



People on the way up

TWO MILLION of these people buy The Saturday Evening Post every week and buy it to read. The Saturday Evening Post is never given away with a set of books or other premium. Its circulation follows the flag, not the book agent.

These two million pay the full price for it. The Saturday Evening Post is never offered at a special price or in clubs with other periodicals at cut rates. It is worth all that is charged for it.

These two million are the pick of the flock—the men and women from seventeen to seventy who are growing.

In business: the grayhaired President with young brains—the all-alive executives under him—the never-say-die salesmen—the up-and-coming clerks—the get-ahead cubs.

In the law, in medicine, in journalism, in public life: the men who win cases and save lives, who fight for clean politics and a better America.

In the country: the farmer who goes to town in his automobile and the young man who goes to the State College of Agriculture.

In college: the boy who has more than the batting averages in his head, and the professor who can interest his classes in a dry-as-dust subject.

In the schools: the teachers who try to equip their scholars for America and the twentieth century, instead of the days of old Rameses.

Among women: the clear-eyed upstanding ones who think in terms of something besides cup custards and sex stories.

The Saturday Evening Post is the Dominant Publication of America, because its readers are the men and women who dominate and will dominate American life and thought.

The Saturday Evening Post's editorial policy is constantly changing, but fundamentally changeless. It offers infinite variety, but is

always basically the same. Its editorials, articles and stories all tie into a consistent, constructive American policy.

Its editorials are clear, well-informed, but not noisy. In them, truth is never sacrificed to "pep," sanity to sound.

Its articles are able, interesting, progressive. They attack when criticism is warranted and serves a useful purpose, but half-baked, ill-informed muckrakers, with their backstairs scandal of corporations and individuals, are not admitted to its columns.

Its stories strike twelve, but not "sex o'clock." It has attracted the best of the older and first presented the best of the newer writers.

Cameron Mackenzie's story, The Man Who Tried to be It—a year of business life told in terms of living men—teaches business theory and practice better than a course at a school of finance.

The influence of Samuel G. Blythe's novel, The Price of Place, based on accurate inside information of political conditions, was felt at the polls.

Irvin Cobb's story, Field of Honor, brings home better than all the editorials and articles what war does to the man who goes to the trenches and the woman who stays behind.

Montague Glass' Potash and Perlmutter showed the good where too many had looked only for the bad, and helped break down race prejudice.

In every number stories like these unite with The Post's editorials and articles to portray American Life—its ideals, its struggles, its defeats and its successes in a way that has made it recognized as the dominant and representative American Publication, not only at home, but in every country abroad.

The only business that can afford to advertise is a business on the way up. The people who make advertising pay are the people on the up grade. They read

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Dominant Publication

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140 Pages & Cover

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