PARIS' GREAT DETECTIVE

Mr. Hamard and His Methods—A Triumph of System and Routine.

By Sterling Heilig.]

All Paris is talking about M. Hamard's recent successes. They consider him the greatest detective in the world.

Who is M. Hamard? Everyone has heard of him, but few know the vast secret forces at his command.

He is the chief of the Government detectives for Paris and surrounding cities. In an immense building, aided by a perfect anthropometric service and inquisitorial judges d'instruction, he directs 400 real sleuths—ranking as inspectors, brigadiers and principal-inspectors—and a flying brigade of 210 plain clothes men.

These do not include the company of women sleuths, concerning whom no facts are divulged, nor the sureté-generale, or ministers' detective forces watching over all France.

I introduce Hamard, great, grey, ruddy man, with immense head, kindly face and bluff voice. But do not trust those friendly ways if you have anything to hide. He can turn suddenly violent, beating down the prisoner's nerve by roaring over him.

I also got the idea that M. Hamard has a vaster affiliated army, lurking in cafes and public places, from the "Chantecler" embroglio. Guinchard, the Bohemian, had procured me the scenario and a hundred lines for simultaneous publication with certain European papers, at a moment when the theatre management was boasting that not a line could leak out. We kept it very secret. Yet one day, at the Grand Cafe, an elegant gentleman came up and whispered to me that "M. Hamard would be obliged for some information." An automobile waited at the door.

A Suave Sleuth.

That elegant party turned out to be Brigadier Daurimont, a sleuth of mark. In the auto, he led a light conversation on prominent Americans in Paris. By the time we arrived, I saw he was pumping me.

Twenty men could walk abreast up those barrack-like stairs, three flights, with glimpses of blank corridors lined with closed doors. Into one popped a very stylish young lady, from another emerged a red-nosed tramp. "What are those rooms?" I asked. "Oh, just rooms," replied the brigadier politely. Now I know that they are full of mysteries, tricks, disguises and sleeping-rooms for informers to lie hidden and sleuths to snatch repose.

Silence, and a prison smell of disinfectants. M. Hamard's office is an immense room, five windows on one side, without trophies or clerks. The great man had quit his lunch—at the call of a greater, "the minister." "I had two sardines and a bite of bread," he said with ominous good humor and began my civil status.

It is routine, but also a trick. The simple formula, with the confidential brigadier writing slowly — name, when born, where, profession, father's name, domicile, profession, mother's maiden name, married or single, income, rent, how long in Paris—rattles the victim, who is anxious to learn what they want him for.

"You are selling stolen property," began M. Hamard, harshly.

That relieved me. I knew he must be mistaken.

"You are dreaming, dear monsieur," I said.

"Do you deny that you have bought a stolen copy of Rostand's 'Chantecler' before presentation, to peddle to the papers of the world and an American publisher for an advance pirate edition?"

I laughed, and the end came quickly. He does see what is in one. Before I had another word he was smiling with relief at the report he would make to the minister and influential poet, and murmuring that he had been right and "they" mistaken. Then I assured him that M. Rostand was perfectly protected by American copyright, and that I had simply procured 100 advance lines for my own papers.

"Are you sure that other American papers have no more?" he asked, and I saw no harm in telling him that they had none at all—as the event proved. Certainly, they only feared America.

"Better not send more than fifteen lines," he said kindly, indicating that I was free. "Thanks. Au revoir. If I can ever be agreeable to you, call on me personally."

Waiters as Detectives.

"Really?" I said. "Will you permit me to photograph you some day? And give me some data about your detectives?"

He promised, and kept it. What I never learned was how two sets of secret service spies—"the minister's" and "Hamard's Own"—knew so much about my secret doings. I think, however, that M. Hamard has affiliated spies in public places, like one waiter, say, in each important cafe, music hall, dance hall and promenoir. As to the incident itself, I make no comment, only that it shows the minute organization of a Richelieu still alive.

So M. Hamard gave me my interview. He has just become popular with the rich Americans of Paris by breaking up the ultra-modern band, who disguised themselves to rob as model servants. In one of their flats was found a counter-detective service on newly-arriving Americans, with bundles of references stolen from honest servants, blue books, steamer sailings, and tabulated clippings from American papers.

"Your millionaire Americans are slow to complain when robbed," said M. Hamard, "yet they are in too much of a hurry to verify servants' references. The slick robbers counted on these Americans' characteristics, and had taken great riches in money, jewels, laces, furs and art objects from the Blank and Blank and Blank families before a complaint reached me."

In authentic interviews one cannot always give names. These notable Americans do not want to be talked about, and M. Hamard sealed my lips. I asked him how he broke the band up.

"Mere routine," he answered.

He uses a vast force and powerful aids. He uses them systematically.

Last April a lawyer was assassinated in his Paris office by an unknown person who went off with some of the lawyer's clothes. The only clue was a vest of the assassin left by oversight.

Routine Is Successful.

"At times I had forty men on that vest," said M. Hamard, "but for three months there were four who specialized it. So we found the factory that made the cloth, in North Italy; and the manufacturer who made the buttons in London. By these we found the tailor who cut the vest to order for a senator of the Argentine Republic, who gave it to his valet, a young Belgian. Him we traced from South America, to Paris, where he had lived across the street from the scene of the crime.

Being examined by M. Hamard, he confessed. What we call the third degree often rises in France, to an art of terrible confrontations.

Doubtless, all events are connected with others that precede and follow them. The great detective writers, Poe, Gaborlau and Conan Doyle, make the most of it; but their analyzing heroes, working alone, would fail where M. Hamard's routine succeeds.

They found in a vacant lot a girl's head wrapped in a silk waist, and to prevent recognition the assassin had cut off the nose, lips, ears and cheeks. This was the Paris sensation of Elisa Vandamme, pieces of whose body were found scattered over the capital. The girl's friends recognized the waist. They had left Elisa at 2 a.m., at a corner in the tenth ward, and that was all anybody knew.

What could Sherlock Holmes have done here? He had not M. Hamard's means of inquiry.

"I began by making a widening circle round the spot where Elisa was last seen," he said. "We questioned all the janitors in the ward without result."

"All the janitors?" I repeated in astonishment. Every Paris house has a janitor.

M. Hamard smiled.

"It took two months," he said. "We questioned 10,000 janitors, in 10,000 different houses, in the tenth, eleventh, sixteenth and twentieth wards, asking each: 'Did you hear a girl's cry for help on the night of Feb. 27?'"

One Clever Ruse.

Finally the janitor opposite 4 Rue des Marais admitted heh ad heard such a cry and a man's voice answer: "No foolishness!" from a fifth floor window opposite. Now, the occupant of that room was a Corsican, hard-working, serious and peaceable.

As he delivered goods with a tricycle, a disguised sleuth collided with him—pretext constantly used to examine men without exciting suspicion.

But Vincenzi was excited, or else M. Hamard has that in his gaze which makes masks fall. He knew nothing against Vincenzi and suspected nothing, working on a routine indication. Yet the laborious fellow broke down.

"I give up," he said. "It is no use trying to retrieve the past. You have rescognized me. Yes, I am the escaped convict Ferdinand. Send me back to Cayenne. I have worked steadily four years, but it will count nothing for me."

So his characteristic system and routine are found at bottom of M. Hamard's most brilliant work.

DIRECTIONS WHAT TO DO WHEN THE DOG BITES YOU

A Description of the Pasteur Treatment—Hydrophobia Must Be Headed Off or It Will Be Fatal—Its Three Stages.

[By Leonard K. Hirshberg, A. B., M. D., Johns Hopkins.]

To many persons the expression, "Fighting fire with fire," sounds silly; to many more it sounds enigmatical. But if ever you have seen the theory put into practice in the country, you well know its worth. In fighting forest fires, as you may or may not know, a line is drawn well outside the edges of the conflagration, and from this is started a counter-fire, this burning inward to meet the blaze, and devouring all the sustenance upon which the original fire would depend for subsistence.

And so it is with hydrophobia; the disease may be prevented by inoculation with hydrophobia virus, thus fortifying the patient against the prospective outbreak of the disease in his own system. True, like the forest fire, the counter-attack must be started in time, or the disease will assuredly get the upper hand; but hydrophobia is as deliberate as it is deadly, and the patient has good chance for his life.

Here and there may still be found physicians who deny the existence of hydrophobia, and aver that its victims succumb to fright; but hydrophobia is as real as diphtheria or smallpox, and its existence is as easily demonstrated. In brief, hydrophobia is caused by some small organism and progresses along well-defined lines, and once its syymptoms are fully developed, it invariably proves fatal. So far, the nature of the organism has not been definitely ascertained, but no other poison is more deadly or more painful in its working.

Despite all the study of the subject, no cure for hydrophobia has yet been found, and the life of an infected person hangs on the ounce of prevention. Once seized by the disease, however, no human aid can save him. Following the bite or the scratch sustained by the patient ensues a period of incubation, this extending from two weeks to three months, during which the wound heals and the victim feels no discomfort, and often is lulled into a false and fatal feeling of immunity. But through all this time the minute organisms are developing, and at last comes the fatal moment. And with this moment comes the painful beginning of the fearful end.

Three Short Stages.

In its short work the disease progresses through three stages, yet the entire period of suffering is seldom more than five days. As the first indication of trouble, the patient becomes melancholy and depressed; he complains of headache and failing sight. His appetite fails and his skin itches; he sees bright lights and hears loud noises. Difficulty in swallowing develops and his voice becomes husky.

The second is the stage of great excitement, with spasms of the throat and mouth, and difficulty in breathing, while efforts to drink water are accompanied or followed by painful contractions of the throat. And from the dread thus developed of the sight of water comes the name of the disease. Fever follows and mania develops, and the patient becomes violent. He froths at the mouth and voices terrifying noises, described by impressionable observers as the barking of a dog.

Then comes the third and fatal period, when gradual paralysis overcomes the patient, his agonies cease and he sinks into unconsciousness. Death follows in from six to eighteen hours.

But, as has been said, while no cure can be found, effective prevention may be employed, and this should never be neglected. No matter how minute the bite or the scratch inflicted, the animal inflicting it should be examined and watched. Every means should be taken to ascertain if it had suffered from rabies. If it be a dog, it should be captured and penned up for observation. Should it really have the rabies it will die within five days with the unmistakable symptoms. On the other hand, if the animal be a cat or a skunk or any other beast, it should be killed at once, and its head and spinal cord be sent immediately to a Pasteur laboratory for scientific examination. In such cases this course is adopted because the disease lasts so long in the last-named animals that valuable time might be lost in waiting for them to die.

Further than this, the patient should at once have the wound cauterized with fuming nitric acid. Experiments have shown that this acid in itself is sufficient in many cases to prevent the development of the disease. Instead of through the blood, the hydrophobia organism passes into the body through the nerves, and consequently cauterization may be delayed until there are facilities at hand to make it sure. So, the wound having been dressed, the patient may wait for evidence that the animal which bit him really suffered from rabies. But, once convinced that he has been inoculated, the patient should proceed at once to a hospital, and begin the course of treatment. In event of the animal having escaped without observation as to its condition, it is best to take the treatment rather than to run any chances.

On the age of the patient, the condition of the animal, and the extent and location of the wounds depends to a large extent the period of incubation. Lacerations of the head and face are especially dangerous, those in order next being wounds of the hands, thighs and legs. A large, ragged wound is more dangerous than a mere scratch, while when a bite is inflicted through clothing, this clothing seems to filter out a large proportion of the germs.

Right here, however, it should be remembered that hydrophobia is not caused by bites only. A scratch, licked by an animal suffering from rabies, may cause a fatal infection.

Like all great inventions the Pasteur treatment is simplicity itself. In the course of long experiments Pasteur discovered that the infected spinal cord of an animal killed by hydrophobia had the power of producing the disease in healthy animals, but that this power gradually disappeared. If an emulsion be made of the spinal cord of a rabbit which has just died of rabies and that emulsion be injected into a healthy rabbit, the latter invariably will develop the disease and die.

Going further, however, the discovery was developed that with the injection of an emulsion made from a cord which had been kept for a day or a week, the rabbit so treated had more chance for recovery. In other words, the virulent organisms may be so weakened and attenuated—even those of hydrophobia—as to become less and less harmful, and eventually harmless.

Of the various methods of accomplishing this attenuation, the best and most simple practice is to leave it to the operation of time. A cord removed at the end of 48 hours is a trifle less infective than when it first was taken from the carcass, while a cord removed at the end of fifteen days has lost its power of infection completely.

The spinal cords of rabbits dead of the disease are cut in small pieces and suspended in sterile glass jars over caustic potash, which absorbs moisture, and are kept at a uniform temperature of 22 degrees centigrade.

First of the steps of the immunization of the human patient is that of fortifying him, during the period of incubation, with inoculations of virus of gradually increasing activity. The inoculation on the first day is made with an emulsion of a fifteen-day cord, which, being practically inert, does not hurt the patient.

Follows, on the next day, an injection from a thirteen-day cord, when, like a vaccinated man developing an extremely mild case of cowpox, the hydrophobia patient develops an extremely mild and harmless variety of rabies. So mild, indeed, is this case, that he does not mind it, and may mingle with his fellows in business and pleasure, as though there were nothing the matter.

On the third day, an injection from an eleven-day cord is given, this containing hydrophobia organisms in pretty healthy condition; but this has been discounted by the injection of the previous day, and the patient does not grow ill.

By this time fire is, indeed, being fought with fire.

So the treatment proceeds progressively, the injections on each succeeding day being made from emulsions of greater strength, until eventually the patient receives an injection from a 48-hour cord. Had this strength been tried on the first day the patient would have died out of hand, but by this time his body has acquired a gradually increasing power of resistance to the hydrophobic organisms. In brief, he has been vaccinated against rabies, and his system has been made immune.

To make this assurance doubly sure, however, a series of emulsions from five, four and three day cords are injected for a period of 21 days. The organisms introduced into his system when he was bitten by the rabid animal have been fought and conquered.

That this treatment is absolutely effective there is not the slightest question. No disease is as certainly fatal as hydrophobia, and none is as easy to circumvent. Since the disclosure of Pasteur's discoveries in 1886, fully 20,000 persons have been treated by this system, and in every case where it was applied intelligently and within reasonable time complete immunization has resulted, save in such cases where complications or other handicaps have precluded successful operation.

To every rule there are exceptions, and so there occasionally are reports of deaths at Pasteur hospitals; but inquiry will develop that in every such case the patient reached the hospital too late, or his wounds had been of sufficient severity to prove fatal in themselves, or there was some interruption or other accident in the treatment.

That rabies is caused by some minute organism, just as are yellow fever, smallpox and all other contagious and infectious diseases, is the concensus of belief of all competent authorities; but still there is doubt as to the exact nature of this organism.

In the course of a series of investigations in 1903 an experimenter named Negri found that certain little bodies, mere microscopical specks, were to be met in the brains of animals which had died of hydrophobia. These are believed by some students to be protozoa, exceedingly small, malignant parasites, and to be the cause of the disease. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that they have been found in dogs and rabbits and cats and even human beings who have died of rabies, and that they are not present in the organs of animals that have died of other diseases. They are called Negri bodies, after their discoverer, and they somewhat resemble the organisms which produce malaria.

In days agone some time was required to determine whether a suspected animal really had hydrophobia, but now these little Negri bodies afford an infallible indication of its presence.

So progressive is the improvement in the Pasteur process that hope is entertained that the day is not far distant when complete immunization may be insured within two or three days. The plan of using virus of differing degrees of intensity is an improvement on the original method of treatment, while the examination of brain and spinal cord for Negri bodies is another of greatest importance.

A Pseudo Disease.

Not so many years ago every genuine case of hydrophobia was necessarily accepted as fatal.

To what, then, is to be attributed the belief that hydrophobia does not exist? Simply to the fact that there is a nervous disease, called pseudo-hydrophobia, or lyssophobia, which sometimes imitates hydrophobia quite closely.

Lyssophobia is a variety of hysteria. Frequently when a person is bitten by a dog absolutely free from hydrophobia the patient imagines that he is "going mad." He froths at the mouth and shrinks from water and gives strong symptoms of hydrophobia. Yet a madstone, or bunch of dog's hair, or some other preposterous "remedy" will "cure" him. As a matter of fact, he has not had hydrophobia at all.

With better dog laws in the United States there would be less rabies. In nine cases out of ten the disease is caused in a human subject by the bite of a mad dog. In England the disease was stamped out in 1890 by the passage of a law requiring all dogs to be muzzled, and prohibiting the importation of dogs from other countries. Since then there has been no hydrophobia in England. In Russia, on the contrary, the disease is prevalent, circulating from the wolves into the herds of domestic animals, and being introduced into the centres of population. In France, too, hydrophobia claims many victims in the absence of laws regulating the keeping of dogs.

Through tradition and ignorance, many old and curious remedies for rabies still find favor with some persons, who still hold true to the faith of their forefathers in the efficacy of madstone, crab claws, dragon flies, spider webs, bloodroot, flaxseed and tar, snakestones, soot, ham fat, dog's hair and other doses and charms.

Especially in the south, many negroes—and white persons, too—believe that Spanish fly rubbed into a wound on three successive mornings, before a new or full moon, is a sure cure for the rabies. In other parts of the country the belief prevails that a person bitten should pluck the feathers from the tail of a rooster and apply them to the wound. If the dog was mad, they say, the rooster will swell and die; if it was not, the bird will live.

FOUND A BURIED TOWN.

Every once in a while excavation in Southern Arizona results in the discovery of a buried village. The most recent discovery of this kind was made by Frank C. Erwin at his home, fourteen miles from Cochise.

Three miles from his ranch Erwin started to dig an irrigation ditch. Only a few feet under the surface he began to uncover utensils of a shape and material which indicated that they had been used by a race probably as old as the Cibola, that strong people whose "Seven Famous Cities" was the lure that brought Father Niza and the negro Estevanicio from the Spanish mission at Culiacan north along the Senora River to the old city of Tabac, near Tucson, which expedition was the beginning of civilization in Arizona.

After digging deeper Erwin came across a wall, which he followed for twenty feet. Further investigation brought to light hundreds of bones well preserved, one skeleton being intact. When an attempt was made to take up the skeleton it fell to pieces. Among the treasures unearthed was a slab on which were written curious figures representing men and birds and animals. Erwin took several of the relics into Tombstone, and will send others to the Smithsonian Institution.—Kansas City Star.

DO MILLIONAIRES LAUGH.

A rather garrulous millionaire of considerable postprandial notoriety has confided to the public that millionaires seldom laugh. The statement was received as a negligible pleasantry, whereas it is really a symbolical truth that goes to the root of all our economic and social evils. That millionaires habitually do not laugh is the most calamitous factor in modern civilization.

It is admitted that there may be many insignificant millionaires who are still able to sound the clarion of hilarity. But among the larger millionaires, the great captains of finance, to whom we particularly apply the term, the springs of mirth are unquestionably dry. The writer has had the opportunity to meet and observe many of these gentlemen, but on only one occasion has he been able to catch one in the act of laughing. The millionaire in question was presiding at a dinner of the simplified spelling board at the time, so that the provocation was undoubtedly extraordinary. The instance does not affect the rule.—Everybody's Magazine.

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