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James H Pieren A 1st Lt Air
claim for increase rejected -

Appealed 9-30-24 - appeal mailed
10-2-24 to Board of Appeals -

BEST SIMILES OFFERED IN
YEAR JUST PAST ASSEMBLED

THE best similes for 1925—the fifth annual crop—have been gathered by Frank J. Wilstach, the author of "A Dictionary of Similes" (Little, Brown & Co.). Part of them are given here and it will be seen that several of the notables who contribute weekly or daily—or both—are represented among the writers from whose work the best of the similes have been chosen. Will Rogers is here, O. O. McIntyre and Abe Martin. And it will be noted that many of them are from our old friend and well-known author, Anon.

Wife like a bandage.—Anon.
Eyes like flowers of ice.—Anon.
Noisy as a scorned sinner.—Anon.
Hang on like a Sappho kiss.—Anon.
This as a flapper's eyebrow.—Anon.
Furr like an airplane.—Henry T. Craven.
Strained like expectation.—Owen Weiser.
Punctual as an eclipse.—Herald Tribune, New York.
Wet as an army and navy game.—Karl L. Kitchen.
Native as rye whiskey.—Christopher Morley.
Low as a caterpillar's tummy.—H. C. Witwer.
Serious as the Ten Commandments.—W. B. Yeats.
The idea went over her head like a tent.—Anon.
Welcome as a rabbi in the K. K. K.—Anon.
The sun looked like an inflamed eye.—Anon.
Close as a collar button to your backbone.—Anon.
Useless as a curry comb in Detroit.—Anon.
False as the promises of a book-borrower.—Anon.
A reputation as loose as a flapper's galosh.—Anon.
Tiresome as a bedtime uncle on the radio.—Anon.
A costume like a siren's whistle.—Anon.
She looks like a cancelled 2-cent stamp.—Anon.
Incredible as London without a club.—Anon.
Starved as a mouse at a Scotch picnic.—Arthur Baer.
Mad as a laughing hyena with a split lip.—Ibid.
Unearned as a prince's medals.—George Broadhurst.
Heavy as a grand opera chorus girl.—Ring Lardner.
Cunning as a bushel of snakes.—Eden Phillpotts.
She is as lawless as the sunset.—H. G. Wells.
Bare as a private bath in a Greek hotel.—New Yorker.

Refreshed like a meadow after rain.—Irene Winter.
Popular as a loud-speaker in a two-room flat.—Anon.
Optimistic as a seedseller's catalog.—Anon.
No more need than a third leg to a kangaroo.—Anon.
Stale as last year's batting averages.—Max Beerbohm.
Crowded as a bathroom medicine chest.—Max Lief.
As idle as a book in a movie star's library.—Idie.
Ineffective as a spotlight turned upon a blaze of sunlight.—Anon.
So still you could hear the microphones gushing their teeth.—Anon.
Out of place as a hymn book at an Elks' clam-bake.—Anon.
His skin felt like a damp and unclean shirt.—Michael Arlen.
His mustaches look like handle bars on a bicycle.—Arthur Baer.
She is as slender as a swagger stick.—Globe, Boston.
His style has the gleam of a frozen fire.—Lawrence Hausman.
Ever ready—like a taxi in a motor.—Harry Hereshfield.
He knocked him as flat as a rubber deerskin.—Hype Kroc.
A face as long as a winter night in Norway.—William Johnson.
Reading Conrad is like chewing India rubber.—George Moore.
Nervous as a man with a strange bootlegger.—World, New York.
About as much chance as a K. K. Klanser in Liberia.—George Jean Nathan.
A blank wall, like the visage of Thomas Hardy.—Gran Overton.
Unknown as if they lived in the apartment next.—Den C. Selts.
His walk was like the half-lope of a desert wolf.—W. C. Tuttle.
Helpless as a herring in the hands of a cook.—Vanity Fair.
Futile as the martial roll of a toy drum.—Paul Wiggins.
He treated a book like an osteopath.—Sidney C. Williams.
Intriguing as the contents of one's host's medicine chest.—C. H. Baxter.
Love had come into his life like a shell into a fortress.—Arnold Bennett.
Invisible as if it were written in silver upon white.—G. K. Chesterton.
He had an eye in his head like an undertaker's night bell.—Irvin C. Cobb.
The subtleties have all the spontaneity of a chorus girl imitating Henry James.—Mordaunt Hill.
A honey-moon is a good deal like

a man laying off to take an expensive vacation and coming back to a different job.—E. W. Howe.
A secret is just about as safe with Ada as a police dog tethered with dental floss.—Ring Lardner.
No more talent for efficiency than a guinea pig has for mid-Victorian morality.—Don Marquis.
He played the king in "Hamlet" as if he momentarily expected somebody to play the ax.—Anon.
Exasperating as the inability to tell a stupefying radio announcer your opinion of his brand of read-die.—Anon.
Modern feminine dress is like a barbed wire fence around a farm; it protects the property, but doesn't obstruct the view.—Anon.
Appetizing as a second-hand fried sausage frozen in a saucer of cold lard.—Ellis Parker Butler.
Unfair as a trade against an assetic for not being a perfect lover.—Henry Seidel Canby.
Little Goldie Moots came in the grocery t' day silverin' like a Fred Fender.—Abe Martin.
Lots of folks nowadays, smel like a leaky cigar lighter.—Ibid.
The carpet was so thick it was like stepping on a cat.—O. O. McIntyre.
His sneeze was like the exhaust of a traction engine.—Wall Mason.
A snake is like an silk; he has to have at least one tooth.—John P. Medbury.
Unimportant as a new scratch on a 4-year-old car.—Ohio State Journal, Columbus.
Making progress like a small going backwards on wet asphalt.—John Paterson.
His face was as red as a shirt-house cat bulb.—H. I. Phillips.
He is living so fast that he makes Normi look like a snail in the 100 gear.—Photoplay Magazine.
Resting as a tree next after the leaves are gone.—Sara Tensdale.
John L. Sullivan was about as complex as a mule in a meadow.—Jim Tully.
About as much sympathy as there is honey in the tang of a rattlesnake.—Elsie Robinson.
Stands out as clearly as the back-room in a Cecil B. De Mille show-play.—Frank Vreeland.
New York people are just like a lot of gophers; every time they see a hole in the ground, they grab a nickel and duck to it.—Will Rogers.
My joy is like a train rushing through the night with bells ringing and whistles blowing.—Ernest Walsh.
Two red lips set curiously like twin-born cherries on one stem.—Walter de la Mare.
Differ as the Falls Bergues and a monastery and a night club and a boys' orphanage.—George Nathan.

from 75 -

Recvd Pension Certf dated 9-10-24
allowance of pension of 50⁰⁰ per
mo To Commence from Sept
4, 1924 -
"Reissue to correct rate"
under act of May 1, 1920 -

H Work Sec.
Gardener Conn -

See Decisions of Sec. Int - in pension
to cases Vol. 8 - page 238.
Curt decision applicable to pension
Widows -

Postmaster at Martha City,
died Apr 2 last Monday. Saw
him at Bellisaw Monday A. M.
he was just from Claremont,
from the tracks - died from
Bright's disease - to Mr.
Johnson informed me at
post office this 12-10-24.

See page 96.

Jennie Squires matter -
Recvd CO & Mail returned to
+ recd by me 7-27-25.
unclaimed at Bellisaw -
Pension Certf + Hon. Discharge -