

that he had an enormous nose, almost as large as the rest of his body, and you laughed aloud. His exaggerated proboscis did it.

Wit and humor, invective and satire are all members of the same family. Wit when she "lets loose her dogs of war"—ridicule and satire—on the sins of society, has wrought wonders for the world. And there are always legitimate objects for those terrible weapons. Ridicule will reach the dull conscience where nothing else will. Nothing but her sharp blade will compel some people to be decent. Wit is the Ithurian spear that forces pretension and arrogance to uncover themselves. Horace Greeley died from the effects of Nast's cartoons. He could respond in powerful editorials, but he was unable to answer the silent force of the laughable cartoon, and the dreadful caricature. A poet has said:

"There is no man who can live down
The inextinguishable laughter of mankind."

Wit has also achieved splendid victories for the cause of humanity. Brazen impudence and glaring guilt have been blasted by its thunderbolts. The haunts where pollution and profligacy hived for ages have been dethroned by its assaults. Every nerve and artery of the oppressor, whose tough heart has been invulnerable to reason and appeal has felt its withering touch. Every persecutor calling himself priest and every robber calling himself king has had his mask torn away by its powerful onslaughts. It has made the bad to tremble and the foolish to wince. It has held up to public infamy the knaveries of corrupt governments. It has scourged the bigot and the brute. It has made fogyism a hissing and a by-word over all the earth. It has taken despotic oligarchies by the throat—oligarchies whose iron pressure was crushing out all personal liberty—oligarchies which feared neither God nor man—and withstood curses and prayers alike—and held