

**AT THE DOOR: A TALE  
TO READ BOTH ON THE  
LINES AND BETWEEN**

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At the Door: A Tale to Read Both on the Lines and Between by Katherine M. Yates

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# AT THE DOOR

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AND BETWEEN

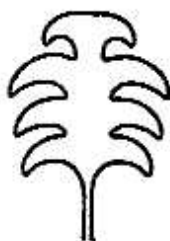
By

Katherine M. Yates

Author of

"What the Pine Tree Heard," "The Grey Story Book,"

"On the Way There," etc.



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## AT THE DOOR

"Let's go walking," said the little brown Dream.

Marjorie hesitated, looking doubtfully at the Dream as he balanced himself, skillfully, on the footboard. "I don't know whether I want to or not," she said. "Will you promise to be good if I'll go with you?"

The Dream kicked his heels softly against the panel of the footboard. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, grinning. "We Dreams are a good deal what you make us. It depends considerably upon what you've been thinking all day, as to whether I'm good or not."

Marjorie pursed her lips. "Everybody blames everybody else for everything, don't they!" she said.

The Dream nodded profoundly several times. "Adam began it," he observed, solemnly, "and Adam keeps it up."

"Did Adam have dreams?" asked Marjorie, rubbing her eyes.

The Dream nodded still more profoundly. "Adam started the dream business," he said,



grinning, "and he runs it yet." He drew both little pointed toes up on to the footboard and clasped his hands around his knees. "There's more of us than you'd think," he observed, seriously. "The trouble is, you don't always know us when you see us. You'd never guess how many there are around all the time, never in the world! Why—" the Dream paused.

"What were you going to say?" inquired Marjorie, politely.

The Dream swung his feet again and grinned. "I guess I was talking too much," he said, aggravatingly. "I might lose my job."

"Oh, please go on," coaxed Marjorie.

The Dream shook his head. "No, you mightn't understand now. You'll find out by and by if you'll keep your eyes open, or rather, if you keep them shut, and look for the right thing."

"And what is the right thing?" asked Marjorie.

The Dream looked at her, steadily, for a moment. "I'll tell you," he said, soberly. "There's just one right thing, and that's *truth*. You watch for Truth, and when you see her, you just follow her everywhere, anywhere, no-matter-where. That's my advice."

Marjorie looked at the Dream, wonderingly. "Why, I never saw you so in earnest before. I didn't know that you could be."

The Dream turned a somersault on to the counterpane. "Yes," he said, the old, teasing grin returning to his face, "we do have lucid intervals and —"

"What's 'lucid intervals?'" asked Marjorie.

The Dream looked disgusted. "Look it up yourself," he said. "I'm no dictionary. Come on for our walk. How would you like to live here?"

Marjorie glanced up and down the long street. "Well, I never in my life saw so many different kinds of houses!" she exclaimed. "Aren't they funny! Why, they look almost like people. Look at that little persnickety one over there — the white, white one with the green, green blinds — doesn't it look exactly like —"

"Never mind who," said the Dream. "No personalities, please. If you want to liken them to people, pick out the beautiful ones."

Marjorie's face flushed. "You're almost *too* good tonight," she said, half pouting.

The two walked up the street for a little way, in silence.

"What town is this?" asked Marjorie, presently.

"Folkstown," answered the Dream: and Marjorie looked from one house to another, curiously. She noticed that, while they all seemed quite different at first glance, yet certain of them really resembled each other strongly, in small ways, and these were generally grouped together. Marjorie asked the Dream about this, and he replied, laconically: —

"Birds of a feather —"

"I don't see any birds," said Marjorie, glancing about.

"No," said the Dream, shortly, "you probably wouldn't," and somehow Marjorie felt snubbed, and walked along in silence again.

The houses were interesting; some of them were narrow and shapeless and ugly, while others were beautiful and white; but all had the same amount of ground, and in many places the yards were littered with great piles of all kinds of building material, waiting to be used.

"Does each one build his own house?" asked Marjorie, at last.

"Yes — and no," said the Dream. "Each