

and bill make a dash of colour on the dark blue water. One fellow, accompanied by his more plainly dressed mate, passed within six feet of us. Both had their heads beneath water, as far down as to the top of the transparent film that covers the eye, and protects it from any injurious substance that might float in. They were searching the shallows for minnows. They chased them almost ashore, and as they seized them in their serrated bills, throwing their shining heads aloft to swallow the wriggling fish, our camera clanged out the news that another film had been impressed.

Usually the Maskinonge spawn in the "drowned lands," but this spring there was not enough water. Our canoe was held lightly in the boggy shore, and right beneath us there was a channel that lead to a secluded spot, containing just enough water to cover one of these great fishes. We lay with our hands almost meeting under the canoe, our eyes shaded by our caps, peering over the side. Time after time Maskinonge swam beneath and out beneath us, so close that they touched our fingers. Fritz drew his out as if an electric current had nipped him. In every case the male was the smaller fish; a thirty pound female, with a ten pound escort, seemed to be the usual proportion. We watched a number of the great females swimming around the shallow spawning, with fully half of their long bodies exposed. We have photographed them in this position. Another picture we managed to get is that of the male fish in the peculiar act of pushing his head far out of the water, and shaking it as if to throw off some parasite. We have never been able to find any reason for this strange action, although in the summer they may do it to shake out some of the loosening teeth; they have a new set each year. The low water, alas, played havoc



Muskrat building house

with the spawn. Much of it was laid out in the lake shallows, and the heavy winds dislodged it, and drove it ashore. Many a time our canoe has slipped all too easily up the shore upon the shining fringe of spawn that lined it. And here the wild ducks found the tempting food, each egg showing the first faint dot of incubation. They had a right royal feast. As they were eating we paddled up to them, hastily concealed our cameras in the willows that fringed the shore, connected the machines with long rubber tubes, and scrambled up the bank to await the ducks we had frightened away. The ducks soon flew back, alighted and swam ashore. In one spot, about a mass of spawn as large as a man's two hands, had gathered four handsome blue bills. They were right in focus. I gave the blue bill call, "burr-it," and instantly they turned and looked at me. A rapid pressing of the bulbs, a cling clang of the machine, and two more excellent pictures were ours.

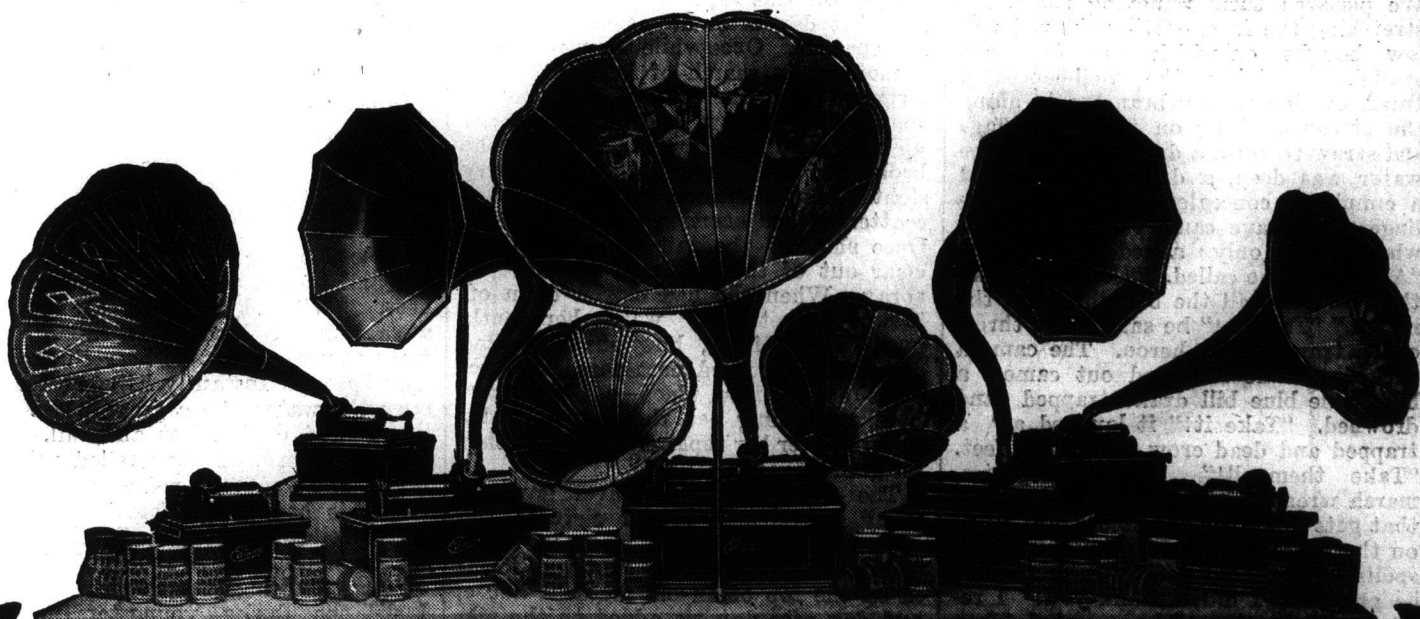
Often as the ducks flew past we would call them. The Indian excelled at his imitation, his deep, natural calls making the birds turn as if on a pivot, and sweep for the decoys. At times the huge flocks would rise with a noise like thunder. When there was no more chance for picture taking we would carry our camera and decoys to camp, and with the camp-fire leaning up into the dark trees above, and our canoes overturned on the prepare for the next day's hunt. No duck shooter ever re-loaded shells or filled cartridges boxes with more zeal than we recharged our cameras. And we were secure in the

knowledge that our sport would not cause a moment's pain to any animal feathered, furred and scaly.

Once again our paths were the paths of the furbearers. We concealed our cameras on floats in the drowned lands where the muskrats—most elusive of all subjects—came out for a very short period before sunset. They were building their big circular houses. We watched them bringing the straw and flags, the parrot grass and wild oats and the rushes and reeds. They dragged this up on the heap already gathered, moving backwards. They trampled it down, patting it here, smoothing it there, until the solid piles were high enough above the water for them to tear out the passage desired beneath. Right in the center of the heap, twelve or

fifteen inches above the surface, is a chamber. From this a passage was torn out, which forms the "diving-hole" into the water. Down this diving-hole the muskrats can plunge into safety the instant the house is disturbed. On the shelf thus left the muskrats we were watching had formed a dry nest of straw, and here they reared the litter of "kittens," keeping the nest very pure and clean. These sleek animals are very dainty in their habits, and make the hungry trapper a good meal—quite as good, in fact, as when they are served on some Southern hotel table under the name of "Marsh rabbits." We pictured the muskrats sitting erect as they nibbled the wild onion or ate the succulent root of the flag. We watched them swimming amiably up the little marsh

streams, male closely following female. It was the mating season. Often when we were watching a peaceful pair another brown head and pair of bright eyes would emerge. A rival male had appeared. Then the conflict would begin; treading water standing erect and clutching each other with the long, strong claws of the fore feet, whining and crying meanwhile like two babies, they would fight until one was discomfited. The battle won, off would swim the victor after the female, the cause of all the trouble. Every daring lover would be fought off until he was chosen for the mate. Then the house would be built, and the querulous cry of the kittens could be heard. This year, unfortunately, the water rose, and all the nests were drowned out. We watched



YOUR CHOICE FREE

Of These Wonderful New Style EDISONS Shipped

Yes, FREE. Shipped positively and absolutely free as per offer below. You do not have to pay us a single penny either now or later. We do not even ask you for any deposit or any guarantee, not even any C. O. D. payment to us. All we ask is that you tell us *which* of the magnificent Edison outfits you prefer so that we can send that one to you on this free loan offer.

Mr. Edison Says: "I want to see a Phonograph in every Home."

For the Phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He has worked for years to make this Phonograph excel all others, and now you may obtain any of these wonderful new style outfits on an ultra liberal offer.

Just Take Your Choice You Don't Have To Buy Anything

The Edison Offer I will send you a new model Edison Phonograph and your choice of all the Amberol records on an absolutely free loan—no obligations, no deposit, no guarantee nor C. O. D. to us whatever. I want you to have all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, also the sacred music, etc., by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and your friends. Give plays and concerts right in your own parlor. Hear the songs, solos, duets and quartettes, the pealing organ, the brass bands, the symphony orchestras, the choirs of Europe's great cathedrals, the piano and violin virtuoso concerts—all these I want you to hear free as reproduced on the Edison phonograph. Then—when you are through with the outfit—send it back to me—and I will pay the freight.

My Reason: Why should I make such an ultra liberal offer? Why should I go to all this expense and trouble just so you can have these free concerts? Well, I'll tell you. I am tremendously proud of this new instrument. When you get it in your town I know everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so beautiful, such a king of entertainers—so I am sure that at least some one—if not you then somebody else, will want to buy one of these new style Edisons (especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock-bottom price—and on easy terms as low as \$2.00 a month). Perhaps you yourself will be glad to keep this outfit. But even if nobody buys I'll be glad anyway that I sent you the new Edison on the free loan—for that is my way of advertising quickly its wonderful superiority.



Get Free the New Edison Book

We will send you our handsome new Edison book and full particulars of our wonderful free loan offer absolutely free and prepaid. You should see our grand new Edison book. It will give you the list of the thousands of records and all the machines that you have to choose from. Write today—do not delay. Get the free book and learn about this wonderful free trial offer. Send postal or letter, or just the coupon without any letter—but WRITE NOW!

Edison Phonograph Distributors

Address: F. K. Babson, Vice-President and Gen'l Manager
Dept. 7513, 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada
Western Office: 65 Post Street, San Francisco U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Free Catalog Coupon

Edison Phonograph Distributors

F. K. BABSON
Vice-President & Gen'l Manager
Dept. 7513, 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada
Western Office: 65 Post Street, San Francisco
U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.
Without any obligations on me whatsoever, please send me your new Edison Book and full particulars of your new special free loan offer on the new style, improved EDISON Phonograph.

Name.....
Address.....