

“Hello



Huck!”

RECALL that golden day when you first read “Huck Finn”? How your mother said, “For goodness’ sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly.” But you couldn’t stop laughing. TO-DAY when you read “Huckleberry Finn” you will not laugh so much.

You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master’s style.

MARK TWAIN

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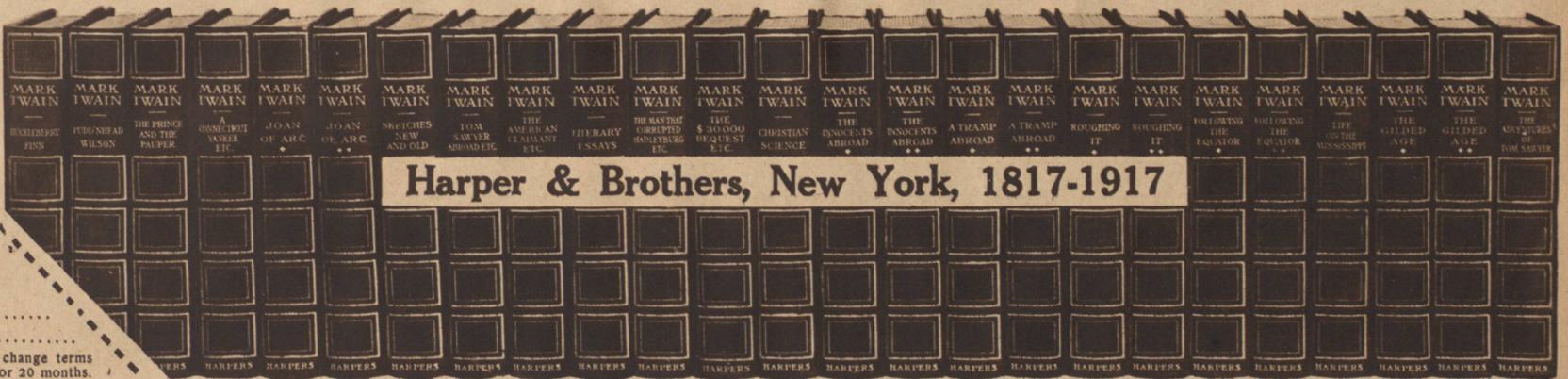
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