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TRUE STORIES OF THE NEWS.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF "JIP."

Mrs. Josephine Robbins's Frantic Search for Her Wonderful Pet Setter.

A Lost Dog Comedy in Several Exciting Acts with a Denouement in Which About Everybody (Including the Dog) is Supremely Happy.

"Jip" has at last been found!

But first you must know that Jip is a beautiful, big white and brown setter which belongs to Mrs. Josephine Robbins, the proprietor of the Berwick, the fashionable double boarding-house at Nos. 18 and 20 West Thirty-second street.

On New Year's Eve, while firecrackers were snapping, horns were tooting, bon-fires were blazing and pandemonium was reigning generally throughout the town, Jip suddenly disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

She weighs in her stocking feet at least one hundred pounds, and is seven hands in height. You would think it a difficult matter for a dog of that size to get lost like a pin. Yet silently, like the old year, disappear she

did. And Mrs. Robbins cried her eyes out all night long.

MRS. ROBBINS'S PLAINTIVE LETTER.

Away up in the corner of the editorial page of THE WORLD four days afterwards the following letter was printed:

To the Editor of The World:

I have lost my dog Jip, a white setter with brown spots. I have advertised three times in THE WORLD, offering a good sum for her return to me, with no results. I am proprietor of the Berwick, on Thirty-second street, and have been for years a constant, almost daily advertiser in the "only paper." This morning while at breakfast I counted twenty-five WOLVES served to my guests. A happy thought, as I hope, struck me. Why won't THE WORLD just give you a word outside of an "ad"? I know that I haven't the same claim on your sympathy that Mrs. Ross had, but still Jip was all the child I had, and then she is not a dog, but almost human, as hundreds who know her will testify. She is as well known in these parts

as most politicians, and you could hardly find a man doing business on Broadway, from Twenty-eighth street up, who does not know and admire Jip. Every cabby knows her and looks upon her as a personal friend. Now, can't you say a word for her? Understand, if she was not an uncommon brute and worthy of your attention, I would not ask it. But she is Jip, and all I had to love. Some one who knows her worth has her hiding for a large reward. I have twice offered \$20, and to-night I shall offer more than double that amount. Will you then, if this does no good, give me a few words to call the attention of your thousands of readers?

JOSEPHINE ROBBINS.
New York, Jan. 3.

To say that Jip's owner was at her wit's end during these four days is to state the diagnosis of her case too mildly. She let her business drift along as best it could unaided, and devoted her time to one object—namely, to find her pet. As you can guess from her letter, she has no children. Further, she is a widow. Jip was, indeed, all she had to love.

Prof. Marcell, a pianist, who has boarded at the Berwick a long time, and who looks after her business interests when Mrs. Robbins's nephew is away, was the unconscious cause of Jip's loss. New Year's Eve, shortly after 10 o'clock, he sauntered out onto Broadway for a little stroll. He dropped into Bang's for a beer and into "Billy" Sexton's for a game of billiards. About 11 o'clock he returned home.

As he came in the door Mrs. Robbins met him, and, seeing him alone, exclaimed: "Wh . where is Jip?"

Unhappy Prof. Marcell! He had taken Jip out with him when he went out for his walk. He remembered that the setter had gone into Bang's with him. He couldn't remember that the dog had come out with him again. "And yet I am sure I had only two beers," he pleaded to the dog's mistress plaintively.

IN VAIN THEY SCoured THE TOWN.

The household was aroused at once and searching parties were organized to set out and beat the thoroughfares in the vicinity. Everybody in the house loved Jip and went out on the quest with zest. And to everybody up and down Broadway, from Twenty-third to Thirty-fourth streets, Jip was as familiar a sight almost as Capt. Connor. No boarder in the Berwick ever dreamed that the new year would dawn without the reclamation of the pet. But neither sight nor sound of her they ever had again till a week ago last Friday evening.

On that night, about 8 o'clock, a blond-mustached, excited figure ran quickly up the steps of the Wilton, ditto a double boarding-house, at No. 45 West Twenty-seventh street. It was Prof. Marcell. He frantically rang the bell, and the house quickly swallowed him up. A half hour later a cab rushed up to the same stoop and deposited a woman, and another woman who was even more excited in her manner than was the Professor. A second woman remained seated in the cab.

EXCITEMENT AT THE WILTON.

Then something strange occurred. A passer-by would have thought that the manager of the Wilton was about to be evicted or that a mysterious suicide had taken place in the house. You would have seen, if you had happened to be walking by, silhouettes flit by the curtains shading the rooms inside, and you might have heard the bruit of high-pitched voices echoing from the interior. But no suicide had taken place, no apprehension of a robber. But an eviction, yes—the eviction of a beautiful big white setter with brown spots.

Jip had at last, after an absence of over three weeks, been located. Knowledge had

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ON THE "Oh, I was terday to a was telling th pet Jip. "Th know I scre help it. I w men boarder rooms. I kn And to think hug her—oh, make me we

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"Yet I was I felt it. I Marcell had wine. The but to retire, mind that I night. I w WANT!"

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written the letters I promised. He said I was a woman had to I am alone

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rather the woman when I see him, which depends on this council, that we will hold in Washington, General Miles

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No. 7, which will be given one more chance
to decide at its meeting on Wednesday night
what its future course will be.

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the neck, causing a severe wound.

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gold cuff-button in exchange for a cigarette.

THE TOWN.

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Knowledge had

come to Mrs. Robbins that a dog answering
in every particular to her lost pet was bidden
away in a back room in the Wilton.
And that it why the blond-mustached man
ran excitedly up the steps Friday evening a
week back; why a cab rattled up hurriedly
to the same stoop a half-hour later; why sil-
houettes were outlined against the curtains;
why high voices were heard issuing from
the inside; why there was a scene at the
Wilton.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LOST DOG.

"Oh, I was wild," said Mrs. Robbins yester-
day to a world reporter to whom she
was telling the story of her search for her
pet Jip. "Talk about Sara Bernhardt, I
know I screamed and ranted. I couldn't
help it. I went to that place with one of my
men boarders and we pretended to look for
rooms. I knew Jip was there all the time.
And to think I was so near her and couldn't
hug her—oh, in thinking of it again it
makes me weak."

"I was standing in the hall. I had not
found rooms that suited me. Then I gave
a whistle—one of my whistles that you can
hear a block away. The landlady said to
me: 'Why, why do you do that?' I waited
a second to hear if Jip would answer. I
didn't hear her whine. Then I lost my head.
I think I was so disappointed. Jip had
never failed to respond to me before."

KNEW IT BY INTUITION.

"Yet I was confident Jip was in the place.
I felt it. I didn't know then that Prof.
Marcelli had already heard her dear old
whine. There was nothing for me to do
but to retire, so I did so, but I made up my
mind that I would watch that house all
night. It was too late to get out a search-
warrant."

When Prof. Marcelli had gained an en-
trance to the house he frankly told the

woman who met him, and who he says
must have been the landlady, that he
wanted "that dog." They had a dispute,
and during the controversy he uttered a
call that Jip knew. He heard an answer.
It was Jip's whine. He wanted no more.
He rushed up to Capt. Reilly. Capt. Reilly
had done everything possible in his power
to find the dog, but he couldn't believe that
the excited Professor was in his right mind
when he informed the Sergeant at the desk
that he had surely located the missing pet,
only by his whine.

THE PROFESSOR AT WORK.

But he allowed the Professor the use of his
name, and the latter notified Mrs. Robbins
that he was sure of the trail. He went back
to the house in Twenty-seventh street, and
just as he was on the point of interviewing
the chef and the housemaids below stairs,
he saw Mrs. Robbins issue from the front
door.

"You heard Jip whine?" she echoed to
his greeting. "Then we will stay here all
night," she added, resolutely. "I will
never leave here till I have my dog—never.
We will besiege the place."

A BLOCKADE ESTABLISHED.

Out in the night they waited. They cor-
alled all comers-out and goers-in. They
quizzed the servants, they questioned call-
ers, they prodded the boarders.

"I found at last," Jip's owner continued,
"that a dog was shut up in there. He was
big and white and silky like my dog. I was
crazy. I put my foot down and swore that
I would never leave that house without Jip
himself. So we agreed to besiege it. And
I would have done so, too," she remarked
defiantly, as she stroked the coat of Jip,
which was soft as a seal's.

But the citadel capitulated. "They told
me later," Mrs. Robbins said, continuing

her tale, "that a dog had been found in
the house, but that it had been called for
and had gone to a place further down the
street. I knew that was strategy, an ex-
pedient. 'Tell me the number of the house,'
I exclaimed. They had forgotten. No, no,"
she continued, kissing and stroking the
white-haired brute, "they wanted to smug-
gle you away while I was on a wrong scent—
didn't they, dear?"

JIP GIVES EVIDENCE HERSELF.

Mrs. Robbins finally was allowed to see
"a dog" that was in the house. There was
a leap up a stairway, a low, muttered howl of
joy, and with a jump Jip made a bound
upon his mistress's shoulders and threw her
against the wall.

"I cannot explain the matter at all," Mrs.
Robbins answered when asked about the
dog's disappearance. "Unless it was that
she was stolen for the purposes of breeding.
She is very valuable. I have been offered
\$200 and \$250 for her again and again as
I have walked with her through the streets.
She was given to me eight years ago. By
ex-President Arthur? Oh, no indeed. But
I knew Mr. Arthur very well."

The proprietor of the Wilton is Robert
Street. "Yes, it is true that this animal
was found in my house," he admitted.
"How she came here I can't say. I only
know that when I went about the halls to
turn down the gas on New Year's Eve I found
her wandering around."

MR. STREET'S EXPLANATION.

"I thought she must belong to one of the
boarders and shut her up. I know nothing
about dogs, and didn't know she was valua-
ble. The next day I discovered that none
of my people knew anything about her. So
I let her run about the house and in the
back yard. A week ago Friday this Mrs.
Robbins came to me and claimed the dog as

hers. I gave her up willingly. Oh, pshaw!
there was no scene at all. I simply had told
my wife not to let anybody have the animal
without my knowledge."

"I had seen Mrs. Robbins's advertise-
ment and wrote to her. She doesn't want to
pay the reward she offered, evidently. I
don't care at all about that, but I would like
to get my hands on the Marcelli or Marcelli
or whatever they call him."

"Why, Mr. Street?"

"Well, I'll tell you to-morrow," he said
mysteriously.

MONEY SUBJECT.

In one issue of THE WORLD Mrs. Robbins
offered \$100 for the restoration of her pet.
She began with \$20. She doubled that
amount when the first advertisement
brought in no return. She finally inserted
a standing advertisement promising to pay
\$50, on Jip's return to the man who
brought her home.

Mrs. Robbins says that she can't see just
how Mr. Street can have the audacity to
claim the reward, as she found the dog her-
self. Mr. Street says he doesn't care for
the reward, but was justice out of that
Prof. Marcelli who was prowling about his
place under false pretenses.

AND THUS CLOSING THE COMEDY.

Mrs. Robbins is radiant, inasmuch as she
has her Jip, with her gleaming eyes and her
hair like silk.

Jip is happy because she is back again on
her red plush sofa at her mistress's knee
her for a birthday present three years ago.

Prof. Marcelli is joyful because in the gen-
eral rejoicing that he up at Bang's has
been forgotten.

Mr. Street is a little over something,
he won't say what.

And it's all a queer tale Manhattan com-
edy, isn't it?