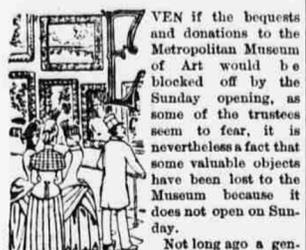


OPEN THE ART MUSEUM.

THE PEOPLE WANT IT, AND THEY SHOULD HAVE THEIR WAY.

A New York Man Offered His Fine Collection With the Provision that the Museum Should be Opened on Sunday—The Gift Went to Johns Hopkins University—Mr. Borden's Views in Favor of the Sunday Opening.



VEN if the bequests and donations to the Metropolitan Museum of Art would be blocked off by the Sunday opening, as some of the trustees seem to fear, it is nevertheless a fact that some valuable objects have been lost to the Museum because it does not open on Sunday.

Not long ago a gentleman of this city, while travelling in Europe, made a fine lacustrine collection at Lake Luzerne. It illustrated very beautifully the transition from one period to another in the history of the human race.

This is one instance, and there are, doubtless, others. Certainly one cannot blame an earnest collector who has patiently got together objects which illustrated some phase in art and science, for putting his collection where it will do the most good on Sunday.

John Bigelow, who was seen in his house in Gramercy Park, said: "It is a matter which I think I ought to express myself on first before the Board. It is very important, and I think it is not only a matter of right, but a matter of duty."

The estimate of expenses necessary for opening the Museum on Sundays seemed to have figures a little bigger than they needed to be. This estimate will be considered, and any reasonable expense will probably be met by the city.

There is no ground for this sentiment. The public feeling in the matter is that the Museum, an institution occupying toward the public the position of a public utility, should be open on Sundays.

Up to a late hour this morning none of the Quarantine Commissioners had arrived at the office in Broadway. Mayor Hewitt's letter to Dr. Smith was the subject of discussion among the employees at the office.

TO FORM ONE BIG DISTRICT.

Proposing to Consolidate all the 'Longshoremen's Societies.'

A movement is on foot in this and other cities to form a National District Assembly of longshoremen and dock-laborers generally, within the jurisdiction of the Knights of Labor.

The projectors of this scheme also propose to organize the longshoremen of Great Britain in like manner, and establish an international organization or board.

There are in the Order of the Knights of Labor at the present time 310 local assemblies of longshoremen and dock-laborers, and a committee having charge of the new organization scheme has received favorable replies from 153 locals.

It is in Canada there are nine locals of longshoremen. They are organized in Boston, Savannah, New Orleans, Baltimore, Charleston and other Southern cities, as well as the great body of dock laborers at the various ports of the lakes will join in the scheme.

When the National Assembly is formed a delegation will be sent to Great Britain to confer with longshoremen there in regard to an international organization.

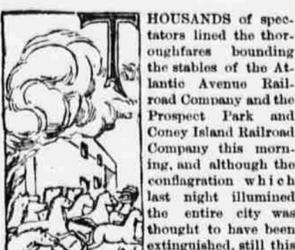
The projectors of the new organization say that its policy will be one of peace and conservatism.

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SOUTH BROOKLYN'S BIG FIRE.

THE RUINS OF THE STREET-CAR STABLES STILL BURNING.

Preparations Being Made to Resume Traffic on the Road Without Delay—New Stables Found for the Horses—The Report Not True that the Road Had Just Been Sold—Specs About the Ruins.



HUNDREDS of spectators lined the thoroughfares bounding the stables of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company and Coney Island Railroad Company this morning.

The wind to-day changed, and instead of sweeping over the charred ruins of the tenement houses, stores and offices across the road and in the direction of blocks of tenement houses, it blew from the north.

When the fire broke out, it was in the rear of Culver's Prospect Park Company, where the fire, making every preparation possible for continuing the traffic, suddenly delayed. Already he has made arrangements for stabling the horses in the stables of the company in Seventh avenue.

Among the valuables in the Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company's office were two mammoth iron safes, which contained the cash receipts of the Ninth avenue road for some days, as well as a large amount of bills of small denominations.

The insurance on the company's building in the hands of Insurance Agents Hatton & Jacobs, Montague street, Brooklyn, who have also charge of the insurance of the Atlantic Railroad Company.

At the corner of Ninth avenue and Twentieth street, where the ruins of James Daly's house are smoking, there was a crowd of earnest sympathizers. Here Mr. Daly lived, having apartments over his store and in the same building also lived his son and wife, and Jeremiah and William Fitzgerald, who lived on the upper floor, their sister Annie keeping house.

THE BRITISH CONSUL SLIGHTED.

Mr. Chamberlain's Friends Not Invited to the Chamber of Commerce Dinner.

The one hundred and nineteenth annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, which will be held at Delmonico's to-night, will have as guests the Right Hon. Joseph E. Chamberlain, Sir George Campbell, the Hon. Halley Stewart, M.P., and W.R. Cremer, of the Peace Commission of England, and Secretary L. Q. Lamar, Chauncey M. Depew, Mayor Hewitt, James C. Carter and others.

President Charles S. Smith, of the Chamber of Commerce, will occupy the toastmaster's chair, and will preside over a board on which 212 plates will be laid. Mr. Lamar will respond to the toast, "The President."

The British Consul feels rather slighted that he was not invited to the Chamber of Commerce dinner, as well as the rest of Mr. Chamberlain's party.

When at midnight last night the last stream had been turned from the smouldering debris, a single steamer was left for an emergency, but so thorough was the work of the fire that nothing but the corner walls of the railroad buildings were left standing, and today it was deemed advisable to allow the flames to burn away and complete the incineration of the 150 horses which were burned to death.

The family occupied room 32, on the top floor of the tenement-house 154 Bleeker street, which was found in a most filthy condition and barren of furniture. A rusty old stove, a broken table and two chairs comprised their household goods.

When Stocking entered the apartment yesterday afternoon he found the woman lying on the bare floor, her face clotted with blood and her clothing saturated with it.

When the housekeeper of the premises notified the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Agent Stocking, accompanied by a policeman, arrested the husband and child, and dealt her a terrible blow on the head, inflicting a scalp wound.

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"OLD JANUARY" DIES POOR.

A NOTED GAMBLER OF HIS DAY WHO WON AND LOST FORTUNES.

Ira Jenree's Life of Vicissitudes—A "High Roller" in New York Years—Ago—Tiger Baiting Where He Presided—The Man Who Once Won \$100,000 on a Lottery—His Funeral Expenses to Be Paid by Masses.

Ira Jenree, better known as "Old January," a veteran gambler of this city, died last evening at the Gedney House, of general debility.

"Old January" was known to the sporting and gambling fraternity of every State in the Union. He began his career as a gambler about 1854, previous to which he was the card-writer at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

His first experience as the proprietor of a gambling-house was at the southeast corner of Broadway and Fulton street. His partner was Edward Kline, who died years ago and who left a fortune of \$200,000.

Returning to the scenes of his early exploits, behind the green table, he opened a gambling table at Barclay street, which flourished for a long time. He also became interested in a tiger's lair in Twenty-eighth street, near Sixth avenue.

During his gambling career he made and lost six or seven fortunes. At one time his wealth was estimated at \$500,000. He died, however, destitute of means, and his Masonic lodge will have to pay the expenses of his funeral.

It was more than seventy years of age. A correct story of "Old January's" life would fill a book. One of the most famous episodes in his career was winning a small fortune at the water of lottery.

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AN INNOCENT GODDESS.

How the Venus de Milo went When Comstock's Censorship of Art is Complete.



COALS scattered over the Belleville Steel Works by a bursting boiler.

Buildings in the vicinity were shaken and people rushed out of their houses in alarm. The coals in the furnace were scattered all over the works and fire immediately broke out in a number of places.

In a few moments the buildings were wrapped in flames. The Belleville fire department was called out, but could not cope successfully with the fire, and assistance was asked from Newark.

The firemen of that city and Belleville had their hands full, but the flames were under control by 10 o'clock. The works are completely gutted, and the damage will probably be over \$15,000.

The engineer, who was near the boiler, was severely injured. A man who had been ordered to make some repairs to the boiler, was on top of it and was thrown violently to the roof. He received only slight wounds.

How a Lineman was Saved from the Deathly Dynamo Shock.

RABIES, AGONY AND DEATH.

A FATAL CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA AT THE CHAMBERS STREET HOSPITAL.

Symptoms of the Disease Manifested by a Washington Market Porter a Month After Being Bitten by a Dog—Dreadful Sufferings that Caused Death in Two Days—A Cripple's Paroxysmal Strength.

"Dave" Canavan died in great agony at the Chambers Street Hospital at 6.30 this morning of hydrophobia. He had been taken there for treatment at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Charles Canavan is the name on several articles belonging to the unfortunate man, including a letter addressed to him; but he was affectionately known as "Dave." He was a cripple, having suffered a contraction of one leg and the loss of an eye when a lad.

Though he had not a single relation living, he counted a friend in every one of the marketmen. He lodged in a small room over Coward's shoe store, at 270 Greenwich street, and was known as a quiet, good-natured, unfortunate young man.

On Oct. 8 last Canavan saw a big, ferocious bull-dog and a handsome, shaggy-coated Newfoundland in an unequal fight in the road in front of 270 Greenwich street, where he lodged. In attempting to separate the animals he was bitten by one of the brutes, a big snag being made in the small finger of his right hand. So firm was the grip of the dog that Canavan lifted it clear from the ground in his efforts to pull his finger out of its jaws.

During his nooning John Rogers, who is employed at the oyster stalls in Washington Market, was in the kitchen room, and found him sitting on the edge of his bed vainly trying to rid himself of a froth that constantly welled up in his mouth. To every offer of assistance or attention the cripple refused, and would only nod like a gentle Dave. This frightened the little woman, and she left him.

At intervals the agonized sufferer was perfectly lucid and talked of his mortality. He knew his situation and longed for relief. He was a pitiful sight. Usually hydrophobic patients live three or four days, dying finally of exhaustion. But Canavan's paroxysms were so frequent and so longer duration that he survived for a longer time. Like Rogers says: "I was timid of Dave, for he did not act right. But I took him to Chambers Street Hospital, and there he sat behind a door in the room where Dr. H. Wilkin, the visiting surgeon; Dr. Garretson and Dr. Wedekind, the house surgeon, thought instantly upon examining Canavan that it was a genuine case of hydrophobia, and by dint of questioning became sure of it. The case was diagnosed on the hospital books as 'rabid dog bite' and 'hydrophobia.' Dr. H. Wilkin, the visiting surgeon; Dr. Garretson and Dr. Wedekind decided that it was hydrophobia.

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