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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

HIGHLAND PARK STATE BANK

located at Highland Park, State of Illinois, before of November 1915, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illipois pursuant

134,739.47 Loans on real estate 78,379.34 Other loans and discounts **OVERDRAPTS** INVESTMENTS: State, county and municipal bonds 71,497.97 Public service corporation 107,080.00 Other bonds and securities MISCRILLANEOUS RESOURCES:

Banking House Real Estate other than banking house DUE PROM-BANKS: 92,139.35 31,138.63 National

10,192.00 Currency Gold coin 2,853.71 Silver coin OTHER CASH RESOURCES Checks and other cash

Total resources LIABILITIES CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN SURPLUS FUND 12,522.00 UNDIVIDED PROFITS Less current interest, ex-6,084.74 penses and taxes paid Savings, subject to notice

Demand subject to check 354,298.04 9,063.48 Demand certificates Certified checks MISCELLANEOUS LIABILITIES:

Reserved for taxes& interest 3,849.76 Contingent Fund Park State Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES F. GRANT, Cashier STATE OF ILLNOIS. County of Lake Subscribed and swo day of November 1915. W. C. FLINN, Notary Public

PEGASUS PETERS

> The Story of a Nickname

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Finney Lee was laboriously reading items from a week old newspaper when his tongue stumbled against a

"Say, Peters," he interjected, "you had some schoolin', didn't you? What's this spell-P-e-g-a-s-u-s-buh?"

"Pegasus," replied Peters glibly. "Name of a battleship," queried Finney guardedly, "or a new patent med-

"Name of a fellow," explained Peters vaguely, for his schooling had been intermittent and varied by continual change of scene. His father had been a book agent, as well as a widower. and Peters' education had been marked by long gaps between cities. "Name of a fellow," he repeated more positively. "He was an inventor-invented Was the sun actually shining? It shoe pegs," he ended, with a sudden burst of inspiration.

reading here. Listen." And Finney clear to his mental vision. Lee slowly read, "'So Oscar Jones mounted his Pegasus and flew to some enchanted isle, where he composed another of his deathless poems.' What do you make of that, Peters?"

"Oh," answered Peters airly, "same guy named an aeroplane after old Pegasus and flew away to some island. I guess this Oscar Jones could write

"Yes, it says he wrote a deathless poem. I suppose that means one that's mild and gentle, without a killin' in it. But Peters, the authority on literature, smiled in a superior manner.

"A deathless poem," he said, "is one you can't kill, no matter how much you'd like to."

"One of them ladylike poems that you'd like to riddle with bullets, only it seems like a cowardly thing to do. growled old Roberts from his chair at the head of the mess table.

But that was not the end of the discussion at the Double X ranch. The next day Finney Lee met the pretty schoolteacher and showed her the newspaper clipping.

How she laughed when she heard Peters' definition of Pegasus! But she spent an agreeable half hour explaining to Finney Lee all about ancient mythology, and Finney retold the story to his pals, and immediately they dub bed the educated one "Pegasus Peters," and the name stuck to him.

One April morning Pegasus Peters swoke to the fact that he was in love. At first he had thought it was malaria and took quinine without result; then he met Miss Sally Barton again and danced with her and looked into her deep blue eyes, and, as is the common fate of those who look too long into

deep blue eyes, he fell in love. The richness of bird songs, the scen of sage in the rare morning air, the lightness of his beart revealed the se-So he scrubbed his handsom face and brushed his black hair and actually blushed when he met his ow gaze in the little mirror that was common property in the bunk bouse of the

"I say, Pegasus," drawled a voice be hind him. "Of course you want to look right pretty, but she ain't going to be

here to breakfast, you know. Peters whirled about, his face crim-

"Who ain't going to be here to breakfast?" he challenged. "Any lady you wanter name," evad

ed Finney Lee impudently. "I ain't naming any ladies, and isn't healthy for you to, either. You it's raining now," know, Finney!" Peters tossed this over his shoulder as he went down the nar- over to Beggar's cave. Shorty's shown row stairway.

black head had vanished Finney wink- getting ready to stampede." ed at himself in the glass.

"I wonder what he'd say if he knew that schoolma'am knew that Pegasus story! Lord, how she did laugh, fit to kill. And him so innocent getting ters' strong arm! But be must hate sweet on her. Poor old Pegasus!"

Pegasus Peters did not feel poor as of him. he rode out into the glory of that spring morning. He was going over to the distant range to relieve Smithers. one of the line riders.

As he rode he whistled and sang out of pure happiness. He had \$500 in the belt under his flannel shirt, and he had youth and health, and the boss had hinted that if Peters stuck to business he might awake some day to find himself foreman. Old Roberts was talking about resigning and going to live with his son in Nevada.

"I wonder if she would marry me? he thought. "Oh, pshaw, I should cry for the moon!" be scoffed at himself. "Hi, there!" A voice interrupted his

meditations. "Where you going, Pegasus? You plumb overlooked the fact that I'm waiting for you," Smithers grinned as Peters shook off

his day dreams and gazed surprisedly at the cattle dotting the hillsides 8,849.76 where the distant cowboys looked like "Oh," he said blankly, "I didn't know

I'd reached the camp. "Riding in your sleep, eh?" laughed the other, swinging into his saddle. "Wake up, Pegasus! Big doings today, Schoolma'am's going to bring some friends out, and they're going to take pictures of cattle and cowboys for some magazine back east, 'By!"

rell. His heart was bearing thickly at beautiful, blue eyed Sally Barron-and was instantly jealous of her eastern

"Highbrows, every one," he ground do I know she ain't engaged to one

Depression seized upon Peters, and the April day lost its glory.

about by his own mischievon Now he looked up at Peters through

"Say, Pegasus," he drawled, "do yo always put salt in your coffee?" "Only when I'm in fresh company, retorted Peters, calmly drinking the

"Might try sugar. "Twould sweeten your disposition," went our the other, "Funny, wasn't it, how you got the

"That's an old joke now," returned

"I s'pose Finney told you how he asked Miss Barton if Pegasus was the name of an inventor and how she laughed fit to kill berself and she told him the true tale. And since then they call you Pegasus. She sure is son witty, pretty peach."

Where had the April day vanished? ness came over him; his heart burt "Uh. bub, but it sounds kinder funny somehow. Suddenly everything was

Sally Barton had laughed at him-at him, the uneducated man who had made a fool of himself: She was not in love with him. He was only a tar-

get for her clever wit. Pegasus Peters! So she had been the author of the nickname he had good naturedly accepted.

With white, set face, lips compress ed and a stony feeling in the region of his heart, he rode to and fro guarding the grazing cattle.

Once he turned around and saw that Sally and her party had arrived. There were two men and a girl. The sun flashed on the lenses of three pairs o

Of course Sally Barton's blue eyes were not thus disfigured. "Highbrows all!" grouned Peters again, and his eyes glittered danger-

He rode away to the uttermost limits The curiosity seekers would not find

him here, he thought. But be reckoned without Sally of the blue eyes and firm, white chin.

And while he sat there nursing the bitterness in his beart and hating all women because this one had proved deceitful ber blithe voice fell upon his

"Good afternoon, Mr. Peters," she called as her calico pony cantered up

Peters doffed his sombrero and looked gravely down at her. "How d'ye do?" he asked stiffly. "Isn't it a glorious day?" bubbled

Sally, looking very winsome in her blue serge skirt and snowy blouse. "It's going to rain," he said, looking

off toward the hazy ranges. "Oh, don't say that!" she protested. "We're going to have such a lovely time taking pictures. Don't you want to be in a magazine photograph, Mr.

"For more people to laugh at?" he flashed hotly. "No; thank you, Miss Barton. When you fasten a nickname on a man and make him a butt for jokes don't be surprised if he falls to value your friendship afterward." He replaced his hat and rode away to a distant point, where be sat as though carved in stone. His face was white. and the muscles of his throat were

drawn and rigid. Sally, dumfounded, rode back to her

A beavy roll of thunder out of the darkening sky brought fright to bet face. "A thunderstorm!" she gasped. "What shall we do? I am afraid, and

"Follow your friends. They're going them the way. You better get outer When his broad shoulders and sleek this, Miss Barton. These critters are

He rode away, intent upon the bush

Sally Barton hesitated. She was afraid. Ob, for the protection of Peher if he believed she had made game

Fifteen minutes later, when the herd had broken all bounds and gone rushing madly over the plains, l'egasus Peters saw a drenched little form dashing toward bim. It was the calico pony, and on his back was a pale. drenched girl who called his name in

"Oh, I am so frightened!" she cried as be lifted her from the saddle and seated her before him, with her face hidden against his blue flannel breast, "I hope you don't mind?" she shivered,

"I don't mind," he said grimly, and amid the glare and crash of the storm he told her how he had awakened that April morning conscious of love and of the blow he had received from Harlow. "Of course I couldn't marry a wife who despised me." he said sin

told her side of the story. "I don't care how little book knowledge you have." she whispered. "You have my heart. Donald, and I don't want it

The sun came out, and it was giori-

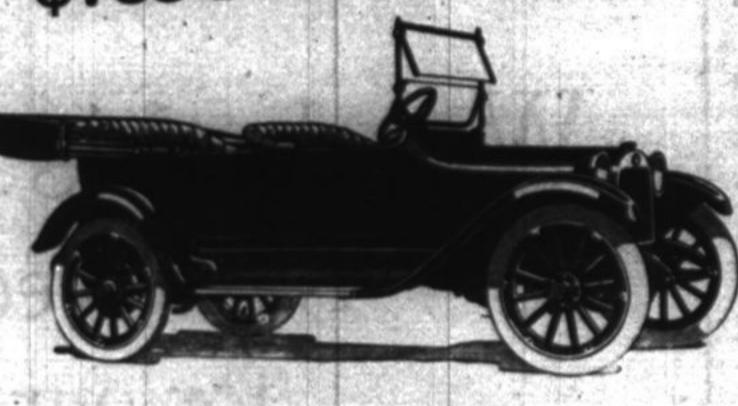
"I shall always call you l'egasus when you are cross," she threatened when they rode home side by side, and Pegasus grinned happy assent.

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Byron J. Stevens

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