

Fifty-One Cooperators.

Fifty-one questionnaires were returned by Sunday morning -- and only one of the returns was silly. (One out of fifty-one is a large proportion, but the two or three silly ones that come in each year usually arrive with the first set of answers. Cleverness is so impatient.) But fifty-one is hardly a fair start. If we have three hundred and fifty by tonight the chances are that we will have a representative return this year. You can get yours in today; tomorrow you can see that your next-door neighbor sends his in. In that way we can assure ourselves that the report next year will be of the same high type as the six reports that have preceded it.

A Mother Vindicates Her Son.

A few weeks ago the Indiana local papers carried big headlines which stated that George Schmauss, who had spent two years at Notre Dame and was lately a medical student at Loyola University, Chicago, had been killed by a sheriff who was seeking him on a charge that he had shot and killed the local chief of police on the previous day while resisting arrest on a charge of bootlegging.

The grief-stricken mother of George came to the University a few days ago to tell the facts of the case, because she felt that the University should know what had happened to her unfortunate son. She has given us this account of the tragedy:

George contracted an unfortunate marriage. He was a student, with no means to set up a home, so his wife remained at her home, teaching music, while George lived in Chicago. Her family, decidedly anti-Catholic, poisoned her mind against George, and she secured a divorce without any notice to him other than the published advertisement in an obscure newspaper. The court ordered him to pay court costs of fifty dollars, and this he refused to do without an interview with the Judge. Attempts to secure this interview were fruitless.

The attempt of the police to arrest him to secure this payment resulted in a scuffle in which the policeman was shot. George had no gun, and did not touch the gun that killed the policeman. He escaped from his pursuers and hid for the night on the top of his mother's hospital, where the attempt to arrest him was made. In the search made in the building a still for chemical uses was found, and this gave rise to the bootlegging charge -- a silly charge that might be made against any hospital.

George spent a terrible night in the rain on the roof of the building. The place had been filled with tear gas, and he could not come down until this had cleared somewhat the next day. Some one saw him descend, and notified the police. The sheriff searched the building again, and found him hiding under a bed. He asserts that he felt that George was out of his mind, and that for his own protection he needed to shoot first. Apparently he took no chances, as four bullets were found in the body. It is asserted that the Judge, the officers involved, and the coroner were all members of the Ku Klux Klan.

Thus far the story of Mrs. Schmauss. Your prayers were asked before for George, although his name was not mentioned in the Bulletin at the time; you are asked to redouble them now, and to pray fervently for his distracted parents and his two sisters who have suffered so much.

Prayers.

James T. Connors, of Morrissey Hall, asks prayers for his father, who is ill. Three special intentions are recommended.