



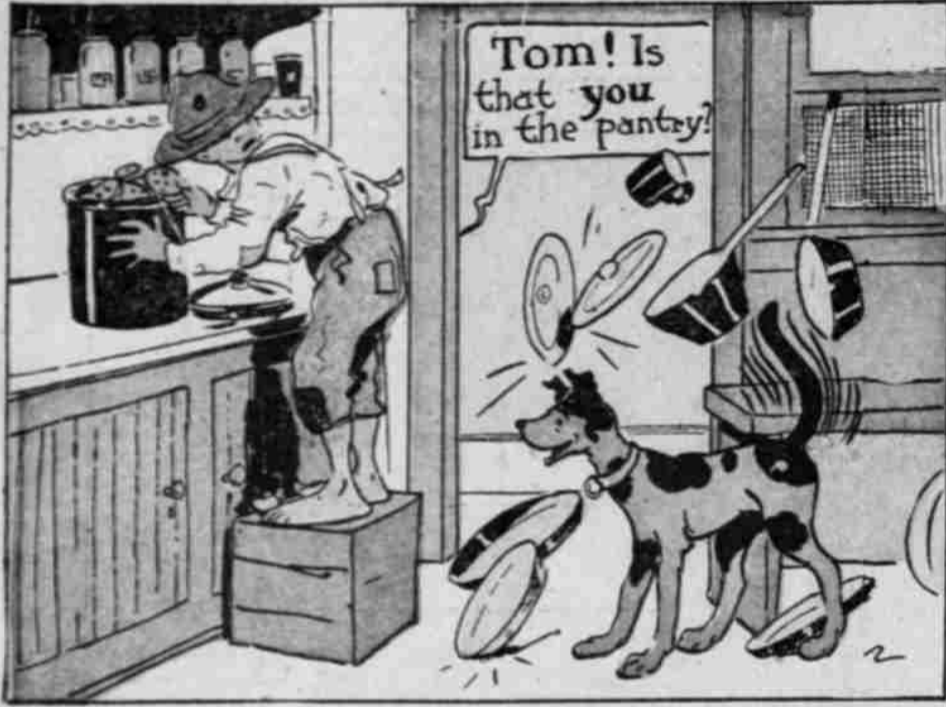
When you finish it you kin start in on the moon—

# TOM SAWYER and HUCKLEBERRY FINN: UP-TO-DATE

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Tom Proves to be a Strategist.

Pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggin



Tom! Is that you in the pantry?



I'll teach you to disobey me, young man. You do no fishing today! You go out and whitewash that fence!



That's a fine way to do! Give a feller away like that! Here it's Saturday an' I got to whitewash the fence—jist for that, mister, you can't go fishin' with me an' Huck next time!



I got some bread crumbs to fry the fish in, and some cake an' two pieces of pie—

An' I got four eggs if we don't ketch nuthin'!



Say, I'm goin' swimmin', I am! Don't you wish you could go? But a course you'd ruther work, wouldn't you? Course you would!

What do you call work? Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?



Why, aint THAT work? Say, Tom, let ME whitewash a little.

No-no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, y'know, but if it was the BACK fence, now, I might let you—



Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple—

Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afraid—



I'll give you ALL of it!

You know me, Tom!

All right, Ben—just a few strokes—I wouldn't have any thing happen for the world!



Will you let me whitewash a little while, Tom, if I give you my kite?

Aw, hurry up! It's my turn.

Jist a minute—

Let's see it—



Ah-h-h! I ain't afraid o' you!

No, I aint afraid o' YOU, ruther—

It's a genu-wine brass doorknob, Tom—

Well, I'll let you whitewash ten feet for it, but I'm ben' cheated.



Hello Tom! Come on, let's go fishin'—

Hello Huck! All right, soon as I finish whitewashin' this ole fence.

