

CAREER OF "MR." GLENN

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE STORIES OF THE DAY.

Playing the Role of Martyr to Save a Twin Brother—"Her" Love Affair with Miss Ella Dukes.

Litchfield (Ill.) Letter in Chicago Tribune.

Either "Ellis Glenn," who is still an inmate of Hillsboro jail, is a latter-day martyr or she is an adventuress so exceptional as to lack a class. Whether the martyr, donning male attire to expiate a twin brother's offense, or adventuress, employing the masquerade as a means toward livelihood and incidental love-making, she is equally remarkable.

If the adventuress, the woman's power for dissimulation continues to be on a par with her audacity. Other women have committed crimes while passing themselves off for men, and there are instances on record where a woman has taken advantage of men's garments to usurp man's right of courtship, but until Ellis Glenn gave the proof to-day there has never been an example of the ability of such a deceiver to maintain a sway after exposure.

Nellie Dukes, sister of the girl Ellis Glenn was to have married, herself the first object of his (now her) attentions, and later on such familiar terms with Glenn that she was called "sister," left the cell this morning declaring on her conscience that she could not identify the prisoner as the former suitor. Yet on entering the cell she greeted its occupant as a dear friend; and before she left was holding "Miss" Glenn in her arms, caressing and talking tenderly to her.

"If these were to be the last words I ever should utter," said Miss Dukes, with a somewhat exaggerated emphasis of tragedy, "I could not take oath that woman in there is the Ellis Glenn I knew."

Ella Dukes, the former fiancée, did not come to the jail, but she sent words of friendliness, if not of love.

To understand something of the magnetism of the Glenn woman, if she is the person who wooed and won Ella Dukes, it need only be explained that James Dukes, the father of the two girls, will lose his farm and the house over the head of his family if the Ellis Glenn in the Hillsboro jail is not the Ellis Glenn for whom he gave bond on the charge of forgery brought against "Mr." Glenn last spring. If Glenn, the forger, whether man or woman, has been delivered to the county authorities Mr. Dukes is released from his bond. If the twin sister has been captured instead the bond is forfeited, the criminal having fled.

NOT BAD LOOKING.

Miss Glenn is not a bad looking woman, and in her disguise would be called a good-looking man of a somewhat feminine type. She is five feet and seven inches high, more than medium height for a woman, is slender and has sloping shoulders. The least masculine feature of the woman's figure is her feet, which are small, but her hands are large. She is a brunette, and when she was much in the open air evidently had a good complexion and a soft skin. After the troubles of her present plight and a month of imprisonment, however, her face has become sallow.

The career of Ellis Glenn, the former Glenn, whatever the sex, in and about Hillsboro, Butler and Litchfield, is one of simple happenings, even to his matrimonial engagement.

On July 17, 1898, a slight built young man alighted from a Big Four train at the Litchfield depot, and asked to be directed to a boarding house. He was told to go to the house kept by Mrs. Hay, and there he went. He told the landlady he was from St. Louis, and said he was a private detective, not naming the agency he was working for. If the ingratiating stranger told the truth, and the Glenn of that time is the woman now behind the barred doors, it is not impossible that Detective Grannon, of Cincinnati, may have been an acquaintance. That the woman would mention a person who knew anything important, however, is deemed unlikely.

"Mr." Glenn made friends with his landlady, and was soon welcomed as a member of the family. His stay in Litchfield, nevertheless, was of only a month's duration. He left, saying he was going to hunt for a more paying occupation. In a few weeks he was back again, this time coming as the agent of a sewing machine company. He bought a team of horses and a light carriage and began to make daily trips through Montgomery county. Glenn continued to make Litchfield his headquarters.

In November, a year ago, "Mr." Glenn met Miss Ella Dukes, her sister and her father, comprising the Dukes family. He drove up one day to the farmhouse, which is a short distance out of Butler, a town six miles from Litchfield, toward Hillsboro, and inquired if a new sewing machine was wanted. Ella Dukes, a pleasant-looking young woman, twenty-four years old, not a schoolgirl, as she has been described, informed him that there was a machine in the house, but that it needed mending. The agent was as willing to repair as to sell. He fixed the machine and staid to supper. He came again the following Sunday and again remained for supper.

Before the end of that week "Mr." Glenn brought Miss Dukes and Nellie, the elder sister, to Litchfield for a day's stay at Mrs. Hay's. After that there were frequent visits, and the love-making soon took on the aspect of earnestness. The landlady was "Mr." Glenn's confidant.

TELLS OF HER BOARDER.

"He came to me," said Mrs. Hay to-day, "the first night after he met Miss Dukes and told me what a nice girl he thought she was. He used to bring her here often, and I got to consider both of them as part of my household. A nicer young man than Ellis Glenn I never met. There was nothing he would not do for me, and he always was so gentlemanly. I never suspected he was a woman—I just can't speak of him as her—though he cared far more for the society of women than he did of men. He used to tell me he was his mother's girl, and when I joked him about his preference he didn't seem to mind.

"Mr. Glenn did not seem to have a bad habit. He never drank, smoked, chewed or swore, and he always stayed at home nights unless he was out at the Dukes farm."

Mrs. Hay's story does not provide for a twin sister.

"He told me," she said, "that he had a sister, but that she was fifty years old. He said he was thirty-eight years old, but I never believed it; he did not look over twenty-six or twenty-seven. He said he was born in Ashtabula, O., but that he left there before he was fourteen years old. He said the sister's name was Mrs. Unger and that she lived at Jackson, O."

The story about the sister is being investigated by the sheriff.

The sewing machine agent spent a pleasant winter, working when the weather was fine, going a-courting when it was not. Two or three times he went to St. Louis, but he never remained longer than two days. It was noted by his landlady that he often came back depressed in spirits, and that after such a journey he was apt to refer to a dear friend—T. H. Terry, a companion from boyhood. He used to correspond regularly with this individual, and, oddly enough, he wrote in shorthand. Mrs. Hay is sure answers were received.

Constant as were his attentions to Miss Dukes, "Mr." Glenn found time to take Litchfield young women to parties and to become popular with them. Indeed, his social record is such that Mrs. Hay must be mistaken about the number of evenings he spent at home. Glenn joined the Sigma Sigma Club, a social organization to which many Litchfield young people belonged, and seems to have become one of its moving spirits. Two or three of the best known young women in the town were singled out in turn for his attentions, and they accepted his courtesies willingly.

It was to Miss Dukes, however, that "Mr." Glenn's heart was given, and early in April the news of the engagement was told to their friends. Miss Dukes does not hesitate to say that she adored the soft-spoken fellow.

"He was gentlemanly in his bearing and was such a pleasant talker," she said to-day. "He was a splendid companion, sympathetic and cheerful. I don't mind saying that I grew to love him dearly and that when he asked me to marry him I was made extremely happy.

"I never had a suspicion that the Mr. Glenn of my acquaintance was a woman. I will not say that I believe so yet, though I cannot longer love the man who deserted me almost on the eve of my wedding day. He was feminine in every way, for he could sew beautifully, but he explained his fault with the needle by saying his occupation was responsible. I do not think his voice was feminine in the least, though it was not

deep or harsh. He sang hymns with us on Sunday evenings and seemed to have a good tenor voice."

Miss Dukes is right about the voice if the original Glenn is in custody. The prisoner's voice is more boyish than manly, but it is not feminine.

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.

Disgrace followed not far behind success in love making. On April 29 Ellis Glenn was arrested, charged with attempting to pass a forged note of \$4,000. The complainants were John and Duncan McLean, two wealthy farmers of the county. The note never was honored, so the offense did not bring as much as temporary financial reward. One of the signatures was a close copy and would have passed, but the other name was not even that of the farmer.

It developed on trial that the sewing machine agent wrote to Duncan McLean asking the price of a horse. The farmer's wife answered in his name, and hers was the writing copied on the forged note. But for the accident the forger might have got safely away with the money and the present question of sex never would have been raised.

Mr. Dukes and his brother-in-law, Marshall Winters, had faith in Glenn and went on his bonds for \$1,000 each. The Dukes holding is only one of forty acres, accounting for the fact that the forfeiture of the bond means ruin.

"Mr." Glenn was less in public evidence during the summer, but he still had many friends. These friends were informed late in September that he and Miss Dukes would be married on Oct. 8. On the Thursday previous he started for St. Louis to purchase his wedding outfit, so he said. He left a trunk behind at Mrs. Hay's, but he took two valises.

On Saturday Nellie Dukes received a letter from St. Louis saying that Ellis Glenn fell off a steamboat and was drowned in the Mississippi river on Friday. The letter was signed T. H. Terry and contained the further information that the writer was obliged to go at once to Charleston, W. Va., where his mother was sick. A letter directed there, he said, would reach him.

The Dukes were quick to conclude that Glenn had fled and that their farm was likely to be lost. They offered a reward, and Nellie Dukes wrote a decoy letter to Charleston. No answer came, and then the postmaster there was asked to what city he had been told to forward Terry's mail. He said that Terry had ordered his mail sent to Paducah, Ky., and on this cleft Terry was arrested at Paducah on Oct. 22.

Terry or Glenn made no resistance, admitted his identity, and three days later was lodged in the Hillsboro jail.

Though the Dukes family had worked hard for the capture of "Mr." Glenn, they forgave him as soon as he was safely locked up. They made his cell comfortable and sent him messages of forgiveness, but did not visit him. The prisoner made no explanation. At this time Mr. Dukes says he began to suspect the sex of his daughter's former fiancé, and at last went to Sheriff Cassady, who only laughed at his suspicions.

Mr. Dukes recalled the circumstance today and added to it the declaration that the Glenn of his first acquaintance wore an upper set of false teeth. So does the occupant of Cell 1, in Tier 2, of the county jail.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. Dukes and his daughters made the first exception to their rule of keeping away from the jail and paid the inmate a visit. The scene is said to have been pathetic.

On Saturday the sheriff took his prisoner to Chester Penitentiary, where the discovery of sex was made. The following day the unmasked Glenn was returned to Hillsboro, where she immediately gave out the story that she was not the Ellis Glenn who forged the note, but his twin sister.

Glenn explains that the farewell to the Dukeses was part of the deception. At first she said her name was Alice, then that it was Ellis, and that her brother's name was Elbert. Since then she has told a dozen contradictory stories, but has not changed her statement of identity.

The woman begged on Sunday to be sentenced to Joliet, where women are received, saying she wanted to pay her brother's penalty. The woman waited until the first sentence was set aside and then, on the advice of Attorney Amos Oller, of Litchfield, who volunteered to defend her, she refused to plead guilty and demanded a new trial. She is within her rights, but she will not be given the trial before January, possibly not before April.

The prisoner's attorney will to-morrow move to quash the indictment against her, but as the formal charge merely recited that one Ellis Glenn committed a forgery and did not refer to sex, the prosecuting attorney does not believe it will be quashed. If it is he will have the woman rearrested on affidavit, he says, and held to the grand jury, which does not meet until next April. In any event, Ellis Glenn, the woman, is not likely to breathe the open air for some time.

One of Life's Happenings.

Detroit Free Press.

A pathetic home-leaving took place at Battle Creek one day last week. Forty-one years ago Lucius C. Sweet and his wife moved into a new house on Main street. It then was out of the city. To-day it is surrounded by business blocks with the two leading hotels on the opposite side of the street. The property has become too valuable for a residence and has been sold and excavations commenced for a business block. Mr. Sweet is dead and his wife still lives. She moved out on Friday and workmen are demolishing the building. Forty-one years ago when they moved into their new home they partook of their first meal, which was supper. Friday night Mrs. Sweet ate her last supper all alone in the old homestead on the same old table and then left the premises. In that time there has been only one death, her husband, and one birth, her son, who now has a position on a Baltimore paper. The great shade trees that Mrs. Sweet planted with her own hands have been cut down for modern improvements and sadly the old body bade a tearful good-bye to her old home.

Gives One Thousand Dollars.

New York Telegraph.

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has contributed \$1,000 to the British fund for the relief of sufferers in the South African war. The money was sent through ex-Postmaster General James to Sir Percy Sanderson, British consul general here. There is no string attached to the gift. The money is to be used in Great Britain for hospital relief, or given to the Red Cross or devoted to the aid of the fatherless and the widowed, according to the discretion of Sir Percy.

"It shall be sent to the widows and orphans' fund," he says. "Such acts as this will do much to strengthen the bonds of sympathy between England and America."

The Debs Way.

Boston Journal.

Eugene V. Debs is going around the Massachusetts circuit prophesying that the worst panic of all is on the way. That chestnut was roasted years ago. However, if the spore alarmist didn't make some such prophecy every time he stood on his feet he would probably soon be looking for work. Debs and men like Debs are simply gulling and demoralizing the labor unions.

A Slow German Town.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Berlin is an old and is asserted to be a slow city. Yet it costs 2 cents to use a telephone there, the water is filtered, the man who litters the streets with rubbish is hauled up with lightning speed, and no one knows what would happen to him who undertakes to fill the city with coal smoke, for no one has attempted that offense.

The Danger of It.

Omaha Bee.

The evils of talking about one's neighbors furnished a Sunday topic for one of Omaha's clergymen. Never talk about your neighbor—talk about some one farther away. Your neighbor might hear about it and make trouble.

He Saw Strawberries.

Kansas City Journal.

The last words of Sherman Halm, of Abilene, as he passed to his Maker, were: "Mother, see up there! O can't you see the strawberries; how nice and sweet they taste. Give me a pat that I may bring some to you."

Has Its Drawbacks.

Baltimore American.

With Hobson practically forgotten, Dewey under a storm of criticism, and brave "Bill" Anthony in a suicide's grave, the hero business is not one to commend itself to the ambition of practical young men.

Troubles of Their Own.

Superior (Wis.) Times.

Some of our Republican editors are suggesting planks for the Democratic platform, as if the Democrats were not likely to make a bad enough mess of the job.