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76

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Far down the hall the faint electric light showed me the receding figure of a man. In a flash I realized what had happened. The engineer, in his tour of inspection, had seen the side pieces of the door ajar, and not noticing me curled up in the darkness, had brought these curved side pieces together. The spring-lock had done the rest. Its click was what had waked me.

At first I was too much surprised even to shout. Before I realized the necessity of so doing, the receding engineer had turned a corner and vanished. But in the revulsion from the terror of the sudden awakening, I was merely possessed by the absurdity of what seemed to me a ludicrous predicament. That there might be danger in it I never dreamed.

Suddenly it occurred to me that the other side might not be locked. Fortunately that was easily reached. I had only to revolve the door until I came round to the other side. Accordingly, I leaned heavily against one of the sides of the "V" which imprisoned me. To my delight it began to revolve easily.

Clank! This single metallic note came up to me from somewhere beneath the floor. Then the wall which I had been pushing

beaten on the heavy plate with my fists.

I tore off my right shoe and held it poised. On the next turn, when I came opposite the distant, glimmering light, I struck with all my might at the glass on a level with my face. Nothing gave way; the shoe had turned in my hand so that the heel did not strike fair. On the next turn I lashed out again. This time the glass cracked, but did not break. Once more round—another heavy blow—and a shower of glass fell slithering upon the stone floor outside.

Then, using all possible care to avoid jagged edges, I thrust my arm out quickly as I passed, and felt for the outside of the lock, hoping to find some knob or spring to release it. The first time I miscalculated the distance. On the next trial my fingers touched—not what they sought, but merely a keyhole! I must enlarge that hole all I could, and somehow manage to leap or flounder through before the oncoming leaf of the door could catch me. It seemed impossible, but I set to work, striking at the jagged edges of glass with the boot heel. There was barely enough light to see where to strike; but at last I had trimmed off most of the glass down to where the wood began, and had done the same



A nice fresh doughnut for my doggie. Mother made them this morning and how good they smell.

kept on moving away without my help. For the first time I began to realize that this was something more than a good joke on me.

This unending circuit, like that of some wild animal in its cage, began to grow irksome. Naturally I tried to stop the door by putting my shoulders against the wall behind me and trying to brace my feet. But there was nothing whatsoever on the level tiled floor to brace them against. The door moved on as smoothly and inexorably as before, shoving me round with it.

I soon gave this up and took to walking again. Then it struck me that perhaps I could drive some wedges in at the bottom or sides of the door, and so check it. The box upon which I had stood was still underfoot, being pushed about like myself. I felt for it, took it up, and succeeded in wrenching it apart. The boards I tried to wedge in where the turning door scraped the sides of the cage. The fit was too tight to permit any such wedging. I tried the strips of wood on the floor, but found them ineffective there also.

Still this big wheel-like engine went endlessly round—and round—and round—and round. Still I walked with little mincing steps. The short orbit began to make me dizzy. I felt as if I were walking in a treadmill. I began to reel on my feet. Occasionally I would gaze my pace wrongly in the darkness, only to come up with a bump against the glass in front of me. From time to time I had shouted, of course in vain. I had

with the sides. But the aperture was only about two and a half feet wide, and was at least three feet from the floor. And I was far from tall.

This, then, was what I had before me. In almost total darkness I must make what was practically a horizontal, clean dive at a given instant. If I leaped a second too soon or too late, I should miss the hole. If I failed to go clear through—if I caught and hung there—the even-oncoming door would catch and crush me. And even if I made a clean leap, it was not pleasant to think of the landing on the glass-littered stone floor. I waited till I had regained some little shred of composure. Then, hugging the forward partition of my moving cell, I focused every faculty upon the dim hole before me, and sprang in a long, plunging leap!

When I came to myself, I was lying sprawled upon the stone floor. One wrist was throbbing from a sprain, and my right foot lay in a pool of blood. I had raked it against a projecting splinter of glass in my leap. Behind me, the revolving door clattered steadily on. Yet at that instant I think it was the sweetest sound I ever heard.

One month had passed before I could put my weight on that cut foot. Yet in much less time I had decided that it hardly pays to dawdle and then to try to cover that up by disobedience. And as long as I occasionally catch sight of pressing them, without even wishing to a revolving door, I am not likely to change my mind.