BENJAMIN'S CALENDAR · Author of "The Room with the Little Door" and "The Vice Admiral of the Blue." ENJAMIN. Why, yes, of course he had another name, but it did not matter to us what it was. He D was just Benjamin, from the day we saw him amble in through the big door on the side of the Death Chamber until we lay back on our cots in the red streaked dawn of another day-the day we heard them take Benjamin out on the other side, through the "Little Door."

Strange to say, when they brought Benjamin in he was laughing. It was not the usual way. The Death Chamber is no laughing matter. The man who retains the God-given gift of humor in its atmosphere is wonderful. But still more wonderful is the human

who retains the thoughere is wonderful. But still more wonderful is the human being who can communicate this to others under the same circumstances. - From the time that we heard Ben-jamin's haughter, caught a glimpse of his tall, lean form, his small black head and his rows of shining white teeth, we welcomed him with all the intensity of having nothing better to welcome. He was readly funny to look at-so lean that he could not cast a shadow; so black that you could not see him in the dark; so childlike that the law might as well have punished a baby. The crime for which Ben was destined to make our acquaintance was that of killing a waiter. The waiter and his friends had previously punched Ben for some few minutes and within an inch of his life. The altercation was over a plate of ham. Benjamin's trantic anger compelled him to get even. He did. So did society. Benjamin, prac-tically a child, killed the waiter in the heat of anger. Society killed Benjamin always insisted that the ham, in whatever condition, was the sweetest part of the who't transaction. Mains wonderment. He joked with all the officials. He began with the "scratcher" (a scratcher is a clerk) in the outer office who took his pedigree and measured him gain and asked him all words being our small colony filled him with wonderment. He joked with all the officials. He began with the "scratcher" (a scratcher is a clerk) in the outer office who took his pedigree and measured him again and asked him all sorts of questions. Then the "buck," who is the good chaplain, came and took his pedigree anew and was very and measured him again and asked him all sorts of questions. Then the "buck," who is the good chaplain, came and took his pedigree anew and was very anxious to know how and where he had been baptized. Last of all, Benja-min passed through the Bertillon ex-pert's hands and was returned to his "Aw' Aw' Aw'? chuckled Benjamin.

s hands and was returned to his cell.

'Aw! Aw! Aw!" chuckled Benjamin

cell. "Aw! Aw! Aw!" chuckled Benjamin. "Aw! Aw! I wonders who will be the next man what measures me?" "The undertaker," murmured the keeper, and Ben stopped laughing. He looked indignant for a moment. "I is going to get a new trial next fall for sure," he announced. We had heard that story before. On the first night we initiated Benja-min. The mayor of the Death Cham-ber, myself, made an address of wel-code, I called him my brother. I tod him hew proud and happy he ought to be. I dilated upon the joys of ex-istence in which there was no work: where one could slumber and eat and slumber again and have a white man run and light our pipes for us whenever he was called. We presented Ben with a brown paper apron on which the doc-io hold drawn a sable dove with the motor "Damm the Jury!" in gothic let-burs, after which Benjamin k...et down and toos the solemn oath of alle states He promised to obey the mayor im-plicitly. At midnight we taught him the proper names for everything around us. We revealed to him the mystery of The promised to obey the mayor ini-plicitly. At midnight we taught him the proper names for everything around us. We revealed to him the mystery of the "Little Deor" and the beautiful meaning of the "Flying Pan," which was hidden just beyond. This served for a short space of time to keep him interested. But it did not last long. It is bad enough for a man of intelli-gence to be in prison, yet such a one can interest himself. Self imposed tasks may be assigned. He can read and write and try to find interest in the life stories about him. But what of the uneducated man—a man who cannot control his thoughts? What is he to do? In the Tombs, when he awaits trial, hope is left—hope of es-caping consequences. There is a

Therefore Ben decided that he would study also. He would improve his mind by a course of "solid reading." After several days of serious delibera-tion Benjamin concluded he would honor the law. He would become a first class lawyer. His trial had lasted two whole days, so he knew almost all about law: therefore it would be easy. All Benjamin's lawyer had done for him, or could do, was to take all his money and in court object" to every-thing the district attorney did. This looked perfectly simple to Benjamin. His subsequent series of objections filled us with despair. He objected forcibly, consistently and perpetually, until we were nearly distracted. Then Benjamin got tired. It was too easy. After a short application of his time to the law Benjamin came to the conclu-sion that it was not worth while to waste further energy on so simple a waste further energy on so simple a

waste further, study. He decided that he would become proficient in the healing art. He would study hard and become a great physician. He felt that he was es-pecially equipped for this profession. For a few days ben was a very in man. It was after his recovery that he de-cided to prepare himself for the minis-try. He took up theology. He became a very religious man. He drove the chaplain who visited us every day crazy with his questions. He constructed sermons, and what is worse he preached them to us. Judging from our frequent remarks to Benjamin, he had no right whatever to the title of "popular preacher." I put on my official robes, and as with his razor, hence my acquaintance with him? Moreover, Benjamin's lawyer had called his sanity into question. Benja-min had him examined by alienists. He knew all their secrets. In fact he could make such examinations him-self. preacher." I put on my official robes, and as mayor of Death Chamber ordered him to stop. It was then that I learned of a piece of perfidy on his part. Benjamin had crossed his fingers when he had taken the oath to respect my high of-fice. elf. All the things necessary to success In medicine Benjamin knew, but he confided to me that he was a trifle weak on chemistry and he considered me just the mau to teach him. I was not to bother him with everything. There had crossed his fingers when he had taken the oath to respect my high of-fice. In my official capacity I appointed a commission to try him for heresv. Every man there insisted upon prepar-ing a brief for the prosecution, but no one would "speak the word" for Benja-min, so I finally had to undertake his defence myself. He was tried and convicted, but it made no difference. I sentenced him to death, but he kept right on preaching. We expostulated with Benjamin. We pleaded, we coaxed and threatened, but it was useless. He preached and ex-horted and ranted until we had no peaded day or night. I had something now to worry about. What could I do to stop his flow of eloquence? At last I had it. I dug a pli for my colored brother. I tempted him and he icil. He ceased to care for our spiritual welfare, or his own, for that matter. I pretended to be very busy one morning. During his usual flow of highly spiced rhetoric I was unusually sitent. Benjamin became curlous. He even paused occasionally, as though to listen for my protesting volce. Finally, when he could stand the suspense and his euriosity no longer, after he had caught glimpses of me, as I went to the bars and looked furtively about as though to be sure no one was watch-ing me Benjamin sent me a note. He wanted fo know what I was define. I indorsed his note with a word--a magic word. I "conjured" Ben with just one word-"Polley!" Benjamin was delificius. Polley! In five minutes he had established his poll-cy shop. He cut the numbers from his calendar and was ready for business. Would we play with him? Would we? He swore to be honest. I mestinated, doubtful. A follower of the ministry! it did not look well. At length I allowed Beujamin's tearful providing Benjamin would promise never to preach again. Would he stop preaching forever? Benjamin reached out his hand; it grapped his Bible. He swore, I thought he would never stop swearing. Benjamin devoted his life to the game. He forgot his case. He didn't care where he was. Every might at midnight the three num In my official capacity I appointed a were just a few things a physician need I placed myself entirely at his disposal. First he asked me how to make rum, I assured him that nothing was easier, "Rum,' I explained, "is made from sugar which has fermented. I fur-ther told him that yeast would make the sugar ferment properly. Bankamin was all richt so for as the the sugar ferment properly. Benjamin was all right so far as the sugar went, but Benjamin had no yeast, so he asked for it. All that stood be-tween Benjamin and good, honest, brewed liquor and all that that implied, was a triffe in the way of yeast. Ben-jamin was a happy man. He was anti-clusting some great joy to come into cipating some great joy to come into But he did not get the yeast. He waited patiently for a short time. "He objected," but it did not come. This was dreadful. Benjamin was very angry. "I'm so mad. Mr. Roland," he said, "that I can smell my own blood! I'm afraid of myself!" He brooded for awhile, then he ap-MRS. AUG. LYON keeps the feminine organism ina strong and healthy condition. It cures Inflammation, Ulceration, displacements, and organic troubles. In preparing for child-birth and to carry women safely through the Change of Life it is most efficient. Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes:— Dear Mrs. Pink-ham:— "For a long time I suffered from female troubles and had all kinds of aches and pains in the lower part of back and sides, I could not ideep and had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following the advice which you gave me I feel like a new woman and I cannot praise your medicine too highly." game. Then he began his great opus-a dream book with a "gig" index. It was a cyclopedie work. Should Benjamin dream during th night of a chicken, or a watermelon, or a razor, a dead man. a graveyard, a tombstone, a coffin, or a woman-and he was very likely to have one of these noctornal visions, and tell us about them in a way not to be re-peated here-he would turn to his man-uscript, note the numbers opposite the omen and play them to win for fabilous amounts. There was an exact science

Therefore Ben decided that he would proached me, figuratively, again. study also. He would improve his "What else can I use? Something I've

"What else can't use? Something i've got "he asked plaintively, "A don't know," I said, "You'll have to experiment." Ben did experiment. He put into his solution of sugar, bread and meat and other things, I don't know what. "It don't ferment," he called out to me

"Keep it in a warm place," I advised

him. So Benjamin took it to bed with him So Benjamin took it to bed with him that night. It was glorious summer. Something must have happened to it, for Benjamin declared the next morning that he could smell the rum. "Yes, str, sure enough!" Sounds of great rejoic-ing issued from his little cage. "Now," I replied, "all you have to do is to distil it." Then L explained a still, but Ban

is to distil it." Then I explained a still, but Ben thought he could not manage it, or per-haps he could not wait. Anyway he drank his decoction the way it was. For a few days Ben was a very ill man.

connected with omens, so Benjamin declared.

But in spite of his joy over the game, there was one deep sorrow in my colored friend's life. To get the necessary numbers he had been com-pelled to destroy his calendar, to the very last numeral. Do not imagine this is an incosequential deprivation to a map in wison. There is not a to a man in prison. There is not a single cell in any prison anywhere

HE JOKED WITH ALL THE OFFICIALS. HE BEGAN WITH THE SCRATCHER' IN THE OUTER OFFICE WHO TOOK HIS PEDIGREE. AND MEASURED HIM, FOR CLOTHES

that does not contain a calendar. There is never a prisoner who cannot thely out once the years, months and that he desired a new one.
divertise days that have passed since he entered the days of days which marks his freedom.
The chaplain brought it. It was a being the days of days which marks his freedom.
The chaplain brought it. It was a being the days of from business to admite it. He was setting up to days which marks his freedom.
The chaplain brought it. It was a being the days of from business to admite it. He was a text thore: June, with another text. Setting the days a freedom.
The chaplain text. Benjamin took a day of from business to admite it. He best distance he had been by the count of the days. They were a part of that world in which we lived and yet with his natural cunning and made triends with the chaplain—who was not in the policy secret. He told that





awaits trial, hope is left-hope of es-caping consequences. There is a chance of acquittal then. While there is hope there is life, just as the reverse is true. In the state's prison and pen-itentiaries some occupation is pro-vided, some sort of companionship, and with a breach of home a lapiture for still a breath of hope-a looking for-ward to release. But surely the good people who countenance death chamters cannot realize what it means to an ignorant man when they condemn him to idieness and solitude in that oom of waiting. Granting the right o deprive him of his life, has the state he right to take his reason first?

The state of the state is a state of the right to take his reason first? I knew a man there once who could not read or write. He spoke a lan-guage which no one understood. What was there for him to do? He could not even have a pet. Time after time cats have been brought in for com-tany, fed royally, treated with univer-sal kindness, even loved: but at the first opportunity they would run away. Sometimes when the warden visited us his little dog would follow, but only to the door. Everywhere else in the prison ho kept at his master's heels. but he always stopped just outside the death chamber. Once the warden dragged him in. He smelt at the lit-tle door and howled. No amount of coaxing could get him to make friends with us. The animals knew. It was institut, or a sixth sense, or second sight, but the all here of the sense.

institut, or a sixth sense, or second sight; but they all knew. Ben became bitten with the microbe of culture. I inoculated him. Benjaof culture. I inoculated him. Benja-min found that I studied persistently.



'Man may work from sun to sun ut woman's work is never done,

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo and often saffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

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