FATE UNBUTTONS RYAN'S ALL.

ONCE HE HAD CLOTHING AND A FRIEND, M'DONALD.

He Lent His Clothing to His Friend and Lost His Clothing and His Friend and Had to Borrow Here a Coat and There a Sock to the Side to Come to Court at All.

Billy Ryan of 99 Bowery, who was graduated from the Correspondence School of Sockslaying, class of '01, at the top of the junior, had his old college chum Grinder Frank McDonald before Magistrate Wahle in the Tombs police court yesterday charged with selling a borrowed suit of Ryan's clothes to Jakey Goldtossel, the Baxter street clothing merchant, for 60 cents. Jakey and his wife were in court to hear somebody swear under oath how much the clothes were worth.

While McDonald was a freshman at the Sockslaying college he worked so hard that he was dubbed "Grinder" by upper classmen. He now lives at 14 Bowery when at home. On Saturday Grinder went to Billy Ryan with a scheme.

"I tinky you know, old chap," began Grinder, "that my cousin Jim, head of one branch of our family, has a job behind the linen counter of a Leonard street shop. Perhaps if I made a week end visit with Jim I could make a touch early in the game and get away with it. I don't wish to call on Jim, however, in this Poor Relation make-up. Suppose we slip up to your apartments, change clothes, and then in your flossier garments I shall be better able to approach Jim."

"I should be delighted, old fellow," assented Billy Ryan, "to aid you in any way in so good a cause. Billy saw no reason for alarm, because the two, ever since their student days, had often borrowed each other's class pins, trowels, evening clothes and fine cut. Besides, Billy Ryan has never forgotten that it was with help of a fountain pen kindly lent by Grinder that Billy won the junior debate at the correspondence school. Wherefore Billy quickly shifted, and a few minutes later Grinder blossomed out on the Bowery arrayed like the lilies of the field, jauntily picking his teeth as he passed Kink McCann to leave Kink under the impression that Grinder recently had had actual food.

Grinder returned to the expectant Billy Ryan two hours later with a wallet stuffed with two dollars.

"Come, let us away," said Grinder, flashing the roll with suppressed emotion. And three minutes later each had his right foot on the sawdust and his left on the brass railing.

"How thoughtless of me!" exclaimed Grinder McDonald when the last slab of wienerwurst had disappeared from the free lunch counter to the right; "wait till I run out to Cohen's for some cigarettes, and then we shall go back to your apartments and return each other's clothes again."

Billy asked for a dark and waited.

Some time later in the evening Billy Ryan, with the help of Policeman Burns of the Oak street station, located Grinder at home wearing simply a tattooed anchor on his right arm. Grinder had to hold on even while sitting down.

"F'git it!" said Grinder coarsely. "Want shoot clozh? Take thizh for d'partment storzh, eh—hic? Zhakey Goltozhl jus' took clozh 'way from here. Go 'way, frenzh, I'm sleepy."

"Much as I regret the attendant publicity," said Billy Ryan hotly, "I demand, officer, that you place this person under arrest."

"In a minute," said Policeman Burns heartily. "Here, you come a——" but paused and blushed. "Say, we can't take a drunken livin' picture to the station house," said the policeman, "not even by way of the Bowery. Skin off those duds you have on, Billy, and when I've draped this statue I'll take him along. You wait here and I'll have your other clothes sent up here for you."

"But the suit that Grinder sold," explained Billy, "is the only one I have."

"Well, then tell me your friends and I'll make them lend you some. Come, come now, skin off them duds or I'll lock you up, too, for resistin' an officer!"

Billy skinned reluctantly, and after he had seen his last chance for drapery transferred to cover the person of the slumbering Grinder he sought the shadows of Grinder's room and sat there wondering if the policeman would make good.

Night fell. From his dark room Billy could see below the lads and lasses beginning their evening strolls. Peals of innocent young laughter came up to him from the street. He tried to interest himself in watching the merrymakers in a picture machine place across the way glue their eyes to the tops of the boxes while they learned what the pink pajama girls did to get a job in the chorus, but a cluster of electric lights over the entrance suddenly flashed up and Billy shrank back.

About 10 o'clock Andy Hourigan climbed to Billy and laid a pair of cuffs and a derby hat at his feet. Hughy Hunt and Eddie Mills contributed a set of cuff buttons and a ready made bow tie a little later. Then Big Max Walsh and Mike Hoban wandered along with a silk handkerchief, but it was not until Baldy Bowman brought in a short sack coat that things began to brighten up. About midnight Gene Davis tramped up the stairs with a pair of dapple gray trousers over his arm and the siege was raised.

When Billy appeared before Magistrate Wahle as complainant yesterday he wore the clothes contributed by his friends. Grinder, full of icewater remorse, stood at the railing dressed in his own clothes, which had come back to him mysteriously while he had slept. Jakey Goldtossel, who sat beside Mrs. Goldtossel in the back row to await developments, was dressed in the blue serge that belonged to Billy.

Grinder told the Magistrate that that last drink did it and intimated that he wished that everybody concerned would shake hands and let bygones be bygones. Then he rested his case

"How much did you get for that suit?" the Magistrate asked the repentant Grinder.

"Sixty cents," answered Grinder.

"Oh, birdseed!" gasped Billy, grasping the railing to save himself from swooning. "Only last July I got that suit as good as new for——" and broke down weeping.

"How much did it cost you, Ryan?" asked the Court when Billy revived.

Mrs. Goldtossel stopped chewing her gum. Jakey leaned forward, breathless. The moment was tense.

"Eight dollars," said Billy, when he could go on.

"Ole yoi, ole yoi, I have a sickness!" cried Jakey, burying his face in his hands.

"We lose the month's profits!" sobbed Mrs. Goldtossel. "Quick mit der vater; I have perhaps a faintness!"

Magistrate Wahle rapped for order, and when the griefstricken Goldtossels had been led away by sorrowing friends, Grinder learned that he was held under $200 for Special Sessions.

"But where'n hell do I get on?" asked Billy Ryan as he wandered back toward the Bowery with nothing tangible left but the correspondence school diploma in the gilt frame. And he turned sorrowfully toward the north and disappeared in the direction of the University Club.

In Memory of Royal Arcanum Dead.

The annual memorial service of the Royal Arcanum for members who have died during the past year, was held under the auspices of the Past Regents and Regents' Association at Masonic Hall, Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, last night. A large number of members of the order were present. The prayers were said by the Rev. Dr. Kemp.

News of Plays and Players.

Arnold Daly has been obliged to postpone the special matinée of "Candida" advertised for Tuesday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre. He was unable to secure the original cast.

Arthur Deagon, who has been starring in "Peggy from Paris," will appear in vaudeville in a one act musical play, "The Perfect Man," by J. Clarence Hyde.

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