



“I Simply CAN'T Let Him Outgrow Me”

SHE LIVES IN A LITTLE HOUSE IN A suburb of New York and makes that house a home.

He too lives in the little house for a part of his life; but the rest of it is spent in an office in the city.

All sorts of men ride with him on the suburban trains, or visit him in his office, or meet him for luncheon at his club.

His life is full of stimulating contacts. Every day brings him new experiences that mean larger growth and more assurance. He is a far bigger man to-day than he was last year, and ten times bigger than when they were married ten years ago.

And she?

Her life, too, is filled full; but the experiences that come to her are neither so various nor so stimulating.

There are the older children who must be hurried off to school each morning. There is the baby to be bathed and put to sleep. There are meals to be planned, and bills to be paid.

So, day after day slips by with hardly a spare moment. Happy days—she would not change them if she could! Only a single cloud crosses the horizon of her happiness.

In the evening sometimes when they sit on their little front porch, and he tells her of the experiences of the day, of the men he has met and the topics he has discussed, of the problems he has solved—problems that a few years ago would have been far too large for him—at such moments the cloud is there.

No such experiences have come to her that day. The problems that he and his friends discuss are strange and far away. She had meant to know more about them, but there was no time.

“Suppose he should outgrow me,” she says to herself. “Suppose that ten years from now should find him bigger, broader, abler because of his experiences, and me, no longer his mental companion, merely the mother of his children.”

The thought causes her lips to close a little more tightly.

“Somehow I must find a way to keep my thought and interest constantly fresh, constantly expanding, step by step with his. *I simply can't let him outgrow me.*”

How many million women in America have been troubled by that thought? How many of them have felt a vague resentment at the conditions of modern life, which make mental growth so easy for men and so frequently difficult for women?

How many couples have set forth into life with every thought and interest in common, only to find themselves at the end of ten or twenty years living in wholly different mental worlds?

No one can know the answer to this question. But this one thing is sure—*at least a million American women have faced this difficulty frankly and have conquered it.*

They have put definitely behind them any fear that their husbands or their children will outgrow them.

Other women frequently wonder at their breadth of information.

Does the conversation turn to the industrial unrest that permeates every part of our country? These alert women have a clear knowledge of its causes and effects. They are familiar with unique and sensible plans to reduce the cost of living.

The League of Nations, with its many-sided possibilities, is not a closed book to them.

They are quite at ease in their knowledge of international affairs. They have a clear understanding of our relations with Great Britain, with Japan, and the other great nations of the earth. They see Ireland's struggle for freedom in its true light.

They know how and why Bolshevism is seeking a foothold here in America.

The latest developments in the fields of invention and science are not unknown to these modern women, while the great personalities who are doing the big things in the world are something more than mere flesh and bones to them.

If the talk veers to the lighter side of life—the best of the season's plays and operas; the inspiring gems of modern verse; the best and most talked about books—they are equally at home. In fact, these far-seeing women have a well-rounded knowledge of the great developments of life the world over. *They keep up with the times!*

Men find their conversation stimulating; their children turn to them confidently, knowing that on the subject which has that day been discussed in school—perhaps some current problem of great importance—mother can be of help.

For school children these days are coming more and more into contact with the world about them. Two hundred and fifty thousand boys and girls in ten thousand high schools are studying current events with THE LITERARY DIGEST as a text.

“Who are these extraordinary women?” you ask. “How can they, with the multitude of personal responsibilities, find time to be so well informed?”

The answer is very simple. They have learned this secret of the modern world—that the highest achievement is possible only to those who employ trained help to do for them the things they can not accomplish for themselves.

And so, they let our organization of specialists labor constantly for their benefit. Every week 4,000 newspapers, and magazines, and books, representing every land and language, are read by this organization and then by direct translation, or reprint, or in digest form *all phases* of the important news of the world contained in them are presented by striking articles in THE LITERARY DIGEST. Through the magic of its pages the world, with all its throbbing interests and personalities, is carried to men and women in a million homes. And a couple of hours' reading weekly is all the time required to absorb this feast!

There is room for another million women in this chosen company and admittance is easy. Commence reading THE DIGEST this week!

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Distinction to
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