

FRANK JAMES ON HONESTY.

Thinking of Going to New York to Look for a Political Job.

A St. Louis special to the New York *Star* says:

The *Star* correspondent met Jesse James' little brother, Frank James, in the lobby of the Southern Hotel this morning. The ex-train robber wore a tall hat, a picadilly collar and a claw-hammer coat. He said he was tired of selling shoestrings and hairpins in a country store at Nevada, Mo., where he has been clerking for the past two years, and had come to town to look for easier work and better pay. Yesterday he went to several banks to get a position as cashier, paying teller, confidential clerk or watchman, but singularly enough all the situations were filled.

"There is more misery among the honest people of St. Louis," said Frank James, soberly, "than I ever dreamed of. Why, there are people working twelve or fourteen hours a day here for not enough to buy a good meal. The sewing women here live on bread and water. As far as I can perceive it, in this city honesty means wretchedness. I pass by the house of rich and respected citizens of St. Louis who stole, under the shadow and protection of the law, every dollar they have. To see this stolen and respected wealth makes me wonder why they shot my brother, Jesse James, and hunted me down.

"There are only four indictments against me," he continued, "one at Gallatin, Mo., connected with the bank robbery there; one at Boonville, Mo., for the Otterville train robbery; one at Northfield, Minn., for a bank robbery, and one in Alabama for the Mussel Shoals robbery. All these little indictments are pigeonholed, and I shall never be tried for any of them."

Mr. Frank James said that he had heard that the politicians of New York got high salaries, and that he was thinking of going to the metropolis to try and get a political appointment. I asked him what kind of a position he would like, and he said he would like to be reading clerk of the board of aldermen. He then spoke of the street inspectors having soft jobs, and said that if he couldn't get a place in the public works department or in the controller's office, he would be willing to take a clerkship in the supreme court.

I learned later that a jocular New York "drummer" came along last night, opened several bottles of champagne for Frank James, and told him that if he went to New York he might get any place in the city government he wanted.

Frank James is at present the lion of St. Louis. Only the other day he dined with the city judges, and it is not impossible that he may yet have a public reception.