

KILLED IN A FIGHT WITH A BULLDOG

Brother of the Animal's Mistress
Succumbs in a Death Struggle
in a Dark Flat.

NO ONE THERE TO HELP HIM

Mr. Limpert Probably Stepped on the
Beast, Which Disliked Him and Had
Long Been Known as Dangerous.

Rex, the Scheuermans' big brindle bull terrier, has given trouble in the five-story apartment house at 310 West 129th Street for several months. The Scheuermans have owned him ever since they moved into a fourth-floor flat, two years ago, and he was always gentle until last Summer. Then apparently he turned crusty and attacked a small boy in the street outside the apartment house.

A few weeks later Carl Limpert, Mrs. Scheuerman's middle-aged brother, came downstairs to Mrs. Deveau, the janitor's wife, on the ground floor, with his hands torn and covered with blood.

"The dog attacked me in our apartment while I was unchaining him. I wasn't doing anything to hurt him," Limpert said.

Limpert was always reluctant to have much to do with the dog after that. The Scheuerman family consisted of Limpert, his sister, Mrs. Emma Scheuerman, who is a widow and owns Rex, and Louise Scheuerman, Mrs. Scheuerman's daughter. The women have taken the dog out daily recently on a chain for his airings. In the flat it slept on a mat in the corner of the dining room.

Six weeks ago Rex sprang on Mrs. Davok, the real estate agent who collects rents in the house, and tried to sink his teeth in her arm. Her furs protected her from injury. Altogether he attacked five or six persons, according to Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon. Nevertheless, Mrs. Scheuerman was loth to part with him, because she had had him for four years.

On Saturday night Mrs. Scheuerman and her daughter Louise went up to the Bronx to visit friends. Before they left their apartment they had dinner with Limpert. Rex during dinner lay on his mat as usual in the corner of the dining room. Limpert, who was a salesman, had inherited an interest in medicine from his father, who was a chemist. He told his sister and niece that he would go out for a walk, and when they returned they would find him studying as usual. The two women then went out to spend the evening with their Bronx friends.

"Uncle Carl must have got sleepy and gone to bed," said Louise to her mother early yesterday morning. They had just returned from the card party in the Bronx and were standing, somewhat breathless after climbing the four flights of stairs, at the door of their apartment. Limpert did not answer to their ringing.

Mrs. Scheuerman found her latchkey in her handbag and let herself into the private hall of their apartment. The hall was absolutely black. There was not even any light in the front dining room at the end of the passage, and neither of the women having any matches, they walked along the dark hall to the unlighted dining room. They told Coroner's Physician Weston yesterday that they could hear the big bull terrier in his corner of the room breathing and wheezing.

While Louise stood in the dining-room doorway her mother felt her way in the darkness by means of the furniture over to the mantelpiece. She had to pass the dog's corner in doing so, and was startled by almost tripping over a heavy obstacle which felt odd to her foot on the way. She found the matches, however, on the mantel, struck one, and lit the gas with it. Hardly had she done so when she heard her daughter's voice lifted in a scream so piercing and full of horror that her own heart, as she said afterward, almost stopped beating with terror.

"Oh! Mother! Look in the corner! In the corner! Oh! The dog, the dog!" screamed the younger woman.

Mrs. Scheuerman, the match end still smoking in her hand, swung sharply about and looked over into the corner where the bulldog was in the habit of lying. She saw her brother lying dead there on the floor. His head was almost unrecognizably torn. He was fully dressed and still wore his overcoat. His hat, which had rolled off, lay some distance away. Beside his head stood the bull terrier, its long jaws and undershot muzzle bearing traces of what had happened.

Although both women screamed again and again with fright, the dog made no attempt to attack them. Instead, it whined uneasily and limped under the dining table. Nor did the animal attempt to molest other tenants of the house who, aroused by the women's cries, ran to the apartment.

While one of the men ran to the street and found Policeman Ringelsen, another telephoned to Dr. August Orelne of 157 West 123d Street. He could only say that Limpert was dead, but his services were necessary for both Mrs. Scheuerman and her daughter, utterly overcome by the unexpected sight.

Coroners' Physicians Albert T. Weston and Philip F. O'Hanlon arrived presently. They examined Limpert's body, still lying near the dog's mat in the diningroom corner, and gave it as their opinion that the dog had killed him, and not that he had died, as had been thought at first, in an apoplectic fit brought on by the animal's attack.

"It was a sight such as I have never seen in all my experience as a Coroner's Physician," said Dr. Weston later. "Man and dog seem to have fought over the whole room. As far as I can understand, the two have had a dislike for each other since the dog attacked Limpert last Summer."

According to Dr. Weston, Limpert's right ear and left cheek were gone, and his neck and throat so torn as to cause an arterial hemorrhage, which killed him. There was little doubt, he said, that the man had been killed outright in the struggle with the animal.

The dog allowed himself to be approached and chained by the police. He was kept locked up in a bedroom in the apartment most of yesterday and was then removed to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animal's animal refuge in Sixteenth Street.

WOMAN ABLAZE LOCKED IN.

Clothes Ignited as She Sat on the Stove—Dead in Hospital.

Mrs. Sarah Junkler, 64 years old, wife of Max Junkler, a tailor, of 64 East 109th Street, died in the Harlem Hospital last night, as a result of burns received when her dress caught fire in her home yesterday morning. Mrs. Junkler seated herself on a stove after starting a fire, for the purpose of warming herself, and in that way her dress was ignited.

Her husband heard her screams as he returned from a short absence from the house, but the door being locked he ran to the corner of 109th Street and Madison Avenue, where he found Policeman Scriven of the East 104th Street Station. Together they forced the door. Mrs. Junkler was lying on the floor, her clothing still burning. Scriven wrapped her in a blanket and extinguished the blaze.

After being taken to the hospital she recovered sufficiently to tell of sitting on the stove.

A Brindle Bull Terrier's Uses.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

When I was a boy I had a brindle bull terrier, and he was used to catch semi-wild cattle. He would catch a steer by the nose and throw him and hold him while we tied the steer. Then we loosened the dog's grip by choking and prying his mouth open—a dangerous process unless conducted by a good friend of the dog who is very, very careful.

As an assistant errand boy he was great. I drove him to a sleigh or wagon, with which he could beat a horse, unless we stopped too often to whip large dogs along the road. But experienced dogs did not challenge us.

If a brindle bull terrier hates you, either go far away or kill the dog. These dogs are useful in their own work and place, which is far from a city. DOG OWNER.

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