

A Message on An Egg.

HOW A SOLDIER IN CUBA GOT A BRIDE.

A charming romance has just come to light in Fort Dodge, Ia. It involves the colonial policy of the United States, the Iowa hen, an Easter egg, a pretty girl and a wedding.

The climax of the romance is the wedding of Mr. Charles Percy H. Smith, of the United States Signal Corps, and Miss Lizzie Gilday, of Fort Dodge.

Fort Dodge boasts itself to be a headquarters of the great egg and poultry business. Many cars of live and dressed poultry and thousands of dozens of eggs are shipped annually from there to the Eastern markets. During the shipping season large forces of girls are employed in handling eggs taken from the pickling vat.

In the A. R. Loomis egg house last year one of the young women so employed was Miss Lizzie Gilday. She was very young and pretty. It was Easter time, and although she was not supposed to be preparing Easter eggs, an impulse came into her head to decorate them. She was in a romantic, daring and sentimental mood when she picked up a large, smooth egg and wrote on it clearly with an indelible pencil: "Lizzie Gilday, Fort Dodge, Iowa. May this reach my true love."

The egg was placed in a case with 277 others, but how different was it from ordinary eggs in its possibilities. It was shipped to New York, where it stayed for a time in the cold storage warehouse of an exporter, and then became part of a shipment of fine fresh eggs sent to Cuba.

The benighted Cuban into whose hands it fell was puzzled by the inscription. He did not even know the most pleasing word in the English language. He thought the words might be some sort of black magic that would hurt him if he swallowed them.

As the only precaution he decided to get them translated. He took them to his acquaintance, Senor Smith, of the United States Signal Corps, stationed at Guines. He is known as one of the brightest young men in the service.

He read the words and looked at them long and wonderingly. They went straight to his heart. He was feeling sad and lonely down there, with nothing but black and yellow people to look at.

"Look here, Senor," he said to the Cuban, "you don't want to keep that egg any longer. It's dangerous for you. I'm the only man who knows what to do with it."

The Cuban was only too glad to relinquish the mysterious egg.

"I wonder what sort of a girl it is who sends her address around like this?" mused Mr. Smith, "I hope she is a nice, innocent little thing. Anyhow, it won't do any harm to write her a polite note and ask for her picture."

So he sat down and wrote the following letter, which she received in due course:

"U. S. Signal Corps Telegraph Office,
Guines, Cuba.

"Miss Lizzie Gilday, Fort Dodge, Ia.:

"I am sure you had no idea into whose hands or to what distant land the egg upon which you wrote your name would go. It came with a large shipment from the United States, and was purchased by a Cuban merchant here, who brought it to me for translation. I would be very glad to have you answer this letter, as I am curious to know the one who adopted so novel a method of correspondence. I have a camera, and had a snapshot of myself with the egg in my hand. If you care for one of the pictures, let me hear from you.

Very truly,

"CHARLES PERCY H. SMITH,
Guines, Cuba."

She had almost forgotten the egg. The letter thrilled her. It seemed to her like a direct interposition of Providence to supply her with a real romance. Photographs were exchanged, and a sympathetic correspondence began which rapidly became more ardent and finally ended in an engagement. In one of his early letters Mr. Smith made this statement, which indicates that he is a young man of good common sense and serious intentions.

"I am in the employ of the United States Signal Corps and have charge of the office at this place. I like it here very much indeed. It is a nice, healthy place, and the people treat you well. They think an American is a small god. Now, please answer this letter soon and after we get a little better acquainted, I will write you a more interesting letter than I can now."

The later letters are of too rapturous and sacred a nature, they say, to be revealed to a public that contains many scoffers.

THE DIVINE DODSON.



AS HE IS.



AS HE MAKES UP.