

## The Only Flyless Town



He has caught nearly four million flies.

A year ago last July the town of Redlands, California, created the position of municipal fly catcher and appointed A. E. Chapman to fill it. The office requires no assistants. Mr. Chapman attends personally to the Redlands flies.

Nor does it require any more scientific knowledge to be a fly catcher than is possessed by any ordinary housekeeper; viz., that flies instinctively fly upward and toward the light.

On this basis the fly catcher constructed a large trap, a screened frame twelve inches square and over two feet high. This he raised two inches from the ground, inserting in the bottom a cone-shaped screen, large end downward. Under this cone he placed a banana skin. The whole contraption he nailed to a post on a street corner.

The flies did the rest.

In the first month, from the one hundred traps scattered through the business section of Redlands, he had emptied and burned fifty gallons of flies,—3,750,000 of them!

There are now five hundred of these flytraps in Redlands, and according to the natives all the flies of Redlands are in them.

HOW many flies make a gallon?  
75,000 flies make a gallon.

This isn't a joke. It is the official estimate of the only official fly catcher in the United States.

## Six Years in the Jungle

AFTER six years in the Belgian Kongo, James Chapin has returned to New York with one of the finest collections of birds and animals ever brought from Central Africa to the Museum of Natural History. Much of these six years was spent 1,500 miles inland, often for months at a time seeing no white man, except his coworker, Mr. Lang.

understand them. Even those converted by the missionaries adhere to many old ceremonies. They still solve their problems by feeding a chicken poison, and the question is answered in the affirmative or negative according to whether the chicken lives or dies. However, they seldom try this on human beings, as a few years ago.

### Where Grass Grows 20 Feet High

MR. CHAPIN generally needed twelve negroes to carry the cases of specimens, the tent, and the supply of food. White men in the Kongo depend almost entirely on canned stuffs for their provisions. The negroes thrive on monkey and antelope meat, and especially a diet of plantains, which is unendurable to foreigners. They have also some domestic chickens, though pretty small and scraggly.

In the fall rainy season comes the most difficult tramping, because the grass grows to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and there is nothing to do but push one's way through it. There was no danger from animals. Mr. Chapin saw sixty elephants; but they are harmless unless aroused. The negroes occasionally get up parties to shoot them when they are feeding in the night, and then someone is likely to be trampled on—if the elephants pay any attention to them at all. Poisonous snakes often find their way into the tents; but they can easily be clubbed, and are then thrust into specimen jars.

### This Wife Is Well Treated

ONE of their most central posts of trade with the natives was Avacubi, a negro village 300 miles from Stanleyville, the nearest white settlement, and 1,500 from the coast. Okondo, the chief of Avacubi, is the modest possessor of 170 wives. Moreover, it is an open secret in Avacubi that the favorite wife, Mutubani, although extremely fat, and, at least to foreigners, excessively ugly even in her costume of fig-tree bark, is the reigning authority in the place. She has merely to signify a desire to her husband and it is instantly fulfilled. This is likely to be awkward when she displays a fondness for the possessions of her visitors; but it is wisest to accede to her wish. Her one rival is Niangarga, widow of a former chieftain, and now an honorary wife of Okondo. Mutubani's sister also is married to Okondo.

The natives explain the foreigners' objection to some of their ancient customs by their ignorance and inability to

## Would This Make You Nervous?

SWAYING precariously in the wind many feet above the water, these light cable bridges offer the only means of crossing the turbulent mountain streams in some districts of the Pacific Northwest. Nervous persons may at first regard these slender spans as dangerous playthings of the varying breezes; but the cables, supporting heavy footboards two feet wide, are anchored securely in solid granite, and are safely used by people and animals that otherwise could find no way of crossing the wild streams for miles.

The photograph shows the suspension bridge over the Spokane River near the site of old Fort Spokane, about sixty miles below the city of the same name. The bridge is located in the heart of a trout-fishing region possessing some of the most imposing scenery in the Northwest.



The man in this picture is not walking a tight rope. He is merely crossing a river by means of a cable bridge.



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