

# A BEAUTIFUL FLAVOR

A Dramatic Reading

by  
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Four chocolates seemed so many! Cora arranged them in another row on the doorstep and counted them again. Four--there was no mistake. To think that four chocolates could have been thrown away in a paper bag! Two, perhaps, or even three--but four!

"Purtend they's soldiers marchin' toward the enemy," she played. "I'm him! They's comin--comin'--nearer 'n' nearer! Right up to the cannon's mouth!" She laughed delightedly at her own wit. But the little fat black soldiers were quite safe yet awhile. It would never do to eat them as soon as this.

"Purtend they's little teeny, weeny babies an' I'm a awful dragon goin' to eat 'em up--crunch 'em. 'Help! help!--perlice!' They're shoutin'."

Just then she saw Barney Grogan swinging down the street. In a panic of hurry Cora huddled the babies together into her skirt.

"Hullo, Corry! How's your cat?"

The child on the doorstep grew white with helpless wrath. All the old grief came back.

"You kicked her an' she died! You're a wicked kicker, Barney Grogan! You kick your horse an' some time he'll die."

"Bet you he will!" laughed the great lout and lumbered past.

The four little chocolates went back into the twisted bag and were carried about all day and slept with Cora in her hard little bed all night. She planned a great many plans for eating them. At first she thought she would eat one every day, but that seemed too often. She decided upon one every other day. Then one day she resolved to eat every one of them that day--that morning--that hour!

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