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Brite and Fair by Henry A. Shute

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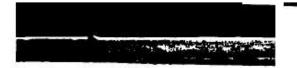
### HENRY A. SHUTE

# **BRITE AND FAIR**









BY

HENRY A. SHUTE
Author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy"

ULUSTRATED BY WORTH BREHM





NEW YORK

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#### THE ILLUSTRATIONS

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T UNE 2th, 186- sunday nite. i have been to chirch and sunday school today, not to the unitarial, we are going to the congrigasional now becaus Keene and Cele are singing in the quire. so we go there. i had ruther go to the unitarial becaus Beany and Pewt go there. Beany blows the organ and sumtimes he peeks out behine the organ and maiks a feerful face and maiks everybody laff. once Beany he thummed his nose to old Chipper Burly. Chipper he was the sunday school supperintendent and was beeting time for the scholers to sing and Chipper he tirned round quick and see Beany, and Chipper he jest hipered into the organ log and grabed Beany by the coler and yanked him out of the lof and wauked him out of the chirch, then he got Micky Goold to blow the organ and Beany he lost his gob for 2 sundays, but Micky went to sleep 2 or 3 times and snoared feerful and they had to waik him up and once he hollered rite out loud. so Mickey he lost his gob and they got Beany back. they tride

Pewt and then Game Ey Watson, Beanys brother but they was wirse than Micky. so they hired Beany. he is the best and only lets the wind out one or two times every sunday and the organ sounds like a goos but that aint so bad as going to sleep and hollering goldarn it lemme alone is it?

we had a new minister today, miser Larned has gone away for all summer. the new minister preeched about not killing flise and buggs and wirms and bumbelbeas and yeller jacket hornits. he sed they had a rite to live jest as mutch as peeple and we hadent augt to kill them. i spose it is all rite to let a muskeeter or flee or one of them 3 cornered flise that hangs round a swimmin hole bite you terrible and not even yip. how about bedbugs.

June 3, 186— today is washing day and i had to lug about a million pales of water for old mis Dire, Sams mother whitch comes over mondays. her hands is all sriveled up they has been in hot water so mutch. mother she sed that was the reason when i asted her and father he lafled and sed he had been in hot water all his life and he wasent sriveled a bit. mother she laffed two. father aint sriveled for he weigs 214 lbs. i gess he dident meen that kind of hot water eether. i am tired most to deth tonite.