

The Machine Age

By W. E. Hill

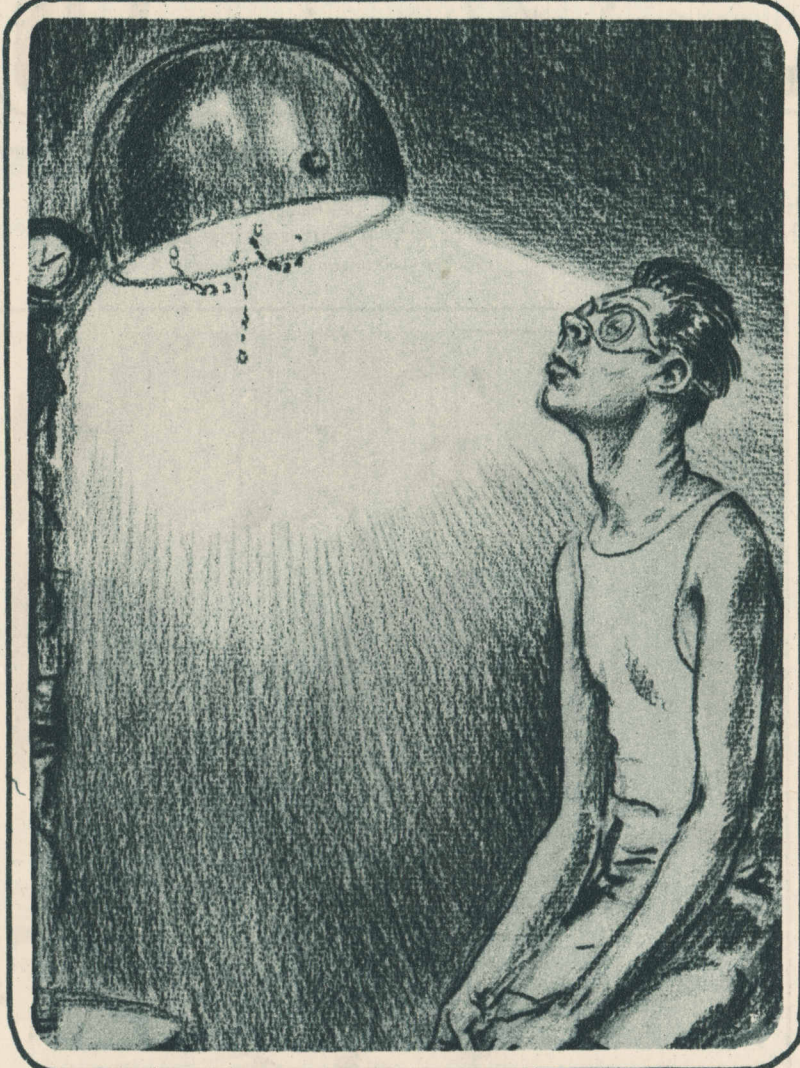
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Reducing machine. Just a beautiful girl reducing with one of those machines you see so much of in the advertising pages. Poor girl, she has forgotten how to stop the thing.



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



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!



Phonograph. The begging profession isn't what it used to be in the good old days. Take it from Panhandle Pansy, whose sad face wheedles the dimes and the nickels from stony hearted passersby, drat 'em. Pansy has a portable phonograph now, presented by a rich admirer, and Pansy wheedles the coin to tunes. The old hand organ gave out at last, after a thirty years' rendition of "Mr. Dooley."



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.



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 peevishness the dentist gets out the X-ray pictures, and before you can say "Jack Robinson" everybody is happy. "Now here," 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!"



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 '90s. 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 snobbish and is pretty condescending to Olaf. Harping 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.