



### American Falls Press

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#### A VACATION FOR MR. FARMER.

We don't know how many farmers are going to be able to take a "Seeing America" vacation this fall after the crops are all in and sold but it is pleasant to know that the farmers of at least one section will be in a position to do so.

Already the railroads have been asked to submit figures for a "cross-country" trip by the farmers, their wives—and perhaps some of the children—who live in the great "Inland Empire," which consists of sections of the States of Washington, Idaho and Oregon. Their lands are of volcanic ash, 20 to 24 inches deep and the soil is so rich that it yields 60 to 100 bushels of wheat to the acre year in and year out.

Must have been lots of money in that during the war, and a representative of the "Inland Empire" farmer says that there are good profits in it even this year. Anyway, a lot of these farmers are going to make the trip clear to the Atlantic seaboard and back by way of Southern California.

Every farmer and his wife is entitled to a vacation and we hope more of them will take it, if they possibly can.

#### MR. AND MRS.

What wonderful thoughts come up when these two abbreviations are printed in a news item—what intense human interest these portray.

In the country weekly paper, they take the one big place in all news items, from the simple visit to relatives, to the larger matters of human life.

"Mr. and Mrs."—the great news item of the universe, the bringer of recollections to the man far from home, who takes his old home town paper, and reads the items of Mr. and Mrs. and lets his mind wander back to the days when he knew the Mr. and Mrs. in knee pants, and shall we say, short skirts.

It's the home town paper where the real Mr. and Mrs. news items occur—and to receive the home town paper week in and week out is to know the great happenings of the world, the doings of Mr. and Mrs.

"Subscribe for Your Home Town Paper" Week is the second week in November, 7th to 12th. If you don't take the home town paper subscribe then. If you do take it renew your subscription then.

#### THE OLD HOME TOWN.

The world is wide they tell us. But after all is said the world for most of us is confined in the limits of the Old Home Town. The infrequent visitor to the near or perhaps distant city only tend to bind our heart strings more firmly to the little city we call Home.

The towering skyscrapers can never take in our deep affections the place held by the architecturally impossible, two-story brick that has for years graced the principal corner in the old home town. Its crumbling and discolored walls have for us a meaning deeper and more tender than a palace of the finest marble. To the eye of the stranger our little churches have nothing inspiring but to the folks of the old home town their spires for many years have pointed out a higher and better way.

The old school house with its straight and sober lines is vividly suggestive to our eyes of the influences that molded our youth, and piloted our steps in manhood. To the sophisticated stranger it brings but a passing smile. But he does not know the life chapters of the old home town. To the passing visitors its people may seem strange but to us they are friends and neighbors.

We have seen them tried through the years. With faults from time to time, they are still the best people in the world, the people of the old home town. Its life is their life and only the ignorant can censure. We love the old home town because we know it. We are not unsophisticated, the idle opinion to the contrary. We know the world and have tasted its joys for pretense in the old home town.

We live our own life in our own way. And because we know the old home town and its people we wish to be there. We know its ambitions, its romance, its joy, its grief. And we know that when the years have rolled by and we reach the end of the chapter that it is in the old home town that we shall be held in kindly remembrance and have better things said of us than we deserve, and it will be because we have been in and of the old home town. Its life has been our life. We are willing to see all the world but know that no place can be in our affections what the old home town has been.—Montana Editor.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

There has been a lot of loose talk about how California cooperatives boost prices.

It has been widely said that the farmers pool their crop, see how much there is of it, and then determine the highest price at which they think they can move it.

No thoughtful Californian will think those who spread such stories. The California success is largely founded

on public good will, built up by painstaking efforts; and if the public is led to believe that farmers exact the last farthing it certainly will not make friendly patrons of the consumers.

The facts are that the California successes have been built on high quality, service and square dealing. Cooperation has taught Far Western farmers to do these things: To plant better, to grow better, to grade and pack better, and then to increase demand with good advertising. A fairer price for the product follows these things and does not precede them. There is no other road to success in marketing than quality and service.

Marketing is one of their (the farmers) greatest problems. They must have a juster share of the consumer's dollar—a division that will let them live—but the lesson is that cooperation must give as well as ask. Service has a definite cash value; selfishness has not.—The Country Gentleman.

#### HIGH ROAD TO PROSPERITY ONLY FEW MONTHS AWAY.

Sugarman's Indicator, Financial Organ Points Out Indications Of Good Times.

That no sane man can be pessimistic of the future is the statement carried in the most recent report of "Sugarman's Indicator" which says in part:

For the ten years closing 1920 the value of all farm property in the United States increased \$36,935,000,000 or more than 90 per cent. The 1910 figure was \$40,991,000,000, compared to the 1920 valuation of \$77,926,000,000.

We would like to know how in hen feathers! any sane man can remain a pessimist in the face of such figures? asks Sugarman's Indicator. The value of farm buildings alone jumped from \$6,000,000,000 in 1910 to \$11,000,000,000 in 1920. Value of implements and machinery in 1920 amounted to \$3,595,000,000, compared with \$1,265,000,000 in 1910. Live stock on the farms was valued at close to \$8,000,000,000 in 1920 as compared with \$4,935,000,000 in 1910, which shows an increase in weight of over 62 per cent. It is high time that some Bears change their attitude towards the Stockmarket.

It has invariably been the case that the shorts would overstay their market just as the Bulls hang on to stock after the decline begins. The United States has the greatest physical wealth of any country in the world, and in our opinion, it is only a question of a few months' time when practically every one will admit that the nation is on the high road to Prosperity.

No Sleep Beyond Certain Height. At heights of more than 23,000 feet above sea level mountaineers say that sleep would be difficult, if not impossible.

### Slats Diary

Friday—got a job caddieing for mister Slack which was playing golf the afternoon. He went to strike his ball & meekly cut his toe off. he had on white shews & mis took his toe for the ball. He let out a yell & a couple of cussing phrases & I snickered as I caddie help it. he got peeved and pade me off & sed I am dun with you & I dont never want you agen. I was pleased to hear he lost 3 golf balls before he got round.

Saturday—met Jane at a lawn fate & tuk her to eat ice Creme & cake. She had all ready bought a ticket. Which was very lucky for both of us. I ast her if she thot we wood be happy if we shud happin to get married to each an other. she sed Yes because when ever she wood luk at me it wood mek her smile.

Sunday—pa & ma includeing me went out riding in the 2th handed ford & pa got rested for speeding the cop sed he was going 30 miles a hour. pa looked plesed & ast the maif for a reset that he was running 30 miles so he cud advertise it on his masheen & mebbly sell it.

Monday—mister Slack had me to caddie for him agen today. He diddent want me verrie bad but as I was the only vacant I there he had to take me. But I turned my back wen I had to smile.

Tuesday—Unkle Ike whitch lives on a farm in the country come to visit us & brung a lot of straw berries we had to furnish the sugar. pa sed he musta come just to get to use sugar on the berries.

Wednesday—pa was a verrie angry man today. He bot sum rasens & ma diddent no what he wanted of them so she went & made pies of them. pa sed if he brung bottles home he aposed she wood want to put sum ole ketchup in them.

Thursday—mister Gillem was a telling us of a rich Man whitch lives out in the country. He sed he diddent use to have nothing to do but drink & now since probishun has came he dussett havt nothing to drink but dew.

#### CARD OF THANKS.

To our neighbors, nurses of the Bethany Deaconess Hospital and friends of Rockland. We wish to thank you and express to you our heartfelt appreciation of the kindness and sympathy shown us as well as the honor and homage shown our dear daughter Edith May.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Grooms and Family.

#### Not for Personal Use.

The wisdom of some people consists largely of knowing what other people ought to do.—Boston Transcript.

### Uncle John's Poem

There's a little old church at the forks of the road,—a landmark, dismantled and grey . . . where once the warm fires of humanity glowed, there's a column of ashes—today. Yes, an old country church, where the ravage of Time its plan of destruction pursues. . . . Where the pulpit, deserted, pathetic, sublime, looks down on the worm-eaten pews.

And, the old congregation lies, sleeping serene, where the spread of "God's Acre" enthalls. They hear not roar of Humanity's tide, nor the plaint when the whipoorwill calls. . . . Thus, the little old church, at the forks of the road, divinely yet mutely holds sway—till Time with his sickle, and Tide with his god, shal have swept her last fragment away.

This house was the Mecca of sinner and saint, in the halcyon days of her youth. . . . From her Holy of Holies to vestibule quaint, they quaffed at the Fountain of Truth—but the spire in the City hath crowned in its might, a greater and grander abode—till, only the Angels may pause in their flight, o'er the church at the forks of the road.

### Uncle John's Joke

THE COLOR LEFT THE POOR GIRL'S CHEEKS SHOWING THAT SHE'S NOT IN STYLE.



## Planting Your Money In Our Bank

Is Plowing the Ground For A Future Fortune.

The seed of your fortune is the money you make today. If you plant it wisely in our bank, let it stay there, and add to it regularly, your future is assured.

That money, you work for now, if put into our bank, will some day work for you. It will keep your family from poverty and misery.

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American Falls, Idaho

## The Instrument of Quality SONORA

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The Highest Class Talking Machine in the world.

Barton Furniture Company will gladly demonstrate the superior qualities of the Sonora to you.

A superb line of upright models is now available for your inspection. Investigate the merits of Sonora before deciding on your purchase.

Barton Furniture Company



## A pipe's a pal packed with P. A.!

Seven days out of every week you'll get real smoke joy and real smoke contentment—if you'll get close-up to a jimmy pipe! Buy one and know that for yourself! Packed with cool, delightful, fragrant Prince Albert, a pipe's the greatest treat, the happiest and most appetizing smokeslant you ever had handed out!

You can chum it with a pipe—and you will—once you know that Prince Albert is free from bite and parch! (Cut out by our exclusive patented process!) Why—every puff of P. A. makes you want two more; every puff hits the bullseye harder and truer than the last! You can't resist such delight!

And, you'll get the smokesurprise of your life when you roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert! Such enticing flavor you never did know! And, P. A. stays put because it's crimp cut—and it's a cinch to roll! You try it!

# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Prince Albert is sold in tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top.



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