

SUCCESS IN LIFE WORK RELATIVE, SAYS REALIST

Dr. Miriam Van Waters, Woman at Head of Detention Home, Says Preparation Was Made for Service Without High Position in View.



DR. MIRIAM VAN WATERS.

ONE'S position on the ladder of success is, after all, relative, or so one might be led to believe after a discussion of the matter with Miss Miriam Van Waters, superintendent of the Detention Home.

The ordinary observer would call it promising elevation on the ladder for one to have, at 25 or 26 years, the record of three university degrees, four years of successful work in one's chosen line and a position at the head of an institution at just the stage its development when one can do the most effective work in determining the character of the institution for the future.

Miss Van Waters, or let us designate her by the title she earned in her university work, Dr. Van Waters, modestly refuses to regard her position as one of dizzy elevation on the ladder. She looks upon it rather in the attitude of one who succeeded in hooking her fingers firmly around the lower rungs of the ladder and is just gathering breath for a determined climb.

Perhaps this attitude on her part is because her vision gives her a glimpse of upward expansion on the great ladder that are invisible to the layman or to one who does not know the inner qualities of her ambition or her aims.

However, to lay aside the discussion as to whether or not she stands well up on the rungs of the ladder, which is exactly what I did when I went to interview her, having already come to a conclusion of my own and other people's satisfaction of her interesting story to trace her progress to the position she now occupies and some of the theories of life that she has accumulated and elaborated on the way.

Dr. Van Waters, although she was born in Pennsylvania, is really a Portland and Oregon girl, for she came to this city when she was a child and the years of her educational career were in this city and state.

Work at University Noted. From St. Helen's Hall, after her graduation in 1904, she went to the University of Oregon, from which she took the bachelor of arts degree in

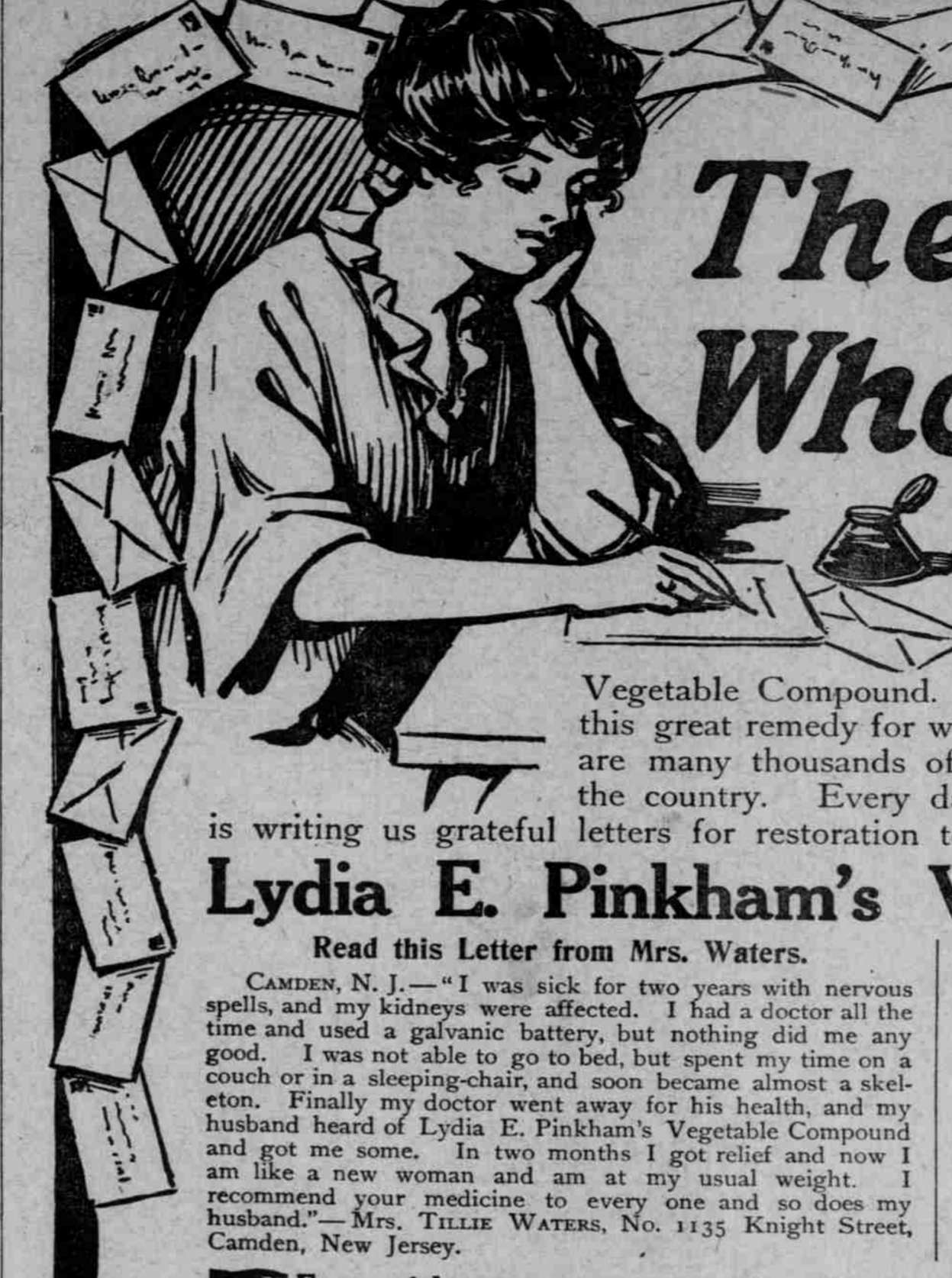
1908. While in college she was active in the literary work of the student body, editing the university monthly magazine for one year and serving as dramatic coach for a term. The recognition of her effective work in her studies was prompt, for after her graduation, she was called back to serve as assistant to Dr. Sheldon in the department of psychology.

It was in her college years, apparently, that the fates, or the little gods that tinker with one's destinies, began to shape things up to bring her to Portland in 1914 to take charge of the Detention Home. Dr. Van Waters denies that she, like most famous people, are supposed to do, had the plan of her destiny whittled into shape long before she went to college, and attributes her success thus far more to circumstances than anything else. If this is true, the circumstances that interested her more and more deeply in psychological study, certainly were aiming in the direction of the work that she is now handling.

In 1910, while working for her master's degree in the University of Oregon, she did volunteer social work in Portland and in this, the determinant who seeks to trace out the course of her career, must find the second influence that was brought to bear to bring her to the superintendency of the Detention Home.

At the same time she was one of the editors of the New West magazine, which was struggling to assume its place in the literary life of the Northwest at that time, and would have done so had it not been for circumstances unforeseen. Since I have taken it upon myself to trace Miss Van Waters' career on the determining theory, I must either pass over her work on the New West magazine, or must look upon it as the recrudescence of the literary bent that manifested itself in her college career, but which was pushed aside by the preponderating influences that were preparing her for a career in social service.

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The Woman Who Knows

is the woman who has been cured of some dreadful ailment peculiar to her sex—who after long suffering has finally found relief and been restored to health and usefulness by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. These are the women who KNOW that this great remedy for women's ills is all it is claimed to be—there are many thousands of such women—they dwell in all parts of the country. Every day of every year, some woman, somewhere, is writing us grateful letters for restoration to health.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Read This Letter from Mrs. Waters.

CAMDEN, N. J.—"I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband."—Mrs. TILLIE WATERS, No. 1135 Knight Street, Camden, New Jersey.

This from Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and I overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 199 Waldo Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

Every sick woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it cannot harm her, and there are a hundred chances to one that it will completely restore her health. For special advice write The Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

received her degree as Doctor of Philosophy after three years of study. In those three years, the finishing preparatory touches were put upon her work, which were to bring her back to Portland to the management of the Detention Home.

Gradually, from the academic and theoretical side of sociological study, her attention was transferred to the experimental and practical side. While in the East she became more and more active in professional social work. She was employed in the work of the Juvenile Court in Boston and in the child clinic in Worcester, where she had charge for one year.

She became intimate with the workings of the various institutions for the care of children in making a comparative study of the systems employed. In the Boston Juvenile Court, where she was employed, she served in the capacity of agent for the Boston Children's Aid Society, her special care being the cases of girls. Then she was at Bedford, New York, and later she studied more deeply juve-

nile delinquents with Healy in Chicago. Circumstances having elaborately weaned her away from the academic side of the work to the practical and experimental work in the lines of sociology, she had been brought to choose, everything was ready for her to come to Portland, and in due time she came.

Dr. Van Waters herself says she doesn't know what brought her to Portland, or why she came to be offered the position rather than anyone else. She had, however, definitely determined that she would not accept a job involving the purely academic side of the profession, and she was also rather anxious to come back to Portland once more.

For the Great Shepherd, who loved his sheep that he died for, and who has provided a comparative field and an institution capable of much elaboration, brought the two, the work-secure and the love-secure, in order to develop in the Northwest an institution

that might perform a great new work in elevating a scientific and efficient method of dealing with juvenile delinquency.

Having thus dutifully worked out the plan of events that brought her to her present condition of success, we are inclined to repudiate it almost utterly and attribute the greater part of it not to a sequence of circumstances, as she seemed willing to let us do, but to her own ambition and interest in the line of activity which she had selected.

Dr. Van Waters, while she claimed to be something of an opportunist, did not, in the course of her conversation, that she had a "more or less definite aim through it all" and the fact that she worked her way through college and fitted herself with such earnestness for the work, would lead one to believe that her aim was certain and definite. Perhaps not definite as to the selection of the exact place in which she was to pursue her work, but certainly most definite as to the character of the work.

The Detention Home is bound to regard it merely a hotel where delinquent children are to stay, overnight or longer, until they can be disposed of finally by the court."

The said, and thus went on to give the clew to what the real and definite plan in her shaping of her career had been.

The Detention Home is not to be regarded as a mere hotel or a temporary dumping ground for children, if we are to make it serve its proper purpose in society. For an institution so regarded would be no better, 100 years from now than it was yesterday, nor would we have gained from it a single idea or suggestion as to how to handle delinquent children or how to prevent delinquency.

come through it, but it must be wrought into a laboratory in which we may ascertain something of the causes of delinquency.

"I intended at first to go in for the scientific and theoretical side of social work, but in the end, after I had looked over things carefully, I decided that work in the field was what society most needed at this time."

Thus, briefly, Dr. Van Waters outlined her own motives which led her into the work and gave a prophecy of what she hopes and intends to make of the Detention Home, if she remains superintendent. It is almost certain that society can rely upon her for the best and most effective service each day and every day, for:

EARTHLY HOME IS USED AS SIMPLE FOR HEAVENLY HOME

Dr. Hinson Draws Picture of Love and Devotion Shown by Parents to Plead With Weary Travelers on Terrestrial Planet to Heed Voice Calling Them Toward Celestial Home.

BY DR. W. B. HINSON.

HOME. "A place for you," John said.

IN HIS last delirium, an American statesman murmured,

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

In those closing moments of life, his mind strayed back to the prayer he had learned in his youth; to his childhood, his home, and his mother.

My conception of heaven lies inseparably associated with my childhood days. For my first distinct dream of the other world was occasioned by some verses my mother taught me, in those hallowed hours when the falling twilight found me by her side. The verses were those of Mrs. Hemans, called "The Better Land," that simple song that holds its charm in spite of the rushing years, and the more matured thought of growing life.

I hear the toll of a better land, I hear the sweetest of a happy band; Mother, oh where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek the land of glory there? Is it where the flowers of the orange blow, And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle bough?

"Not there, not there, my child."

Is it far away in some region old, Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold? Where the burning rays of the ruby shine, And the diamond lights up the secret mine.

And the heart gleams forth from the coral strand— Is it there, sweet mother, that better land? "Not there, not there, my child."

Oh, no! The radiant shores and springing flowers, the gleam of the forest, and the wealth and shine of precious things, will not secure us from the assaults of sorrow, or bar the heart's door against the approach of grief. For circumstances and surroundings cannot insure happiness, and perfect joy is a flower that blooms:

Not here, not here, not where the sparkling fads into mocking sands as we draw near. The undisturbed repose and the fullness of joy, the great glory and unalloyed happiness foretold by Christ is a prize for which he seeks too low

who seeks beneath the skies. For, as the song goes on to say:

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy; Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy; Nor can I catch a picture of its fair, Sorrows and joys that may not enter there; Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom. For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb— "Tis there, 'tis there, my child."

Heaven's Beauty Concealed. Now we are certainly warranted in supposing that heaven as a place will be eminently beautiful. We are acquainted with one world of God's making; and albeit sin has sought to spoil God's handiwork, the glorious outgrowth of its maker has never been erased from the fair earth. The writer of Genesis has told us that after God had spoken the world into existence; after decking the sky with a million stars, and carpeting the earth with a flowery sod, God looked upon creation's face; and he, the all-wise and all-glorious presence, "saw that it was good."

And doubtless there have been times in the experience of us all, when we—albeit our knowledge is so limited and our sight so dim—have realized that, we, too, could feel the truthfulness of the creator's speech concerning the earth.

And it ever remains true, that if we have no conception of the beautiful, it is not on account of the natural surroundings in which God has placed us; nor verily the earth is full of thought, and full of beauty, too. And, not only for the presence of the lovely in nature, but also for our realization of that loveliness, we should adore our Maker. For, as Festus said, "some souls are redeemable by the love of beauty"; and it is certain the world without will grant fuller revelations of goodness and beauty to those who love it and appreciate its fairness, than those who, with the eyes of ecstasy, have never seen the flowers beneath or the bright blue sky above.

From Nature up to Nature's God, is where we should be led. With the eyes of ecstasy, we have never seen the flowers beneath or the bright blue sky above. From Nature up to Nature's God, is where we should be led. With the eyes of ecstasy, we have never seen the flowers beneath or the bright blue sky above.

And, out in the gold of the blossoming mould, We can sit at the Master's feet.

Boundless Gifts Are Noted. And then again, we are within the joyous in supposing the heaven of God's building to be very magnificent and glorious. When we consider the boundless resources of our God, when

we ponder the fact that not only the gold and silver of earth are the riches of the world; but in addition to all created things, he has the boundless resources of his own infinite nature, and the innumerable possibilities of his omnipotence; then are we sure indeed that the world above must be most fair and glorious. Oh, that city of the King, that temple of Diana was so bright and dazzling, that the doorkeeper cried out to those who entered, "Take heed to your eyes"; so I have, sometimes thought that our faculties of vision must be greatly strengthened if we can behold the pearly palaces of heaven. Oh, that city of the King, that home of the redeemed, that fair country where the un fading flowers bloom, that the unending song is sung: "What must it be to be there?" To see—as John saw—the Holy Jerusalem possessing the glory of Jehovah; with its walls of Jasper and streets of gold; with its crystal river and trees of life; to behold its scenery, bathe in its light, and participate in its glory.

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against all time's ravages, or sin's assault. For on the sure foundation, even the Rock of Ages, which will build a mansion that shall be eternal in the heavens.

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circle that knows you, or however numerous the friends that surround you, there will be no love offered so kindly, so all-forgiving, undying and strong, as the love of the dear ones at home.

Oh, you young people who have left your country homes and are dwelling in this city; you who sometimes smile at the simple ways and natural speech of the old father, and mother, I beseech you let your smiles be very tender and kindly; remember the home friends with a warmth about your heart; write to them often; see that their way to the city or the country is as possible; for girls, you may in the days to come prove many a friendship and find it wanting in earth, but your mother's love will be as gold no fire can destroy; for boys, you may drift into seas where sympathy and kindness are unending; but even then remember that your old father loves you even in your waywardness, and will welcome you home again. Ah, friends, I would once repeat this simple, unadorned sentence, that of all the loves there is none like the home love.

And what a place of confidence is home. In the world we are cautious and reserved; for he who bears his heart upon his sleeve will be sore wounded and distressed. But at home; ah, at home no one will accuse us of foolishness; and no one deem us foolish; there we lay bare our hearts and appear as we really are. Thrice happy is the man, though bearded and bronzed, though possessor of great gifts and though ringing renown, who at vacation time can go home and tell mother and father of what the busy years have done for him; what he has gained, and what he fears most. For in the home there is perfect sympathy. "Carry me home," is the cry of the wounded; but it is the cry of all those whose cup of existence is filled with misrepresentation, scorn and sorrow. "Carry me home," is the cry of the wounded; but it is the cry of all those whose cup of existence is filled with misrepresentation, scorn and sorrow. "Carry me home," is the cry of the wounded; but it is the cry of all those whose cup of existence is filled with misrepresentation, scorn and sorrow.

There is rest at home! O, brother, whose early life was spent in the country, can you rest anywhere under the sun as you can in the old accustomed places, where the very fences are familiar, and the streams talk to you as though they were glad to see you again? Or you, whose home was by the sear? Is there anything can soothe your troubled mind or cool your heated brow like the sound of the waves that murmur on those well-known sands

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for many a hundred years? "Take him home," said a hospital nurse, speaking of a man whose listlessness betrayed his indifference to life. "Take him home; if aught will rouse him, that will." True, oh friend, quite true! For praise, the brooks will be welcome; and eyes that no cure can make bright, may kindly with interest at the sight of an old-time flower, with its old-fashioned name, and its modest look.

Greater Home Is Open. But dear friends, while these earthly homes may furnish relief for many a pang, and balm for many a wound, we have to acknowledge sadly that life brings to us some woes that even the dearest friends of earth can neither mitigate nor relieve. And for our comfort while pondering this fact, we should be careful to remember, how, in the home above, there shall enter nothing that could sadden or disturb the soul's peace. For there the inhabitants are no more sick; they hunger no more; they thirst no more; they are never weary; they never sin; but God wipes away all tears from their faces, and they

"From the rivers of his grace Drink endless pleasures in."

I have read how when the invalid soldiers of the Crimea, were carried aboard the troopship, the bands upon the shore played the old hymn, "Home, Sweet Home," and as the wounded warriors heard the pathetic strains they—the strong men who had dared the fury of the battle—wept, while they remembered their comrades dead on Crimean soil, for whom there was no

return home; and also pondered the possibility of some of their number dying on the voyage, and instead of sleeping under old England's daisies, becoming prey of the waves. And brethren beloved, we have no such cause for sorrow. All who fight in this fight are sure of a crown. All those who sleep in Jesus are safe. And when the general roll is called we shall all be there.

You remember the time far back in the past when in the falling twilight your mother used to stand in your boyhood home and call you to shelter for the night. Ah, friends, the days will be short and few ere God will send for you the messenger who shall conduct you home! Or you recollect the day when by your father's side you wandered far out into the country, and as you wearily walked homeward father comforted you by saying: "Child, you are getting nearer home." Even so, brothers, we are getting toward home. And every heart throbs and pulse beats, every waning moon and setting sun, finds us nearer the end. The father's hand holds us, and the father's voice cheers us. We shall soon be home. O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams.

This bright Jasper valley I can see; 'Tis I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes 'Between the fair city and me. That unchangeable home is for you and for me. Where Jesus of Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms forever is he, He has his throne in the city of gold, I read some lines long weeks ago

(Concluded on Page 10.)

STOMACH FINE! INDIGESTION, GAS, SOURNESS GONE—PAPE'S DIAEPSIN

In Five Minutes! No Stomach Misery, Heartburn, Gases or Dyspepsia.

with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment Pape's Diaepsin comes in contact with the stomach all distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness. A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diaepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction, or your druggist hands you your money back. It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.