

Nearly everybody worth while

NEARLY everybody worth while spends some time enjoying the finer things of life. The banker isn't always thinking about credits and sight drafts. The manufacturer occasionally forgets cost-sheets and out-puts. The busy executive finds an occasional moment in which profits and losses have no significance. The better type of employee frequently stimulates his imagination in realms far removed from the counting-house, the shop or the office.

And "everybody worth while" means, of course, those who are doing the work of the world and whose voice, individually or collectively, in commerce, in politics, in art, in work or in play is the most authoritative.

That a magazine should have about a million and a half circulation—that it should publish the best work of the greatest writers and the greatest artists in all the world—that it should have the greatest newsstand sale—that it should, in short, make publishing history is important. But it is of far greater importance that this magazine is read by nearly everybody worth while.

Surely it is significant that the chance acquaintance you recently met on a limited train was deeply interested in the same magazine you yourself carried, and that you should discuss "Kindred of the Dust" with him, agreeing, perhaps, that it is "the best thing Kyne has done." You may have taken his interest in *Cosmopolitan* for granted—but a glance about you would probably have disclosed more copies of *Cosmopolitan* than



The banker isn't always thinking about credits.

of any other magazine. Nearly everybody worth while reads *Cosmopolitan*.

And when, at your destination, you strolled through the hotel lobby, stopping at the newsstand, it was no coincidence that the progressive, prosperous looking man you had noticed at the desk as you registered, asked for *Cosmopolitan*. Nearly everybody worth while reads *Cosmopolitan*.

At the home of your friend—in a quiet suburb—you find *Cosmopolitan* on the library table, and after dinner, over the cigars, you have a topic in common. Perhaps it's Fannie Hurst and you both wonder if her

forthcoming novel in *Cosmopolitan* will live up to the greatness of her short stories in the magazine.

Your dummy at bridge in the evening, may tell you that every time he plays lately he remembers what Harvey O'Higgins said in *Cosmopolitan* about the young man who fell in love with a girl at first sight because her long, slim, white hands at the card-table exerted a mysterious attraction for him. "Yes, nearly everybody worth while reads *Cosmopolitan*," you say to yourself.

Your competent secretary brings the *Cosmopolitan* to the office with her, and you hear her say to your assistant, "Now if you want to read something really good, don't miss the new Rupert Hughes story in this month's *Cosmopolitan*." If you haven't read it, you make a mental note to do so—and so it goes. It is borne upon you more and more that nearly everybody worth while reads *Cosmopolitan*.

And because nearly everybody worth while reads *Cosmopolitan*—because an ambitious cow-puncher is just as willing to ride forty miles to the nearest post-office for his copy as you are to pick it up on the stand on your way home—*Cosmopolitan* is a really great, a really important magazine in the lives of about a million and a half worth while people.

Get the newest *Cosmopolitan* which you can buy today at the nearest newsstand and see for yourself why nearly everybody worth while reads *America's Greatest Magazine*.

America's Greatest Magazine

Cosmopolitan

Do not approach literature from the fact-side but from the heart-side. See in it an outlet, not an inlet.
Prof. C. Alphonso Smith