

Chinese Sausages

From our China Pilgrim

Cold fattens many of the Chinese. Some swell up all of a sudden like big round sausages. Under their clothing they stuff themselves with big woollens and thick cotton batting. Their weight increases by about ten kilos.

To face the wind that blows in from Siberia, the cutest dolls, like the most robust fellows, the peasants, students, even distinguished politicians and educators disappear into long khaki coats with a big black fur collar. Under their “aviator cap” with large ears flapping in the wind like the wings of a pelican, they look like a defeated army; that is, until we realize that, under this fur package, there are smiling eyes, red cheeks radiant with health and ready at any time, to break into one the most beautiful smiles in the world.

Still others wheel along noiselessly on the icy roads on their bicycles, often without gloves and nothing more than a pair of thin summer slippers.

Their hands and feet don't seem to get chilly at all. And their eyes don't seem to get cold either. In fact, some among them don't seem to get cold at all. In extreme cold they waddle cheerfully in the midst of the forest of khaki coats in simple summer clothing.

But every year now you can see the long khaki coats losing ground. Changes in fashion are inevitable, so it's possible that shortly after the beginning of the next century, these old, warm friends will beat a speedy retreat before the new fashions now becoming popular in China and regrettably find their way into the museum.

