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A MAN THAT HATH FRIENDS
must show himself friendly: and
there is a friend that sticketh closer
than a brother.—Proverbs 18:24.

LAW

We are constantly hearing and reading much concerning law and the breaking or enforcing of it. What is law? Stop and ask yourself this question, after carefully considering it what sort of an answer would you give? Naturally many definitions will have been given. Turning to Webster, we find a lengthy discussion of the word, and one which we have selected states that a law is a rule of conduct or action which is prescribed, or is formally recognized as binding, by the supreme governing authority and is enforced by a sanction. In this sense the term law would include any edict, decree, rescript order ordinance, statute, resolution, rule, judicial decision, usage, etc., which is made, or recognized, or enforced by the control.

One cannot get away from law. Even a hermit is surrounded on all sides by law of nature and we, who daily mingle with others find that a net work of laws abounds on every side.

How many persons are you acquainted with who never break a law? Count them on the fingers of one hand in all probability, can't you? Are you a strictly law-abiding citizen yourself, or do you occasionally overstep the boundaries?

Naturally at this time we are much more interested in the enforcement of the law since crime had been brought to our very doorstep by an unusually persistent hold-up man. But should we allow ourselves to wait until such a thing is brought to our attention before demanding strict law enforcement? Is this not a need that is present at all times and needs the careful and earnest consideration of each and every citizen in keeping the law before the public in such a manner that we will have no need for unusually strict enforcement at any one time.

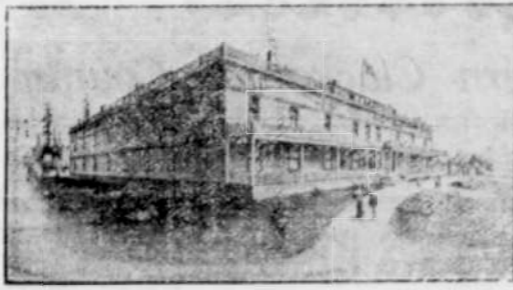
THE MUSIC OF THE CHURCH

By REV. B. F. CLAY

I know not who sang the first song or who played the first harp, but certain it is that singing and playing began very early in the history of the race. Very likely Adam and Eve, in the sweet days of their innocence, back there in the Garden of Eden, sang with the birds as their accompanists, the praises of God. For they were glad that they lived. And even from their fall from their high estate through the deception of the Evil One they were not left without hope. For the Lord God Almighty promised them that "The seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." So man started on the long journey with a note of hope in heart, and wherever hope is it must find expression; and generally this expression has been in song.

From God's Word we learn that in the seventh generation from Adam there was one, Jubal, by name, who was the "father of all such as handle the harp and the pipe."

No one will ever know this side the eternal world how great a part the songs of men have played in the development of humanity. For every heart has been fitted with the chords of faith and hope and love. And God in His own way, has been using the power of song to comfort and cheer His children in the midst of their toils and cares. In like manner He has inspired the sons of men to heroic deeds. It is not therefore strange that the Church, to whom has been given the great task of redeeming the world from its sins and follies should have given such a large place to songs in its work and worship. For a song will touch the souls of men when all else shall fail. Nor is there any time in one's life when a man will come so near to being



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a poet as when in the fullness of faith he comes before God in prayer and praise. Then it is when he finds himself in touch with the Infinite and recognizes his relationship to the Divine Being. If therefore singers are not the best people in the world, they ought to be, for in their songs they live in and tread the courts of the Most High. Continually before the singer are glorious visions of God, and His work through the Church in behalf of His lost children. What wonder then at the great variety of our hymns? There are so many dependent hearts to comfort and cheer, so many souls struggling to rise above the sin and evil about them, and so many brave hearts engaged in the work of rescue that God has seen fit to inspire thousands of souls to write and sing songs fitted to all of the walks and conditions of life.

There are two books that every man should have and know, especially every Christian man. These are the Bible and the Hymn Book. But better far is he best fitted for life who has these books stored away in his heart and soul. There is no vocation in life followed by man where the toil is not sweetened and the burden eased by a song of cheer. In the mountains of the Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to go out into the open air, when it is bedtime and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers or brothers answer them from the hills, or on their return home.

Napoleon's army came to a pass in the Alps where the rocks could not be surmounted by the ammunition wagons. He went to the leader of the band and asked for his portfolio. Then turning its pages until he came to an inspiring march he said, "Play that." The whole band struck the air with their instruments; and over the rocks went the ammunition wagons, and the army resumed its march to the plains of Italy.

While Dr. Kane was in the Arctic regions, icebound, his men were kept from despair, and probably mutiny, by one of their number playing the violin.

And so we find music appreciated and practiced universally. The English ploughman sings as he drives his team; the Scotch High-

lander makes the glen and grey moors resound with his beautiful songs; the Swiss, Tryloese and Carpathians lighten their labor in the midst of their mountains by music; the muleteer of Spain cares little who is on the throne or behind it, if he can have his early carol; the Mintager of Sicily has his evening hymn, even besides the fires of the burning mount; the fisherman of Naples has his boatsong, to which his rocking boat keeps time on the beautiful sea, and the gondolier still keeps up his midnight serenades in the canals of Venice.

Carlyle said, "the meaning of song goes deep". Who is there, that in logical words, can express the effect that music has on us? It is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and let us for the moment gaze into that.

Addison says, "music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings."

And Lytton says, "Music once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It moves perpetually through the halls and galleries of memory and is heard again, distinct and living, as when it first displayed the wavelet of the air."

What wonder then that the hymns of the Church have come to men on the battlefields to comfort and cheer them when they were hearing death's door? Back in the sixties, a western soldier, as he lay on the battlefield of Shiloh, suffered greatly from a gunshot wound through both thighs and from thirst. He said: "The stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field; and I began to think of the great God who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me; and that He was up there, above the scenes of suffering, and above the glorious stars. I felt that I was going to meet Him and praise Him there; and I felt that I ought to praise God, even wounded as I was, on that bloody field. I could not help singing that old hymn of faith, 'When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.' And there was a Christian brother in the brush, I could not see him, but I heard him. He took up the strain, and beyond him another joined in

the song, and another, until all over that terrible field that night the echo was resounded with the hymns of praise to God."

Friends, we will never know in this life what the hymns of the Church have done for men. It is not therefore that every Church that has faith in God and Christ should sing unto the Lord. We cannot do otherwise than sing. It, like prayer, is our vital breath. And why should we not learn to sing our hymns and sacred songs with spirit and with the understanding also?

If I could have my way I would like to give every child of God such an appreciation of the hymns that each and everyone would enroll himself in a school of music and become, if not a master, at least an appreciative student in the worship of God in song.

Yes, "We shall stand before the King someday" and our very souls will be filled with an inexpressible joy; and we will want to sing, and I believe that we will all have need of this gift of song. And we shall carry with us the very best of our Church hymns and music. Here on earth so much of our music is written in minor chords. The sinner, with no hope in his heart, can sing no other strain. The savage and heathen can never rise above this; but the Christian with love, joy and peace pulsing through his whole being must have the major chords to sound out his note of victory, and to ascribe all honor and glory and praise to the Lamb, in Whose blood we have been washed from our sins. For we will learn in our Father's home on high that the highest employment will be to give glory to God for His wonderful love to the children of men. And the sweetest notes that we shall hear from all that heavenly host will be when the Son, himself, shall say to all of his redeemed ones, "Come, come, come, ye blessed of my Father; enter ye into the joys of the Lord."

Mrs. A. S. Hassel of this city received a telegram last Sunday morning announcing the arrival of a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hassel of Aberdeen, Wash., on January 18. Mrs. Vernon Hassel will be remembered as Miss Della Dodson.

Clarence Hull is driving a Ford which he recently purchased of the Cooke Motor Company.

Mrs. Pete Malzini of River Mill who has been spending some time in Portland at the home of her daughter returned to her home last Sunday. She is reported to be greatly improved in health.

J. M. Moore was a Portland visitor Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Carter of River Mill were Portland visitors Tuesday.

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