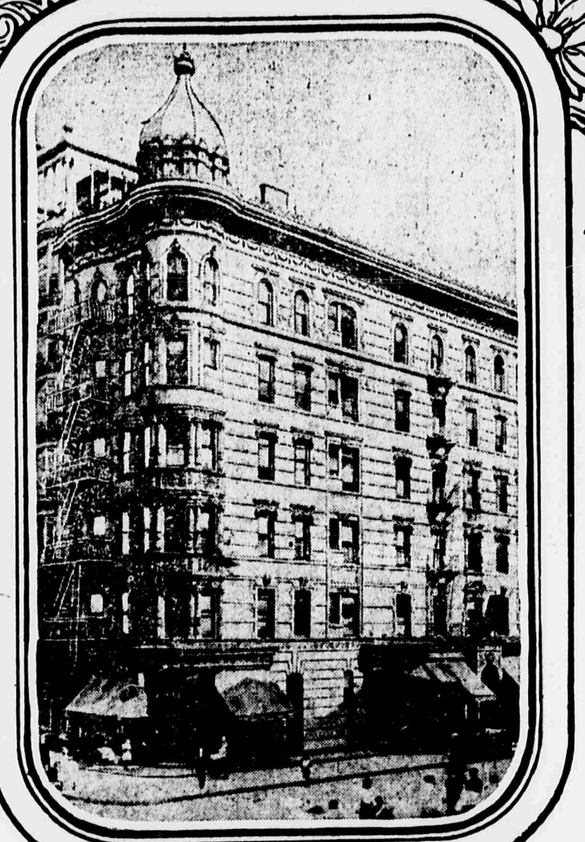
DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME'S FREE-AND-EASY WAYS

Personal Traits of the Man Who's Startling Politicians and Lawyers.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME.

MR. JEROME'S HOME AT LAKEVILLE CONN.

MR. JEROME IN HIS WORKSHOP.



MR. JEROME'S PRESENT CITY HOME.

The first thing that catches the eye of the visitor to the office of William Travers Jerome in the Criminal Courts Building is a plain cardboard sign. It says:

OPEN GAME.

The sign is a souvenir of one of the District Attorney's raids on gambling houses. The little piece of cardboard was posted for a number of years over a poker table in a well known gambling house, and it informed the patrons of the house that he who had the price to buy a stack could sit in if there was a vacant seat.

If the sign meant anything in the gambling house, it means as much and more in the District Attorney's office as conducted by William Travers Jerome. Any one can sit in and any one will get a play from the boss dealer of criminal law in the county. You don't have to be one of the elect. The door is always open and there is always a vacant seat.

There isn't any air of mystery or concealment about Jerome in his office. Those who care to look may do so. Other District Attorneys shut themselves off from view, but it's got to be something of great importance that will hide Mr. Jerome behind closed doors. There is a back door to his office, but it is seldom used. You go in the front door and come out the same way.

Oversensitive persons have complained that he does not give to the office the dignity it demands. He works in his shirtsleeves winter and summer. If you drop into his office on a hot day and he knows you you are invited to take off your coat and be comfortable. He will sprawl back in his chair and throw his feet over the edge of his desk. It may not be dignified, but you feel happy, and he looks so.

Jerome likes to sing. His voice isn't very musical and it goes off the key, but it has power and feeling. He has discovered that the acoustic properties of his office are as well suited for his voice as any other place. If you are on the third floor of the Criminal Courts Building and you hear "I Don't Care for Wurtzburger," in a loud and somewhat rasping voice, you may know that the District Attorney is letting off steam. A few sedate persons from out of town who have wandered into his office to get a glimpse of the stern faced, spectacled man they had seen pictured have been flabbergasted by his rushing out of his office, singing:

"I'm the ghost of the show that was stranded in Pe-or-ia."

When Mr. Jerome has something big on his mind he doesn't carry it with a worried look and preoccupied air. He is likely to be more demonstrative than ever. He is apparently free from care and on good terms with himself and everybody else. That is a sign for the newspaper reporters who keep track of the Jerome doings to watch out. Something is going to happen.

The day he announced that he was against the domination of political machines and bosses and that he was a candidate for reelection as District Attorney if 2,000 voters would renominate him was one of those days. It can easily be imagined that Mr. Jerome was doing some serious thinking. Of course he had thought over the situation and talked it over with his advisers.

His mind was made up on what he was going to do But was it the opportune moment to take the step? What would be the consequences? Did it mean political oblivion and retirement to private practise? All these things and many more were on his mind. And what were the surface indications? A snatch of a topical song, a story and a joke for every one in sight.

To his staff Mr. Jerome is "the Chief," or "Judge." There is no standing at attention or formality. At the same time there is discipline. He probably gets more work out of his assistants than if he were harder to approach. There isn't much red tape and it is easily cut. He knows pretty much everything that is going on, even to the smallest case. An assistant can always get advice and a suggestion. There isn't much jealousy or friction. They have all nicknames, some of them the creation of Mr. Jerome himself.

His chief of staff, William Rand, Jr., is "Tim." Garvan is "Mike," probably because he was christened Francis Patrick. The literary Train is "Mock Duck," and Kernochan, the society bud, is "Fritz." The others are just as picturesque and hard to explain.

Jerome acts as he talks, quickly and incisively. Not long ago a lawyer wanted several days of grace for his client, a former labor leader who had been swindling right and left He had been indicted and released on bail. A number of complaints against him showed that he had been busy at his old tricks after his indictment. Mr. Jerome ordered that his case be put on the calendar for trial, although it is not customary to try bail cases in summer. The man's lawyer pleaded with Mr. Jerome.

"He's got to do one thing or the other—go to the bat or surrender his bail and stay in the Tombs," was Mr. Jerome's ultimatum.

"He can't go around and rob people while he's under indictment. I've got a score of complaints against him and I'll try him on every one of them. If he doesn't want to go to trial he can stay in the Tombs. It won't do him any harm and he'll be out of mischief."

The labor man went to the Tombs.

In his dealings with men charged with a crime Mr. Jerome is essentially fair. And that doesn't mean that men he knows get any favors.

Not long ago a young lawyer who dabbles in politics got into trouble. Mr. Jerome had known him for a number of years and had confidence in his integrity. The evidence submitted, however, showed the young man in a bad light. A thorough investigation was made, one of Mr. Jerome's chief aids handling the case. The assistant made his report. It was against the young man.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Jerome, "but he's got to take his medicine like the rest."

If you talked to this young man and his friends about his case he and they would tell you that he is being persecuted by a spiteful District Attorney.

When Mr. Jerome made his campaign for District Attorney three years ago he promised the people of the Jewish quarter that if he were elected he would live with them. He has kept his promise.

Up to about a year ago he had a house at 8 Rutgers street. Some of his assistants lived with him and there were a couple of Jap servants to look after the place. Mr. Jerome found it too expensive and quit.

His East Side home is now at 3 Rutgers street, in a tenement. It is an ordinary tenement of the district; a little better, maybe, than some of the others. There are four families on a floor. On the ground floor is a drug store—a nice, clean drug shop. The entrance is of marble.

Mr. Jerome's apartments are on the second floor, up two flights of winding stairs. He has five rooms and bath. He makes the front room, which has four windows, a sort of a workroom and sitting room.

There is a big desk in the center. Around the room are books—lawbooks, fiction, poetry. Next to that is the dining room. There are books there too and an Aeolian. They say in Rutgers street that that Aeolian can play "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows" and lively comic opera airs in good style. Mr. Jerome likes a light opera if the music is good and there is some fun in it.

Then there are the bedrooms. It is a nice, cozy, compact little flat, but a lot of persons can't understand why he lives in it.

When Mr. Jerome took the flat he had an important question to solve. He didn't have any room to receive the East Side when it called. At the old house there always had been an assistant and a big room to entertain the trouble bearers. But the flat was small.

A large hearted neighbor across the hall came to Mr. Jerome's rescue. He had a room which Mr. Jerome could use. It was a small room, but it looked big to Mr. Jerome.

Yootsheff presides in this room. He is a Bulgarian exile, who finally decided that it was better to live here than to be arrested in his native country every time he told the populace his views. Yootsheff interprets the jargon of the East Side for the young assistant who quotes the Penal Code and statutory law for the benefit of those who have troubles.

Mr. Jerome's breakfast call is "Tag-e-blatt," "Tag-e-blatt," shouted shrilly by the newsboys on the corner. He has a young German who looks after his clothes, starts the fire and keeps the apartment in order. He is a sort of a valet. He also prepares Mr. Jerome's breakfast, but that is as far as he gets in the cooking line.

Mr. Jerome cooks his dinner at night, and it is a function. His guests say he is an authority on dishes *en casserole*. Those who are envious of his culinary powers say that he buys a chicken or two, some mushrooms, peppers and vegetables, drops them into a pot and lets 'em stew. But Mr. Jerome's friend the deacon declares that the District Attorney is a good cook, and he is old enough to know.

The kitchen is well equipped. There are three ranges—electric, gas and coal. Mr. Jerome got the electric range after he had looked over the kitchen layout of one of the big new hotels. His cooking utensils are the most modern.

It is his country home at Lakeville, Conn., that appeals most to Mr. Jerome. There he has his machine shop. If Mr. Jerome has a hobby it is machinery. If you want to get Mr. Jerome's ear, even when he is on the trail of a crooked lawyer, start some kind of machinery talk and you have him.

"About the first of the month when he gets his check," says a man who has made several excursions to machine shops with Mr. Jerome, "he drags me off with him. He sees something he likes and about which I know nothing, but on which he talks very learnedly. The next thing I know that thing or a duplicate of it is at Lakeville. The next time I go up there I find him tinkering with it. He spends most of his time—and money—that way."

Mr. Jerome has outgrown his old shop—or it has outgrown him—and he has had an addition built to it. There you see the sundial of Mr. Jerome's invention. Also all the tools he ever bought or made. The shop is a short walk from his house, and Mr. Jerome spends most of his time in it.

The house is a substantial country residence. It is built on a rock. The property covers about eighteen acres and it is characteristic of the owner that it has not been cultivated or tinkered with. It is just about a mile outside of the village, secluded, yet within easy reach of the railroad station. Near the house is a pine grove, with a cleared space where hammocks are swung and tea is served in the afternoon to the Jerome guests.

A visitor who journeyed from the hot city the other afternoon found him in blue overalls pushing a wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow was loaded with stone, which he had quarried himself. There is a suspicion around Lakeville that the stone was quarried on a neighbor's farm and surreptitiously taken therefrom, but of course no one suspects Mr. Jerome. Mr. Jerome was building a stone seat. He had mixed the mortar and done the masonry work, and the job, a good one, had almost been completed.

Many of the chairs and settees on the porch of the house are the handiwork of the District Attorney. The most impressive feature of the house is an immense fireplace in the parlor. The headpiece is a long stone slab, which was taken from the Jerome estate.

SUPPER MONEY

A Story of One Memorable Thoroughbred Race.

William Challenger came smiling out of the brokerage offices of Sawton, Green & Stoneman into Wall street. The day was smiling, too. It was ten minutes before noon on a September Saturday (the 15th, to be exact—year 1894) and it was perfect late summer weather.

Of William it seems necessary to say that he was 20 years old and in his third month on the Street. Five dollars and a half holiday were his to squander, and his thoughts were of Manhattan Beach, where his mother and sister were to meet him at two o'clock.

Challenger stepped briskly, for business was not quite done. A wallet in his breast pocket held thirty gold certificates of an issue fresh from the Sub-Treasury the day before, each of them emblazoned with a big white "C." The firm had overlooked the $1,000 in the clean-up at the close of the week's business and Mr. Stoneman had told Challenger to get the money to the bank before noon.

A block beyond Broadway a woman seemed unable to open a mailbox, and Challenger lifted the lid for her. A man stumbled against him, fumbled, dropped a knife with which he had been paring an apple, begged Challenger's pardon and went on with the crowd.

Nearing William street, Challenger felt for the wallet and his fingers went through a hole in his coat. The wallet was gone.

Challenger stared at the bank as though to blame it for his misfortune. Its doors had closed before he finished the run of the mental keyboard. On Monday there would be suspicion and the loss of his place. Sooner and more immediate was the thought of the two women waiting for him at the beach.

Had it not been for them no doubt he would have fled from New York as far as he could rather than face the music.

Challenger happened, however, to be more of a gentleman than a coward, and he determined to go to the beach, counterfeit a smile and let Monday hang the cat. So he took a train from the bridge.

In the car he met Charley Harker, a clerk in the same firm, and they sat together and talked commonplaces. Mr. Harker had the sporting pages of the evening papers to con and Challenger was somewhat busy with his own reflections.

"It looks to me," said Mr. Harker, "like a walkaway for Domino."

Mr. Challenger's mind was full of yellow money, apple parings and sea beach and he replied nothing.

"He beat Henry in the Withers, all right," said Mr. Harker, to clinch it.

"Is it a fight?" inquired Challenger, to be polite.

"Not to speak of," replied Harker, resentment arising in his voice. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Manhattan Beach," said Challenger.

"You're in wrong then," said Harker. "This is the race train. You can get from Gravesend to the beach all right, but what's the sense of going to the beach when you've got a chance to see the biggest race of the year?"

Challenger did not explain.

"I've got two swell badges," said Harker, "and it won't cost you a sou. Besides, you might win a bank roll."

"That's a good price against Navarre," Challenger heard from a man across the aisle.

"If I bet $5 on Navarre, how much do I win?" Challenger asked of Harker.

"Seven or eight," said Harker, glad to have aroused some interest.

"And if I bet it on Domino?"

Challenger had picked up Harker's paper and gained a faint idea of what it was all about—a match race at a mile and an eighth, between the two great three-year-olds of the turf, for $5,000 and blood.

"Three, at the outside," said Harker.

"That wouldn't do," said Challenger, half to himself.

"You're one of the boys that expect to turn a shoestring into a tannery," said Harker, grinning.

"I've never been to the races," Challenger remarked by way of apology.

"Lend me your luck, then," sighed Charley. "You couldn't help but win."

Challenger sat for minutes, sunk in thought while about him buzzed comment on the race; this man sure of Domino's prowess, his neighbor certain of Henry of Navarre. The young clerk opened his mouth to ask a question, but closed it again and turned red. He wanted to ask something, but feared Harker would laugh him out of the car. Harker was swimming in a sea of form charts.

They were at Gravesend now, and Challenger followed Harker through the gates like a man in a dream. They watched the first race from the grand stand, Harker declining to make a bet.

"Nothing to it but Dobbins," he said, "and I'm not going to bet $20 to win $5. Dick Croker owns Dobbins, you know. He ran a dead heat with Domino last year."

When the selling plater Harrington beat Dobbins a good length, Harker remarked that it was "very soft for the books," which Challenger failed to comprehend, and went down to the betting ring. Challenger stayed in his seat.

Twice in the next ten minutes he got up determined to hurry to the beach, but something pulled him back. So he lingered, the most wretched man on the racetrack. The fourth race passed, with Banquet cantering home in front of the renowned Sir Walter. It was not yet 4 o'clock.

As Banquet disappeared into the stable a great chestnut horse came upon the track and twice galloped the course, the spectators applauding. This was Henry of Navarre, warming up for the contest intended to decide the supremacy of the American turf. His owner, Byron McClelland, watched the exercise with critical eye and then went to the stables.

Domino sulked in his tent, and his trainer, William Lakeland, wondered whether the black colt's bad temper augured good or evil. The crowd was on the hooks of expectancy.

Challenger went slowly down to the betting ring, his head cracking. Yet, deep as his gloom was, it could not but be temporarily dispersed by the scene he encountered. All that day the bookmakers had kept Domino a favorite at 1 to 2, laying odds of 7 to 5 and sometimes 8 to 5 against the chances of Henry of Navarre.

Now just before 4 o'clock the Western bookmaker, Hittick, abandoned his betting stand, and his place on the block was taken by a young man as lean and hungry as Cassius. Every eye in the ring was on him as he rolled up his shirt sleeves and turned the face of his betting slate toward the crowd. They saw only this inscription:

RILEY GRANNAN.

Domino, 8 to 5

To every man in the ring except Challenger that meant wonders; meant that Grannan, the "leviathan of the ring," was backing Henry of Navarre at far more liberal odds than had been offered at any previous time.

The rush began. Ike Thompson bet Grannan $10,000. Michael F. Dwyer wagered $20,000 on the black whirlwind. The smaller fry squirmed and fought to get near the plunger.

For the time being most of the other bookmakers were deserted except by the admirers of Henry of Navarre, though these increased in number when it was seen that Grannan was not taking in a cent against the chestnut colt and was pinning his fortune on the defeat of Domino.

Challenger bought a cigar in order to change his five dollar bill. He put $1.85 in his pocket and with three silver dollars in his hand he went up and whispered to the least busy of the bookmakers.

"No supper money!" roared the gambler. "The idea!"

"Too much money," said the next bookmaker. "Besides, that silver is heavy and this is a warm day."

Challenger had been abashed; now he was angry. He would not down.

One bookmaker called to another that he had just sent supper money begging. The next penciler that Challenger visited was more merry.

"Take that bet to Grannan," said he. "I guess he's crazy."

Taking a bet to Grannan just then was like breasting a whirlpool, and Challenger stood aloof.

The rush abated. In Grannan's cashbox there was $106,000 bet by the Domino contingent and $63,000 which he stood to lose should the Keene idol defeat Henry of Navarre—all his and his partner's should the McClelland colors be victorious.

Grannan calmly turned his slate and told his assistants to close the betting sheet. As he slung his glasses over his shoulder, ready to start for the paddock, he faced the perspiring Challenger and saw the money in his hand.

"Nothing doing," said Riley, with a queer smile.

But Challenger made his proposition hoarsely and in a whisper, and Riley Grannan listened, now with a mock expression of solemnity. It was all over in a few seconds. Grannan drew a card from his pocket and wrote on it. Then he gave it to Challenger and took the $3.

"Thank you, sir," said Challenger

"Supper money," said Mr. Grannan, pocketing the silver and addressing himself with some contempt.

The bugle calling the horses to the post rang out.

Challenger found a mite of space on the grand stand stairs and established himself just as Domino paraded past the judges with ten thousand people cheering for him. Taral, the great Dutchman, was astride him.

There was another great roar when Henry of Navarre appeared, Sam Doggett in the saddle, for no one doubted that the son of the Knight of Ellerslie had a heart of steel.

"They're off!"

The starter had sent away the great colts without a minute's delay and they swept by the grand stand on even terms. Then Taral loosed the rein on Domino, and the black stallion shot ahead and took the rail from Henry of Navarre. The white jacket with the blue spots led the green and orange by a length, and a scream of joy went up from the women admirers of Domino.

"He'll run away with it!" was the cry. But Navarre clung like a shadow and the positions were unchanged when they had gone half a mile.

When the racers reached the three-quarters pole there was no cheer except for Domino. He had increased the lead to a length and a half.

The backers of Henry of Navarre were cursing Doggett, who had not drawn his whip nor moved a spur. But now, as the stretch turn was at hand, it was seen that Taral was doing his best with Domino and that Doggett had only just begun to seek the best that was in Navarre.

So well was the chestnut doing that as they neared the stretch it was hard to see just what advantage remained to Domino. Doggett saw that his time had come and sat down to urge his mount with lash and steel.

The burst of speed shown by Henry of Navarre was so great that he swung far out as they rounded the last turn, while Domino, more carefully guided, clung to the rail. Yet Taral believed he was beaten, for Domino had faltered. The merciless whip came down on the black flanks.

Doggett sent his spurs into Navarre's sides and straightened him out for home. Navarre's muzzle was at Domino's throatlatch. Another stride and he had him equal.

The thousands in the grand stand had gone mad. It was anybody's race, and every man was on his feet trying to root his horse in. Women wept and screamed. If there was one really calm person in the crowd it was Riley Grannan, whose glasses swept the course, taking in every stride of Navarre, every slash of Doggett's whip.

"Domino is beaten!" rose the cry. "Navarre! Navarre!"

Taral was riding like a fiend. Now, for the first time, the green and orange came abreast of him and he knew that Henry of Navarre was the better horse. Yet he knew that he was the better jockey; and he seemed fairly to lift Domino from the earth by the ferocity of his own effort.

Navarre had gained a lead of only a head; and then, a hundred yards from home; Domino began slowly, slowly to gain. The roar from the stand deadened the hoofbeats as the great thoroughbreds dashed down to the judges' stand head to head, nose to nose, and so, together, under the wire.

The eyes of the spectators turned instinctively toward the board for the result; but the horses were cantering back to the wire before the sign was displayed. The cheer that followed was the loudest of the day, and in the subsequent confusion few observed that a young man had fainted on the stairs of the grand stand.

The day's racing was over when Riley Grannan informed his partner, Mr. Applegate, that he had paid off half the face of the tickets on the match race and that they were winners to the extent of $20,000 or so. Then he furnished some lighter gossip.

"It's this way," said Mr. Grannan, discarding the toothpick he had chewed throughout the fray. "I'm on my way into the races and I meet a fellow who used to bet a good deal around the Chicago tracks.

"I don't remember him until he introduces himself and says he wants to get a bet down on the first race, but dasn't go in the gate because his Pinkerton acquaintances might rush at him too gladly. I guess he's been taken up as a pickpocket now and then.

"He's got a little edge on and he's fierce for a bet, tossing me $3,000 on Dobbins, all fine new paper money, century notes. I lay him a thousand against it, which is liberal, considering the post odds. So I pick up three thousand of that nice new money."

"Buy suspenders with it," said Mr. Applegate, facetiously.

Mr. Grannan heaved a burlesque sigh.

"And," he continued, "when I'm just getting off the block to see the Navarre race a geezer comes up, foaming at the mouth, and says he'll bet me three whole dollars that they'll run a dead heat. It seems that he and the three iron dollars have been a super money joke for the whole ring, and in the kindness of me heart I writes his ticket $3,000 to $3. So later he gets the thirty nice yellow bills, and when I pays him off he looks at 'em popeyed, as if they were his long lost marriage certificates."

"Cheer up, Riley," said Applegate, "I'll buy your supper."

MAINE COMMENTS ON HER DEAD CITIZENS.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 9.—Among the ancient burying grounds of Maine the old First Parish Cemetery of York possesses a quaint individuality. Since 1648 it has given a place of rest to the dead, who slumber within sound of the Atlantic. Many of its crumbling tombstones are nearly covered with moss. For the epitaph collector their slabs of slate are fertile fields.

The following lines recite good qualities of one highly esteemed by his townsmen, who could not, however, free their tribute from gloomy theology:

In memory of Edward Emerson, Jr.,
Who departed on Oct. 14, A. D. 1805.
Capacious was his mind,
Benevolent his heart,
Spotless his character—
Generous, humane and just.
But alas! how frail is man!

In an obscure corner some long dead cynic slumbers, rebuking caustically the common vice of curiosity. One who clears away the brambles is rewarded with two lines:

I was somebody;
Who is no business of yours.

This roughly traced epitaph appears on another grave:

Mercy Wainwright.
1715-1760.
She was good to all.

Of the opposite character is the following inscription:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Drew.
He cheated all he ever knew;
His Maker he'd have cheated too,
But that his God he never knew.

Within a stately tomb rest the remains of Judge David Sewell, a jurist well known in Massachusetts courts. Upon its walls is a record of the fact that in him "a devoted benevolence was happily directed by an enlightened intellect. Conscientious in duty, he was ever faithful in its discharge. His house was the abode of hospitality and friendship."

For unusual expressions of grief the First Parish Cemetery at neighboring Kittery is not surpassed. It lies on the rocky promontory of Kittery Point, which reaches out into the Piscataqua like a great hand. It was old when Pepperell's barges rode the river.

In an obscure corner is the rimed effort of some poetically inclined butcher. It chronicles the demise of Margaret Hills:

I lost my life in the raging seas,
A sovereign god may do as he please.
The Kittery folk they did appear,
And my remains they buried here.

Upon a big gray boulder is a Hibernian memorandum:

Bridget and I had two children dear,
One lies in Ireland and the other here.

Here is the epitaph of one who may have been an early Populist:

Here lies the body of Walter Gordon,
Mouth amazin' and teeth accordin';
Stranger, step lightly o'er this wonder;
If he opens his mouth you're gone, by thunder!

Chimney Stacks Left Standing.

From the London Chronicle.

Some curious beliefs still linger in country parts. For instance, in Hertfordshire when ancient houses are destroyed the chimney stacks are left intact, the popular theory being that the houses are still in existence while these remain standing. This may be a survival of some ancient but now almost forgotten legal right.