

FOR BROTHER'S GUILT

REMARKABLE STORY TOLD BY A GIRL RECEIVED AT AN ILLINOIS PRISON

A PUZZLE IN IDENTITY

Miss Glenn, if She Did Not Deceive the Officers in Assuming Guilt, Played the Part of a Man in a Way to Delude the Girl to Whom Either Brother or Sister Was Engaged.

The story of Ellis Glenn, the girl man of Southern Illinois, is one seldom matched in life or fiction. Officially Glenn was, until a short time ago, a popular, pleasant-mannered young man, who got into trouble over a forged note on the eve of his marriage and was sentenced to imprisonment. In reality Glenn is not a man at all, but a woman, as was promptly discovered when the penitentiary was reached. According to the prisoner's story, she is not Ellis Glenn, but Ellis Glenn's twin sister, who out of affection for her brother and availing herself of

d all over the country in his capacity of detective, and at the time he was here in Hillsboro and vicinity in the guise of a sewing machine agent he was really working under cover as a detective.

"The last time I saw him was about two years ago down in Texas. It was at that time we had our photographs taken together.

"Shortly after he left I was taken seriously ill and my brother, as he told me afterward, believed me dead. Early in May of this year, when my brother was arrested for the alleged forgery, he wrote me, telling of his trouble. I came North to see him as soon as I could arrange my affairs. I thought I would meet him at Litchfield, but was unsuccessful. Then I went to Butler. There was a festival being held there at the time.

"I saw my brother there, but did not speak to him until I got an opportunity when no one would see us together. I only spoke to him five minutes, during which he told me of his trouble.

"At that time he also pointed out to me the girl he was courting. I replied to him that it was better for me to go to prison, as there was no one except himself to care what became of me. If he went to prison there would be two broken hearts—my own and that of the trusting girl who had promised to become his wife. I finally persuaded him to let me take this step whenever we saw that his arrest was imminent.

DECEIVED THE GIRL.

"Accordingly, when I was arrested, I made no denial of my identity and allow-



MISS GLENN
In Feminine Garb



MISS GLENN
Photographed as a Man for the Rogues' Gallery.

their marvelous resemblance, allowed herself to be arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned in his stead.

Now, here, it will be seen, is a choice of stories that are equally romantic, equally improbable.

The police and the Illinois public believe there is only one Ellis Glenn. They take no stock in the twin brother yarn. But, granting it is true, such sisterly devotion and a resemblance that would enable a girl to pass as her brother in an interview with his sweetheart is almost without precedent.

To begin at the beginning, this young man, Ellis Glenn, arrived in Litchfield, Ill., three years ago from Texas. He went into business, seemed to have plenty of money, dressed well, was fond of society and became a favorite with the girls. Last spring he moved to the town of Butler, where he represented a business concern. He got a room at the home of James Duke, a well-to-do, and respected citizen of the place, and made love to Duke's daughter Ella. Their engagement was recently announced.

In April he began negotiations for the purchase of some property at Litchfield and offered in payment a note for \$4,000, purporting to be signed by two Hillsboro farmers. The note was declared a forgery. Glenn was arrested. James Duke, his prospective father-in-law, believed in his innocence and bailed him out.

The wedding was set for Oct. 18, and all preparations were made, but two days before the young man disappeared. Shortly after stories were circulated that he had been drowned, but the police discredited them, and a few days later Glenn was arrested in Kentucky and taken back to Hillsboro for trial. He was convicted and sent to Chester penitentiary.

All these developments had been sufficiently sensational, for Glenn was widely known and the Duke family highly respected. But it was nothing to what followed. When the sheriff turned over a neat, dapper, blonde young man of small stature and keen, penetrating eyes to the keeper of the penitentiary on Saturday night he handed in a commitment in regular form. The name of the prisoner was Ellis Glenn, alias T. H. Terry. His sentence was indeterminate, under the state parole law, for the crime of forgery.

The prisoner was received in regular form, receipted for by Deputy Warden Dowell and sent to the receiving office. There his hair was clipped close in convict style and his photograph taken. Then came the ordeal of changing citizens' clothes for the prison garb and then the bath. It was while these preparations were in progress that Glenn's real sex was discovered.

There was great confusion among the attendants and the sheriff hustled the prisoner back into her male attire and, because female prisoners are not admitted at Chester, she was taken back to Hillsboro that night.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The news of this discovery made at Chester had created intense excitement in Hillsboro and Butler, where Glenn was well known, and when the train arrived nearly the entire population of both towns was at the station to catch a glimpse of the interesting prisoner. When they alighted the Sheriff had some difficulty making his way through the crowd to the jail. The prisoner, who was hand-cuffed, walked with downcast eyes and impassive face, heedless of the remarks of the crowd. Arrived at the jail she was at once placed in a cell and the handcuffs removed.

The prisoner's face is a peculiar one. It is a large slender oval, the most prominent feature of which are a pair of large, expressive eyes of a peculiar shade of green, and a large Grecian nose. There is a droop about the upper lip, and the chin is that of a woman. A profile view of her face gives it a masculine appearance, but a front view develops the feminine characteristics.

Her voice is soft and pleasing. Her hands are large for a woman, and so are her feet. She is about five feet tall, and will weigh not over 100 pounds. The officials who have had her in charge do not feel called upon to provide her with feminine attire, and she is still attired 'n men's clothing.

Ellis Glenn's story, reduced to a simple narrative, is as follows:

"In the first place, I want to say that my brother's name is Elbert Glenn and my name is Ellis. We are twins and were born in Ashtabula, O., thirty-eight years ago. The resemblance between us was so marked that our friends and our own relatives were puzzled to distinguish between us when we were children. As we grew older and adopted the habits of our respective sexes there was no such difficulty, although in form, feature and general complexion the same startling resemblance continued.

"I have photographs of myself and brother taken in Texas two years ago which will bear out my statements.

"About fifteen years ago I went to Texas and settled on a cattle ranch about eighty miles from Greenville. My brother drifted about the country and about six years ago he obtained employment as a private detective with an agency at Fort Worth, Tex. He travel-

ed them to bring me back to Hillsboro. That is all there is to the story.

"I do not know where my brother is now, but I am satisfied he is not far away. At the proper time I am certain he will appear and secure my release. I am not at all alarmed at the outlook, and even if the worst comes I will be satisfied to endure the punishment so long as Elbert is at liberty."

"Did it not occur to you or to your brother that it would be impossible for you to impersonate Elbert and suffer imprisonment, because your sex was certain to be discovered by the prison authorities?"

"No," she replied, "neither of us had thought of that. I believed that even if my sex was discovered they would only place me in the woman's division and let it go at that. In fact, the only thought we gave the matter was to so arrange the thing that Elbert could drop out of sight long enough to allow him time to fix up matters to obtain my release. Elbert is not guilty of the charge of forgery, and he will be able to prove it at the proper time."

"You have seen Miss Duke since you were brought back from Paducah?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I saw her in jail before I went to Chester," she replied. "I allowed her to believe that I was Elbert, and she was unaware of the deception during the interview. I had only seen her once before in Butler, and had never spoken to her. My brother had told me all about their relations, even to the small confidences exchanged between them, so that I was able to completely deceive her. I feel sorry for her now, but at that time I thought it for the best."

ELLA DUKE'S STORY.

Ella Duke, the girl whom Glenn courted with the full knowledge that she was cruelly trifling with the trusting heart of an honest, upright girl, still retains deep regard for Glenn, as is evidenced in her every word and action. It is unutterably sad to listen to her simple recital of the wooing of the gentle mannered, pleasing, soft-voiced machine agent, and of the denouement, which has not only humiliated her friends and the community, but has also involved her father financially. Of Glenn she says:

"He was an unusually entertaining talker, though not fluent, and father and sister thought him a most agreeable visitor. I believed, although you must not think me bold to confess it, that he really seemed to enjoy my companionship, and we spent many of the pleasantest evenings together that I have ever enjoyed. We played dominos and crokinole, or else if my sister and I were busy with needlework he would assist us in the work.

"He was a beautiful needleworker, and could embroider and crochet as well as either of us. We often jested about his skill in this particular, and told him it was a pity he had not been born a girl. He told us he had picked up the knowledge by long connection with sewing machine companies. He had a fine voice, and on Sunday we would sing hymns and simple old ballads together, his voice blending nicely with ours.

"All this time not the faintest shadow of a suspicion that he was a woman had ever crossed my mind. True, my father had occasionally told sister and me of his doubts on that point, and asked us to observe him closely, but if I, who was with him continually, noting his every movement and expression, could observe nothing wrong, why should I listen to or entertain the fears of another? My sister and I could see nothing to justify father's fears.

"The thought was above me, and it was horrid and repugnant to Nellie, who worshiped him as her own brother. Love is blind, they say, and I suppose in this instance the saying is true. At any rate, we never guessed the truth."

COMMANDER HOWARD DEAD.

Was Chief Engineer of Maine When That Warship Was Destroyed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Commander Charles P. Howell, chief engineer of the United States battleship Maine when that vessel was blown up in Havana harbor, is dead at his home in this city. He died of an apoplectic stroke. He was fifty years old, and was born in Goshen, New York. He was graduated from the United States naval academy in June, 1868, fourth in his class. His appointment as an assistant engineer dates from August, 1870; in 1875 he was raised to the grade of passed assistant. He was promoted to the rank of chief engineer in 1893. He served on the Maine from 1895 until the loss of the battleship. He was then transferred to shore duty, and later was assigned to shore duty at Brooklyn navy yard. He was a commander in September, 1899. He was sitting at a table by the side of Lieut. Friend W. Jenkins at the time of the blowing up of the Maine. That was the last he saw of the unfortunate officer, who perished in the wreck.

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