

CHILD TELLS OF FATHER'S CRIME.

Neu's Daughter, Katie, Describes the Brutal Killing of His Mother.

Threw a Heavy Billet of Wood at the Old Woman as She Lay in Bed.

Then in the Little Girl's Sight He Dragged His Victim to the Floor and Kicked Her.

FACE A PICTURE OF CRUELTY.

Big, Strong and Burly, He is a Man Who Impresses Observers as a Coward of the Most Abject Kind.

George Neu, who is confined in the Raymond Street Jail, in Brooklyn, for murder, is an interesting study of a human brute. On the morning of Sunday, November 21, he beat and kicked his aged mother because she refused to give him money, inflicting injuries that caused her death last Saturday night. His ten-year-old daughter, Katie, a bright, brown-eyed child, was the only witness of the crime.

George Neu is forty-two years of age. He looks older. Dissipation has aged him. Small, greenish, watery eyes glare from under a low, slanting forehead. His face is red and puffy, and his jaws are heavy and cruel. Big and strong and burly, he is a man who impresses observers as a coward of the most abject kind, a beater of women, a buller of children. He is surly and defiant, chiefly concerned because he is unable to get anything to drink.

The poor old woman loved him. As a baby she watched over his cradle in Germany, and when she came to America, thirty years ago, he was a chubby lad, with a round, good-natured face. He was her only son, and she built castles in the air, in which he figured as a great man in his new and marvellous country. Hard working herself, she soon placed George at work in a factory. He grew up as boys sometimes grow up who work in great cities. He learned to drink beer, to smoke, to chew and to love the society of youths who stand on street corners and dance desultory figs on the sidewalks until it is time to go home and go to bed.

When he reached the age of twenty-five he was a big, bloated young man, with an aversion to work and a continual thirst. He attracted the attention of a girl, she loved him and they were married.

Three weeks after the wedding Neu came home one Saturday night drunk. His young wife remonstrated with him, and he blacked both her eyes. It nearly broke her heart that time, but she got used to it. Looking back over a period of fifteen years following her marriage she estimates that she averaged about four black eyes a year during that time.

"I cannot count the number of times he has made me sleep out of doors all night," she said yesterday. "He would drive me from the house, lock the door and refuse me admittance. Sometimes I would climb in a window, but he would catch me occasionally at that and beat me. He always tried to black my eyes, and as long as they were discolored he would make fun of me."

"His mother always paid his fine when I had him arrested. I know of at least fifteen times that she saved him from jail by paying his fines."

The daughter of the murderer, Katie, is a bright little girl, and she describes the crime minutely. She loved her grand-mother, and spent considerable of her time at the old lady's house, at No. 1-2 Boerum street, helping her keep things tidy.

"I was over there Sunday morning," she said, "helping grandma, she was in bed. Papa had whipped her Saturday and she was sick. After a while my papa came in. He was all red in the face, and he staggered all around the door. He said to grandma:

"I want some money," and then he swore awfully. Grandma said she had no money for him. He was standing over near the stove and started for the bed. She

couldn't get up, and he laughed at her. Then he swore again and started back for the stove. She talked to him and told him he was drunk. He got mad again and fell against the stove. I guess he hurt himself, because he swore again. Then he reached over to the box and picked up a big stick of wood. He asked grandma if she would give him some money. She said she would not and asked him to go away.

"He stepped out in the middle of the room and raised the stick of wood over his head. Then he said if she wouldn't give him money he would hit her with the stick. She tried to get out of bed, and he threw the stick at her. It hit her in the right eye and she fell back on the bed.

"Papa got mad then. He ran to the bed and dragged her out on the floor. She did not scream, but I did. I asked him not to hit her, but he pulled her out in the middle

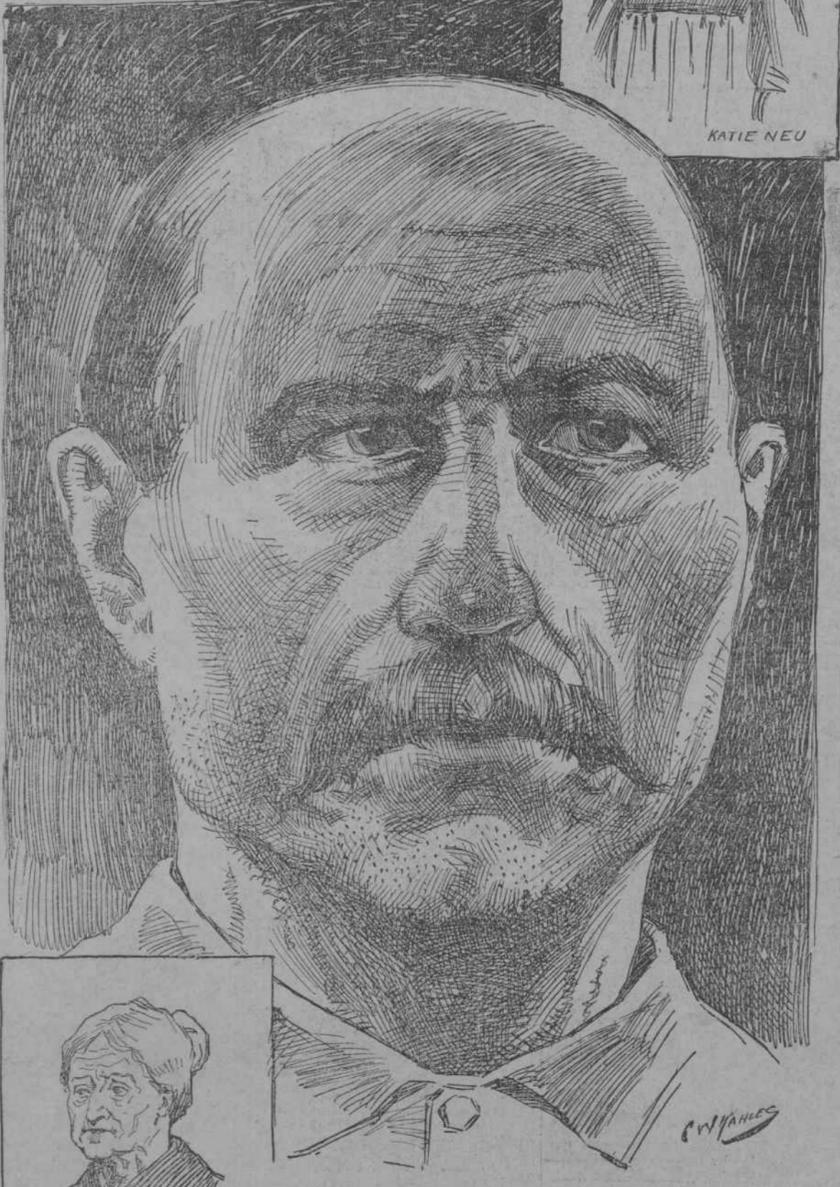
IN NO FEAR OF JUSTICE.

Italian, Who is Believed To Be One of a Gang, Held for Extorting Money in the Court House.

The police of the Centre Street Police Court think they have at last caught one of a gang of swindlers who have been preying on Italians and other foreigners in the vicinity of the Criminal Courts building. The prisoner is Joseph Fino. He was arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday and held in \$300 bail for trial on a charge of extorting \$2.50 from Antonio Scialano, a push-cart pedler.



KATIE NEU



MRS. NEU

George Neu, Who Dragged His Mother from Bed and Killed Her.

The man is a remarkable type of brutality. His face shows the traces of years of dissipation, and is sodden and brutish. His little daughter Katie will probably convict her father. She saw the crime committed, and tells the fearful event in detail from the time of the first blow.

The Bureau of Insurances seized the pedler's cart on Saturday morning and he went to the police court to pay the fine—\$2.50—and recover his property. Outside of the Criminal Courts building Fino stopped him, and, taking the pedler into an office nearby, told him he would get his cart for him for \$2.50. Scialano paid the money to a young man in the office.

When the pedler returned later to get his cart Fino informed him he could do nothing for him. The case was then reported to the police, and Fino was arrested. The young man who received the money for Fino was Eli Starck, a law clerk. Magistrate Kudlich ordered him to return the money he had received from the pedler.

Tried to Burn a New England Bridge
Hanover, N. H., Nov. 30.—An attempt was made to burn the long covered bridge across the Connecticut River, between Hanover and Norwich, Vt., last night. The fire was discovered and was extinguished before much damage was done. Kerosene had been thrown on the timber,

EARS A-TINGLE, BELLS A-JINGLE.

Lakes a-Freezing, Girls Worth Squeezing Riding with Their Beaux.

Hills and Valleys, Streets and Alleys, Deep with First of Winter's Snows.

White Wings Work, and the Weather Clerk Laughs at the Gamins a-Warming Their Toes.

FOR ONCE HIS PROPHECY CAME TRUE.

So What Cares He for Noses Blue; That Chill is the Wind That Blows?—Slip and Tumble, All a-Jumble—Winter's Minor Woes.

Crisp and cold, with four and a half inches of snow on the ground, New York saw the beginning of the winter season yesterday morning in stately reality.

It had been foretold by Observer Dunn that the sweltering humidity of the closing days of last week would be followed by a cold wave. Friday last was one of the hottest November days on record, the thermometer registering 70 degrees, and at noon on Saturday it indicated 67. From the moment it started to fall on Saturday there was no change. Down, down went the fluid, until a point 4:30 below freezing was reached yesterday morning, with a keen wind blowing and snow falling.

"There was a fall of 30 degrees from 5 o'clock p. m. on Saturday until 8 o'clock a. m. on Monday morning," said Observer Dunn. "We had predicted a fall of at least 30 degrees. If people carry an umbrella or an overcoat as the predictions of the Weather Bureau indicate, they will find that in nine cases out of ten they will have use for them."

"The fall of temperature all along the Atlantic coast has been about 30 degrees," continued Mr. Dunn, "and the freezing point includes the whole country except a strip of land along the Southern coast and the Gulf. To-day it is cloudy all along the coast, and there is a slight sprinkling of snow over the middle Atlantic States and New England and the lower lakes, while rain is falling in the South. It will be colder to-morrow."

In New York, Boston and Buffalo the thermometer yesterday was at 30; in Vicksburg, 28; in Montgomery, 22, and in St. Louis, 12 degrees. In the inland and throughout the Northwest it was clear and cold. The storm had swept southward from away up in Edmonton, nestling in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in the Canadian domain. It came southward and eastward until it reached the Great Lakes. The coldest points yesterday were in the Canadas. At Battleford, a trading post in the Hudson Bay Company, the thermometer was 38 degrees below zero, and at Moorhead, Minn., 22; Bismarck, N. D., 20; Huron, N. D., 14, and St. Paul, 8.

The storm that struck New York was due more to local conditions than to any atmospheric changes north. The northern storm broke at the Great Lakes and spent its fury mainly in the south. Despite the storm all the local trains were on time. Malls from points beyond Chicago, however, were delayed from four to five hours.

In the parks the sudden change from a tinted Autumn aspect to snowy landscape was particularly effective. Limbs of trees bowed under the weight of snow. Masts, spars and rigging of ships in river and bay had like decorations. A winter seemed everywhere, and to add to its zest and animation there was the scurry of sleds and jingle of bells.

The street cleaning brigade was at work early, and before the day was old the thoroughfares were cleared of snow. No extra force was required. Bids for removal of snow and ice in New York streets this winter will not be opened until December 4.

The mugnum of wine offered as a prize by "Cable" case, proprietor of McGowan's Pass Tavern, to whoever drove the first

sleigh of the winter up to the tavern door, was won by President Samuel McMillen, of the Board of Park Commissioners.

It was just 7 o'clock when President McMillen, in a cutter drawn by a pair of sorrel horses, drove up to the tavern and alighted with a smile on his face. He entered the dining room and called for a cup of coffee.

"Come, now," said Proprietor Case, "it's wine you mean."

"No," said President McMillen, "only coffee. I'm down on business and just happened by." Everybody smiled and the coffee was brought. Then Mr. Case explained and Mr. McMillen looked surprised. "I don't want the wine," he said. "I'd much rather have you send it to the widow of Park Policeman McFayre," and so it was agreed.

McFayre is the policeman who was killed in the park while stopping a runaway last Summer, and his widow is battling to support her three small children.

A turkey dinner will accompany the wine. At that time in the morning the snow on the east drive was five inches deep. By 9 o'clock it was nearly all gone. John J. Quinn, the Harlem liveryman, who has won the wine for years, did not appear at the tavern at all.

Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, was alive with cutters and sleighs in the early morning hours. Henry French was the first man to appear, opening the season with a dash behind a spirited trotter. He won the prize, a chased silver mugnum of champagne, offered by George Bader. John Dies, of Coney Island, captured the second prize, a gold-mounted whip, and George Donohau carried away the third prize, a box of cigars.

While driving in a cutter to Flatbush early yesterday morning, Lorenzo Vanderhall and Charles Webster were thrown out, sustaining serious injuries. The runner of their cutter caught in the cable car track and on the mishap.

Very few cases of suffering as a result of the sudden change in temperature were reported to the police or to charitable societies. The cold was not sufficiently severe.

Anna Fitzmaurice, a widow, fifty-five years of age, neatly clad, but homeless, wandered through the snow and slush on Sunday night in search of shelter. She was attracted by the light shining from the Motor Street Police Station and tolled rithier. A policeman took her into the station.

"I am so cold, sergeant," said the poor old creature; "please put me in a cell for the night."

"Where is your home?" asked the officer.

"I have no home," was the feeble response. "I had a home once; that was when my husband was alive."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, but they turned me out."

The old woman sobbed bitterly as she followed the matron to a cell. In the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday she was sent to the Workhouse.

Philip Stoutman had his thigh broken by a fall on the pavement in front of No. 32 Canal street yesterday morning. He was removed to his home, at No. 356 Eighth street, Jersey City.

Leopold Voskarski, of No. 31 Ludlow street, had a severe fall in front of No. 22 Clinton street, and was taken to the General Hospital.

Flame and smoke drove the tenants of No. 162 Lewis street out into the blinding snow storm, when it was at its height, early yesterday. It is a three-story frame house on the ground floor of which is a grocery store, kept by Henry Goldberg, who, with his wife, lives in the rear. The second floor is occupied by Mrs. Fendler and her five small children, and on the third floor are three men lodgers.

Just before 11 o'clock, Sergeant Dugan and Policeman Wakely saw smoke puffing from the windows of the store. Running to the side door, they found it locked, but they opened it and found Mrs. Fendler came downstairs and let them in. She ran back to her rooms, and, with the assistance of the policemen, carried her children out of the house. After an alarm had been sent out, it was found that Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg had not been opened. The door of their room was broken open, and the were found on the bed, overcome by smoke. They were carried out to the street and son revived.

The flames were confined to a corner of the store, where a large can of kerosene stood. The firemen had no difficulty in quenching the blaze, after the store had been damaged \$250. Then the tenants were allowed to return to their rooms.

WERE IN A HURRY TO MARRY.

He Was from Central America and She from Chicago, and Both Were Disappointed.

A well-dressed and prosperous looking man and a stylishly dressed woman, apparently twenty-three years old, and good looking, entered the Yorkville Police Court at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon and told Magistrate Crane they wanted to get married. The man said he was L. C. Watson, of Central America; that he was in the printing business and was stopping at the Grand Union Hotel.

The would-be bride was Miss Laura Sanford, of Chicago. She said she had been living with her sister at No. 391 Monroe street, Chicago, and had come to New York to get married to Mr. Watson, as had been agreed between them by letter.

Mr. Watson wished Magistrate Crane to perform the marriage immediately as he desired to leave for Central America at once. Magistrate refused to marry the couple.

LOVERS WED AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The Ceremony Was Performed at the Bedside of Rev. Louis Giroux.

His Life Threatened by Diphtheria and His Fiancee Quarantined with Him.

They Were to Have Been Made One on Christmas Day, So the Marriage Was Hastened.

CHANCES OF RECOVERY BRIGHTER.

Anti-Toxine Administered to the Patient with Gratifying Result, and the Bridegroom's Death Is No Longer Feared.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 30.—With his life hanging by a thread, Rev. Louis Frederic Giroux, instructor in the French-American College, in this city, married Miss Louise Battell Sampson, principal of the women's department, in the same institution, at noon to-day.

Since Mr. Giroux was taken ill, Miss Sampson has watched over him with loving kindness, and when it was announced yesterday that he had developed symptoms of diphtheria, she was quarantined in the house with him. The marriage certificate was taken out by Rev. S. H. Lee, president of the college, who performed the ceremony in the presence of the attending physician and nurse.

Miss Sampson and Mr. Giroux were engaged last September, and the wedding was set for Christmas Day. Mr. Giroux purchased a comfortable little house in Maynard street, to which he intended to take his bride, and was living there when taken ill, two weeks ago. It was at first supposed that Mr. Giroux had typhoid fever, and he was treated for that disease. Miss Sampson called to see him daily, and was at his bedside yesterday when the physician announced that the patient had diphtheria, and that the chances of his recovery were small.

Miss Sampson telegraphed her guardian, Leander Chamberlain, of New York, asking him if he would sanction her marriage, knowing that Mr. Giroux might not live the night out. A favorable reply was received, and the marriage ceremony, which was made as brief as possible, followed.

Mr. Giroux is greatly improved to-night. A consultation of physicians was held, and it was decided to administer anti-toxine. The effects of the treatment were marvellous, and it is now expected that the bridegroom's life will be saved.

HARPER MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Masonic Honors to the Late President of the Mutual Reserve Company.

The handsome monument erected to the memory of Edward B. Harper, the late president of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance Company, was unveiled in the Mount Hope Cemetery, at Ardsley, on Saturday, with Masonic ceremonies.

Several prominent Masons made addresses, and Grand Master John Stewart paid a glowing tribute. The Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur made a short address, and James B. Gillicie placed a wreath on the monument as an offering from the Masons.

Frederick A. Burnham and O. D. Baldwin, the president and vice-president of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association; Colonel J. W. Vrooman, H. H. Brockway, John R. Pope and many other prominent persons were present.

Improvements at the Zoo.

At yesterday's meeting of the Board of Park Commissioners it was voted to have a new fence erected, to replace the unsightly fence that for the past fifteen or twenty years has enclosed the deer paddocks. The new fence will be of iron, with a granite base, and it is estimated that it will cost \$2,000.

Why cough and annoy the whole audience, when Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will stop it.—Adv't.



WINTER'S FIRST SNOW MEANT SLEIGH RIDES TO SOME, WORK FOR OTHERS, BUT SADNESS TO MANY POOR.