

Some Peculiar Occupations.

BY BALLIOL BRUCE.



If you doubt the existence of a "black-eye academy," pay a visit to Mr. W. Clarkson, in Wellington Street—prince of perruquiers, and monarch of "make-up." The number of patients treated here in the festive season is surprising; so are the stories put forward by sufferers to account for the disfigurement.

The gradations in black eyes are noticeable in the tariff. Half a crown to ten shillings is the usual fee; but Mr. Clarkson himself once went to Brussels in hot haste to paint out a virulent specimen; on this occasion the artist's fee and expenses came to £7! Believe me, this is a serious business. The artists ask no questions; they are tactful and diplomatic, listening to the (unsolicited) excuses given, and gravely assuring the victims that some day our scientists may be in a position to account for the shocking vagaries of bedstead-knobs and the unprovoked assaults committed by unexpected doors.

In the photo. a black-eye artist of seventeen years' experience is seen at work. On the table at the back lies the paint-box. "First of all," said the artist, "a No. 5½ grease-paint is rubbed in, and next comes a No. 4, which is of a darker hue. Lily powder is used to finish off, and if there is a high colour on the cheek, a little carmine comes into play." The sound eye is also touched up to bring it into perfect accord with its damaged neighbour. The process takes about half an hour, and is conducted before a mirror. Patients are curiously nervous—they are sure they are going to be hurt. Allowing for a perfunctory morning toilet, the artist's handiwork will last about a week; then it must be renewed, which means another fee.

Some sufferers try to do the job themselves. They get pink and white chalk at the chemist's, but the result is a weird, ghastly face, with the discoloured optic far more noticeable than before. Here are a few cases selected at random:—

1. Angry wife; threw book

at husband, but missed him. He rushed from the house; went to Clarkson's and asked to have a black eye *painted in*, so as to fill his wife with remorse for the injury she was supposed to have inflicted!

2. Lady shopping; three days before her marriage. Boys playing tipcat. Tipcat flew and struck lady between the eyes, blackening both terribly. Anguish and despair. Wedding postponed. Friend suggested Clarkson. Work of art painted; wedding, after all.

3. Solicitor wanted black eye painted out before entering court.

4. Ladies of high degree fought on the eve of a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. Black eyes. Successful treatment. Big gratuity to artist.

5. One evening gentleman had black eye painted out; came in next night *with another!*

Now, as to excuses. There are slipping whilst getting into and out of bed; cab pulling up suddenly and throwing forward the occupant; falling up the stairs, and the rest. For out-and-out original excuses we have the nursing of a robust baby whose chubby fist did the awful deed; and the popular preacher who was so carried away by his own eloquence that he "jabbed" himself in the eye.

The water-wizard will detect for you the presence of running water beneath the surface



PAINTING OUT BLACK EYES.



THE WATER-WIZARD, MR. GATAKER, TRACING A SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Co., Weston-super-Mare.

of the ground. The chief exponent of this recondite art is Mr. Leicester Gataker, of Weston-super-Mare, who is shown at work in the photo. Mr. Gataker is here seen tracing a subterranean stream on Lord Llangattock's estate, near Monmouth. Behind him are his lordship's agent and foreman of works, both of whom are literally trying their hands to discover whether or not they possess the peculiar power of water-divining.

Although science has not recognised the divining-rod, still the fact remains that Mr. Gataker is extraordinarily successful in finding water where geological experts have failed. Moreover, he is employed by great landowners and municipal bodies, so that he makes a handsome income out of the subtle affinity that exists between him and running water.

Mr. Gataker discovered his strange faculty accidentally. Chancing to walk across a field, holding a V-shaped white-thorn twig, he suddenly felt it turn in his hand. Most water-wizards use the twig in their divinations; but Mr. Gataker uses his hands only. He is made sensible of the existence of water beneath the surface by experiencing a mild tremor all up the muscles of his arms and a slight tingling sensation in the palms of his hands—not unlike a weak electric shock. But Mr. Gataker not merely finds water; he also gauges the depth at which it will be found, and this he estimates according to the sensations felt. Many people, I learn, possess this power without knowing it.

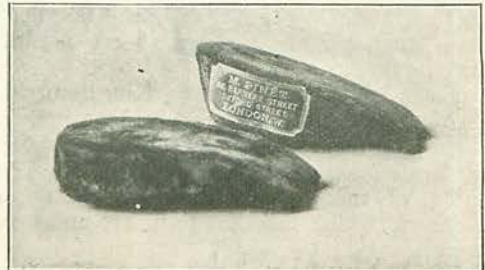
During his career as a "dowser" (local name), Mr. Gataker has had to contend with a

great deal of scepticism. And he has been tested. He was once shown a well in an unfamiliar place, and asked to trace the water that fed it. He set to work, but found he could trace no water in the vicinity. *That well had been dry for years!* Mr. Gataker long ago silenced those who suggested trickery. He adopted the principle, "No water, no pay!" and now great landowners and local corporations have, through his agency, secured an abundant water supply in the form of

gushing wells, where it was never even suspected that water existed.

An extraordinary business is carried on at the Maison Pinet, 56, Berners Street, W. M. Pinet is a professional height-increaser. This is effected in two ways: (1) By using in one's boots the plush-covered pads (called "elevators") seen in the photograph; and (2) by wearing specially made boots. For anything up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., the elevators are recommended; up to 6 in. the specially made boots. The elevators cost from 7s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per pair; they are about 5 in. long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. The boots run up the scale from a sovereign or so to seven or eight guineas.

Clerks out of employment, waitresses, shop-girls, footmen (to whom stature is everything), and even policemen, are all among M. Pinet's clients; also Army officers, members of Parliament, lords and ladies, barristers, clerics of all degrees, and lovers of both sexes by the thousand. In many cases ladies use the elevators solely because they raise the instep and make the feet appear smaller.



HEIGHT-INCREASING PADS, OR "ELEVATORS."
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

One hears of the dignified gentleman who left his elevators in his boots, when he put these outside his hotel bedroom door. When the boots were brought up polished, the pads were missing, and the gentleman was "confined to his room." He didn't care to make inquiries about the things. When he did venture out, he was somewhat lower in the eyes of his friends. The moral is, keep duplicate pairs.

The turtle trade is unique. Nine-tenths of it is in the hands of Mr. T. K. Bellis, of 6, Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary Axe, E.C. The head-quarters of the trade is at Kingston, Jamaica, but nearly all the fishing is done

steamer, once a fortnight." The death-rate *en route* is great, although hose and sea-water and warm straw are used, and a liberal diet of oatmeal and lettuce supplied. In the train from Southampton numerous foot-warmers are placed to raise the temperature. Below forty degrees means death. "I remember," said Mr. Bellis, "landing seventy-five out of 120, and then lost another thirty before the turtles reached my warehouse."

Most of the fish are sold beforehand to restaurateurs and hotel and private *chefs*. Mr. Bellis imports about 2,500 turtles a year, the price ranging from tenpence to a shilling per pound.

Though susceptible to cold, the turtles may be *nailed* to the deck of the ship, so as to prevent the creatures swarming all over the vessel. The seeming vitality of the turtle after decapitation is curious. Mr. Bellis once sent a big fish to an hotel in Newcastle. The *chef* cut the turtle's head off, and hung the body upside down to bleed. Twenty-four hours after that turtle knocked down a man-cook with one blow of its fin. A turtle's head was also mentioned which, severed from the body for many hours, would yet bite savagely at a piece of wood. As a rule turtles are not dangerous to handle, but they have inflicted severe injuries with their



INTERIOR OF MR. BELLIS'S TURTLE WAREHOUSE.

on the coral reefs, north of the island. One hundred men work on the eight to fifteen schooners. The catching is simple enough. Strong twine nets are stretched from rock to rock, and when the "fish" (as it is called) feels itself caught, it clings to the meshes with its fins.

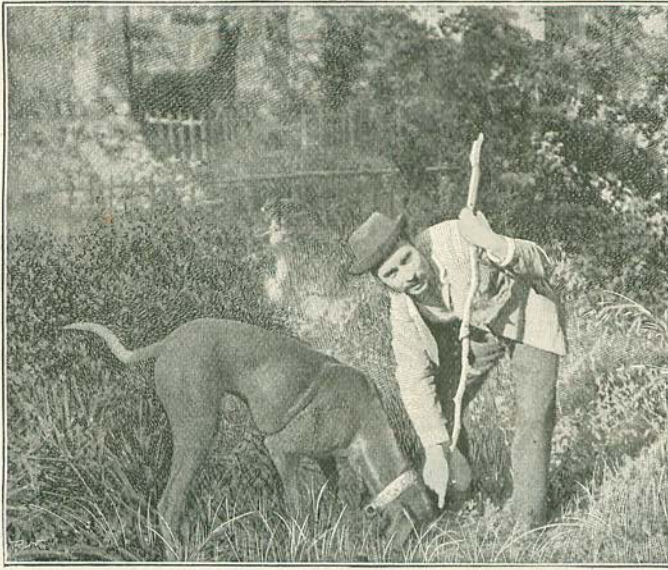
Each schooner returns to Kingston with eighty to 150 turtles, which are deposited in inclosures, filled with sea-water; they are fed on turtle grass and taken as required. No turtle of more than 180lb. is eaten in England, whilst fish of 140lb. are most in demand.

The importer's standing order to his agent is. "Don't exceed 100 turtles by Royal Mail

bins. A man was once carrying into a famous restaurant a very large turtle, and as he was placing it on the floor, the creature snapped his nose clean off.

The next peculiar occupation is truffle-hunting. The photo. was specially taken by Messrs. Louis Bernard et Cie., of Carpentras, at the instance of Mr. Paul Winter, of 70, Mark Lane, E.C. It shows a *caveur* (or truffle-hunter) and his dog at work in the forest.

The average truffle isn't much bigger than a large walnut; it is black, and has a warty surface. The powerful odour of the fungus, especially just before a thunderstorm (truffles



CAVEUR, OR TRUFFLE-HUNTER, AND HIS DOG AT WORK NEAR CARPENTRAS.

From a Photograph.

have been called "thunder-roots" and "swine-bread"), attracts many animals — even pigs. Pigs were trained and used to hunt for truffles, until dogs superseded them. The hunters seek truffles during the winter ; but they are baffled by a severe frost, which hardens the ground. The biggest truffle on record was unearthed two years ago ; it weighed 6lb. 10½oz., and was presented by Messrs. Bernard to Messrs. Morel Bros., Cobbett and Son, Limited, of Pall Mall.

Truffles are most abundant on mountains. When the trees are fully grown and the crop favourable, one hunter and dog can find from 45lb. to 55lb. of truffles in a day's work. But the majority of the men own very little hilly land, and only find 17lb., 20lb., or 25lb. per day. Some seasons the truffle crop is an utter failure. Messrs. Bernard handle every year between 70,000lb. and 75,000lb. of truffles, the bulk being preserved. In the season, however, London and other great cities receive by parcel-post baskets of fresh truffles weighing 7lb. to 9lb.

When the dog has found a truffle, he stops, sniffing, on the spot. He is then rewarded with a scrap of food, and his master digs up the truffle, puts it in his wallet, and makes for another tree ; for it is beneath trees that this fungus is found.

Vol. xiii.—26.

The working of devices in human hair is virtually a lost art. I am indebted for these details to Messrs. Chas. Packer and Co., of Regent Street, who kindly lent me the floral trophy worked in hair, and inclosed in a glass case, which is here reproduced. It is a romantic story. Somewhere in the forties a certain Swiss shepherd, Antonio Forrer, was tending his flocks ; and like Giotto, he was a bit of an artist. Instead of drawing, however, he used to weave hair and wool into quaint devices.

An English lady saw some of his work, brought him over to England, and educated him at her own expense. Next we find him set up in business in Regent Street. His trade grew, and he foresaw a craze. Accordingly, he sent over to Switzerland for a lot of pauper crippled girls, whom he said he would teach. In 1850, Forrer had a grand house in a southern suburb, and he lived



FLORAL DEVICE WORKED IN HUMAN HAIR.

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

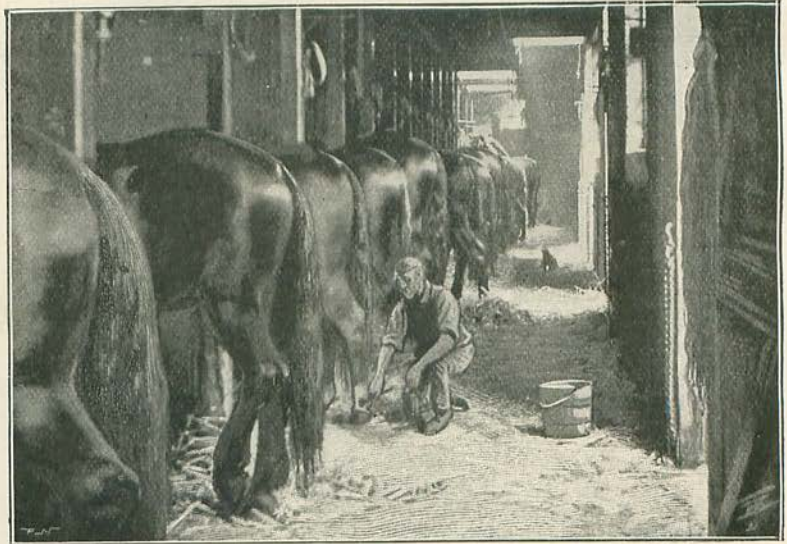
like a prince on £10,000 a year. The craze was now at its height. Provision would be left in wills for mourning brooches at £20 each; mourning rings, and so on. In London alone there were 100 hair-working houses. Special artists prepared designs. Large brooches had hair designs set in them; pencil and cigarette cases were covered with hair; and waist-belts even were prepared from long tresses. Finally, regular pictures were prepared in hair on various backgrounds. One of these depicted somebody's birthplace—a pretty little French village, with brook, trees, houses, and even the names over the shops, all wrought in hair. One man had his dead wife's hair turned into an artistic landscape, after Corot. The frame was subsequently covered with the hair of the second wife! Captains of sailing ships brought orders from all parts of the world; and one gentleman had an *evening dress tie* woven out of the snow-white hair of his dead partner.

After the Prince Consort's death, Her Majesty had some of his hair made into a bracelet. Now, the Queen stipulated that there were to be no joinings; but this was impossible, the Prince's hair being too short. However, the Queen's instructions were carried out, and the bracelet delivered. Chancing to be toying with it one day, Her Majesty drew out a hair three times the length of the Prince's hair; then there was trouble. The bracelet was inspected, and it was found that while much of it *was* Prince Albert's hair, the greater part of it was not.

The last curious industry deals with funeral horses. Mr. Robert Roe, of Kennington Park Road, has imported these stately animals for upwards of twenty-five years. It seems they come from Friesland and Zeeland, and cost from £40 to £70. There must be about nine hundred funeral horses in London. The average undertaker,

however, keeps neither horses nor coaches, but hires these from people like Seaward, of Islington. Mr. Seaward keeps a hundred funeral horses, so that a visit to his stables is an interesting experience.

"It is dangerous," said one of my informants, "to leave a pair of these black stallions outside public-houses, when returning from a funeral; for these animals fight with great ferocity." Once, at a very small funeral, the coachman lent a hand with the coffin; but, in his absence, the horses ran amuck among the tombstones, which went down like ninepins in all directions. A white spot takes a large sum off the value of a funeral horse. In the photo.



A VISTA OF FUNERAL HORSES—MAN PAINTING OUT A WHITE FETLOCK.

one of Mr. Seaward's men is painting a horse's white fetlock with a mixture of lamp-black and oil. A white star on the forehead may be covered by the animal's own forehead.

On the right-hand side in the photo. will be seen hanging a horse's tail. This is sent to the country with a "composite" horse—a Dutch black, not used for the best funeral work, owing to his lack of tail. He is sold to a country jobmaster, with a separate flowing tail, bought in Holland for a shilling or two. In the daytime, the "composite" horse conducts funerals, the tail fastened on with a strap; but at night he discards it, and gaily takes people to and from the theatres.

Worn-out funeral horses, one is horrified to learn, are shipped back to Holland and Belgium, *where they are eaten*.