With highest appreciation from
Edward R. Baldwin (40)

MEMORIAL MEETING TO DR. E. L. TRUDEAU.

THE LAENNEC.

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DR. JANEWAY: Since the Laennec Society last met here a [96] famous figure in the field of tuberculosis study has passed away —Dr. E. L. Trudeau. Not only was Dr. Trudeau the most famous pioneer of tuberculosis investigation and treatment in America, but he was in a very particular way the hero of all of us physicians in this country throughout a long life.

In the year in which I was born, Dr. Trudeau, then looking forward to a highly promising career in medicine in New York City, came into my father's office and was told by him that he had very definite signs of tuberculosis of the lungs, and his career seemed, in all human probability, a failure. How different he made it! From that time on, whenever I would become discouraged with the way things were going with me, my father would take occasion to point out to me what Dr. Trudeau had accomplished from an apparently hopeless outlook. Nothing was much more hopeless at that period than the outlook for a physician with tuberculosis; but his career has been one of the most brilliant in the history of American medicine, and one of the most fruitful, both in the quality of his scientific achievement and in what he accomplished for sick men and women.

Dr. Trudeau was not himself a Hopkins man, indeed he could not have been, for the Hopkins Medical School did not exist at that time, but he sent his two sons here; and while we are all hero-worshippers (everyone worth his salt is, and especially every physician) I have come to believe that Hopkins men are particularly hero-worshippers of the right sort of medical heroes. So it seems especially fitting that this first meeting of the Laennec Society for the year should be given over to an attempt to bring before those of us who had the privilege of

* Proceedings of the Laennec Society, January 24, 1916.

[96] knowing Dr. Trudeau, and to many of you who only knew him by reputation, the achievements, and still more, the characteristics which marked his career and which are such a stimulating example to every one of us.

We had hoped that Dr. Welch might be here and speak from the fullness of his personal knowledge and appreciation of Dr. Trudeau's scientific work, but a meeting of the China Medical Board, which it was imperative he should attend, was called for to-day. We are, however, exceedingly fortunate in having with us three men who knew Dr. Trudeau intimately; one his senior pupil, as it were, and all three his personal friends, who will speak to us on the different aspects of Dr. Trudeau's life and character, so far as it is possible to separate the different aspects from one another. That any of them can think of Dr. Trudeau other than as the man, is impossible, but each will try to tell us something of that side of Dr. Trudeau which is set opposite his name on this evening's program. Of course, if Dr. Osler were here, he would have spoken of Dr. Trudeau with that enthusiasm and insight which we all know how to expect from him. Though absent, he still is with us to-night in spirit, and has sent us a cablegram which I will read to you:

Through failure to success, Trudeau passes among the elect. Human sympathy and unfailing optimism made him a strong defense to the stricken. The noble example of his life will remain a permanent inspiration in our profession.

OSLER.

Dr. Walter B. James, of New York, will speak to us of Dr. Trudeau, the physician.

DR. TRUDEAU, THE PHYSICIAN.

BY WALTER B. JAMES.

It is fitting that this memorial meeting should be held in Baltimore, for Dr. Trudeau cherished a warm affection for The Johns Hopkins, and turned to it for help in some of his periods of greatest suffering, and he knew that nowhere was he more sincerely loved than here, and nowhere was his work more appreciated. It is fitting, too, that it should be at a meeting of the Laennec Society, for Trudeau and Laennec had much in common.

They both possessed the Gallic temperament and the power [96]
to be cheerful under overwhelming vicissitudes, and so, like their nation to-day, snatch victory from defeat. Both were subjects of the very disease that was their life study, and to which they made numerous and valuable contributions, and each, a devout Christian, awaited, with fortitude and without complaint, the coming of the end whose signs he knew only too well.

The brief and impressive document to which each member of our profession must assent before he may enter upon its practice, in spite of its antiquity and its archaic phrases, is still the best epitome of the duties of the true physician; and the Hippocratic oath remains the standard for the conduct of the medical life. To treat the sick with no thought for himself, but with every thought for them, and with honesty and truth to teach to those who follow him all the knowledge he has acquired.

Had the vague yearnings of mankind to know the nature and origin of the maladies that plague them at that time crystallized into the activities that we know now as medical research, this, too, would doubtless have been included in the oath.

This document breathes in its every phrase the highest spirit of medicine and, tested by it, Dr. Trudeau's life stands out as a splendid model for the physician.

It is 36 years ago this coming summer that I first heard of him. I had gone to the Adirondacks, to Blue Mountain Lake, to recuperate from the effects of a winter of too great enthusiasm for biology under the stimulating influence of your Newell Martin.

The Adirondacks was a wild region compared to what it is at present, but rumors reached me of a young doctor whose fame was widespread in the northern district, 70 or 80 miles away. I heard nothing of his professional renown but only that he was a splendid hunter and a remarkable shot with the rifle.

Laennec, too, was a sportsman, and it is related of him that his friends accused him of taking more pride in his horsemanship than in his professional achievements.

A few years later it was generally admitted by us all in the [97]
laboratories of New York and elsewhere, that the only man

[97] from whom a trustworthy and pure culture of tubercle bacillus could be obtained was Dr. Trudeau. Then we heard that he had built a small sanatorium on a novel plan; soon, that he was one of the best men in the country to whom to send cases of early tuberculosis.

Not long after, I met him for the first time at Paul Smith's, when on a summer trip through the woods, and I was at once impressed by his tall, straight, alert frame, his keen and responsive interest and the sweetness of his smile. By that time he had begun to be famous throughout the world as a physician. This was the beginning of one of the most cherished friendships of my life.

The exigencies of this evening's program separate the achievements of the physician from those of the investigator and the man, but I suspect that in few men have these three activities been more closely tied together. His professional life was spent in a little village in the woods where distractions and amusements were few and of the simplest and most natural kind. His real friends were his patients, and they paid him occasional visits in the morning for professional advice, then came to spend evening after evening in his cheery library throughout the long winters, a little company closely knit together by the ties of isolation and common misfortune, but a company, than which one will rarely find one more lighthearted and gay.

His experimental laboratory, too, at first in his house, was later a structure so closely adjacent to it that the visitor, from his bedroom window, looked across a few feet of deep snow to the sturdy stone building where the experiments on immunity and resistance were being carried on.

There were no fixed hours for work or for rest, and even the examining office and dispensary of the sanatorium were in his own home. Thus his practice, his hospital and his laboratory were part of his daily life, and inseparable from it, and he never bore well a longer absence from them than one or two weeks.

I first heard from him a quotation which, we used to agree, briefly but comprehensively described the ideal aim of a physician. "Guérir quelque fois, soulager souvent, consoler tou-

jours," and this describes not only his aim but what he made [97] his own life express.

He would have been a distinguished and successful physician under any circumstances and in any circle, for he had the fundamental intellectual qualities that make for success in our profession. He had unusual diagnostic acumen, for he had the faculty of brushing aside or ignoring the little things that so often lead the mind of the unwary clinician from the straight road to truth, and, with an instinct that often seemed like a woman's, he would arrive at a correct diagnosis by means that were not easy to follow.

A skeptical stranger once presented himself to him for examination and the doctor found the chest painted with iodine over the right lung apex. After careful search he discovered signs of very slight phthisis in the left apex. He then asked the patient why he had painted the sound side; "To see if you would know" was the reply—a device that might well have tripped a less experienced and wary examiner. He told me this tale with keen enjoyment, for his sense of humor was exceptionally well developed, and stood him in good stead on many occasions of sore trial. A sense of humor seems a necessary part of the equipment of the complete physician.

When we think of how his life was passed in the woods, surrounded by cases of one single disease, his attention focused upon this with singular intensity, for he engaged in but little general practice, it is remarkable that he so rarely erred, and confounded other conditions with tuberculosis. He was especially happy and successful in his relation to that always puzzling group of cases, where lassitude and slight loss of weight with perhaps rapidity of the pulse are the only symptoms that suggest in young people possible tubercular trouble in the lungs; and he rarely erred.

His invaluable contributions to the rest and fresh air treatment of tuberculosis I shall not describe, for these will be spoken of to-night by one whose relations to Dr. Trudeau's work were even closer than mine, but I should like to say a word about one phase of his therapeutic achievements that belongs to his life as a practicing physician.

[97] Every doctor is conscious at times of a feeling of disappointment, even of resentment, when advice which is founded upon the principles of modern scientific medicine is unheeded by the patient, and we are generally human enough to ascribe it to the vagaries of the individual, rather than to our own delinquencies.

When one has viewed the work of one like Dr. Trudeau from close at hand as I have done, and has marveled at his ability to secure the conscientious performance of every therapeutic duty prescribed, exposure hour after hour to cold, the tedium of months spent at absolute rest in bed, with a prescribed diet, one wonders what quality it could be that the man possessed enabling him to so override objections and secure the cooperation of his patients. Was it not that indefinable quality which some men have of carrying conviction by simple words, of impelling belief in the wisdom of counsel, of inspiring confidence through singleness of devotion to their patients' interest? A quality of inestimable value to a doctor.

The duty of the physician does not stop with the writing of a wise prescription or the giving of advice, and it is the one who can secure the carrying out of his counsels who fills the full measure of his responsibilities. Many of Trudeau's clinical victories resulted from this ability to secure the complete out-of-door rest cure for the patients who had refused such measures until they fell into his hands.

His unworldliness and his forgetfulness of self were nowhere more in evidence than in his relation to the very poor, who soon flocked to Saranac Lake with a hopefulness that was pathetic.

Trudeau was a born teacher. He had the spirit of Erasmus. It was not many months after the establishment of his little home-made laboratory in his house at Saranac Lake before men began coming to him to learn how to culture the tubercle
[98] bacillus, how to isolate it and, above all, how to design sanatoria and carry out the principles of out-door treatment.

I can remember that during the years when he was enjoying a fair measure of physical vigor, and was able to come to New York once or twice in the winter for 10 days or two weeks at a time, it was always understood between us that he should give one of my clinics at the college, or possibly a lecture, and during

those years I made it a point that every one of my classes [98] should have the opportunity of hearing his views on the early diagnosis and treatment of tuberculosis; and he was never happier than on these occasions.

In his autobiography he tells how a doctor brought, all the way from Australia to Saranac Lake, a young man with tuberculosis, because he himself had heard Trudeau describe the out-door cure and its result on one of the above occasions. Later his voice became so thin that he could be heard only with difficulty in the lecture room, and, to my sorrow and his, he was reluctantly compelled to give up this annual function.

The Hippocratic injunction to teach was one that he obeyed throughout his entire working life, and Saranac Lake became a Mecca for those in search of information regarding tuberculosis. The sanatorium that he founded and in which he took so much pride soon became a model for such institutions.

The most striking and stimulating phase of his teaching activity was his influence upon young physicians who came to him disabled by the disease. It was an occurrence pathetically frequent for medical students or recent graduates to come to me with the familiar story of a slight hemorrhage, or afternoon fever, or a few tubercle bacilli found in the sputum, always downcast and discouraged, and with a feeling that their professional career was at an end. Generally I had little difficulty in cheering them up when I gave them an account of Trudeau, what he had accomplished and what other men in their situation had succeeded in doing in spite of these obstacles; and I would send them to Saranac with a letter to him and with advice to put themselves entirely in his hands, for I knew what the result would be; a few weeks or a few months, perhaps even a year, spent on an open porch, later with an electric light over the couch where, presently, medical literature, especially the literature of tuberculosis, would be studied; then, with the absence of fever and the return, in some measure, of physical vigor, an opportunity to do a few hours' or a half day's work in the laboratory, and so the establishment of an interest that would last for the rest of their lives and leave them further advanced in their profession at the end of their cure than they would have been had they pursued their original course of life.

[98] Many of the most useful and productive workers in the field of tuberculosis, now scattered throughout this country and Canada, are "graduates of Saranac," who there, under Trudeau, found health and at the same time opportunity and encouragement to enter upon a life of research.

I have never known Dr. Trudeau's front door in Saranac Lake to be locked, and every evening for many, many years in his cosy library there was an informal gathering of the younger and older doctors, who sat at his feet, and the discussion was almost always of matters in some way related to the disease that had brought them there. These gatherings, in which I have from time to time enjoyed the privilege of taking part, constituted a school in the truest sense, and a school that reminds one of what we read in the history of the early days of learning.

His patience in listening to his pupils, his kindliness and complete absence of arrogance, the freedom with which he gave to everyone all that he knew—these qualities, together with the indefinable charm that drew these young men to him, made him a great teacher. Just as an interest in the study of tuberculosis had been of inestimable value to him in stimulating his own recovery, so I am sure did he lead many a young doctor back to health, through the development of a similar interest.

It is a fundamental law of nature that effort is stimulated by resistance, and in some of the recent results of the comparatively new science of anthropogeography, I am often reminded of Trudeau and what I believe his environment did for him. As Huntington shows that in factories the workers put forth their maximum production in periods of greatest climatic rigor, and when he shows that the degree of civilization in Europe now and in the past coincides with areas of maximum climatic storminess, it tempts one to the stimulating and encouraging thought, that perhaps the storminess of Trudeau's fate acting upon his strong nature helped to produce the unusual result that we are celebrating to-night.

As the direct result of his splendid medical life he has left behind him in Saranac Lake a group of institutions that will endure—a sanatorium that is a model for all the world, teaching how cases of early tuberculosis should be managed, with

productive research laboratories maintaining high ideals of [98]
work and especially utilizing the skill and intelligence of physicians while they are completing their recovery.

But, best of all, he has left a spirit which animates all medical life that is worth while, and which is the soul of modern medical science; research for the sake of practice, and practice for the sake of humanity.

The value of such a life as Trudeau's to our profession cannot be estimated. For many years an influence has radiated from the village in the woods stimulating men to a fuller and more perfect carrying out of its fundamental precepts. But as matter is indestructible and as force is indestructible, so the power of such a life as his is imperishable. It will go on year after year, helping generation after generation of men to practice medicine better because he lived so complete and so perfect a medical life, even though in so remote a spot.

> "So be my passing!
> My task accomplished and the long day done,
> My wages taken, and in my heart some late lark singing,
> Let me be gathered to the quiet West,
> The sundown splendid and serene."

DR. JANEWAY: Dr. James has told us something of the school which gradually grew up around Dr. Trudeau at Saranac Lake, one of the few really distinctive American schools in medicine.

There has come to us to-night from Saranac Lake the oldest pupil of that school, a pupil upon whom the headship must fall, now that Dr. Trudeau has gone; the man to whom we in [99]
this country look for the most authoritative opinion both upon the clinical problems of tuberculosis and those complex and still unsolved problems of immunity to it. Dr. Baldwin, of Saranac Lake, will speak to us on Dr. Trudeau, the investigator.

DR. TRUDEAU, THE INVESTIGATOR.

BY DR. E. R. BALDWIN.

It is 15 years since Dr. Trudeau himself gave a reminiscent talk before this society on the history of his experimental work. It is most gracious of your president to grant me the privilege of reviving the memory of that account. It was a story of an

[99] extraordinary effort by an extraordinary man. Those now present who listened to him will readily recall his dramatic description of the home-made incubator box. He always spoke humorously of the bacilli freezing and thawing, but was very proud of his achievement in growing the tubercle bacillus so early with his primitive apparatus. He was, in truth, a pioneer in a field little touched by those not directly concerned with tuberculosis. By that I mean those who never had it themselves. No description that I can give will compare with his earnest, entertaining style in relating his early difficulties and experiments. I cannot refrain from quoting his own words found in his autobiography just published (Chapter XVI, pp. 201-203):

In the fall of 1885, as soon as I had equipped my little laboratory room, I began to work. At first my knowledge was limited to the detection of the tubercle bacillus in the secretions of patients, and my observations to verifying Koch's claim that this bacillus was the cause of the disease and was always found when tuberculosis was present. I made examinations of all my cases, and as a result found only one patient in whom, while the symptoms of consumption of the lungs were present, I could never detect the bacillus. I made a study of this case and proved that it could not be tuberculosis, as the expectoration would not kill animals, while the expectorated matter which contained tubercle bacilli always produced generalized tuberculosis in the guinea-pigs. I published this study under the title of "An Experimental Research upon the Infectiousness of Non-bacillary Phthisis," in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for October, 1885, and this was my first publication from my little laboratory room. I am afraid I have been guilty of many others since!

The thing I craved to do, however, was to succeed in cultivating the tubercle bacillus outside of the body and then produce the disease with it in animals. It was the early winter of 1885 when I attacked this problem with great earnestness. I had learned from Dr. Prudden how to make artificial media—beef gelatin, beef agar and other media—but the first growth of the tubercle bacillus direct from animal tissue I knew could be obtained only on solidified blood serum, and then with difficulty. I bought a small sheep for three dollars and a half, and from the sacrifice of this animal I procured the required amount of blood, which, thanks to the pure air and the snow upon the ground, remained tolerably free from contamination and was transferred at once to the ice-box to coagulate. I am afraid my associates at the laboratory to-day would hardly consider the technique I then

employed up-to-date, but after many incidents I succeeded in getting some fair plants of blood serum in tubes. [99]

I made plants on this blood serum from a tuberculous gland removed from one of my inoculated guinea-pigs, and put all the tubes in my home-made thermostat. For the next two weeks I watched the temperature of my absurd little oven with jealous care, and I remember one very cold night getting up in the night and going down stairs to look at the temperature. Many of the tubes turned out at once to be contaminated and a variety of growths appeared on them; but after ten days I still had four tubes free from contamination, and these looked much as when I first put them in the incubator. On the eighteenth day I thought I detected a little growth in the corner of one of these. With every precaution against contamination, with my platinum spade I removed a little of the suspected growth and rubbed it on a couple of clean slides, dried it and stained it. My first intimation of success was when one or two large masses on the slide refused to decolorize when treated with the acid. I washed the slide, put it under the microscope, and to my intense joy I saw nothing but well-stained culture masses and a few detached tubercle bacilli. I at once planted some fresh tubes from the one I had examined, and I knew now I had pure cultures to work with. This little scum on the serum was consumption in a tangible form. With it I could inoculate animals and try experiments to destroy the germ. (An Autobiography, Dr. E. L. Trudeau, pp. 201-203.)

After mastering the culture of the bacillus he naturally made efforts to show the actual effect of therapeutic agents on it. This perfectly obvious and rational procedure, as a prerequisite to the employment of supposed germicidal treatment, indicates that the 10 years of wilderness life had not dulled his intellectual gifts. To quote his own words (Autobiography, p. 204):

As soon as I had pure cultures I began to inoculate rabbits and guinea-pigs, and started some experiments to try to kill the germ in their tissues by the injection of various germicides, such as creosote, carbolic acid, and other substances known to destroy germs. These experiments of mine all failed, and I found, as I expressed it to the students one day at the College, that "the tubercle bacillus bore cheerfully a degree of medication which proved fatal to its host!"

He also tried hydrogen sulphide and hydrofluoric acid gas, the latter forming the subject of his third contribution in print. Later (1888), he published clinical experiments with hot-air inhalations, the conclusions from which were so logical and

[99] well-stated as to give an index of his good reasoning faculties and clearness of expression. His summary is as follows:

> First, the therapeutic value of hot-air inhalations in phthisis is doubtful. Second, the evidence obtained by the bacteriological study of the cases does not confirm the assumption that inhalations of heated air can either prevent the growth of the tubercle bacillus in the lungs of living individuals or diminish the virulence of this microbe when it has gained access to them. (Trans. Assn. Am. Phys., 1889, Vol. IV, p. 291.)

The work that probably attracted most attention to Dr. Trudeau as a scientist was the so-called Environment Experiment which he did in 1886 and repeated in 1887. I refer to the really simple but brilliantly executed experiment whereby he demonstrated on rabbits three very important truths.

The first one was that confinement, bad air, and restricted food without the bacillus could not produce tuberculosis. The second, that the conditions just described plus inoculation with tubercle bacilli led as a rule to a fatal infection. Finally, rabbits similarly inoculated and turned loose on a little island near his summer camp, recovered; in fact, he had to shoot them to catch them! It must have been a great encouragement to him, and it has rarely happened that a therapeutic
[100] experiment has received such a widespread demonstration of its value during the lifetime of the author.

Here is his own description of the confidence it gave him:

> This showed me conclusively that bad surroundings of themselves could not produce tuberculosis, and when once the germs had gained access to the body, the course of the disease was greatly influenced by a favorable or an unfavorable environment. The essence of sanatorium treatment was a favorable environment so far as climate, fresh air, food, and the regulation of the patient's habits were concerned, and I felt greatly encouraged as to the soundness of the method of treatment the sanitarium represented, even though it did not aim directly at the destruction of the germ. (pp. 204-206.)

The simplicity of this experiment and the novelty of its application made a strong appeal to his friends both lay and medical. I well remember the story of this experiment related to me when a medical student.

During each of the succeeding years until 1896 Dr. Trudeau was able to present some reports of experimental work from his

laboratory. The most interesting of his contributions, and the [100] most important, were his experiments with tuberculin. Influenced by the published work of Pasteur on protective inoculations he had engaged in much the same line of experiments simultaneously with Koch. His results were unfavorable and were published on November 22, 1890, shortly after the premature announcement of tuberculin as a cure by Koch in August of the same year. Dr. Trudeau obtained, nevertheless, prolongation of life in his treated guinea-pigs, and from that time until his death held to his faith in the possibilities of tuberculin and other specific vaccines. It must be conceded that this buoyant hopefulness was succeeded by skepticism in his periods of depression, but it was always founded on faith in his observations on animals. Before the discovery of tuberculin I found a short note of his in the Transactions of the Association of American Physicians, in May, 1890, when, in discussing one of the papers on tuberculosis, he indicated his faith in Pasteur's work. He said:

I think, perhaps, Dr. Shakespeare has not presented the most encouraging side of Pasteur's work. Pasteur has not only taught us that anthrax and chicken cholera are due to a germ, and that hydrophobia is caused by a specific virus which has its seat in the spinal cord, but he has taught us as well that by his methods these diseases are now already somewhat under control of man, and can be prevented to a great extent. We need not, therefore, necessarily take too gloomy a view so far as tuberculosis is concerned.

This faith was maintained throughout the quarter-century of life that remained to him. As evidence I will read a letter written last summer to the *British Journal of Tuberculosis* immediately before his fatal illness:

Nothing has occurred to diminish my faith in the value of tuberculin treatment—a faith which has been manifested by my continuing its use uninterruptedly in my practice and at the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium ever since it was discovered, and through all the long years I stood nearly alone in my medical environment in its advocacy. If skilfully used, tuberculin stimulates the defensive resources of the organism and is a valuable adjunct to our treatment in many cases. I see no reason why continued research should not in time give us a better sensitizer than tuberculin.

[100] During the years 1892 to 1895 various tuberculins were introduced that had supposed advantages. Dr. Trudeau expressed the hope that some improvements would be made by which the toxic effects could be eliminated. It was during the period that I began to work with him. Our hopes for the discovery of an efficient vaccine or antitoxin were high at that time. His own time was more than ever occupied with the sanitarium, and his laboratory work was desultory; yet during the winters (the only time he was able to work at all) he continued to direct experiments of the greatest variety. I find on our records over 50 different attempts to immunize animals with dead and living bacilli of varying virulence, and with varying dosage, intervals, etc. These he himself instituted during the years 1892 to 1900, besides numerous other experiments in which he was less directly concerned. At the opening of the Phipps Institute at Philadelphia, in 1903, Dr. Trudeau referred to his successful demonstrations of the immunity reaction obtainable in rabbits as follows:

> Most of my own work has been devoted to the study of methods which might tend to produce artificial immunity . . . . It was only when I began to make use of living cultures as a protective inoculation that I met with any encouraging results, and my experience would indicate that the living germ is essential to what success has been attained in the production of artificial immunity against tuberculosis.
>
> By preventive inoculations of living-bird tubercle bacilli in rabbits, I got undoubted evidence of a marked degree of artificial immunity in experiments which I reported to the Association of American Physicians in May, 1893. I was able then to demonstrate to the association, by means of living animals, that in rabbits having previously received the preventive injections of living-bird bacilli, the virulent inoculation at first gave rise to a violent reaction of the tissues, which ended generally in cure, while the tuberculous process similarly induced in the controls was accompanied by little or no local reaction. I have many times since confirmed these results by various experiments. (The History of the Tuberculosis Work at Saranac Lake. Med. News, October 24, 1903, p. 8.)

Altogether Dr. Trudeau published but few experimental studies,[1] his periods of ill-health, the sad deaths of his children,

[1] Eighteen in all.

and many burdens incident to the sanitarium, made it impos- [100]
sible for him to do more than oversee some of the experiments in which he was most interested. One of his greatest disappointments was the fact that he could not work in the new laboratory generously built for him by Mr. George Cooper in 1894. He often exclaimed that he desired nothing better than a chance to work there and took great pride in showing visitors through.

Only those who knew Dr. Trudeau at home and in his laboratory during his prime could appreciate his enthusiasm for scientific investigation. Those who did not know him in the surroundings that he created whereby he was able to attempt experimental work, quite unique in character for the time, cannot know what pride he had in it. His enthusiasm and pride, nevertheless, never led him to much conceit about his knowledge; this was one virtue that made him so companionable. He [101]
was ever modest in assertion, in reality rather timid, even among the young men about him who were naturally deferential. His boasting was too often applied to his associates! A little achievement was always the object of praise from him, and those of us who happened upon some minor point of interest were very likely to hear it enlarged upon by some of our colleagues who had heard of it from Dr. Trudeau.

His manner was irresistibly entertaining to a group of visitors. They often acquired more interest in scientific medicine and were cured of antivivisection heresies by a little talk from Dr. Trudeau about the tubercle bacillus. "Here is a little devil," he would say, "that grows with equal facility in a prince or a pauper;" as he exhibited a tube culture to a group of admiring listeners. "Here is what people come to Saranac to be cured of in three months," he would cheerfully remark, as he produced a specimen of extensively cavitated lungs of a rabbit!

While his conversation at such times was dramatic, it was never vain or boastful of his own accomplishments; more often it was of embarrassing predictions of what his assistants were to discover! I can well remember the first weeks in his first laboratory during the winter of 1892 and 1893. He was wont to say: "Baldwin, how does this strike you? If you don't

101] think I'm right I wish you would say so." This was well adapted to increase my conceit in my little stock of knowledge, but it gave a rare impulse to independent thinking. I had never encountered such modesty in any of my teachers and do not think Dr. Trudeau inculcated humility in his associates by this method, though by example this was possible. His belief in research was a passion for its humanitarian service, and he believed in science and humanitarianism joined together. He looked forward to a brighter day when all pain should vanish as a consequence of that union.

In closing I think a favorite expression or aphorism that he frequently used will be of interest to repeat: "The sanitarium represents what we know now, the laboratory what we hope to know in the future."

ARTICLES WRITTEN BY DR. E. L. TRUDEAU, M. D., REPRESENTING HIS EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY STUDIES.

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2. Environment in its Relation to the Progress of Bacterial Invasion in Tuberculosis. Amer. Jour. Med. Sci., July, 1887; Trans. Am. Climat. Assn., 1887, IV, 131.
3. An Environment Experiment Repeated. Trans. Am. Climat. Assn., 1888, V, 91.
4. Sulphuretted Hydrogen *versus* the Tubercle Bacillus. Med. News, 1887, LI, 570.
5. Hydrofluoric Acid as a Destructive Agent to the Tubercle Bacillus. Med. News, May 5, 1888, LII, 486.
6. Hot-Air Inhalations in Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Med. News, 1889, September 28; Trans. Assn. Am. Phys., 1889, p. 287.
7. Some Cultures of the Tubercle Bacillus, Illustrating Variations in the Mode of Growth and Pathogenic Properties. Trans. Assn. Am. Phys., 1890, V, 183.
8. An Experimental Study of Preventive Inoculation in Tuberculosis. Med. Record, 1890, November 22.
9. The Treatment of Experimental Tuberculosis by Koch's Tuberculin, Hunter's Modification, and other Products of the Tubercle Bacillus. Trans. Assn. Am. Phys., 1892, p. 87; Med. News. 1892, September 7.
10. Results of the Employment of Tuberculin and its Modifications at the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium. Med. News, 1892, September 10.

11. Eye Tuberculosis and Anti-Tubercular Inoculation in the Rabbit. Trans. Assn. Am. Phys., 1893, p. 108; N. Y. Med. Jour., 1893, July 22. [101]
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13. A Chemical and Experimental Research on "Anti-Phthisin" (Klebs). (In collaboration with E. R. Baldwin.) Med. Record, 1895, December 21.
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DR. JANEWAY: That the president of the New York Academy of Medicine should have left his busy life to come down here to speak to us; that the dean of the Saranac school should have made that long journey to tell us of his knowledge of Dr. Trudeau's career, are eloquent testimony to the esteem and love which Dr. Trudeau, the man, inspired in all who were with him. It has undoubtedly been difficult for the previous speakers to confine themselves strictly to the subject assigned to them.

The last speaker needs no introduction to you, and though he comes but from across the city, he faces no easier task, for his relations with Dr. Trudeau were very close. He will not, however, have to confine himself to any phase of the subject, but will, we all hope, tell us in an intimate way of those sides of Dr. Trudeau's character which, whether we be physicians or not, must appeal to all that is best in us, and must stimulate us to lead in our turn lives which will awake in others those

[101] same feelings of respect and of affection which were so universally aroused in everyone who came into any contact with the great physician of Saranac.

DR. TRUDEAU, THE MAN.

BY HENRY M. THOMAS.

It is not easy for me to speak at this time of Dr. Trudeau as a man. He meant more to me than my emotions would stand should I endeavor to tell you. Perhaps the very closeness of our relations obscures my perspective and unfits me for the task.

[102] The oft-quoted saying that "no man is a hero to his valet" did not apply to Dr. Trudeau; indeed, the closer one got to him, the more one admired and loved him. No one who served him ever voluntarily left his service. Dr. Trudeau's power of understanding and sympathy, and his many-sided nature, made it easy for him to get close to a very great variety of people, and if I tell you of my first meeting with him at Saranac Lake, I may be able to give you some idea of his personality, and how simply and unconsciously he allowed it to influence those who came near him.

Just 28 years ago, almost to the day, I went to Saranac Lake. That sounds a simple enough statement now, for many have since traveled the same route. But at that time it may be said that Saranac Lake was practically unknown to the medical profession in Baltimore; actually, I was the second person from here who had ever gone there in search of health. Dr. Trudeau, in his autobiography, gives a graphic picture of the mental state of one who has been ordered to stop work and go away, but I do not believe that it can be understood until it has been experienced.

The circumstances in my own case were such as for the time to abolish any particular desire to live. Dr. Welch, who was my medical adviser in Baltimore, encouraged me in many ways, and assured me that I should be able to continue my work in neuro-pathology in Dr. Trudeau's laboratory, for he was sure that he had a laboratory, as he had done such good laboratory work. Dr. James in New York cheered me on my way, but although I was not very ill, my nervous depression was such that

I took three days to make a trip that might have been accom- [102]
plished in 24 hours. A narrow-gauge railroad from Platts-
burg had just been completed to Saranac Lake a few days be-
fore, and, if anything could have added to my depression, it
was the desolate journey through the snow.

However, it was during this trip that I first became aware of Dr. Trudeau's influence as a man. As I remember it, the only other passenger in the car was a Mr. Krumholtz, who spoke to me and told me something of the place to which we were going. I gathered from him that Saranac Lake and Dr. Trudeau meant practically the same thing, and that the doctor would make it all right for me.

Mr. Krumholtz was my introduction to that ever-increasing company of those whose tuberculosis has been arrested by following the trail blazed by Dr. Trudeau, and I shall never forget his cheerful, helpful talk.

Dr. Trudeau had, in response to a letter, arranged for me to live at the Berkeley, which was then the largest boarding-house for his patients, as well as the village hotel. The talk at dinner on that day among the 15 or 20 guests was of the kind most interesting to lungers, and I thought how depressing such a conversation might be to a non-medical novice. Some of them had during the morning been examined by the doctor, whom they called "The King," and it was not hard to see from the way they spoke and the others listened, and from the questions that were asked, that I had, indeed, come into the domain of a ruler whose word was cheerfully accepted as the law of the land.

That afternoon, while I was unpacking, Dr. Trudeau came to see me. He was a tall, straight man, weighing more than 180 pounds, and his very dress typified the woods and all outdoors. At his heels was his companion, Nigger, a black mongrel, who went everywhere with him except hunting and to church. Dr. Trudeau would not take him hunting, and he never made any attempt to follow him to church.

I am unable to remember what he said to me on that first afternoon, but looking back at it now I think of that interview as the beginning of a friendship that has meant more to me than I can express. I remember this, that in a little while Dr. Trudeau took me out with him, showed me the village, and

[102] then left me with a group of young people—patients and their friends—who were tobogganing.

The next morning, which was Sunday, he sent his guide over with a note, saying he did not consider it right that a young doctor, engaged to be married, should eat his Sunday dinner alone, and asking me to take dinner with Mrs. Trudeau and himself.

From that time on I became Nigger's rival, and was with Dr. Trudeau as much as possible; indeed, I both hunted and went to church with him.

Dr. Trudeau, when I first knew him, was 40 years old, and his health was as good as it ever became. Indeed the first impression that he made on me, of a man in vigorous active health, abounding in energy and love of life, was only confirmed by a more intimate knowledge. He was always busy, and the only physical limitation that his disease seemed to have left was his inability to take long walks, skate, run, swim, or row.

His days were full, and he passed quickly from one thing to another, giving to each enthusiastic attention. At this time Saranac Lake was a compact little village in which we were all thrown very closely together. A single stranger in town, or, indeed, a new dog, created remark and had to be explained. There were not many very sick people among us, and as Dr. Trudeau examined his patients only very rarely, some of them only when they came in the fall and when they went out in the spring, and visited them only when there was special need, his winter practice at this time was not very exacting.

The sanitarium was three years old and then contained about 30 patients. The entire management was on his shoulders and, of course, occupied a great deal of his time. He had started almost unconsciously a wonderful institution, and it was amusing to see his assumed consternation at its growth. He would half-jestingly complain bitterly of the load he had to carry, while grasping with avidity every possible chance of increasing it.

He worked some part of every day in his laboratory, which consisted of his narrow office with a boot closet at the end, his barn, and the pit that he had had dug in his backyard. As

you can well imagine, the hope that Dr. Welch had encouraged [102]
in me that I might continue my own work at Saranac Lake
vanished the moment I went with Dr. Trudeau into his office,
and very soon the desire as well, for after being with him for a
little while I had no other thought than that of doing what I [103]
could to help him.

Just at this time many cures for tuberculosis were being advanced, most of them based on the supposed germicidal action of various agents. He tested these and many other things in the hope that he could find something that would kill the organism within the body.

A French observer had stated that men who etched on glass with hydrofluoric acid seldom had tuberculosis, and it was supposed that it was breathing the fumes of this chemical that accounted for the supposed effect. This we tried, and it did, indeed, kill the germ in culture. I saw that he would like to try it on a patient as well as on inoculated animals, and I suggested that I try it on myself. He was somewhat loth to let me do so, but finally consented, and thereafter I sat for two hours a day in a room breathing the fumes of hydrofluoric acid, and with the result that every bit of the glass in the room was etched and that the bacilli disappeared from my expectoration. The rabbits did not fare so well, and although one or two other patients tried it, no further result was obtained.

The deftness and skill which Dr. Trudeau showed in all his actions were very evident in his laboratory technic. Even though the apparatus was simple in the extreme, it was nicely adapted for its purpose and was used by a master workman. One thing in particular I should like to mention, as it never failed to arouse my astonished admiration. The thermostat was heated by a kitchen coal-oil lamp, and Dr. Trudeau regulated the temperature by turning the flame up or down, and opening one or more of the doors of the wooden cases that surrounded the tin box. This was not hard to do during the day while the fires in the house were kept up, but it required skill to arrange for the whole night when the fires went out and everything was apt to freeze. Before going to bed he would look at the barometer on his table, go out-of-doors and look at the thermometer, make an observation of the heavens, and as a result

[103] he would turn the flame up or down, and shut or open the various doors. In this way he was able to keep the temperature of the thermostat within the proper limits. How successful he was is shown by the fact that at Saranac Lake living cultures of the tubercle bacillus could even then always be found, and this could be said of nowhere else in the country.

Dr. Trudeau constantly over-estimated other people's attainments and knowledge, and I discovered later that he had looked forward with high expectations to my arrival, as a man who had worked with Dr. Welch in the laboratory of The Johns Hopkins University. His disappointment must have been keen, for I knew little more about bacteriology than I did about hunting.

In later years, when I went with him to the meetings of medical societies, I was often amused, when he had approached some noted physician and told him of the experiments that he was doing and asked for advice about some troublesome point, to note his astonishment when he discovered that it was he himself who was regarded as the authority, and that the other physicians had nothing to offer except respectful attention.

This modest estimate of his own position in the medical world he showed also by requesting all of his patients to be examined frequently by Dr. Loomis or some other consultant to have his opinion confirmed, and he only gave up this habit when the patients flatly refused to regard any other advice than his as necessary, and when he discovered that more and more patients were taking the trip to Saranac Lake to get his confirmation of the advice that had been given by others.

Dr. Trudeau tells in his autobiography how much pleasure he took in getting money for his sanitarium and his other charities; indeed, he put into this quest much the same spirit and craft that he used in hunting game. He does not tell, however, how persistently he shrank from any personal profit that might accrue to himself from the growing reputation of the institutions at Saranac Lake. He, of course, could not avoid charging his private patients, but his fees were always most moderate and usually absurdly small, and at no time commensurate with his reputation. Many of his patients were among the very rich, and at the height of his activity the num-

ber who applied to him was very large. He distributed them [103]
lavishly among the increasing group of younger doctors who had collected about him, and if I told you the largest sum that he ever made from his practice in one year you would find it difficult to believe me.

Although I am sure that every one of us who was ever associated with Dr. Trudeau in his practice would have been glad to have followed the usual custom in such cases and worked on a percentage basis, that was not his way; he never divided fees, the other man got them in full.

He was unwilling to profit by the work of another man, and he carried this unwillingness to such an extreme that it was at times a check to our offering to assist him. I remember on one occasion I was with him when he prescribed for one of the guests at Paul Smith's. His medicine bag was over at his cottage, and he asked me to get it, and then tried to make me take the fee.

It would be impossible to tell you of his endless generosity to everyone about him. He did, indeed, learn how to beg, but he was a born, incurable giver.

He was extremely sensitive to the groundless fear that some one might think that his advice to patients to remain in the Adirondacks might be controlled in any measure by any possible pecuniary advantage to himself.

The rapid development of Saranac Lake village offered tempting opportunities for investments in real estate, but Dr. Trudeau would never have the least interest in any of the boarding-houses or the many houses that were built for rent to the patients, and, in fact, he got rid of a large tract of land, at no profit to himself, upon which the most extravagant section of the village now stands.

He refused many suggestions by astute business men to become interested in the establishment of private sanitaria. One of these suggestions that particularly aroused his wrath was an offer of $10,000 a year for his nominal direction of an institution and the use of his name on the circular.

The patients at the sanitarium have always paid much less [104]
than it costs to maintain them, and as the sanitarium grew, the annual deficit, as well as the expenses, increased in propor-

[104] tion. It was evident to Dr. Trudeau and to everyone else, that if he would accept well-to-do patients and charge them as they were charged at other sanitaria, the much needed money would be assured. The idea of such a change was never entertained, and Dr. Trudeau kept the institution exclusively for the benefit of those for whom it was designed.

Medicine was not a business to Dr. Trudeau, nor was its study a fascinating response to scientific curiosity. The central, compelling force was a strictly humanitarian desire to do everything that he could to cure tuberculosis, or, if not this, to alleviate the condition of the sufferer as much as possible.

Once having assumed the care of the sick, and having asked and received assistance in his charitable and scientific work, he felt the responsibility very deeply, and gave himself to these objects with absolute unrestraint. It was distressing to him to feel that possibly he might not be measuring up to what he characterized as the "demands of the great public," and he often taxed himself far beyond his strength, in spite of all that his associates and friends could do to shield him. This was particularly so during the summer months when he had charge of the practice among the guests at Paul Smith's Hotel and the campers on the St. Regis Lakes, as well as the responsibility of the sanitarium and his patients at Saranac Lake. In the early years he lived during the summer in his camp on Spitfire, and was rowed to the hotel and about the lakes to see his patients. When he had to go to the sanitarium or village it entailed a drive of 15 miles. As he became more busy, he gave up his camp and lived in a cottage near the hotel.

I wish I could give you some idea of his incessant activities, and the multitudinous demands that were made upon him during these summer months. It was more than any one man could do, and he had to have assistance. I was fortunate enough to be the first to help him, and did so for a number of summers. On the days that he was at Paul Smith's it was possible to relieve the strain somewhat, but on what he came to call the "horrible Tuesdays and Wednesdays," when he went over to Saranac Lake, little could be done. Mrs. Trudeau always went with him on these trips. They left as early as they could and drove to the sanitarium, and then after luncheon to

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his office at Saranac Lake, where he saw and examined a [104]
seemingly endless stream of people who had collected from all over that region of the Adirondacks and come in from the outside to see him. His office hours were repeated again the next morning, and he also had to visit some of his patients who were bed-ridden.

They usually got back to Paul Smith's just before dark on Wednesday, and it was always with apprehension that I met them. Dr. Trudeau was often, as he himself described it, a wreck—absolutely worn out nervously. Time and time again we urged that patients who really wanted his advice would come to Paul Smith's or anywhere else to see him, and that it was wrong for him to put himself to this useless strain. We were entirely unable to convince him, and he persisted until his health made the trips impossible.

His modesty kept him from believing that many people would take the extra journey to Paul Smith's for his advice, and, more than this, he felt that these weekly trips were a duty to the growing community at Saranac Lake and its neighborhood, and especially to those whose finances would preclude their coming to Paul Smith's.

At the end of each summer Dr. Trudeau was usually wretched, at times with fever and other evidences of the renewed activity of his old process, but more often, at the time I am speaking of, as the result of the strain on his highly strung nervous system. He was subject from his boyhood to extremely sharp attacks of ophthalmic migraine, and was liable to such attacks at any time, but he was almost certain to have them when under any very special strain, as on his Tuesdays and Wednesdays at Saranac, and they were very frequent by the end of the summer.

As is not uncommon with such a make-up, Dr. Trudeau had a very remarkable power of going through with what had to be done, in spite of his feelings, on pure nerve, and paying for it afterwards, and it was only those of us who were very close to him who really knew how he suffered.

His intense interest in hunting and other sports was a great help to him at these times, and we always felt that if we could get him down to Little Rapids, and into the woods with his old

[104] guide and friend, Fitz Hallock, that his astonishing recuperative power would again restore the balance.

Soon after I first went to Saranac Lake I started hunting with Dr. Trudeau, and two or three times a week his guide, Parker, would appear at the Berkeley, while I was at breakfast, with a note asking me to come over to the house a little earlier, as there was something he had for me to do.

I soon learned that this "something" meant that there was a hunt planned, and I expected to find, when I got across the street, his sleigh at the door, with Bunnie, his favorite hunting dog, hitched to the back, and the guns hidden under the lap robes. There was always a certain amount of secrecy connected with these expeditions, and we got out of the village with as little fuss as possible, the idea being not to reveal the location of the rabbit swamps to the other sportsmen. It was a rare hunt that was unsuccessful, for we had along the best shot and the best rabbit dog in the woods, but it was a very rare hunt, indeed, in which I killed the rabbit.

Dr. Trudeau's patience with my clumsiness and awkwardness in the woods was boundless, but at times he could not refrain later from describing to Mrs. Trudeau in his inimitable way how I, by moving my feet, or taking the wrong position, or by missing an easy shot first with one barrel and then with the other, had managed to cheat Bunnie of the satisfaction of finding his rabbit dead at the end of a long and intricate hunt.

Dr. Trudeau was a keen hunter and an almost perfect shot, but even at this time his scientific work, his sanitarium, and his practice, were occupying so much of his time that he had become the physician who hunted for recreation instead of the
[105] sportsman who occasionally prescribed for a patient because he had to. He had entirely given up fox hunting as that required too much time, but three or four times a week he and I would go into the woods and hunt rabbits for an hour or two. A good rabbit dog was something that he insisted upon having. He tried out every kind of hound that seemed promising, and Fitz Hallock always had two or three dogs in training, many of which were the result of experimental breeding.

At this time of his life he was rarely able to get the time to [105] hunt deer, and it was not until later, when he became part owner of Little Rapids, a hunting preserve, that he did so with any regularity.

Next to hunting and fishing his chief sporting interest was in relation to sailing. He and Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes inaugurated the sail-boat races on the upper St. Regis Lakes, and were keen rivals for a number of years, but here again his professional duties had interfered by the time I became very familiar with the summer life of the Adirondacks, and he had turned this phase of his activities over to the efficient care of his son Ned. He always loved a good horse and always owned one.

His enthusiasm for almost all kinds of sports and his remarkable skill in most of them made it easy for him to get into close sympathy with many of his patients who cared but little for his other activities, and they took unquestioned his advice about their health and the management of their lives when they learned how good his knowledge was about the things that they themselves knew.

Trudeau the man, and that means the physician, the scientist, the philanthropist, and the friend, cannot be understood without some knowledge of his intimate home life. Fortunately, he has himself on many occasions, and most beautifully in his autobiography, acknowledged his dependence on the quiet, strong, ennobling, unselfish influence of his wife. Without Mrs. Trudeau I do not believe that Dr. Trudeau, as we knew him, would have been possible—she so perfectly supplemented his high-strung, emotional nature. Always, but especially so in times of discouragement, sickness and sorrow, she gave him with perfect understanding just the help he needed.

I cannot brave the attempt to describe the home life of the Trudeau family, nor to estimate the privilege it was to many of us to share it in some degree. Dr. Trudeau's life at home differed in no essential particular from his life that was open to the whole world; indeed, all of his activities were centered there, and it was there only that one was able to get a clear idea of all the various channels through which his influence went out to the public.

[105] Mrs. Trudeau sympathized in all of her husband's aims, but she was, I think, the directing force in his work of building churches and maintaining them. Dr. Trudeau was a deeply religious man, but cared little for creeds or doctrinal theology, although he was a consistent Episcopalian. His sustaining optimism was based on his faith, and it was this that he believed enabled him to accomplish some of the things that his vision set before him. He has beautifully expressed this as a farewell message to the medical profession in his address on "Optimism in Medicine." He radiated this message of faith and optimism constantly to his patients and those about him, although he preached it but rarely.

Dr. Trudeau had a remarkable facility for letter writing, and the letters that he wrote were innumerable. When he was well and in full activity, he would occupy every spare moment with his correspondence. It made little difference to him how many people were in the room or what they were doing. One of the clearest pictures I have of him at home is sitting at his desk surrounded by a roomful of talking and laughing people, who would interrupt him constantly while he wrote letter after letter, throwing each finished one on the floor until the rug at his feet began to resemble the snow-covered world outside. For many years he had no secretary and wrote all of his letters himself; indeed, to the end of his life he acknowledged every contribution to the sanitarium with a personal note. He wrote a long letter to his mother every Sunday of the many years that they were separated, and even more frequently to his sons, Ned and Francis, while they were away from home being educated, and more rarely to other members of his family. He also corresponded regularly with a host of friends and patients.

I think there must have been very few sick people indeed who had been under Dr. Trudeau's care who ever stopped regarding him as their chief adviser. Certain it is that he was getting letters constantly from all over the world from former patients asking his advice and counsel about any contemplated step that seemed to them important. In some instances, where he had advised patients to leave the Adirondacks because the disease was so far advanced as to exclude all hope of its arrest, or for some other reason, he kept in intimate touch with these

patients and managed to send them something of his sustain- [105]
ing personality.

Since Dr. Trudeau's death I have had sent me a series of letters he wrote to a patient, and I would that I could read them all to you.

This patient, a young woman, had gone to Saranac partly through my advice, but, unfortunately, the process in her case was steadily progressive, and Dr. Trudeau had from the first little hope that it could be arrested. The hopelessness of the condition stimulated, as it always did, his desire to help and, after she had left the Adirondacks with no thought of returning, he wrote to her frequently, intimate gossipy letters, but each containing some suggestion, either as to the details of her management, or some thought meant to help her bear the inevitable decline.

Once he wrote two long, patient letters, explaining to her the uselessness of a troublesome and somewhat quackish treatment that she had been urged to take by members of her family.

At another time, towards the end of her illness, he uses his authority to protect her from the well-meant but bothersome attentions of a nursing friend. I shall read you this letter.

Dec. 17, 1895.

DEAR MARY,

I was very much amused at your letter and the cause of your trial. Indeed, it is just what I expected, but I refrained from expressing any opinion of the young lady because I understood she was coming as a friend as well as a nurse. Her letter was the most impossible, impracticable kind of twaddle I ever read, and I [106]
would have sent it to you to laugh at had it not contained some inquiries about your ailments and yourself which would have annoyed you and which, of course, I did not answer. If she shewed you my answer you will see I didn't say very much! As I did not know her I hardly felt she had a right to write me about you and your affairs as she did. You can say most emphatically from me that I think a temperature chart is a very bad thing for you to keep, and I don't even like you to use a thermometer and never except when you feel sick enough to want to go to bed and need to know for that reason. The salt sponge is all right, of course, if you choose to take it. I wish I were there to lay down the law to your friend, and I can see she must be rubbing you up the wrong way all the time and making your illness all the harder

[106] to bear. You see I am just conceited enough to think I understand you a little. Don't let anybody bother you; it is against the doctor's orders.

And with love believe me,

Most sincerely,

E. L. TRUDEAU.

Dr. Trudeau never came very close to a patient without getting into touch with the patient's inner spiritual life, and it was an unusual person who was not better for having known him.

Another letter, evidently an answer to one which uncovered some of the innermost feelings of this patient's sensitive and reticent nature, is very characteristic:

APRIL 13, 1895.

Your sweet letter to me was a great pleasure, and you may be sure I appreciate the confidence you have given me so fully. I will never say any more about your cold nature again, but I never meant any of it and only wanted the visible proof of what I knew so well was there all the time if I could only be so fortunate as to call it out.

I am very glad to hear you had so comfortable a journey and had a look at the pomps and vanities, as I think you need all of that side of life that comes in your way, for I have, I assure you, appreciated and felt all you have had to go through here and wished I could help you, but we must each walk the thorny path which leads through suffering, if we would learn to look over and beyond, and to know the peace which all the trials of life only intensify for us.

This patient was only one of very many to whom he wrote such letters, and if it were possible to collect them, they would make a lasting record of his treatment of tuberculosis and his management of patients who were suffering from that disease.

Dr. Trudeau never complained of the tax upon his time and strength which his personal correspondence demanded, but when his mail was full of letters from hopeless invalids demanding immediate admittance to the sanitarium, and from strangers asking advice, scientific or otherwise, and a host of other such things, he was apt to rebel. But nothing aroused his indignation so quickly as when some luckless correspondent intimated that he would gladly compensate him with money for some special privilege or service.

During the last years of his life Dr. Trudeau had the help of [106] a stenographer, but even with this alleviation his correspondence was so great that some of his closest friends refrained from writing to him as often as they wished in order to spare him, and begged him when he wrote to send them dictated letters. Dr. Trudeau never learned to express himself with the same freedom and ease when dictating as when he wrote by hand. Nearly all of his scientific articles were so written and the whole of his autobiography, and during times of stress and illness he found comfort and relief to his emotional nature in writing unreservedly to his most intimate friends.

The writing of his autobiography was a great surprise to himself. He had refused many offers from people who wanted to write his life and had resisted the urging of friends that he should himself write down his own experiences, and only succumbed at last to the kindly insistence of Dr. James, and consented to make the attempt. He began with very little hope of having either the ability or strength to complete it, but, when he had commenced, his wonderful enthusiasm came to his aid, and as the work progressed he became conscious of powers that he had no knowledge of possessing. When asked how he could write so vividly of scenes long past, he said that he recalled them to mind largely as visual images and wrote describing what he saw as rapidly as possible. He wrote on small sheets, often erasing and correcting them until they were almost illegible, and from these his secretary made the typewritten copy which rarely required the least correction.

I am conscious how very imperfectly I have been able to convey to you any adequate idea of Dr. Trudeau's personality. His was a nature that appealed instantly to everyone who met him, and it was easy for him to influence even casual acquaintances. He used this power with great skill in controlling his patients, and getting assistance for his charitable work. Men and women gave him without stint their unremunerated labor, and others delighted to help him with their money. I have time after time watched for and seen this instant response to his personality as he met and talked with strangers. This power which he retained to the last is shown very beautifully in the account which Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in his recent

[106] book, "On the Trail of Stevenson," gives of his single interview with Dr. Trudeau. The trail had led Mr. Hamilton to Saranac Lake in the Christmas season of 1911, where he saw Dr. Trudeau, who was then ill and sitting out on his little porch. They talked about Stevenson and of Dr. Trudeau's own work. Among other reminiscences, Dr. Trudeau recounted, as he delighted in doing, Stevenson's remark on the one occasion in which he had been decoyed into the laboratory. Stevenson, after looking for a little while at the cultures and specimens, said about as follows: "Trudeau, we both are bearing lanterns, but I must say yours smells to me most confoundedly of coal-oil."

In relation to this story Mr. Hamilton writes:

> The doctor told me this with humor; but it did not seem to me so funny when I thought about it afterward. At present I remember an eager, active-minded man sitting anchored in a lounging chair and muffled among furs; talking with that tense voice of the achieving dreamer; at home in life, though exiled from its laughing and delightful commonplaces; cheerful and alert, though slowly dying; young, clear-eyed, and still enthusiastic, although already ancient in endurance; lying invalided while his City of the Sick grows yearly to greater prominence among the pines; fighting with an easy smile the death that has so long besieged him, to the end that others after him, afflicted similarly, may not die.
>
> [107] And the best of our tricky and trivial achievements in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labors and the spirit of this man.

Dr. Janeway: One impression, which I hope will be a lasting one, I think we will all carry away with us to-night. It is that, in our medical heroes it is impossible to separate the professional life and the personal character. That is not true in all professions, and certainly not true of all heroes. It lays upon those of us who are their successors in the medical profession to see to it that we are true both to their scientific and humanitarian ideals as physicians, and to the legacy of rich character and sympathy with suffering which they have left to us as men and women.

I am going to ask Dr. Thayer if he will express our thanks to the gentlemen who have so kindly come here to read these splendid tributes.

(40)

DR. THAYER: May I first add a word about one phase of [107]
Dr. Trudeau's activities which has always impressed me deeply?

Dr. James has spoken of his diagnostic and prognostic abilities. These he used for years with wisdom and skill in determining just who, among the many patients who presented themselves as applicants for admission to the sanitarium, were most likely to be benefited by the advantages which it offered. As he has said himself, this was not an easy task; it was one in the exercise of which he was often criticised; but it was precisely those patients in whom the process was at its earliest stages, to whom the sanitarium was especially likely to give that help which might turn the scale. From this standpoint Dr. Trudeau exercised remarkable ability and discrimination. But often he went farther and exercised an insight and a charity so exquisite that those of us who have experienced it can never forget. He knew not only how to choose those whose lives were most likely to be saved; he knew how to choose those whose lives were most worth saving.

Some of us have had the experience of sending to him patients whose symptoms were not so favorable as, under ordinary circumstances, to justify admission to the sanitarium, yet patients whose character and circumstances were such as to appeal to us with peculiar force. We have sent him such patients without, perhaps, even a suggestion that they be admitted to the sanitarium. How quickly under these circumstances did his clear eye and his generous heart detect the great opportunity!

He who has seen the group of men and women gathered in that sanitarium can hardly have failed to realize that this was no ordinary collection of individuals, but a body of the elect. How many to whom all doors of hope seemed closed are now living happy and useful lives, thanks to the skill and insight and charity of this great and good man.

Those who knew Dr. Trudeau in his latter years were more and more impressed with the beauty of his face. It was not the beauty of line or of color such as one sees in the young, but a beauty brought out by crease and furrow and hollow, that beauty which character brings to age. Bradford tells of a well-known statesman that when spoken to of a certain man,

[107] he exclaimed: "I do not like him. I do not like his face." "That is not his fault," said his friend, "he's not responsible for his face." "Yes," he replied, "every man over fifty is responsible for his face." I have thought of that remark when looking into Dr. Trudeau's face. It was a wonderful face with a singular beauty and depth of expression. In the later days when sorrow and illness had settled upon him, it seemed sometimes as if the body had almost gone, as if nothing remained but the spirit which glowed in the light that shone from his eyes. The body has gone now, but the spirit remains, burning in the hearts of thousands of men and women whom he has taught to live, animating that fine body of students who are carrying on his great work at Saranac and handed on by them to us to-night.

We can hardly express deeply enough our gratitude to Dr. James and to Dr. Baldwin and to Dr. Thomas for what they have said to us. This is an evening that we shall all remember.