New Mexico Historical Review

Volume 54 | Number 2 Article 2

4-1-1979

Francis Schlatter: The Healer of the Southwest

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FRANCIS SCHLATTER: THE HEALER OF THE SOUTHWEST

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THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS contains several stereo-cards of a remarkable scene. It was the Fall of 1895 and over a thousand people were lined up in Denver to be touched by a German immigrant who bore a startling resemblance to the pictures of Jesus. They would walk up a wooden platform, grasp the hands of the man—he would then offer a short prayer—and they would walk away. Many testified to miraculous cures. Moreover, the man took no payment for any of this. "I have no use for money," he said. Whenever people thanked him, he replied, "Don't thank me; thank the Heavenly Father. Put your faith in him, not in me. I have no power but what he gives me through my faith. He will give you the same." The man was Francis Schlatter, "The New Mexico Messiah," "The Healer," "El Gran Hombre," and his is one of the most remarkable stories of the Southwest during the 1890s.[1]

Francis Schlatter was born on April 29, 1856 in the French Province of Alsace-Lorraine. His parents were German peasants and he quit school at fourteen to learn the trade of shoemaker. Born a Roman Catholic, he remained one throughout his life. When his parents died, he emigrated to America, where he arrived around 1884. He spent several years in New York City and in Jamesport, Long Island, working both as a shoemaker and as a fireman on the local steamboats. In the Fall of 1892 he arrived in Denver and set up shop, first on Stout Street and later on Downing Avenue.[2]

While working at his trade in Denver, he cured a friend by letter. With this he began to feel that "The Father" had chosen him to perform great deeds of healing. First, however, he would have to be tested. So, in July of 1893 he left Denver in the rain, with

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only $3 in his pocket, and began to wander across the western United States. He had no itinerary but simply followed the voice of The Father.

His wanderings took almost two years. From Denver he walked through Kansas, stopping at Clay Center, Topeka and Lawrence. At Kansas City, he turned south where he eventually entered Indian Territory. When he came to Hot Springs, Arkansas, he was arrested for vagrancy, given 50 lashes, and thrown in jail for five months. When he was released, he travelled through Texas where he was again arrested at Throckmorton and spent three more days in jail. From there he went to El Paso, across the desert to Yuma and finally to San Diego. He began healing in the San Diego area during July, 1894 (where he was robbed by a fellow wanderer). Then he journeyed to San Francisco, eventually crossed the Mojave, and rested a few months herding sheep with some Navajo Indians around Flagstaff, Arizona. Since he had little money, he either begged food or did without. Although friendly railroad men offered him rides on occasion, he walked most of the way, usually barefoot. His fellow itinerants poked fun at "that crazy shoemaker," as they called him, but they were also somewhat in awe of him.[3]

He arrived at Pajarito, New Mexico, a hamlet near present day Los Lunas, around July 9, 1895. Drawing on the *curandero* tradition of the little Spanish village, he began healing there in earnest. Stories of numerous cures soon reached Albuquerque and the *Albuquerque Morning Democrat* sent reporters down to investigate. There they were met with incredible tales of healing. These would have been instantly dismissed, had not hundreds of people vouched for their truth. Jesus Maria Vasques, who had been three years blind, was touched by Schlatter and now could see. Juliana Sedillo, who for 16 years could not use her arms, was now off working in the fields, and so on. Andreas Romero, an elderly, prominent citizen of nearby Peralta, confirmed the stories. "The work of this man is something inexplicable and wonderful," he said. "There is something in his touch which seems to heal the sick. What you have heard of him is true to the letter. I cannot explain it myself; no one can; yet we know some remarkable cures have been effected."[4]

When the *Albuquerque Morning Democrat* broke the story, the issue sold out immediately. "El Sanador" became the sole topic of conversation on every street corner.

In addition to his healing, the mystery surrounding Schlatter deepened when he confessed to reporters that The Father had instructed him to fast and that he had eaten nothing for over ten days. The people with whom he was living vouched for this. "Food is not necessary to him who has the proper faith in my Master," he said.[5] Stranger still, Schlatter bore an uncanny resemblance to the standard representations of Jesus. The *Democrat* reporter gulped as his gaze moved from Schlatter to an inexpensive print of Christ on the wall behind him. "As one looked from the flesh to the presentment [on the wall]," he noted, "the likeness was startling. Every line and touch to be found in the picture were found in the man."[6]

Albuquerqueans urged Schlatter to come to their city, and he arrived there on July 20. His fame had preceded him. When he began healing in Old Town the following day, he was met by a huge crowd. Here, however, he met his first opposition. "The Catholic Church does not sanction or approve of such proceedings," said Albuquerque priest Father Mandalari. "He is a fraud from beginning to end," remarked trader Frank A. Hubbell. A prominent judge said he should probably be locked up under the vagrancy act.[7] Yet none of the local police would have dared to try to arrest him, so convinced were the people of his power.[8] "The train of wagons which never seems to end," noted the *Democrat*, "prove better than argument the implicit faith the people have in the strange man."[9]

Numerous people claimed to have been healed and in spite of careful scrutiny, no one was able to detect fraud in any of the reported cures: Black railroad worker Charles Stamp could suddenly walk on his crushed foot; Peter Maguire found himself cured of his rheumatism; Mrs. C. J. Roentgen could now hear better; C. G. Lott could suddenly move his paralyzed arm.[10] For those who felt no improvement, Schlatter simply said that more treatments were necessary.[11] Moreover, he took no payment for any of his work. When money was occasionally forced on him, he later distributed it to the poor. Schlatter was always very open whenever

he was questioned about his power. He was only a poor shoemaker, he said, who was simply doing the bidding of his Master. When asked to account for the cures, he replied, "My work speaks for itself."[12] Albuquerqueans were astounded when he ended his fast by eating a gigantic meal and seemingly felt no ill aftereffects.[13] They were even more astounded when he informed Reverend Charles Bovard that he was Jesus returned for a second life on earth. He did not volunteer this information but when asked directly, replied in the affirmative.[14]

By the middle of August, Schlatter's fame had spread across the Rocky Mountain West. Edward L. Fox, a former Denver Alderman who had come to Albuquerque with an ill friend, was able to convince Schlatter to go up to Denver; he made plans to leave on August 21. How long will you be in Denver, a reporter asked him? Not over two months, was the reply. Where will you go then? No one knows but The Father, said Schlatter. "Probably I will disappear and no one will know where I am." Will you return ever? "Yes," he said, "but not in the form that I have now."[15]

Weak and somewhat ill from his efforts, Schlatter rested in several prominent Albuquerque homes until time to depart for Denver. Numerous citizens, including the merchants, were very sorry to see him go, for he had brought many people into the city. A crowd gathered at the station to see him off and many wept openly when he boarded the train. When it stopped at Bernalillo, Cerrillos, Lamy, Las Vegas, and on up the line on its way north, people crowded the platforms for a glimpse or a word. At times Schlatter stayed inside, but whenever he emerged from the coach, he told the crowds that it was not necessary that he touch them. The Father would cure them of their ills, he said, because their coming to the station served as proof of their faith.[16] "Last night," noted a *Democrat* reporter, "the curtain dropped on a drama which will claim a place in the history of the Territory of New Mexico."[17]

In Denver Schlatter rested for several weeks at the E. L. Fox home. During that time, Fox had a special platform built behind his house so that the crowds could come up single file and be touched. On September 16, Schlatter again began healing. He

would start at 9:00 a.m. and work through until 5:00 in the evening. At times he would walk among the crowds and touch invalids who could not mount the ramp. Often he blessed handkerchiefs which were held up to him. This he did, with no rest, for almost two months.[18] One reporter guessed that six people passed him every minute. Some crowds were estimated at 3,000.

Denver was as amazed as Albuquerque had been. The streetcars were crowded with the faithful, the scoffers, and the merely curious. The lines began to form before dawn and during the day small boys moved among them selling iced drinks, popcorn, and sandwiches.[19] Some entrepreneurs arrived early, in order to sell their places in line to latecomers. When an official of the Union Pacific railroad felt himself cured of deafness, he offered his employees free trips to Denver. Special trains were also run from Albuquerque and Omaha. The story was even carried in eastern papers. "The work of this man of faith," remarked one reporter, "is one of the greatest sensations in Denver for years."[20]

Denver's doctors and clergymen were irate, but their denunciations proved no match for the testimonials of miraculous cures. So many people tried to withdraw their children from the Colorado Springs State Institute for the Deaf and Blind that the officials sought (unsuccessfully) to have Schlatter visit their institution. Despite persistent scoffing, many of the cures were verified by outsiders. Several people signed affidavits while other cures were attested to by skeptical reporters. " 'Faith moveth mountains,' " remarked Joseph Emerson Smith, who covered the story for the *Denver Post*. "Now, after 46 years, I am still unable to account otherwise for the healings I saw."[21]

Some rascals tried to make money from this excitement by selling handkerchiefs (supposedly blessed by Schlatter) as far away as the East Coast. The Federal government indicted them for using the mails to defraud, and it had plans to call Schlatter in as a witness against them. Before any action could be taken, however, Schlatter disappeared.[22] On the morning of November 14, 1895, Fox and his wife went in to wake the healer, only to find a note pinned to the pillow of his cot: "Mr. Fox—My mission is finished. Father takes me away. Goodbye. [signed] Francis Schlatter."[23]

The Denver papers then began a hunt for Schlatter as if he were public enemy number one. Sightings were reported in every area of the state and in Kansas City and Omaha. The hundreds of people who had come to see him voiced their disappointment, and souvenir hunters tore down the fence surrounding Fox's house. Meanwhile, Schlatter and Butte, his big white horse, were slowly riding south into New Mexico. In mid-December he was spotted in the Santa Fe area and he spent time healing in Peña Blanca, Santo Domingo, and Bernalillo. Several prominent citizens urged him to return to Albuquerque, but he refused to commit himself. He would go where The Father wished, he said. When word of his whereabouts spread, numerous packages and letters were sent to him care of the Postmaster of Santa Fe. "Suffering humanity outside of New Mexico," remarked a Santa Fe editor, "is trying hard to definitely locate Schlatter, the healer."[24]

Early in January Schlatter quietly appeared at the Morley ranch in Datil (near Socorro). There he met a sympathetic listener in Mrs. Ada Morley (Jarrett) who gladly housed him for the winter months. "The Father has directed me to a safe retreat," he told her. "I must restore my spiritual powers in seclusion and prayer." For three months Schlatter stayed in an upstairs room at the Morley household, venturing out only when the coast was clear. During that time he alternately rested and exercised by swinging a large copper rod over his head, as a drum major might swing a baton. He said that The Father had told him this was necessary or he would lose his power. He and Mrs. Morley had long conversations during the winter and, with his permission, she copied them down in a book later published under the title *The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper* (Denver, 1897). Only three copies of this volume are still extant.[25]

Historians owe a great debt of gratitude to Mrs. Morley, for this little book provides the only reliable source for Schlatter's ideas and social attitudes. Here he elaborated on his views of The Father, his impressions of the truth of reincarnation, his criticism of American society, and his vision of the coming New Jerusalem.

When spring arrived, Schlatter informed his hostess that it was time for him to leave. Word had leaked out as to his whereabouts

and people were beginning to seek his aid at the ranch. After bidding Mrs. Morley goodbye, he headed south. He was spotted near Silver City on April 8, but he appeared to be avoiding settled areas.[26] He crossed the line into Mexico a few days later.

For over twenty years afterward, imposters claiming to be Schlatter appeared intermittently across the nation. Chicago, New York City, Canton, Ohio, central Nebraska, Los Angeles, Long Beach, and St. Louis all produced healers who said they were he. But there was a key difference between Schlatter and his imposters: They almost always took money.[27]

Schlatter himself lived only about a year after he left the Morley Ranch. His death occurred sometime in 1897 in Chihuahua, Old Mexico. Rumors of his death spread in the spring of 1897, but they were discounted by his followers. His passing was reported in 1901 by H. F. Gray, a Los Angeles doctor, and this was confirmed five years later by archaeologist Edgar L. Hewett. Hewett tells it this way: In the spring of 1906 he was surveying the eastern slope of the Sierra Madres, near Casas Grandes, about 150 miles south of the American border. Here he heard the story of Schlatter's death from his Mexican guide. Several years earlier the guide had one day found a white horse standing by a man he assumed was sleeping. When he ran to get the village authorities, they discovered that the man was dead. "Francis Schlatter" was written on the flyleaf of the Bible in the saddle bags and a large copper rod lay nearby. After Hewett donated a check to the village educational fund, the *jefe politico* of Casas Grandes gave him the rod. Hewett, in turn, donated it to the Museum of New Mexico, where it now lies.[28] Thus, while much of the western United States was seeking Schlatter, the healer had quietly passed away in a tiny Mexican village.

Francis Schlatter was not the first American to heal by faith, of course, and numerous such healers exist today: Kathryn Kuhlman of Minneapolis, Oral Roberts of Tulsa, the "psychic surgeons" of the Philippine Islands, and numerous lesser-known Pentecostals are all very much in evidence.[29] But Schlatter can best be understood as a product of the 1890s, a period which could justly be considered an age of transition in American life. American culture

in the 1890s was undergoing major shifts in two areas especially: (1) the relationship between rich and poor; and (2) discoveries in the world of medicine.

Historians agree that the "Gay Nineties" hardly deserve their sobriquet. A far better nickname would be the "Grim Nineties" for the depression which lasted from 1893 to 1897—without any governmental intervention—may well have been the nation's worst.[30] The violent strikes at Homestead, Pennsylvania (1892) and Pullman, Illinois (1894) were just the most spectacular of thousands of smaller labor-management conflicts. The election of 1896, which pitted Democrat and Populist William Jennings Bryan against Republican William McKinley, saw America split along lines of poor against rich. The nation was more divided in 1896 than in any other election, with the possible exception of 1936. In 1892 Episcopal priest John J. McCook, an expert on the matter, estimated that there were perhaps 50,000 unemployed men roaming the land. One of these gentlemen of the road, Connecticut Fatty, told McCook that there were only two truly happy people in the world; the millionaire and the bum.[31] During the 1890s, it seemed, there were plenty of both.

Francis Schlatter was very much a part of this milieu. He denounced American society for its love of money and for its injustice to the working classes. "The moneyed few," he said, "are the bloodsucking parasites on the common people." Moreover, he interpreted the message of Jesus of Nazareth as utopian socialism.

"Never forget," he told Mrs. Morley, "I was a workingman. It's a devilish system! It's the cursed institution and those who uphold it will reap their reward. If they sow the wind they will reap the whirlwind. That is the law from on high. Have they clothed the naked, fed the hungry? Have they housed the homeless? Have they protected the widow and orphan?

"There has been no peace since Adam. Is not 6,000 years enough? How long must they suffer? But the day cometh when the promises for thousands of years shall be fulfilled. He will show the world unmistakably that He is the Lord their God and they are His people. Then we shall have peace, once and forever."[32]

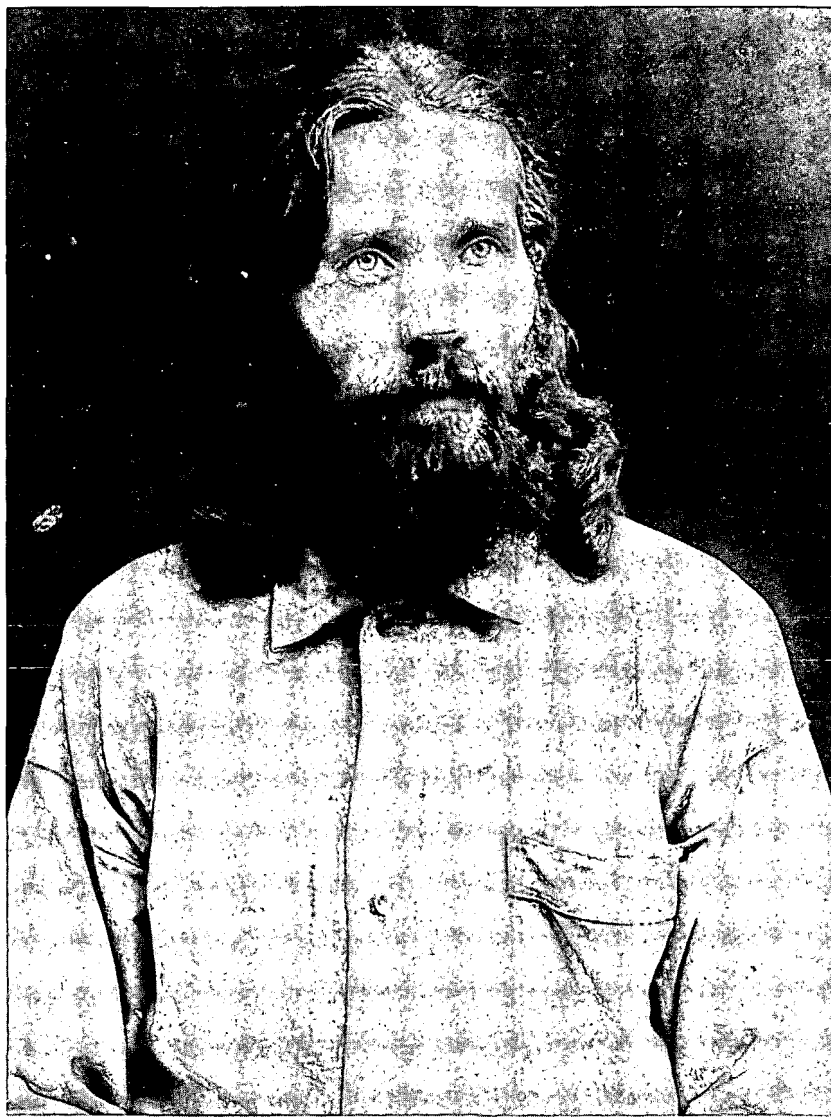
Yet Schlatter was not a political person. He despaired of political solutions. It would serve no purpose to give women the

franchise; it would do no good to vote for the Populists. It was too late. The end of time was approaching. Schlatter predicted that in 1899 there would be a terrible war between the gold powers and the laboring classes. (He missed the McKinley-Bryan election by only three years). After the confrontation, he said, the Lord would establish a New Jerusalem in America. It would be located in Datil, New Mexico. Francis Schlatter was a product of the social unrest of the 1890s. Not without reason was he called "the democrat's Jesus."[33]

The 1890s were also a great age of transition for the world of American medicine. The age of scientific medicine was dawning, but it had not yet arrived. In *Principles and Practices of Medicine* (1892), the chief textbook of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, Dr. William Osler confessed that modern medicine could cure only four or five diseases.[34] Thanks to the discoveries of Louis Pasteur, Robert Koch, and Joseph Lister, medicine was able to *prevent* many infections—antiseptic measures during surgery could halt infection; clean drinking water could stop the spread of cholera and typhoid; doctors could vaccinate against smallpox; quinine could alleviate malarial fevers. But actual *cures* were limited to the fingers of one hand.[35] These were probably the "deficiency diseases," such as scurvy and beriberi, which could be corrected by proper diet.[36] The miracle drugs of sulpha, penicillin, and the like were all products of the twentieth century.[37]

The germ theory of disease had been accepted in most medical circles, but time, distance, and simple stubbornness often impeded its advance. As late as 1885, Dr. William E. Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota (father of the two famous Mayo brothers) performed his surgery without using Lister's antiseptic precautions.[38] In 1892 a famous German doctor drank a beaker full of cholera bacilli to prove that the germ theory was nonsense. He survived, presumably because he was so angry that his stomach acids killed the bacilli before they could kill him.[39] New ideas in the world of medicine spread slowly.[40]

New Mexico and Colorado in the 1890s, moreover, were hardly in the forefront of medical science. For cures, most people relied on home remedies or the numerous patent medicines which were



Francis Schlatter, 1895. *Courtesy of Museum of New Mexico, Photo Archives.*

readily available. These keynoted American medicine during the last half of the nineteenth century. The heyday for patent medicines was from 1880 to 1900. Every year the public spent millions of dollars on them.[41] Before federal regulation in 1906, these concoctions could, and did, promise anything. While the newspapers wrote skeptically of Schlatter's "cures," simultaneously they ran advertisements for Dr. Louden's Cholera Compound ("the only known preventative"); Dr. Miles' Heart Nervine ("permanently cures every kind of nervous disease"); and Dr. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm (which reminded readers, "You can't live without a liver").[42]

Moreover, in the rush to establish medicine on a scientific, even mechanistic, basis, late nineteenth-century physicians began to ignore the relationship between mind and body. By slighting a connection which the ancients had been well aware of, they opened a tremendous gap in the healing process.[43] Into this gap poured a whole body of ideas which collectively were known as "New Thought." In the East, "New Thought" institutionalized itself as Christian Science; in the Middle West, as John A. Dowie's Zion City, Illinois; in the Far West as Unity and The Church of Divine Science. New Thought ideas were much in evidence during the 1890s.[44]

The origins of New Thought were varied. It borrowed from Swedish mystic Emanuel Swedenborg, from Ralph Waldo Emerson and American Transcendentalism, and, especially, from the Quaker idea of the "Christ consciousness" within. New Thought groups differed considerably, one from the other, but all stressed first, that one could alter one's circumstances simply by changing one's ideas toward them, and second, the legitimacy of divine healing. They argued that God is omnipotent and perfect, that man is part of God, and, therefore, that there could be no illness if one were in the right relationship to God. As Denver Divine Science Minister Nona Brooks said, "God is everywhere, therefore God is here. God is health. Health is everywhere, Therefore, health is here."[45]

Francis Schlatter drew heavily on New Thought ideas. Although his critics liked to portray him as an ignorant shoemaker, Schlatter was no fool. His spoken English may have been im-

perfect, but it is clear from his comments that he had read widely in the literature of his time. He left a large box of books with his landlord in Denver, but, unfortunately, these have disappeared. He confessed that he had read New Thought writings and he was also known to have attended several gatherings of "Spiritualists" when he lived in Denver. Healer Malinda E. Cramer, one founder of the Church of Divine Science, moved to Denver in 1887, and it is likely he knew of her or the Brooks sisters.[46] Their messages were very similar. "My mission is to cure the afflicted when The Father directs me," said Schlatter, "but unless they have faith my efforts are useless. The greater the faith the quicker they get well. Some have more disease than others. It doesn't come in a day, and it will not go in a day. When The Father doesn't want it they cannot get it. When He sends it, they have it. It all depends upon what He sends. God is the giver of all things."[47]

Did Francis Schlatter really cure people? Definitely yes. Hundreds of claims of cures emerged, many of them signed and verified; not all of these people could have been mistaken. Modern physicians know that confidence in one's doctor is an important part of the healing process. Few people today doubt that suggestion and auto-suggestion can indeed remove certain symptoms. Several types of hysterias, neuroses, and even certain types of paralyses are directly related to mental attitude. So, yes, Francis Schlatter did cure some of those who came to see him.

Were the cures permanent? There is no way of knowing for certain, of course, for no follow-up studies were ever done. It seems safe to say that some were and some were not. Since the *source* of the neurotic illness was not affected, the symptoms might, perhaps, have moved around the body. A woman cured of headaches, say, might well have developed stomach pains a few weeks later. A man who lost the pain in his arm might well have developed another in his leg, and so forth.[48] But the real miracles came from the workings of the mind and body themselves.[49] Most people feel better in the morning, the old medical adage has it, and most people get well eventually. Time heals the majority of illnesses on her own. Schlatter was well aware of this. To the many people who felt no instantaneous improvement, he said that the cures were gradual. They came "as the faith comes."

Did Francis Schlatter actually reverse such maladies as cancer, permanent blindness, deafness, or tuberculosis? Almost certainly not. Those were beyond the ken of the medicine of his time, and, unfortunately, are often beyond our present-day knowledge also. But, as Walter C. Hadley of Albuqueruqe said of Schlatter, he was not an imposter. He was just as he represented himself—a poor shoemaker doing the bidding of The Father. Where his power came from, Hadley could not say, but: "I do know the man is honest in his intentions, consistent in all things, and that he is doing many men good and no man harm."[50] Would that the same could be said of each one of us.

NOTES

1. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 22, 1895; Harry Byron Magill, *Biography of Francis Schlatter, The Healer, with His Life, Works and Wanderings* (Company, Denver, 1896), p. 8. Francis Schlatter, *The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper* (Denver, 1897), p. 86. Alice Bullock, "Francis Schlatter: A Fool for God." *El Palacio* 81 (1975):38-43, offers a good short synopsis of his career. I would like to thank the staff of the Western History Department, Denver Public Library, Charles A. Truxillo, and Margaret Connell Szasz for their assistance in the preparation of this article.

2. Fitz Mac, "The 'Christ Man' of Denver," *The Great Divide* 12 (November, 1895):253-54.

3. Anon., *The Divine Healer* (Denver, 1895), pp. 21-30; Francis Schlatter, *The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper*, pp. 17-38.

4. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 17, 1895. Some people felt he was the "wandering Jew" of legend. Interview with Charles Truxillo, March, 1978, Albuquerque. Florence Ellis, "Tomé and Father J.B.R.," *New Mexico Historical Review* 30 (1955):215.

As Mr. Chaves said later, Schlatter "clearly possessed a mysterious, unexplainable power over men." Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, August 22, 1895.

5. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 17, 1895.

6. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 17, 1895. A woman said, "O! It's wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, Christ on earth in our day." *Albuquerque Weekly Citizen*, December 21, 1895.

7. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 21, 1895; July 22, 1895. Only much later, when the excitement over Schlatter had begun to fade, did the Catholic priests speak out against him. Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, December 28, 1895; December 31, 1895.

8. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 23, 1895.

9. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, August 13, 1895.

10. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 24, 1895; July 25, 1895; July 27, 1895.

11. William A. Keleher took his crippled younger brother, Lawrence, to see Schlatter, but with no effect. Keleher, *Memoirs: 1892-1969* (Santa Fe, 1969), pp. 34-36. "Old timer once held hands with Francis Schlatter, but got no wallop," Santa Fe *New Mexican*, October 20, 1922. William Jones Wallrich, " 'Christ Man' Schlatter," *New Mexico Folklore Record* 4 (1949-50):28-30, is a very critical modern account.

12. *Albuquerque Weekly Citizen*, July 27, 1895.

13. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, August 13, 1895; August 16, 1895.

14. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, August 10, 1895.

15. Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, August 12, 1895; Albuquerque *Morning Democrat*, August 11, 1895.

16. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, August 22, 1895; August 23, 1895. Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, August 24, 1895.

17. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, August 22, 1895.

18. *Colorado Sun*, October 4, 1895.

19. *Catholic Register*, August 7, 1941; *Denver Post*, November 9, 1895.

20. Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, September 21, 1895.

21. Millard T. Everett, "Strange Cures Verified by Skeptical Newsmen," *Catholic Register*, August 21, 1941, pp. 1-2; August 28, 1941; *Denver Republican*, October 26, 1895. Wesley B. French, "Denver's Mystery Messiah," *Empire Magazine*, September 30, 1951. M. Rayon, *Fads or Facts?* (Chicago, 1905), pp. 67-73. *Colorado Sun*, October 29, 1895.

22. *Denver Post*, November 4, 1895.

23. Gene Fowler, *Timberline: A Story of Bonfils and Tammen* (New York, 1933), p. 220. Thomas F. Dawson, "Francis Schlatter—Denver Healer of the '90's," *The Trail* 11 (October, 1918):11-14.

24. Santa Fe *Daily New Mexican*, December 20, 1895; December 18, 1895; December 19, 1895; "The constant inquiry of all persons yesterday was 'Where is Schlatter?' " said the *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, December 19, 1895; December 20, 1895; December 21, 1895.

25. Schlatter as quoted in Agnes Morley Cleaveland, *No Life for a Lady* (Boston, 1941), p. 223. Copies of Francis Schlatter, *The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper* (Denver, 1897) are in the New York Public Library, the Denver Public Library, and in a private residence in Santa Fe.

26. *Silver City Enterprise*, April 10, 1896.

27. Denver *Catholic Register*, June 7, 1945; *Denver Republican*, October 27, 1909, October 22, 1909; Frank McClelland, "Denver's Famous Healer Francis Schlatter and His Many Imitators," *Rocky Mountain News*, March 18, 1928. *Denver Times*, December 6, 1900, July 8, 1901, September 5, 1901, September 20, 1901, January 28, 1903. Denver *Post*, May 9, 1909, August 1, 1904, October 22, 1909, April 4, 1916.

28. *Denver Times*, July 17, 1901. Edgar L. Hewett, *Campfire and Trail* (Albuquerque, 1943), pp. 69-75.

29. Historian David Edwin Harrell, Jr., *All Things Are Possible: The Healing and Charismatic Revivals of Modern America* (Bloomington, 1975) presents a rather sympathetic account of such healing while William A. Nolen, M.D., *Healing: A Doctor in Search of a Miracle* (New York, 1974) looks at healers from a medical point of view and is quite critical.

30. Charles Hoffman,, "The Depression of the Nineties," *The Journal of Economic History* 16 (1956):137-64.

31. Adelia Haberski French, ed., *The Social Reform Papers of John James McCook* (Hartford, 1977), p. 8.

32. Francis Schlatter, *The Life of the Harp in the Hand of the Harper*, pp. 134, 142, 153-54; the quotation is from p. 149.

33. Schlatter, *Life of the Harp*, pp. 117-22, 167, 168, 174-76.

34. Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner, *William Henry Welch and the Heroic Age of American Medicine* (New York, 1941), pp. 269-70.

35. Paul De Kruif, *Microbe Hunters* (New York, 1926), pp. 57-184. Kenneth Walker, *The Story of Medicine* (New York, 1955), pp. 182-88. Aristides A. Moll, *Half a Century of Medical and Public Health Progress, 1890-1940* (Washington, 1940), pp. 1-5. C. D. Haagensen and Wyndham E. B. Lloyd, *A Hundred Years of Medicine* (New York, 1943), p. 17.

36. Kenneth Walker, *The Story of Medicine* (New York, 1955), pp. 282-86.

37. John C. Burnham, "Will Medical History Join the American Mainstream?" *Reviews in American History* 6 (1978):43-49. See also Erwin H. Ackerknecht, M.D., *A Short History of Medicine* (New York, 1908), pp. 228-39.

38. Helen Clapesattle, *The Doctors Mayo* (New York, 1943), p. 234.

39. William H. McNeill, *Plagues and Peoples* (New York, 1976), p. 236.

40. Phyllis Allen Richmond, "American Attitudes Toward the Germ Theory of Disease (1860-1880)," *Journal of the History of Medicine* 9 (1954):428-54. In the late 1880s, a distinguished doctor, Alfred Loomis, stood on a New York University Medical College lecture platform and said, "People say there are bacteria in the air, but *I* cannot see them." For this, he was greeted with applause! Flexner and Flexner, *William Henry Welch and the Heroic Age of American Medicine*, p. 119.

41. Guenter B. Risse, Ronald L. Numbers and Judith Walker Leavitt, *Medicine Without Doctors: Home Health Care in American History* (New York, 1977), offers the best study of this subject; Clapesattle, *The Doctors Mayo*, pp. 28-29. Adelaide Hechtlinger, *The Great Patent Medicine Era* (New York, 1970), offers a colorful panorama. James Harvey Young, *The Toadstool Millionaires: A Social History of Patent Medicines in America before Federal Regulation* (Princeton, 1961) is the best scholarly account. *Cf.* pp. 191-208. See also James Harvey Young, "Patent Medicines and the Self-Help Syndrome," in Risse, et al., ed., *Medicine Without Doctors*, pp. 95-115; also William G. Rothstein, *American Physicians in the Nineteenth Century: From Sects to Science* (Baltimore, 1972), p. 187.

42. *Albuquerque Weekly Citizen*, July 20, 1895; November 2, 1895; *The* [Socorro] *Citizen*, August 10, 1894.

43. Henry E. Sigerist, *Civilization and Disease* (Ithaca, 1943), pp. 144-45.

44. Lloyd C. Taylor, Jr., *The Medical Profession and Social Reform* (New York, 1974), p. 19. Brian Inglis, *A History of Medicine* (Cleveland, 1965), pp. 133-40, 179.

45. Virginia Culver, "Divine Science Origins Traced," Denver *Post*, August 19, 1972.

46. *Denver Post*, August 19, 1972; Schlatter, *The Life of the Harp*, pp. 157, 174.

47. *Colorado Sun*, October 4, 1895. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 22, 1895.

48. Henry E. Sigerist, *Civilization and Disease*, pp. 136-37. Nolen, *Healing*, pp. 235-44, 270-73.

49. An excellent recent statement of this thesis is Ronald J. Glasser, M.D., *The Body Is the Hero* (New York, 1976).

50. *Albuquerque Morning Democrat*, July 27, 1895.