

WOMEN'S WAR. The Cause of a Bloody Tragedy.

A Sunday Fight in a Street-Car.

Colonel Snelbaker Shoots Officer Chumley.

Here's Much To Do With Love, But More With Hate.

Small Chance For the Wounded Man's Recovery.

Colonel Thomas E. Snelbaker, Manager of the Vine-street Opera-house, shot Officer Armstrong Chumley yesterday evening while in custody at the Central Police Station, inflicting two wounds, which will in all probability cause a fatal result. The shooting was the sequel to an affray, the particulars of which are as follows: For several years past Ella Chumley, the daughter of the wounded man, had sustained the relation of mistress to Colonel Snelbaker. He has expended large sums of money on her, and for quite awhile she queened it at the Vine-street Opera-house, where she occupied the office of ticket-seller or treasurer. The course of their illicit love ran smoothly for awhile, but at length it became very rough and tumultuous. While Colonel Snelbaker was in New Orleans with his troupe last spring Miss Chumley eloped for the Sunny South with an employe of the Opera-house named Fisher, the pair taking with them a large sum of money belonging to the Colonel. Fisher was arrested for the theft of the money, but was never prosecuted. Snelbaker and Miss Chumley met down South and returned to this city together. On the train en route they had a terrible quarrel, during which Miss Chumley drew a revolver, which she placed against Colonel Snelbaker's stomach, intending to kill him. Nothing saved him but the fact that the hammer of the weapon caught on her finger as he pushed her away from him, and before she could recock it he wrenched it from her hand. Despite this quarrel a truce was patched up between them, which lasted a couple of months. It was broken by Snelbaker, who discovered that she was bestowing her favors on other men. They quarreled again, and Snelbaker flatly told her that he would have no more to do with her, and that she must look elsewhere thereafter for money and support. As may be supposed, she did not receive this information with much satisfaction, especially as she was jealous of Virgie Jackson, who has been the star of the Opera-house for a year past. Since her abandonment by Colonel Snelbaker Miss Chumley has threatened Miss Jackson with dire vengeance for supplanting her, and once had a stormy interview with her on the subject. It is asserted that late Miss Chumley has been visiting a well-known assignation house on George street and "seeing company" there. Yesterday afternoon Colonel Snelbaker, accompanied by Virgie Jackson, spent the afternoon at the Highland House. Returning down town he got off the Walnut Hill cars at Walnut street, and walked over to the corner of Fifth and Vine streets to get on a White Line car, intending to get off at the Opera-house. While waiting for the car Ella Chumley, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Molly Evans (of whom more anon) passed by. They walked on down Vine street, and Colonel Snelbaker and Miss Jackson got on the car, which just then reached its "stand." Miss Chumley and her sister walked down Vine street a hundred feet or so, and then turned back and also got on the car, taking seats immediately opposite Colonel Snelbaker and Miss Jackson. The car had hardly started up Vine street when MISS CHUMLEY MADE A DASH At Miss Jackson, pulling her hat off her head. Mrs. Evans also sprang at Miss Jackson, and both viragos began pawing and clawing her at ten tom-cat rate. Colonel Snelbaker attempted to get the infuriated women apart, and was about to be successful, when Patrolman Armstrong Chumley, the father of the attacking women, whose "beat" is on Vine street, sprang on to the car and made for Snelbaker. Chumley is a large, powerful man, and he and Snelbaker at once grappled, the women resuming their assault on Miss Jackson, pulling her ear-rings from her ears and almost denuding the upper portion of her body of clothing. James Chumley, a son of the man who was fighting Snelbaker, and also a policeman, jumped on the car at this time with a black-whiskered man called "Doc," and both piled onto Snelbaker. Despite the fearful odds against him, Colonel Snelbaker defied himself vigorously, the cramped dimensions of the car not giving his assailants the opportunity to hurt him that they would have had on the open street. By this time a crowd of several hundred people were surrounding the car, and Officer Fox and Gus Mehen of the American District Telegraph Company, got on the car and tried to separate the combatants. They had a hard time doing it, young Chumley drawing a pistol on Mehen and threatening to kill him for trying to pull his father off Snelbaker. All this occurred while the car was passing from Fifth street to the Public Library. At that point Messrs. Fox and Mehen succeeded in getting Colonel Snelbaker and Miss Jackson from the car. The Chumleys and Mrs. Evans followed them out, and the women tried hard to again attack Miss Jackson, but were frustrated by the efforts of the officers. The elder Chumley also tried to go for Snelbaker, who knocked him back with a blow from a cane. Chumley then drew his billy, and tried to hit Snelbaker with it, but a bystander snatched it from his hand. His son then gave him his billy, but before he could use it Officer Smallwood arrested Snelbaker and took him, with Miss Jackson, towards Seventh street. Colonel Snelbaker was bleeding at the time from a wound on the nose inflicted by young Chumley's billy, and he asked permission to be allowed to go into Aug's Club-house and wash himself. He was permitted to do so, and, after making himself as presentable as possible under the circumstances, he called a carriage, and, with Miss Jackson and Officer Smallwood, was driven to the Central Station. The fight in the street-car, as might be expected, caused great excitement, and Vine street was almost blocked between Sixth and Seventh streets by the crowd who witnessed it.

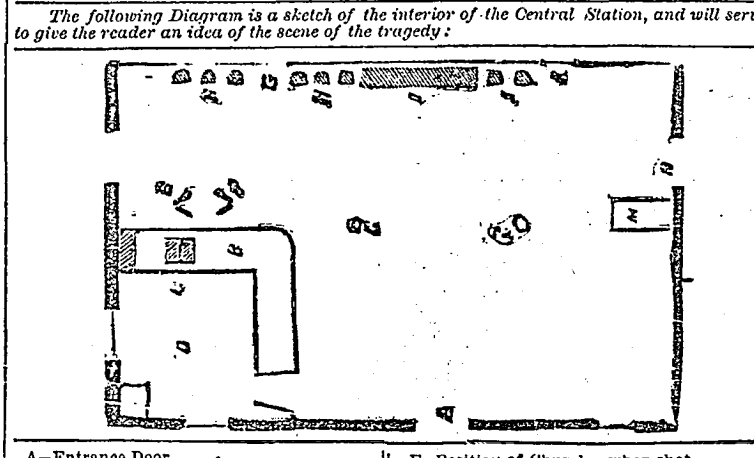
THE SHOOTING.

Chumley arrived at the Central Station between a quarter-past and half-past six o'clock. He got off the Eighth-street car, on which he left the scene of the encounter detailed above, at the City Park entrance, near the Mayor's office, and walked along the eastern side of the City Building. He was preceded by an immense concourse of people, whose attention had been drawn to him by his affray with Snelbaker on Vine street. Sergeant Rittweger was on duty at the Central Station desk, and his attention was attracted by this crowd. He left his position behind the desk and passed around to the eastern door overlooking the park, and, just as he swung the door open, Chumley came down the steps. Chumley's appearance told the Sergeant at a glance that there had been trouble. His eyes were blazing as if with an inward fire, his cheeks were blanched, and his facial expression gave evidence that he was laboring under suppressed emotion. His clothes were greatly disarranged and soiled, and his looks and manner said as plain as words, "I've been in a row." Rittweger made no remark, and Chumley was equally reticent. The latter threw his hat on a chair, pulled off his coat and laid it on the desk, and then asked the Sergeant if he had some string or cord with which he could re-arrange his clothes. The Sergeant replied that he thought he (Chumley) could find what he wanted under the desk in one of the drawers. Chumley went behind the desk in search of the cord, and Rittweger followed him and took his position near the slate. Just as he had done so SNELBAKER ENTERED The Station-room by the same door that Chumley did about five minute previous. He was accompanied by Officer Richard Smallwood, who had arrested him on Vine street on the charge of disorderly conduct. By this time Turnkey Sandy Batt had entered the room, and was standing about three feet west of the desk, which runs east and west and on a line therewith. Officer Conroy was also in the room, but still further from the desk than Batt. As Snelbaker and Smallwood entered the room, Chumley straightened up from his

search for the string, and, looking straight at Snelbaker with a lowering and determined countenance, said: "You God-d-d son of a b-h you drew a slung-shot on me, did you?" Snelbaker made no reply, but kept his eye on his questioner. Rittweger, who was preparing the slate for the purpose of entering the prisoners' names upon it and the charge preferred by Officer Smallwood, turned to Chumley and said in authoritative tone, meant to nip in the bud any disturbances that might arise, and which seemed imminent: "Here, Chumley, we don't want any of that kind of talk around here." Chumley said no more at that moment, but started round the desk as if intending to go up to Snelbaker. At this time Snelbaker was within a foot of the desk with his body partly turned toward the west. He had his eyes fixed on Chumley, who by this time had advanced nearly to the outer edge of the desk-rail. Officer Smallwood was close beside Snelbaker, their elbows touching. At the next moment Chumley again addressed Snelbaker in a threatening manner and made another step or two in the direction of Snelbaker, when Rittweger reached across the desk from behind the counter and grasped Chumley's arm in order to stay his progress. At the same time Sandy Batt, who had drawn up closer to the scene, reached for Chumley and caught him by the left arm and endeavored to pacify him. He would not be pacified, however; but, breaking away from both Rittweger and Batt, again made toward Snelbaker—not in a direct line, but as if to get in his rear. At this point Snelbaker raised his right hand as if in warning, and said, in his characteristic cool and unimpassioned manner: "Now, Chumley, don't come near me. I don't want any fuss with you; keep away from me." At the same time he placed his hand on his right hip as if to prepare to draw a weapon. Chumley did not heed the warning. No sooner had Snelbaker told him to keep away

than he dashed forward at Snelbaker. As quick as a flash of lightning, and before Officer Smallwood could get on out and catch his arm, Snelbaker had drawn his pistol and fired. The next second Smallwood had thrown himself between the two combatants and was endeavoring to press Snelbaker against the desk and thus disarm him. It was vain. Snelbaker's struggles had caused the officer to bend his back, and then the prisoner throw his right arm over the officer's shoulder and fired two more shots in quick succession. At the second fire Chumley fell with his head toward the desk, his shoulders striking the floor about the spot where Snelbaker stood when he fired first. When the three shots had been fired, the officer and Snelbaker had changed positions, so that when Chumley lay stretched on the floor they were close to the prostrate man's feet. He did not groan or make any outcry, but made an attempt to rise to a sitting posture. His efforts were useless. He had received two dangerous wounds, and was completely disabled. All this was done quicker than it takes to read three lines, and the bloody work was accomplished before Sergeant Rittweger could reach the men, although he acted with the utmost coolness and promptitude. The pistol was still smoking as Rittweger jerked it from Snelbaker's hand that still rested on the shoulder of Officer Smallwood. No word was spoken by either principal from the time Snelbaker warned the other to keep off; and when Chumley lay at his feet, Snelbaker may no further struggle. He relinquished the pistol, disengaged himself from Smallwood, and stood ready for the orders of the officer in charge. Rittweger then ordered Batt and Smallwood to take him to the cell-room and lock him up, while he telegraphed for Dr. Muscroft to come to attend the wounded man. The answer came from Muscroft's house that he was not at home. He was afterwards found at Hammond-street Station, whither he had been summoned to attend another victim of

the following diagram is a sketch of the interior of the Central Station, and will serve to give the reader an idea of the scene of the tragedy: A—Entrance Door. B—Clerk's Desk. C—Position of Clerk when entering names on slate. D—Position of Chumley when Snelbaker was brought in. E—Position of Snelbaker when firing. F—Position of Chumley when shot. G—Door where bullet struck. H, I, J—Chairs and Settee. L—Iron Posts. M—Reporter's Table. N—Door to yard.



A pistol who had received his wound some time previous to the Chumley affair. In the mean time the senior Dr. Muscroft hastened to the Central Station in place of his son, but did not reach the scene until after the arrival of the younger physician, who had hurried over from Hammond-street. They found the patient lying upon an improvised bed on the floor of the cell-room, whither he had been removed by several officers who had been attracted by the sound of the shots. An examination was at once made for THE WOUNDS

Inflicted. On the left side of the body was found a bullet-hole, from which the blood was slowly oozing. This was above the region of the heart, but in close proximity thereto. Its course was traced, when it was discovered that the ball had not penetrated the chest, but had glanced on the ribs, and traversed around to the left, where it made its exit from the back near the spine. It was found in the clothing. The other wound was found to be more dangerous, as the second ball had entered the left groin and penetrated to such a depth that the physicians concluded that it would be injudicious to hunt for it. The third shot did not take effect in Chumley's body. This shot must have been fired at very close quarters, as it grazed two fingers of Chumley's hand, and lodged in the frame partition separating the main room of the station from the cell-rooms. It is supposed that in falling the wounded man had attempted to clutch the weapon, and thus directed the ball from its intended destination. After the wounds were dressed the sufferer was removed to his home on the south side of Clinton street, between John and Cutter, in an ambulance sent to the Central Station from the City Hospital on an order from Sergeant Rittweger.

Chumley retained consciousness under the trying ordeal, and if he suffered pain, as he must have done, he did not manifest it in his conduct in the least. He was able to recognize those who ministered to him, and bore up remarkably well.

Last night an ENQUIRER reporter called at the bed-side of the wounded man, and was at once recognized as an old acquaintance, and was greeted by a shake of the hand. To the inquiry, "How do you feel?" he replied: "I do not suffer much pain."

The Doctors Muscroft were both in attendance at the time, and, after giving the family certain instructions as to nursing, counseled them not to allow him to be disturbed under any circumstances. The elder physician afterward informed the ENQUIRER man that the chances of life were against him, as the ball that entered the groin had penetrated the bowels and that internal hemorrhage had begun. This was a bad sign, and presages a fatal termination. Mr. James Chumley and his two sisters (Mrs. Evans and Ella) were at the bedside of their father at the time the reporter made his visit. As might be expected, they were all in great distress and laboring under excitement, and for this reason nothing could be elicited from them that would throw any additional light upon the details of the first encounter. All that Mr. James Chumley would say was that he got into the affray by his endeavors to protect his sisters from Snelbaker's assault upon them.

It is stated by one of the officials at the Central Station that while Snelbaker was in Judge Wilson's room in the City Building arranging his bail, James Chumley was about the building also, and was under a strict watch by policemen, as it was feared that he intended to kill Snelbaker on sight. They consider him a dangerous man, and prophesy that he will yet "do" Snelbaker. It should have been mentioned above that Miss Virgie Jackson rode to the Station-house in company with Colonel Snelbaker and Officer Smallwood, but that she did not alight, and, of course was not a witness to the tragedy. The entries on the slate at the Station read as follows: Thomas Snelbaker, 35, American, manager, 133 Barr street. Disorderly conduct. Virgie Jackson, 21, American, actress, 133 Barr street. Disorderly conduct.

After the shooting, the additional charge of shooting with intent to kill was placed against Snelbaker's name, but the charge against Miss Jackson was withdrawn. BAIL. About half-past eight o'clock Judge Wilson arrived at the City Building, in response to an urgent message sent to his home by some of Colonel Snelbaker's friends, who flocked around in profusion. The Judge heard a statement of the case from eye-witnesses, and, after carefully weighing the evidence, decided that the prisoner's actions were prompted by the spirit of self-defense. He agreed to place him at liberty on consideration of a bail-bond being given in the sum of \$5,000 for his appearance in the Police Court this morning. This was promptly furnished, Messrs. S. S. Davis, Michael Crotty and Jacob Aug signing their names to it as security. This being done, Colonel Snelbaker and Miss Jackson were driven in a carriage to the Vine-street Opera-house, where they remained a few minutes, and from thence went to the Colonel's home, on Barr street.

The excitement about the Central Station was great, and the crowd was so large that the street-cars were blocked for a time. No such an upheaval has been witnessed in this city for years.

THE PISTOL. Used in the affray was a .42-caliber self-cocking "Pacific Bull-dog."

AN INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL SNELBAKER. A representative of the ENQUIRER found Colonel Snelbaker in his private office in the

Vine-street Opera-house about half-past ten o'clock last night, and had a talk with him about the affray. After detailing the particulars of the unwarranted assault upon Miss Jackson and himself in the car, he said: "When I reached the station-house I left Miss Jackson in the carriage, thinking I could deposit bail for both. Mr. Chumley was behind the desk, and did not see me until I spoke in answer to the questions of Sergeant Rittweger. He then said, 'You God — son of a —, you hit me with a loaded cane on Vine street, but I can whip you any day or time!' I made no reply to him, and the Sergeant censured him for talking so much to a prisoner. In a moment he started from behind the desk and made for me, putting his hand to his hip pocket as he did so. I backed away, intending to get behind the officers present and at the same time waved him off, saying, 'Mr. Chumley, keep away from me, or there will be trouble.' I said this twice, but he paid no attention to me, but kept on advancing. I felt sure he intended to kill me, so I drew my revolver and pointed it low at his legs. I intended to hit him in the legs and cripple him, but the shot evidently missed him. I then fired two other shots as rapidly as I could, and he turned away. As he did so, I saw by a trace of blood on his side that he was wounded. The officers then caught hold of me, and took the pistol away from me. I knew he had threatened to kill me, and I can prove that his son Jim Chumley has been watching for me ever since I came back from New York, and that he tried to find out the road I took at nights when I went to my home on Barr street. They evidently intended to kill me, and I had to shoot to save my life. Colonel Snelbaker also said that the man called Doc attempted to cut him in the car with a large knife, and his clothing shows that such an attempt was made.

THE WOUNDED MAN

Was raised, if not born, in this city. He was a drayman by occupation before becoming a policeman. He got on the force under Hatch in 1861, and has been a policeman ever since. His three daughters have borne the reputation of fast women for years. One of them lived in a house of prostitution for a long time, and eventually went East with a snide jewelry man who kept a dollar store under the Grand Central Hotel in New York. Mrs. Evans, the woman who was with Ella yesterday, has been separated from her husband for years and not long ago attempted to shoot him at a house on Longworth street. Jim Chumley shot the eye out of this husband several years ago, because he up-branded her for her fast mode of life. Taken singly or collectively, they are not the most desirable acquaintances to have, by any means. At a late hour this morning Chumley was resting easy, though there was little or no hope of his recovery. The general opinion last night appeared to be in favor of Snelbaker, as it was evident that the Chumleys meant to kill him.