The Superior General Tonight.

The carillon in the church tower, silent these many years, will be tested this afternoon at 2:30. Tune in. The bells will be tested by M. Anton Broes, the Belgian artist who recently inaugurated the Bok Singing Tower in Florida and the carillon of the Scottish Rite Cathedral in Indianapolis.

Our carillon was the first one installed in the United States. A carillon differs from chimes in that its scale is chromatic instead of diatonic; that is, it includes all the half-tones of the scale as well as the standard tones. To put it more simply the notes produced by the carillon correspond to both the black and white keys of the piano keyboard, while chimes have tones corresponding to only the white keys.

Our carillon came from Le Mans, France, the birthplace of the Congregation -- so did the large bell; so did the windows. This carillon has twenty-three bells; it is an unusually large one. Of its excellent tone you can judge for yourself when you hear the tests this afternoon.

How Many Scalps In Your Belt?

The primitive inhabitants of our country used to measure their prowess as man-killers by the number of scalps in their belt. It was a gruesome, bloody form of boasting, but it suited the savage character of the aborigines. A later breed of savage notched his gun when he got his man. We prefer the scalp as a symbol for what we have to say.

How many souls have you slaughtered this year? Let's take a look at the bloody scalps you have worn.

Here's No. 1. That boy never missed Mass till he met you; you talked him out of going the first time; he has missed five times since -- that means his faith is slipping. There's a mark on your soul for that. How about No. 2? You should have cut out his tongue instead of scalping him -- it would have done him less harm: he can match your filthy tongue any day now, and the bad thoughts and desires he will spread from now on will be laid at your door as well as his.

No. 3 stinks; rotten hide doesn't tan so well. You got by, but his flesh bears the stigma of his first offense -- and you look smug and well-fed, and you sleep well at night. 5 and 6 and 7 are gone, but their scalps still dance from your belt; they are not used to liquor, but you carried yours well. What's this? A girl's clotted tussle of hair? And you call yourself a Notre Dame man! Do you know what "Notre Dame" means? 8 and 9; they learned to steal when you taught them to gamble. No. 10 lost self respect when he lost respect for women -- and you taught him that when you kidded him about his innocence and inexperience. Ten bloody scalps you wear -- ten souls you have started on the road to hell -- and you eat well and sleep well and are a respectable person!

"Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him that can destroy both body and soul into hell." -- Matthew, X, 28.

Prayers.

Larry Aylward's father died Monday night. The New Jersey Club will have a Mass at 6:20 in the Church tomorrow morning for the repose of the soul of John Colrick's father. Louis Godoy is suffering from effects of his recent illness. Five special intentions. Philip Clark's mother, erroneously reported as deceased a few days ago, is said to be beyond hope of recovery.