

HATS AND THINGS

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M, FOUR-THIRTY. Pleasant September afternoon with a brisk breeze sweeping across the city. Guess I'll walk home and see what I can see on the way.

Smart shop, new on the avenue. No, its a *shoppe*. Dignified sign in quiet colors, displaying the legend: "Madame Boray—Ladies' Hats." Pretty bonnets for milady in the window, and a modest placard for the information of fair buyers: "Latest Creations."

"Latest Creations"! Madame must have some pretty smart designers, but one would hardly expect her to rate them so high. But, maybe her hats *are* creations. They look odd enough, anyway.

What's creation, anyhow? Have seen a lot of new creations in architecture lately. That one on the corner there, the Bridley Building—all straight lines. Looks like something the devil thought up. Seems to be the same kind of creation as the handiwork of Madame. Newspapers been talking about a committee the Mayor is going to create, and someone said something yesterday about creating a diversion for his youngsters. Great way they slap the words around. Always thought creation was supposed to belong to God.

All these uses of the word can't mean the same thing. Let's see mind is slipping, I guess can't remember those things so well nowadays. Creation what's it mean? Grammar school days, . . . Sister patiently waiting an answer, . . . Eddy Hines, slow as usual, . . . finally: "God is . . . God is the Creator of heaven and earth and . . . all things." That's it! God is the Creator of all things; He made everything there is. It always sounded good to me someone had to make things. There was that time during the war when Pa had the garden and I saw so many ears of corn grow up out of the few kernels which he let me plant myself. That big stalk and so many more kernels from the few! Of course Pa said the sun and the ground made them grow so big, but how

could those things do it. Sun and ground don't have corn in them. Someone way back had to give them that power. Then that silly thing that old Peg-leg pulled on me the first year in high school: "what came first, the hen or the egg?" Even then it seemed kind of stupid, because even if we did know which came first it wouldn't make us much wiser. Something had to be before the first one, hen or egg. It's quite plain that they just don't hop out from nowhere.

It's funny, though—some people don't think the idea of creation is so good. There's that writer in the Sunday paper, and the nut I heard yelling his head off in the park one night, all about religion being a lot of bosh. To them, everything is like Topsy—never began, just grew. It just doesn't fit in, somehow. Things don't grow from nothing nowadays; why should they have grown from nothing before. But, they try to tell us that there wasn't any "before." Blind chance is the cause of things. The world just happened to fall out of a whirlwind of fires and vapours that have always been up there in space, whirling around. But, it's a ridiculous idea! They just take away God's name, and call Him blind chance.

Here's Primrose Corner. Wind is blowing up stronger. Button my coat, I guess. Oop! . . . too bad the wind wouldn't steer some of these people in the right direction—that fellow knocked the breath out of me. Yes, but the wind hasn't any brains (like the people who bump you).—They do take more away from God than His name; they take His intelligence. Blind chance hasn't any brains, but it doesn't make sense to say things got the way they are by accident. Look at our own body. Doc Reynolds was telling me a bit about it the other day. Hundreds of tiny veins, and little valves, and such, make up these frames of ours. Why, that engine, crossing the trestle over there, can't be half as complicated as we are. And there's that new big plane I read about. Those things haven't half the parts we have, yet anyone who sees them around knows that it took intelligence to think them out. Mighty odd! It takes months to plan a machine, yet professors try to tell us that the universe just fell together.—Watch your step; traffic is getting heavy.—Must be near five.

Keysley's shoe factory.—Reminds me that I need a pair. They're unloading a car of leather. Funny to think that we walk around on animal skin—wonder what kind of shoes our own skin would make. That's something too. People become

pretty excited over some of the smart things that are done nowadays; they probably never realize that we just fool around with stuff that was here long before we appeared on the scene. With all our machines we don't make a thing; we only twist and change. Kill a cow and work on its skin 'till we have a nice shiny covers for our feet! It is smart, I suppose, but it doesn't seem so brilliant when you see all there is in nature and realize the Maker of it had nothing to work on. That's the difference between Madame's creation and God's creations. She might make a hat, the like of which hasn't been seen in town before; but she made it from cloth according to some idea. Yes, even the ideas came from the outside—things she saw and fitted together in her head. Now if God had to use cloth and shears, or even ideas, which he got somewhere else, He just wouldn't be God. I think that many of these new fangled ideas are given out because men think it is too humiliating to be made from nothing. But, it seems much more lowering to be the product of a blind nothing, than to be a product from the nothing of an all-powerful God. But, they do not get around the question; they sidestep it. Things are, and we can see that they don't exist from themselves but have to go back to a first, and if God depended on something else for raw material He wouldn't be the first.

Lights are red! Fourteenth and Carson. Place they had the shooting the other morning. The world surely is running down when this town starts hatching bandit disputes. Always been such a respectable place. Ho, here's one of those birth-control pamphleteers. Serious looking women too. There's the rub, so many people trying to help out the race. They are helping it out—out the door to the jungle.

Sycamore Street. Pilgrim Hall on the other corner. The Brotherhood of Mankind will meet there tonight. Big drive to rid the world of bogeys and dogmas—make man free. Yes, free! If they only knew that they are binding him tighter to the earth! They will broadcast the words of the writer in the Sunday paper, and echo the words of the young speaker in the park: "God didn't make the world; it just happened. Let's forget this God stuff and work for man." They work for man, all right,—in the singular.

When they take away man's divine origin, they have taken away every reason for work and orderly conduct. Gangsters and birth-control now; later, wholesale robbery and slaughter. Eventually, we have a race of beasts, the stronger crushing the

weaker. It's got to lead there; for if man and the earth just happened to be, there is no call for anything but a good time, until they just happen not to be. Can't be any doubt about that. Winston Churchill said that the longer man's viewpoint embraces only the material, the closer civilization grows to destruction. The farther men go from God's Creation, the nearer grows the likelihood that milliners will cease to create.

. . . Hawthorne Street. Wind is pretty strong now. Here's home. Guess I'll take the subway next time. Didn't see much anyway.