

Journal of Management Education 30(6)

Figure 1. The three types of the *Phragmites* communities in the coastal wetlands of the Yangtze River Delta.

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Is Your Job Your Only Asset?

Doesn't common sense tell you the wisdom, the necessity of having another asset—a Twin Falls Bank & Trust Company Savings Account—to fall back on should the job, or your ability to hold it, fail you?

TWIN FALLS BANK & TRUST COMPANY

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320 Fourth Ave. S. Twin Falls, Idaho

BE PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES

WHEN IT'S RAINING BLUE BLAZES AND YOUR WIFE'S AUNT ASKS YOU TO GO DOWN TOWN, FOR A NICKEL'S WORTH OF INVISIBLE CARPET TACKS—DON'T TELL HER TO "LET GEORGE DO IT" GET OUT YOUR UMBRELLA, PUT ON YOUR RUBBERS AND LIGHT UP A—

Piedmont

THE CIGARETTE OF QUALITY

VALUABLE COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE



Also Packed 20 for 10¢

FILER HAPPENINGS

(From The Filer Journal.)

The following are the names of the Filer volunteer fire department, and it is a pleasure to note that the members take interest in their work and their meetings. The company meet on the first Monday of each month. President, J. B. Mack; secretary, L. A. Smith; treasurer, Wm. Thompson; fire warden, Roy Ellis; assistant, Carl Fisher; chief, Frank Puhnerbacker; assistant chief, J. L. Burkett. They have recently purchased a dozen alibates, firemen's coats, and hats, four big brass lanterns of the latest pattern, rubber gloves and hose protectors. They have also added a secretary's and treasurer's book.

The added equipment was secured at an expenditure of \$70.00. In the near future the company is contemplating a fireman's hall for the purpose of replenishing their treasury. The company is expecting the village trustees to finish the tower so they may have individual lockers to take care of their paraphernalia. The new Gem Theatre was thrown open to the public Tuesday night. In spite of the snow and disagreeable weather, a large crowd gathered. The orchestra of Twin Falls furnished the music and received many compliments for the high class of music.

The picture machine with its eighty-five foot throw, brought out the pictures with a clearness and effect heretofore unknown in the picture field in this section.

Everything passed off in a very satisfactory manner. There were a few people from Twin Falls and Blaine in the audience, and were highly complimentary in their comments.

The Ladies' club met yesterday afternoon at the club room and enjoyed a delightful afternoon in both a social and literary way. Mrs. Fitzgerald gave a splendid paper upon "Bibliography" and their work which was followed by a dramatization of "The Merchant of Venice" by Mrs. Olson, who has been heard in when she appears on the program, and the dramatization given was taken from one of our best plays. The next meeting will be held February 2nd, and a good attendance is requested as there are important business matters to be discussed.

St. Mitre, the head of the Northwestern Construction company, of Potomac, left Filer Monday last. Mr. Mitre has about finished the three business blocks for the Journal editor and also the brick work on C. A. Love's handsome new brick block. The firm is a popular one, and their work has been commended by the community. About January 2nd, Ed Davis, who lives on May Brown's place south of town, had three dogs chase a mud coyote and kill it. Since then one of his dogs went mad and he killed it. The others have been muzzled and will be killed at the first symptom of the rabies. The coyote was killed near Murray's place, who informs us that the coyote came right up in his yard. All dogs in the country should be muzzled and an effort made to clean out all coyotes.

SPECIAL EPIPHANY SERVICES

AT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

There will be special services at the Episcopal church, corner 2nd and 3rd streets, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The service will be quite different in its order from the regular morning services. A special program of music will be used by the congregation and choir. The sermon will bear upon the feature of the Epiphany. The special program of music will be appropriate to the motif of the service.

\$10,000 For 1,000 Words or Less

For an Idea For a Sequel to

"THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY"

The American Film Manufacturing Company's Pictorialized Romantic Novel in Chapters.

This contest is open to any man, woman or child who is not connected, directly or indirectly, with the Film Company or the newspapers publishing the continued story. No literary ability is necessary to qualify as a contestant.

You are advised to see the continued story in the theaters where it will be shown. To read the story as it runs every week, and then send in your suggestion. Contestants must confine their contributions for the sequel to 1,000 words or less. It is the idea that is wanted.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A feud had existed between Colonel Arthur Stanley and his cousin, James Stanley, ever since the diamond from the sky, found in a fallen meteor by an American. After the successful to the Stanley section in England may come to an American. When a diamond is found to the colored and the mother dies the colored buys a young boy and sells him. Three years later the young man, having had no part in this bargain, attends a ball. Arthur, who has been raised and leaves her not undisturbed at the ball. The story has obtained possession of the diamond from the sky, and a diamond with the Stanley secret. Years later, Arthur, a young man, returns to Virginia with his father. He is the son of the colored man, and his father, Arthur Stanley, son of Arthur, falls in love with him, and so does the diamond and the Stanley secret. Arthur Stanley, a young man, returns to Virginia with his father. He is the son of the colored man, and his father, Arthur Stanley, son of Arthur, falls in love with him, and so does the diamond and the Stanley secret.

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although he was no exponent of football. In any case, he grabbed the ball. De Vaux below the knees and down went both and harrier.

The diamond from the sky, which the Vauxs still claimed, flew from his hand at the impact and, swirling through the air, dropped unnoted into the unturned field that had fallen upon the ground from the lawyer's path.

Meanwhile Vivian, in her coronation robes, was heading over the stricken form of Blair, in his court dress and fastidious white cravat, realized what had happened. She hardly needed to place her hand upon the breast of Blair—the diamond from the sky was gone!

The lawyer, who had been carrying out the team from her balcony when the sound of Blair's fall in the hallway



Vivian in Her Coronation Robes Held Blair's Stricken Form.

below and the clanging down of the discarded armor told him (tragedy had broken the American ear) that in the door past his countess and the bleeding ear prone in the hallway.

With trembling fingers the Countess three times the old Earl, and his frightened fellow servants, shoving and beating outside the door, fell in almost upon their noble master.

Blair by this time was recovering from the painful blow that had been dealt him by the mailed figure with the battle mace.

The blood trickled down his ghastly face and empurpled and smeared the snowy shirt front of his court attire and stained the ermine of his coronation robes. Vivian held his stricken form. With a sickening pang at her heart Vivian realized there would be no jump and coronation for Blair, earl of Stanley and Viscount of the county of Great Britain, emperor of India and ruler of dominions beyond the seas, would be crowned today, surrounded by the nobles of his realm, but the American Earl of Stanley and his lady would not be there.

Something of this must have passed through Blair's dulled, aching consciousness. "Stop him! He struck me down! The diamond is gone!"

He gasped and fumbled at his blood-stained tunic as he spoke.

The Gothic window had closed back in place. Seemingly the armored assailant had vanished as if by magic. Only the heap of old tapestries, tapestries and belted on the floor told the murderous intruder had hidden.

The servants stood open-mouthed and helpless as Blair rose to his feet, assisted by Vivian, and then he roused to drive them out by his fierce commands and curses.

The struggle at the back of the house was strenuous, but brief. The doughty lawyer was no match for the younger and more muscular De Vaux.

Throwing Smythe aside and striking dead kicking him viciously, De Vaux sprang to his feet and made off just as the servants, followed by the earl and his lady, came around upon the scene.

Suspicious and ever distrustful of Smythe, Blair refused to believe the lawyer had attempted to stay the mysterious assailant who had struck him down and borne away the diamond.

Forcing his grievous wound and the blood that trickled down his livid face, Blair screamed hoarsely in his wild frenzy of anger and charlie.

"Pack—your—things!" he shrieked. "You were in the plot; you were an accomplice and I'll have your life for it!"

Vivian paled; a chill went through her being. "Come, come," she whispered tensely. "Come, let us go into the house. You are badly hurt, and the diamond is gone. Nevertheless, we will recover it!"

"Everything will be all right; yes, everything will be all right!" And for the first time in her wicked life that night, which she had never shed her heart with a deep emotion.

After all, wicked as he was, Blair was a man who had fought his way, unscrupulously and desperately, it is true, but he had fought and never whimpered—and for her! And in this

ill hour preceding more evil days to come Vivian felt a will to affection for the stricken man beside her, which was new to her for years.

In faraway Virginia there are love and happiness, increased and greater in the joyous hearts of Father and Arthur in the sweet, dear year that has passed.

At the happy rendezvous, invited by the outside world, Arthur and Father, man and wife, have seen the happy year speed by and in its course bring them their hearts' desire—a child.

Again a joyous year festival, the christening of the little happy prince. Again the stranger visitor, who was brought to officiate at their wedding from distant Richmond comes.

This time there is no such wild revelry as at the marriage of the first. No amaranth and lotus of the second. But once again a happy must claim—day, and once again a happy must claim—day.

At the little home, which is in a crystal stream, a little below, though that is nature's own blessing, found the minister from Richmond dips his fingers and sprinkles the son of Father and Arthur and says, "Christened you Arthur Stanley."

Then, after the christening feast and the strange happy year, which a man child is taken into the tribe, the parents depart, wondering as he has wondered before, what strange eyes are there who are ready to love the kindness by a young tie and queen bearing every evidence of strength and action of education and refinement.

But that is their secret, and the world man respects it. And as he has some and says he would to any one, as he has pledged himself to do.

When the pursuit of the murderers that had hunted and slain Blair had been helped back to his chambers in Stanley House, the still bewildered Smythe, dully staring under the worst occasion of Blair, had retrieved his hat and abscondingly had placed it upon his head.

He winced as he felt the sharp, heavy object fall down within the crown and rap him squarely on the skull. He scratched his head and then in mild surprise felt his fingers entangled in a levelled chain. He drew it down and gazed at it, dumfounded.

"My word," he said, "if I can't tell the little old diamond from the sky!"

Stupid, as Blair might think, yet wise as the serpent, as Blair might also think, Smythe's intuition took the great level and placed it carefully in the inside breast pocket of his frock coat and then hurried that most respectable moment—light—around him.

One afternoon a few days later when Smythe returned to his room, half bed-chamber, half old Blair, and office, Smythe happened to find a family of the earl of the county of Great Britain, emperor of India and ruler of dominions beyond the seas, would be crowned today, surrounded by the nobles of his realm, but the American Earl of Stanley and his lady would not be there.

The curious parchment Blair had given him—the happy family tree of the Hardings—had been tossed upon



The Year Had Brought Them Their Heart's Desire.

the floor contemptuously by Blair, who regarded it as some trumpery.

"Pack up your things and get," said Blair. "Your own things, and nothing but your own things, remember!"

Smythe answered dutifully, but crisply. "As your lordship wishes," and picked up the parchment of the flaring gypsy genealogy from the floor.

His bags were already packed, and the heavy box he had carried in the wild of a garden and was turning to remove the door lead, the cherished souvenir of his second visit to the Yankee jungles, when Blair's exclamation, "Pack up your things," caused him to wheel around startled.

The earl went off, picked Blair's Smythe's shoulder, and the heavy charge of shot struck the door and fair between the earl and the minister, who had been in the room to the wooden moat.

(Continued on Page 10)

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