



Little "Jimmy" Glass, for Whom His Mother Has Been Searching Since May, 1915.

Was There Ever Greater Mother Love Than This?

How Heartbroken Mrs. Glass Has Journeyed Seventeen Thousand Miles in Two Years, Faced All Kinds of Dangers and Deprived Herself of Even the Necessities of Life in Her Search for Her Lost Boy--And the Three Hundred Child Derelicts She Has Found, But Never Her Own Little Jimmy

AMONG the rooms on the second story of No. 13 Lienau place, Jersey City, New Jersey, is one, not much larger than a clothes closet, which contains only toys.

These are a boy's toys—soldiers, cowboys, Indians, a drum and a sword, a motorboat, a fire engine—the kind that would delight the heart of a boy of five.

These toys are never played with. They are never disturbed except to be dusted. They are awaiting the return of James Douglas Glass, the only son of Charles and Ella Glass, who disappeared on May 12, 1915.

He vanished within a space of five minutes and within sight and hearing of his parents as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, from a field in which he was playing at Greeley, Pennsylvania. No actual trace of him has yet been found, although persons living near Greeley saw on the day of his disappearance a boy of his age who apparently was held captive in an automobile by two men and a woman.

In the following story Mrs. Glass herself describes the strange and almost unbelievable incidents which have come to her notice in the search for her boy, which she is still prosecuting:

Mrs. Glass in her search for Jimmy has made the following journeys:

Three trips to Chicago.....	5,760 miles
One trip to Oklahoma.....	3,208 "
Two trips into Maryland.....	740 "
Five trips into Pennsylvania.....	1,960 "
One trip into Georgia.....	1,750 "
One trip to Nicholasville, Ky.....	2,000 "
One trip into Ohio.....	1,404 "
Trips in and about New York and New Jersey.....	500 "
Total	17,322 miles

By MRS ELLA GLASS.

ISTILL believe my boy is alive somewhere. Some time I shall find him. Every night over the cradle of the youngest of the two children left to me I pray to the Lord to restore him to me, and I know my prayer will be answered. I know that only the Saviour can help me and that He will. And I look every day at that wonderful picture by Walter Everett that is called "The Crisis," and shows another mother invoking the same aid. I have travelled 17,000 miles in a vain hunt for him. I am ready to travel 17,000 more. My husband and I have only one ambition in life—to find James. Our faith that we shall win is unshakable. We have gone and shall continue to go without many of what most people think are the necessities of life in order to save money to hunt for Jimmy.

My heart goes out to the mothers who count as dead children that have disappeared, for I believe that in a majority of cases they are alive and could be recovered. In our search for Jimmy we have found nearly 300 children whose parentage is unknown. Some of them have been abandoned, others have been picked up by wandering Gypsy bands, and a few, perhaps, have been kidnapped and sold like the boy I saw in Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania.

We have found children whose origin is unknown or a matter of guesswork in almost every State in the Union, and in 137 different towns or cities. In most cases they were living with poor families which had made no effort to find out whence they came.

In numerous cases the child has been left by a man or woman, or both, who have said they were leaving the child for a short time and would return for it. Board has been paid for a certain time in advance, and that has been the last heard of the self-styled parents. The families with which the children were left have simply kept them; in some cases have become so attached to them that they would not give them up.

In other cases, whenever a reward is offered for a missing child, one of these is put forward in the hope of getting the reward, and it is this fact that has caused us to receive thousands of letters. Apparently whenever a strange child has been heard of, one whose antecedents were unknown, some one took a chance that he might be our boy and wrote us. That is another reason why we feel sure we will find him—so many people all over the country are on the lookout for him.

I cannot express the bitterness of disappointment which has come to me time and time again when, after a journey of thousands of miles, I have found that I had only been on another will-o'-the-wisp chase. The most heart sickening of all was the result of our trip to Norman, Oklahoma.

When we got there I looked at the boy. I could not restrain my tears. It was not James. My hopes had been so high! I had pictured James in my arms all the way on the journey home. The resemblance was most striking, but I knew he wasn't my boy. The so-called discovery of "the missing James Glass" had been the talk of the town for weeks, and almost the entire popu-

lation accompanied Mr. Glass and myself to the house where the boy was.

The family he was with and the townspeople insisted that he must be James. They insisted that we go before a Judge and get a permit to take the child to our home for observation. Once we had him home they felt sure he would prove to be our son. The Judge made out the permit, but we declined it. Then the truth came out. The boy's mother came forward and explained away the mystery. The father had deserted the mother before the boy was born. She supported him until she could no longer do so, and then left him with the family where we found him and disappeared, not telling who she was or whence she came. The boy was finally adopted by Professor and Mrs. O'Hern, of the Northern University.

Many of the letters we receive tell of children seen with gypsy bands and I have personally visited more than a score of camps. In every one I have found one or more light-haired, fair complexioned, blue eyed children, chiefly boys, who showed that they were not of gypsy blood. The gypsies consider them mascots, dress them in good clothes and keep them apart from the true gypsy children, who are ragged, dirty and unkempt.

The gypsies themselves would give no information as to how or when or where they obtained these children, and prevented me from talking with them. I believe most of them were kidnapped.

In a gypsy camp at Baldwin, L. E., the police and myself found a golden-haired girl about seven years old crying bitterly. She implored us to take her home, but she could not tell us where her home was or any-



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thing about herself, and we could get nothing out of the gypsies.

One of the strangest cases I uncovered was that of a little girl, dressed as a boy, in Sayre, Pennsylvania. She was accompanied by a man and a woman. The man turned out to be a yeggman and the woman his accomplice. They were using the child as a "blind." The child could tell nothing of her birthplace or parents. The woman



Mrs. Ella Glass and "Jimmy's" Little Sisters, Who Wonder Why Their Brother Does Not Come Home.

from Nicholasville. The description sent us seemed so accurate that we decided it was worth while to see the boy in person.

When we arrived at Nicholasville we were met by the sheriff and practically the entire population of the town. With the sheriff and his deputies we rode in automobiles for twelve miles over the mountain trails, followed by the townspeople and country folk in automobiles, on horseback and on foot.

We had to leave the automobile for mule and buckboard, with men with torches going ahead of us to light the way. When we arrived at the Miller cabin we found it crowded to the doors, so much so that we had to force our way in behind the sheriff and his deputies to get a look at the boy thought to be James.

He was not James. It was only another of those cases of where the family keeping the boy, not knowing anything of the antecedents of the child and not having heard from those who left him for years, thought of the \$500 reward offered for the recovery of James and the possibility that he might be the boy in their keeping.

The last experience was running down a clue in Mount Pleasant, Pa. There we found a little boy, evidently of Polish birth, with an Italian family. They volunteered the information that he had been bought in New York for \$30. They bought him from a man in the street, they said, not knowing who the man or child was.

One morning I received a letter saying that the writers had James, and would surrender him for a ransom of \$5,000. It was stipulated that the \$5,000 was to be placed in a milk bottle, which was to be left in front of an Italian bootblack stand in Spring street, West Hoboken. The police were consulted and detectives were assigned to watch the bootblack stand. My sister put a roll of stage money in a milk bottle and placed it as directed in the letter, which, by the way, had been posted from Lackawaxen, near Greeley.

Following the demand came another letter, saying that if the plan miscarried the dead body of James would be left in front of our home on the following Monday morning.

When the bootblack saw the milk bottle he thought it was a bomb, ran out of his shop yelling "Police!" and caused such a commotion that the story of the "plant" soon became known. We awaited the following Monday morning in fear and trembling, but it passed without incident. Some months later there came to us an ex-convict who said he knew all about the letters, and that they were part of a blackmail plot concocted in Sing Sing. The convicts, through the connivance of a "trustee" who was acting as clerk, passed the two letters through the outgoing prison mail. They were enclosed in letters to the wife of one of the prisoners, who lived in West Hoboken. She gave them to the ex-convict, and he mailed them.

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said she had been left with her by an unknown woman who had disappeared. The girl was taken in charge by the authorities.

One of the most unusual trips was that I made to Nicholasville, Kentucky, toward the end of March, 1916. It was reported to us that a child answering in every detail to the description of James was living with a mountaineer's family named Miller in a cabin several miles