

Wicked (Adjective).

Wicked as a lie. — ZOLA.

Wicked (Noun).

The wicked, even whilst receiving favors, incline to their natural dispositions, as a dog's tail, after every part of anointing and chafing, to its natural bend. — HITOPADESA.

But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. — OLD TESTAMENT.

Wide.

Wide as a barn door. — ANON.

Wide as the poles asunder. — IBID.

Wide stretching as the earth. — IBID.

As wide as land. — ALFRED AUSTIN.

Wide as the sea's perpetual flow. — HERBERT BATES.

Wide as night is wide. — WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Wide as the mouth of a wallet. — THOMAS DEKKER.

Wide as Shakespeare's soul. — SYDNEY DOBELL.

Wide-awake as mice. — DUMAS, PÈRE.

Wide as hope. — EMERSON.

Wide as the unbridged gulf that yawns between the rich man and the beggar. — J. G. HOLLAND.

As wide as the world is. — LANGLAND.

Wide as a church door. — OTWAY.

Wide as life. — SWINBURNE.

Wide as woe. — WILLIAM WATSON.

Wide as human thought. — WHITTIER.

Wide as the difference between death and life. — IBID.

Widespread.

Widespread as a tent at noon. — OSCAR WILDE.

Widow.

Widows, like ripe fruit, drop easily from their perch. — BRUYÈRE.

A widow is like a frigate of which the first captain has been shipwrecked. — ALPHONSE KARR.

Wife.

A cigar is like a wife!

Put it up to your lips, and light it ;
When you've learned to do it right, it
Adds a certain zest to life.

Mind you keep on puffing it,
Or it's out, and can't be lit.

Ah, the aroma ! Ah, the glow !
Will I have one ? Thank you, No.

— ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Scolding wives, like bad clocks, are seldom in order. — S. DOWNEY.

A wife is like an unknown sea ;
Least known to him who thinks he
knows

Where all the Shores of Promise be,
Where lies the Island of Repose,
And where the rocks that he must flee.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door ;
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

— WILLIAM W. HOW.

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin. — DR. JOHNSON.

Our wives, like their writings, are never safe except when under lock and key. — WYCHERLEY.

Wiggle.

Wiggle like a knot of vipers. — HALL CAINE.

Wild.

Wild as vulture's cry. — ÆSCHYLUS.

Wild as the winds that tear the curled red leaf in the air. — T. B. ALDRICH.