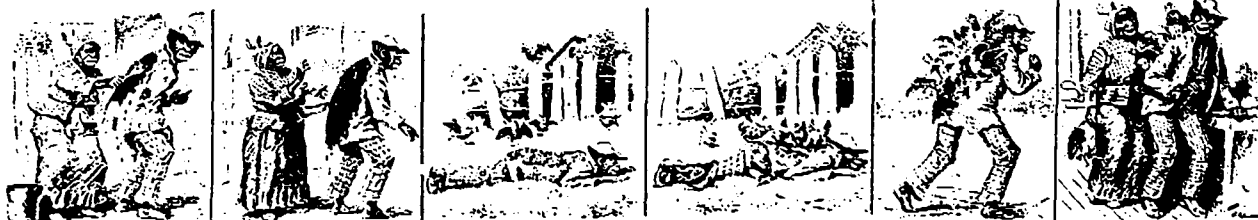


"BLACK ART,"



OR, THE BIRD LIME AND CORN METHOD OF CHICKEN STEALING.

N. Y. Hello.

ON FATHERS.

(BEING A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF SOME OF THE COMMONER TYPES OF PATERNITY.)

I.--THE PATERFAMILIAS.

THE well-known type of Paterfamilias may best be studied out of doors on a bright spring day. He is in later middle life. His face is smooth shaven except for little grey side whiskers; his mouth is slightly puckered and his eye meek. As a young husband of twenty-two, his face was probably highly coloured and his expression bland but boobyish; after forty it has subsided into a chastened imbecility. He is generally dressed in grey, and by rights the top end of his back has an elbow in it. On the whole, Paterfamilias presents a strikingly insignificant appearance. He is most commonly found in parks and public gardens, attached to a perambulator and two or three small children. Properly, one of these should have a large grey india-rubber ball. The duty of familias is to impart animus and direction to the sports of his progeny. He is heard by passers-by to call in a tone of simulated excitement, "Now, Milly, throw the ball to Jack, and papa and baby will try to stop it." If he is of the true type he is base enough to take as keen an interest in the game of ball as the children do themselves. For this depravity let us hope that in a better world a fitting punishment will be meted out to him. The wife of familias is never seen to join in this open hilarity. She is always either ill in a peculiarly interesting manner, or has just been so, or shortly will be. It is probable that apart from his family life the p.f. has a down town business; it may be that he has friends; but it is difficult to conceive him abstracted from the perambulator and the india-rubber ball.

II. - DAD; THE DEMI-DIPSOMANIAC.

From the depravity of "Paterfamilias" one turns with pleasure to the noble type called "Dad." Dad is a dear old soul and a thorough gentleman,—but he drinks. He has been in the army, most likely spent a long time in India or some other hot but aristocratic country. It was there that he first learned to use alcohol to success. All women who know him are so sorry for him and so fond of letting you know about his weakness. As a matter of fact they would feel awfully hurt if Dad were to stop it. But the main thing about Dad is that he has a grown-up daughter, awfully pretty and so fond of him; she calls him "dad" or "daddie" in the sweetest way imaginable. She may have a little brother or sister whom she looks after with all a mother's care; this however is not essential, provided she is her father's mainstay generally. Of course Dad's drinking is a terrible thing for her, but she bears it as bravely as she can. And the beautiful part of it is that Dad knows this and tries on that account to stop drinking,—and still can't. Of course Dad's wife is dead, or the situation is spoilt. She was called "Mamma" and was very pretty, but dad's drinking killed her. With practice most men can become Paterfamilias; but only a few can hope to be "Dad." There is no use in trying unless you have a special gift that way, and the daughter for it.

III.—THE OLD MAN.

A third notable genus is the small boy's father whose

professional name is "The Old Man." He is a muscular man in the prime of life, and still goes in for such athletic exercise as involves the use of the cane, the riding whip and the hairbrush. His mind is firmly set against the mirth of youth and unduly bent upon the promotion of industry. His chief functions in life are to put down all harmless amusements, to confiscate marbles, catapults and other weapons of the chase, to drown puppies and kittens and shoot pet toads, and in general to lower the dignity and curtail the privileges of boyhood. Absolute power has impaired his mind in such a way as to give him erroneous views on pocket money, early rising and indoor air-guns. To judge from the Old Man's account, the condition of the young has been much ameliorated since the days of his boyhood. "When I was a boy," he often cries, "we weren't allowed candy and marbles, and we didn't go careering round on Saturday afternoon. My poor old father used to make us saw wood all day and then go to bed in the dark on bread and water." The memory of his "poor old father" as handed down by him is that of a ruthless savage. "If I had done that when I was a boy," the old man is wont to exclaim, "my poor old father would have thrashed me within an inch of my life." It is impossible for his offspring to doubt his veracity, yet he looks remarkably robust for one brought up on a one inch limit of vitality.



AN UNEXPECTED SPRING SHOWER.

(Drawn for Once-a-Week, N.Y., by Wm. Bengough.)