The Machine Age
By W. E. Hill

Reducing machine. Just a beautiful girl reducing with one of these machines you see so much of in the advertising pages. Poor girl, she has forgotten how to stop the thing.

Radio. Just a song at twilight via the amplifier at the neighborhood radio shop. The red hot Crustless boys are offering "Play in Your Own Back Yard" both loudly and lustily.

X-ray. Before the days of the X-ray machines dentists had a pretty hard time of it keeping the customers happy in the dental chair. Now when a patient begins to show nervousness the dentist gets out the X-ray pictures, and before you can say "Jack Robinson" everybody is happy. "Now hear," says the dentist, laying off your bridge work for the moment, "is a very good picture I took yesterday of a bicuspid that had gnawed down into the gums!"

Phonograph. The legging profession isn't what it used to be in the good old days. Take it from Panhandle Patsy, whose leg face wavers the dimes and nickels from sturdy hearted passersby, dat's me. Patsy has a portfolio phonograph now, presented by a rich admirer, and Patsy wavers the coins to tunes. The old band organ gave out at last, after a thirty years' rendition of "Auld Lang Syne."

The talking movie. Many people prefer the radio to the "talkies." You don't have to sit and look at Senator Gulp delivering his speech when listening in on the radio. At the talking movie you get all of Senator Gulp's features, which are not so hot, thrown in for good measure.

Airplane. The freedom of the air has done a lot for those elderly girls who used to sit home reading Jane Austen way back in the '30s. In this age of machines and motors a grandmother will think nothing of flying from San Diego to Chicago before breakfast, and will even tell you she can't get a kick out of anything any more except a forced landing.

Manufactured ice. Inger, the lovely housemaid, and Olaf, the handsome iceman, are hardly speaking these days. It seems that the family for whom Inger is obliging at present has installed an ice machine, and Inger, silly girl, has grown very subservient and is pretty condescending to Olaf. Harrying on ice cubes and all that till one day Olaf had to slap her face. Just a short time ago it was that Olaf was calling Inger his Svenske dumpling and Inger was giving Olaf kisses.

The hair machine. Those girls with the water waves and the permanents, who look so cute at night, aren't nearly so appetizing earlier in the day, all done up in water waving machines at the beauty parlor.

Artificial sunlight. Those sun machines are great stuff for the boys who don't want their friends to know they've been in town all summer. There are sunburns going about that never even saw the sunlight!