

SEASON OF SWARMING LIFE

Possessor of Microscope Will Find
Much Fascinating Study.

Throw Yourself Beside an Ant Hill
for Instance and Pierce Vell
Which has Hidden Secrets.



THE season of swarming life, vegetable and insect, has come, and a great joy fills the heart of every possessor of a good microscope, says G. P. Serviss in *Success*. There is no book more full of instruction, and few so full of delight. It need not be a large and costly instrument; indeed, it should not be for beginners. They might easily become confused and discouraged by the complications, and—except to expert hands—the difficulties of manipulating a powerful modern microscope with its delicate accessories.

A simple instrument is best. A very high magnifying power is not needed. A single cheap lens steadily mounted, will do wonders, even when it magnifies but a few diameters. I have often been astonished to find how few persons ever use even a pocket magnifier, or know how to use one if it is handed to them. I have been accustomed for many years always to have such a lens about me, as inseparable a companion as my penknife. Frequently I have two or three, of varying powers, in my pockets, and I believe I could write a book full of stories about the interesting things I have seen with my pocket magnifiers, and all of which I should have missed without their ready aid.

On a teeming summer day throw yourself on the ground beside an ant-hill, and see what a little lens, costing, perhaps, half a dollar, or less, will do for you in opening before your eyes a world whose largest inhabitant is scarcely half an inch long, but wherein there exists a perfection of social organization, and a marshaling of industry that may well amaze an on-looking philosopher.

Take a delicate flower, or a growing root, and place it under the glass; look about you casually at first, and then look deeper by aid of the little lens, and a new world will open up; many of Nature's secrets will be revealed.

For the observation of minute life, of course something more powerful than a pocket lens is needed. But the shops are full of microscopes of every conceivable power, and price, costing from five, or ten, up to a hundred, or several hundred dollars. If you get a microscope whose magnifying powers run from ten diameters to a hundred diameters, it will be all you will need. Remember that the superficial area of an object is increased in apparent size proportionately to the square of the given magnifying power.

For instance, a fly's wing with its delicate veins and its shimmer of prismatic colors, appears ten thousand times as large as life when magnified, one hundred diameters, because it is magnified one

hundred times each way. Of course, you can not see all of a fly's wing at once, when it is magnified like that, but you can move it about on the stage of the microscope and examine different parts of it at your leisure.

With a little ingenuity, and perhaps, at first, the assistance of a more experienced observer, it is not difficult to see the blood flowing in the semi-transparent foot of a living frog, and there are a legion other things fully as interesting.

The "Scare-Head" Writer.

The public which glances hurriedly over its paper every day, gathering the gist of the news from the head-lines, does not always realize the difficult problems which come to the writer of head-lines. He must not only announce as much as possible, but do it in words which contain only a given number of letters, in order that the heading may just fit the width of the column. *The Sunny South* prints a story, very true to life, which shows how professional writers of headlines carry their troubles home with them.

The young man with a tired look sat in the rear end of the car, staring at an advertisement.

"English beauty shoes," he mumbled to his companion. "That's what it says."

"Yes," said the other, "but that's too short."

"H'm, h'm!" the tired man replied. "Beautiful shoes from England—"

"That won't fit; it's too long" was the reply.

"Well, then, 'Beautiful English shoes—'"

"That's only three words. You've got to have four, you know."

"That's so, that's so. Ah, I have it!" he cried so loud that all the passengers in the car gave a jump. "English shoes of beauty—twenty-three letters and spaces. At last, at last!"

A compassionate old man looked up from his newspaper.

"What's the matter with your friend?" he asked. "Is the poor fellow crazy?"

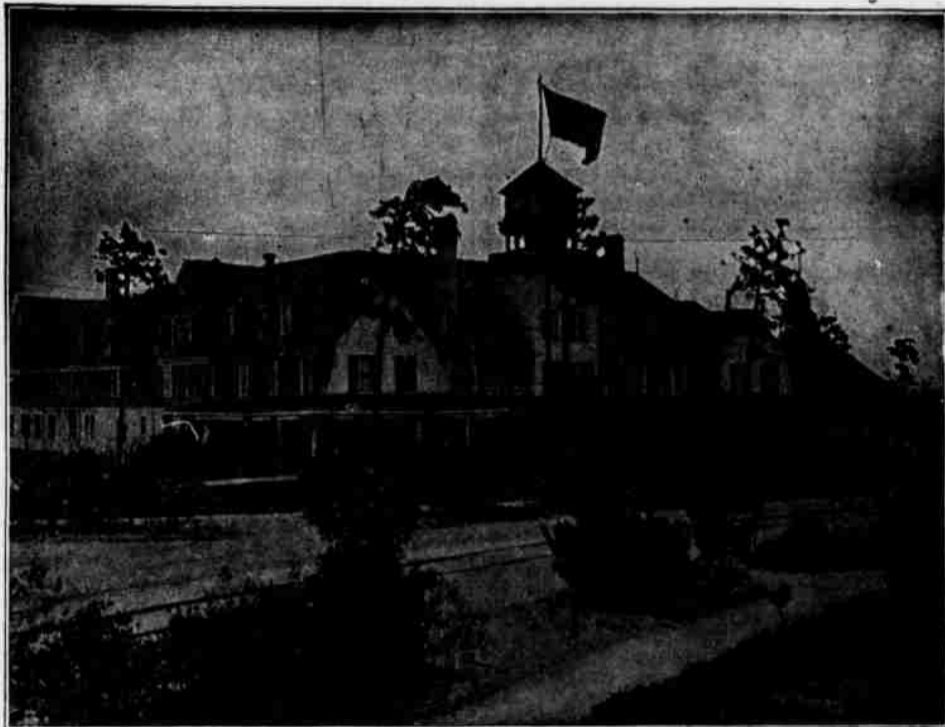
"Oh no," the other man replied, assuringly. "You see he's just got through with his night's work on a morning newspaper. He is a head-line writer, and after a fellow has scribbled off headlines for eight hours steady, he contracts the habit and can't get over it. Every advertisement or bit of writing that he sees for several hours afterward until his mind gets rested—well, he begins to count the letters and spaces, and turn the wording into a head-line that will fit. It isn't exactly insanity; it's habit."



BACK FROM A SPRING-DAY RAMBLE.

THE HOLLY INN

PINEHURST, N. C.



The Holly Inn is one of the most attractive hotels in the South. Since it was built in 1895, it has been necessary to enlarge it several times to meet the constantly increasing demand. The interior is elegant, cheerful and tasteful. No modern convenience is lacking. There are bath rooms, electric lights, steam heat and open fireplaces. There is a call bell in every room, and all beds are furnished with best hair mattresses. An orchestra furnishes fine concerts daily, and also provides for dancing. The cuisine is unsurpassed. The waitresses are all white girls from the North. Rooms for billiards and other games are provided in the hotel.

A. I. CREAMER, Manager.



The Harvard, PINEHURST, N. C.

This recently completed hotel is centrally located between The Carolina and The Holly Inn.

It is modern in every respect, having electric lights, steam heat and several suites with bath, and with its cottage annex and large dining room accommodates seventy-five guests.

The Cuisine is in charge of a competent chef, and the table service is guaranteed satisfactory.

F. H. ABBOTT, Manager.

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Hotels Guilford-Benbow, GREENSBORO, N. C.

An ideal point for tourists to spend the night en route to Pinehurst. Two of the most complete and best equipped hotels in the south, on the main line of the Southern Railway, and a thirty minutes drive from the historic Guilford Battle Grounds of Revolutionary fame.

Greensboro is a beautiful old southern city, has fine Opera House, beautiful streets, and is surrounded by picturesque macadamized roads. All Pullmans via Southern Railway for Pinehurst and the south stop within two blocks of these hotels.

COBB & FRY.