The membership of the Order, now in its fourth thousand, includes nearly all of our leading writers. It is an international association of readers and writers, an association of those who write, publish, buy, read, and love good books—non-commercial, co-operative. It is a League for Better Books. Book consumers hitherto have been inarticulate. The Bookfellows aim to voice their legitimate demands for the best possible literature at a fair and reasonable price.

To carry out this ideal, the mouthpiece of the Order of Bookfellows, *The Step Ladder*, with its pungent comment on books and things bookly, has been issued monthly since 1919. The Order also publishes beautiful books to be sold at cost to members, according to a co-operative plan which eliminates the bookseller's profit.

The Bookfellows have the happy distinction of being the only organization on earth which has no constitution and by-laws, no officers, nor directors. The only thing which distinguishes one member from another is his Bookfellow number. An Advisory Board has been formed, eventually to number twenty-five, which will lend to the Order the direction and support of the wisest and best minds available. Hamlin Garland, as Chairman, has so far selected for this Committee eighteen eminent Bookfellows:

Edwin Arlington Robinson	James Branch Cabell
John G. Neihardt	Henry Seidel Canby
Herbert Quick	Lorado Taft
Clara Louise Burnham	Katharine Lee Bates
George Sterling	Curtis Hidden Page
Carl Van Doren	Edwin Markham
Irving Bacheller	John Erskine
Richard Burton	Hugh Walpole
Frederick Starr	Emerson Hough (deceased)

In order to encourage sectional development, a number of Bookfellow Chapters have been formed, some in localities as widely separated as Nanking, China, with Bookfellow Alexander Brede in Charge, and Pitts-

burgh, Pennsylvania, where the writer of this article takes charge of a rapidly growing membership.

In addition to her duties as Indian Commissioner, as Editor of *The Step Ladder*, and Clerk of the Order of Bookfellows, Mrs. Seymour finds time for authorship as well. She has written the first book to be published in England or America on the novelist whose works link our time with those of Dickens and Thackeray. This book is entitled "William De Morgan, A Post-Victorian Realist."

Although a member of the American Bar Association and admitted to the practice of law before the United States Supreme Court, Mrs. Seymour's literary work has crowded out much of her activity as a lawyer, but she finds time to serve as Vice-Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Woman's City Club of



MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS
Poet, editor, and prominent clubwoman of
Pittsburgh, Pa.; author, "A Book of Verses."

Chicago, an organization of five thousand women active in all movements for civic welfare. Having three degrees, she has also served as Corresponding Secretary of the National Federation of College Women and represented that organization on the National Council of Women and the State Council of Defense.

Last spring Mrs. Seymour made a trip to northwestern Oklahoma for a survey of a number of Indian schools and reservations. She planned to make very definite and concrete observations as to the effects of Indian school life as indicated by the accomplishments of the graduates after they return to the tribe or reservation. It is often erroneously stated that educated Indians habitually "go back to the blanket."

It may be through her colonial ancestry that Mrs. Seymour is able to meet the adventures of life everywhere with the pioneer spirit, whether she is isolated in a remote Indian Reservation, or hemmed in by crowds of a large city. With dauntless courage and optimism she is making her impress upon her day and generation, striving to secure justice for an unfortunate people, endeavoring to unite men and women in the fellowship of books. Yet the title she is proudest to bear is that of a representative American woman.

The Shrinking of Dorothy

BY HELEN GREGG GREEN

FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS I have been constantly saying to Dorothy, my fourteen-year-old daughter, "Dorothy, Dorothy, straighten up! Throw your shoulders back!" But last night when I again said it, adding, "You're getting as round-shouldered as Grandmother," she burst out crying and threw herself on the bed with a case of near-hysterics.

Astonished, I ran to her and gathered my little girl (who is only a little girl to me, though really quite tall and stately-looking for her age), in my arms.

"What in the world is the matter, Kitten?" I crooned, patting the curly brown hair so like my own and drying the tears which I so rarely saw in my Dorothy's merry, brown eyes.

"Well, Muddy dear, it's just this: every time I'm with you, you keep saying 'Straighten up, Dorothy!' and it's the very thing I'm doing—doing my b-best not to do."

"Not to do? Why, Dorothy, what do you mean?"

"Muddy, I'm so sick and tired of hearing, 'Dorothy Freeman, how tall you're getting!' 'Why, Dorothy, you've grown a foot since the last time I saw you!' 'Say, child, you'd better get some padding on those bones of yours.' Lately, Muddy, since I've been growing so fast, that's all I hear, and I'm trying to make myself look less freakish."

"Freakish!" My pretty Dorothy!

Anger filled my heart. Yes, I remembered, I had often heard such remarks, not only to Dorothy but to the other girls in her crowd. I thought, ashamed, I'd even made similar criticisms myself. But I hadn't meant to hurt, and neither had the others. It's simply a habit we've all fallen into with growing girls.

Soon my Dorothy's beautiful carriage would have been ruined. The head—always held so high, like a bird all ready for flight—had been conscientiously "ducked," and the shoulders lowered to make herself look shorter.

"And, Muddy," Dorothy went on, the tears all gone and a little fierceness creeping into her voice, "it's not only the tall, thin ones that 'get it.' I've heard the mean old things telling Mary Jane a million times how terribly fat she is. And now, Mary Jane's losing all that lovely poise she's always had and is getting self-conscious and ashamed of that cute little figure of hers."

I then sat down and had a long "heart-to-heart" with my little daughter. I told her all girls must pass through that awkward age, that all the remarks which sound so unkind to young ears, are really not meant that way, and that it's only a habit with the older folks. So many of them do not know exactly what interests children, but knowing that the personal almost always interests everybody, they remark about "the way the youngsters are growing up," or "the way they're growing out."

Dorothy's woe was somewhat mitigated by all this, but I also had learned my lesson! Grown-ups, consider carefully some of those cut-and-dried remarks you hand out so freely to the children, making many of them morbidly self-conscious and miserable.