

The Greatest Writers of all the World Write for Cosmopolitan

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Once there was a Single-Harness Performer who, at the age of 22, had put a curse on women because a Hat-Trimmed threw him, but who now, later on, and in the light of Events which did not seem to be progressing toward anything in Particular, showed signs of Slipping, Skidding, Back-Pedaling, and Retreating to a new Line of Defence.—from a New Fable in Slang in February Cosmopolitan by

George Ade

The difference between one man's dread of writing and another man's dread of writing is merely a difference of degree, not of kind. And if any among you asserts that he has no fear of the written word merely because it is written, let him try the following experiment.—To find out, you'll have to read "The Diary Habit" in February Cosmopolitan by

Anne Sewell

"But I'm too young to marry now. You know that Shirley, don't you? I haven't placed myself in any way yet, and I'm so restless that I don't know that I ever will, really."—He went away and sent Shirley this letter. Did she turn to "The Second Choice." Answered in February Cosmopolitan by

Theodore Dreiser

All mankind is a chain—
Each life a link or great or small;
United portions of the All;
And he who harms a living thing
Harm to the whole vast world must bring.
—from "Good Mothers" in February Cosmopolitan by

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

"We're an ugly lot," said old Jolyon suddenly. "Amazes me to see how love triumphs over that."
"Love triumphs over everything."
"The young think so," he muttered.
"Love has no age, no limit, and no death."—from "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte" in February Cosmopolitan by

John Galsworthy

She picked up the letter and examined the way her husband signed himself, "Affectionately," which had been abbreviated to a rapid "Aff." She found it depressingly mechanical, matter of fact, business-like, and lacking the true savor of romance.—A light on Amy Forrester's character in "Virtuous Wives" in February Cosmopolitan by

Owen Johnson

"Guess he don't know I'll be twenty-one in November. Have a little money then. He can't put it over me. I'll buy his old paper. Or start another one. I'll make the town too hot for him. Thinks he owns all Sunbury. But he DON'T."—Was Henry the Ninth able to put this over? Read "Tiger, Tiger" in February Cosmopolitan by

Sam Merwin

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"You boys move too fast for good pictures," he complained. "Why I didn't get fifteen feet of Fred in that tree. You must take your time. Stick! When I get you right, STICK! Gee, I'll be a joke at the Screen Club if this keeps up! You guys will ruin my reputation."—from the cougar hunting adventures of Rex Beach and Fred Stone. Told in February Cosmopolitan by

Rex Beach

It was not the habit of George B. Jashber to take sarcasm into account, except when uttered in either a savage or a mocking tone of voice; and he forthwith came to the simple conclusion that both his parents believed Mr. Herbert Hamilton Dade's profession to be that of stealing horses.—Jashber is our old boy friend Penrod in his new role as a detective. Read the novel, "Penrod Jashber" in February Cosmopolitan by

Booth Tarkington

Cook the Kaiser's goose on your own stove!—from February Cosmopolitan by

Herbert Kaufman

She rejected the worn out conventions with which he attempted to chain her—this apostle of personal freedom. She cared for her profession—he married her when she was on the stage—and she absolutely insisted on her right to continue it.—from "The Restless Sex" in February Cosmopolitan by

Robert W. Chambers

Without a word J. Rufus picked a package from his seat. "Here's where I get rid of you," he chuckled, as he tore off the paper wrapper and handed a small wooden cage to Blackie. It contained a —.—Read "Jolly Bachelors" to find out what the genial scoundrels slipped over. In February Cosmopolitan, and by

George Randolph Chester

"Did you want to be married in church?" She stared through the dusk of her veil. "Where else—" There was a difficulty, she heard, about being married in church. The Church of England took the old fashioned view—from "Camilla," a Novel of Divorce in February Cosmopolitan by

Elizabeth Robins

I had just returned to London after two or three enjoyable days spent at the Duke of Fife's house at Sheen—and was once more settling down to the mutton chop of adversity when the card of Mrs. Henry Labouchere was handed to me"—this was the beginning of Lillie Langtry's stage career as told in February Cosmopolitan by

Lillie de Balle
(Lillie Langtry.)

The managing editor of the STAR shoved over at Kennedy and myself whom he had called urgently by telephone one evening, a confidential tip that had been sent in by messenger from the reporter assigned to the army cantonment out at Camp Mahan on Long Island.—What the reporter found and how Craig Kennedy solved the mystery is told in "The Black Cross" in February Cosmopolitan by

Ceribunt Reeve