

WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

At the Head of the ADRIATIC



VIEW OF POLA

UP at the head of the Adriatic lie Austria-Hungary's only sea-coast possessions, Trieste, Istria, and Fiume, and, not far inland, Trent, all of which Italy has long coveted. Of these provinces and cities writers for the National Geographic society have this to say:

Across the Gulf of Venice from Italy lies the rich Austrian province of Istria, formerly Venetian, a thick, irregular triangle wedged into the North Adriatic, with its mainland base defined by a line from Trieste in the north to Fiume in the south, and with Pola at its apex.

Istria, the ancient Histria, containing, with its neighboring islands, 1,912 square miles, is an Austrian crownland, and forms part of the modern territorial division known as the coast districts. Its coastline is well indented, but the shores in much of their extent are steep and forbidding. Mountainous rock masses cross the land from north to south, culminating in Monte Maggiore, about 4,500 feet high.

Olives and figs are cultivated in the region, and Istria's grapes and wine are famous. There is little garden, though considerable rich pasture land, and the forests of the peninsula supply the material for a large native ship-building industry. Its fisheries are very valuable, and it has a small mineral yield, coal, alum and salt. There is little or no local manufacturing, except the building of ships. It is as a shipping point, as a land of ports and strategic commercial and military naval bases, however, that Istria is most desirable. The shipping of its harbors amounts to more than 7,000,000 tons annually. The population of Istria is about 350,000, 40 per cent of whom are Serbo-Croats, and 34 per cent Italians. In its early history Istria was a famous pirate land. The Romans subjugated the freebooters here. From the late middle ages until the extinction of the Venetian empire in 1797, Venice ruled the greater part of the peninsula, while only the northeastern portion belonged to Austria.

Pola a Strong War Port. Pola, the formidable Austrian war port, is but a few hours' steaming across the Adriatic from the rich eastern coast cities of Italy. It is the chief naval station and arsenal of the dual monarchy and one of the best-protected ports in the world.

Pola lies at the southern apex of the Istrian peninsula, about 53 miles south of Trieste. Its almost completely landlocked harbor is one of the finest of Europe, and upon its roomy, well-guarded surface a great fleet could ride safely at anchor. The harbor has an area of three and one-third square miles, while beyond the channel entrance is a fore-water dominated by the guns of the Brionian islands.

History begins for this little-known city with its first capture by the Romans in 178 B. C. Pola has been a war port since its appearance in the ancient chronicles. It was once the strongest and wildest of those Istrian pirate retreats, where the rebellious spirits of the Roman world-empire gathered, and whence they made their raids upon the rich commerce that flowed from every eastern Mediterranean port to Rome. The Romans destroyed the place. Under the Emperor Septimius Severus, 193-211 A. D., it again became an important war harbor, and its city grew to 50,000 inhabitants. The trade rivals, Venice and Genoa, fought each other for its possession, and it was a key to the freedom of the Adriatic. Destroyed by the Genoese in 1379, it continued under the sovereignty of Venice until 1797, when it fell to Austria upon the dismemberment of the Venetian state.

At Pola are situated the principal dockyards, dry docks and repair shops of the Austrian navy, together with technical and scientific institutions connected with the admiralty. Its arsenals contain vast naval stores equal to the outfitting of a large fleet. There are large naval and infantry barracks, and several well-equipped hospitals here.

Trieste is the only great seaport of Austria, a powerful commercial rival of Venice and Genoa, the pride of Austria's Adriatic possessions, and a city as important to Austrian development as is New York to the development of the United States. It has been an Austrian possession for more than 500 years, and during this long association it has earned the title from the central imperial government of "the most faithful city."

Situated at the northeast angle of the Adriatic sea, on the eastern shore of the deeply indented Gulf of Trieste, the port has been growing steadily in importance as an outlet for the over-sea trade of central and southeastern

Europe. As a trade center it has long eclipsed its ancient rival Venice, and it now practically monopolizes the business of this Mediterranean coast. Despite its lack of a natural harbor, the geographical location of the city is so favorable and its enterprise has been so fruitful, that it has developed into one of the first ports upon all the inland sea.

Trieste is a tremendously successful business town, and, therefore, largely a modern one. Its harbor facilities are the best that modern technique can devise, and many millions of dollars have been expended in carrying their undertaking to conclusion. In 1910, nearly 12,000 vessels, representing a total tonnage of about 4,200,000 entered and cleared at the Trieste harbor. The value of the imports which these ships brought was about \$117,000,000, while they carried exports amounting in value to about \$102,000,000. The chief imports are coffee, rice, cotton, spices, ore, coal, olive oil and Levantine fruits. Chief among the exports are sugar, beer, wool, timber and many varieties of manufactured goods.

Together with a surrounding area of about 36 square miles, the city of Trieste forms an Austrian crownland. The municipal council of the city constitutes at the same time the diet of the crownland, which is little more than a mountainous shell around the immensely wealthy, life-crowded port. The population numbers 229,475, of whom about 170,000 are of Italian descent, 43,000 Slovenes and 11,000 Germans. The old town is a series of steep steps upon the hillsides, while the new town lies on a flat area that extends around the bay in crescent form. The new part of the city has been built largely upon land reclaimed from the sea. Its streets are broad and straight, and its buildings are substantial and modern in architecture. The old town on the other hand, consists of narrow, irregular, hill-scaling streets, and its buildings preserve many quaint architectural conceptions.

Hungary's Outlet to the Sea. Fiume is the only outlet of the Hungarian kingdom to free water, and the Hungarians have spent millions of dollars in their endeavor to make it a model port. There are several harbors; one for coasting vessels, one for timber, and a general harbor, begun in 1872, and capable of accommodating about 200 large vessels. It is protected by a breakwater more than half a mile in length, and is flanked by a great, modern quay more than two miles long. The wharves and elevators are equipped in the most up-to-date fashion for the handling of a huge inflow and outflow of trade. The water front, as was the rest of the city, is lighted by electricity.

Fiume is picturesquely situated at the head of the Gulf of Quarnero, at the southern base of the Istrian triangle, 40 miles southeast of Trieste, or about 70 miles away by the railroad through the mountainous coast-land. The city has more than 50,000 population. The Italians constitute the largest part of the populace, and together with the Slavonians, comprise about 90 per cent. Geographically, Fiume belongs to Croatia. In 1870, however, it finally became a part of the Hungarian kingdom. Fiume occupies seven square miles of land carved out of Croatia. Around its water front there is a narrow, level plain upon which the new town is built, with its convenient, modern groundplan, fine business structures and generally substantial architecture. The old town climbs the hills back from the shore, straggling in a quaint disorder of irregular, narrow streets and haphazard houses. Views of the city and its surroundings from the deck of an approaching steamer are delightful, and there are a number of pleasant tours to be made in the neighborhood.

The county of Trent is a fascinating bit of country nestling in the southern hills and mountains of Tyrol, linguistically, culturally and geographically all on one with Italy over the border. The county embraces about 600 square miles, a region rare in its scenic beauties, and one within whose smiling valleys—often nearly mountain-locked—more than 100,000 people house. A large part of this population, about 25,000, is concentrated in the capital city, Trent, a place that supports itself more by its relics and the charm of its surroundings than by its commerce or industry. The city stands on the Adige river, on the Brenner railway, 57 miles north of Verona.

Trent is powerfully fortified. Some 308 feet above its streets, the modern redoubt, Doss Trento, looks out over the city. The other defenses command the approaches to the town. There are a number of fine palaces in Trent and many substantial houses.

SOME OF NAPOLEON'S MAXIMS

Ideas of Great Soldier and Statesman That Are Worthy of Being Placed on Record.

The following are some of Napoleon's maxims, taken from H. A. L. Fisher's "Napoleon" in the Home University Library:

"Unity of command is a first necessity of war."

"Love is the occupation of the idle man, the distraction of the warrior, the stumbling block of the sovereign."

"The first quality of a commander-in-chief is a cool head."

"He lies too much. One may very well lie sometimes, but always is too much."

"A great captain ought to say to himself several times a day: If the enemy appear on my front, my right or my left, what should I do? If he finds himself embarrassed he is ill posted."

"When a king is said to be a kind man the reign is a failure."

"Heart! How the devil do you know what your heart is? It is a bit of you crossed by a big vein in which the blood goes quicker when you run."

"The heart of a statesman should be in his head."

"High tragedy is the school of great men. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and spread it. Tragedy warms the soul, raises the heart, can and ought to create heroes."

"Bleeding enters into the combination of political medicine."

"The vice of our modern institutions is that they have nothing which appeals to the imaginations. Man can only be governed through imagination. Without it he is a brute."

"Conscription is the eternal root of a nation, purifying its morality and framing all its habits."

"I regard myself as probably the most daring man in war who has ever existed."

"Love of country is the first virtue of civilized man."

"There are only two nations—East and West."

Where Does Goodness Dwell?

When a vicious young millionaire like Harry Thun runs amuck through his crude and evil environment we high and say, "His money ruined him."

When a poor young woman abandons her weary fragilities for the questionable pleasures of prostitution, we high and say, "Her poverty drove her to it."

When a man does honor play? The saint of Jeanne, in his memoirs of Saint Louis, tells us that a certain man, sore beset by the pressure of temptation, sought counsel from the bishop of Paris, "whose Christian name was William." And this wise William of Paris said to him: "The castle of Mont'herby stands in the safe heart of France, and no invading hosts assail it. But the castle of La Rochelle in Poyton stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which gentleman, then, do you, the king holds high in favor, the governor of Mont'herby or the governor of La Rochelle? The post of danger is the post of glory and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man."—Agnes Repplier, in the Atlantic.

Studies Italy's Thrift.

Simon W. Straus, president of the American Society for Thrift, is studying methods of thrift used in Italy. He has been surprised to learn that in the last 30 years savings in Italy have more than quadrupled, having risen from \$268,600,000 to 1,200 million dollars. The chief means of inducing thrift are the ordinary savings banks, which number about two hundred, with nearly three million depositors, whose deposits total 500 million dollars, and the post office savings banks with an average of six million depositors, whose savings amount to 450 million dollars. The remainder of the savings are held by co-operative societies of credit and by the savings departments attached to the state pawnbrokers' establishments.

Robinson Crusoe in Trouble.

Robinson Crusoe was arrested by Detective Kracko on a warrant charging him with failing to provide for a minor child, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Is that your real name?" asked Prison Keeper Smith.

"Sure. But nobody believes me."

"What do you know of Detoe?"

"Never heard of him. Is he the one who had me arrested?"

"Take him away," said Smith.

Crusoe was arrested on the warrant which was obtained from Judge Sullivan by his wife, Mrs. Lillian Crusoe, 1485 Pine street. "In her complaint she alleged that Crusoe had failed to make any provision for their only child, Muriel, four years of age."

Buying Crimean Clothes.

The weather, as an English military correspondent points out, may have a great effect on the war. It is necessary, therefore, that abundance of warm clothing be provided for the soldiers. But we have not always thought of this. In the Crimean war the British troops suffered terribly from the cold until some clothing genius invented a pilot jacket of the sheepskin. So many of these were made that after the war there was a surplus of some thousands, which were kept in stock for quite thirty years, when they were sold by auction and found their way into city tailors' shops, where they were eagerly snapped up as novelties.—London Chronicle.

REFORM IN SURGERY

Matter of Slow Growth Throughout the Centuries.

Practitioners Were Slow to Abandon the Barbarous Methods Which Had Been So Long in Use—Some Queer Remedies.

In 1536 a great reform in the treatment of gunshot wounds was made by Ambrose Pare, the father of French surgery. For some inscrutable reason such wounds had previously been regarded as infected and therefore in need of cauterization with boiling oil or water. Once, in the absence of these antiseptics, Pare simply dressed some wounds without cauterizing them, and on the following day he was agreeably surprised to find them in better conditions than wounds that had been treated with boiling oil. Thenceforth he abandoned and opposed the barbarous practice. Soon afterwards he devised the ligation of arteries as a substitute for cauterization after the amputation of limbs.

Bold and successful methods of treating wounds of the head and brain lesions were adopted by Berenger de Carpi a little later.

The advancement of the healing art, however, was slow, and many queer remedies were employed, such as broths made of vipers and frogs, which are mentioned in a medical treatise published in 1775.

General Marbot has described the heroic treatment applied to his foot, in which gangrene had developed after it had been frozen on the battlefield of Eylau. He was held by four men while the surgeon cut out the gangrened parts as if he were removing decayed portions of an apple. The surgeon then mounted a chair, saturated a sponge with hot, sweetened wine and let the liquid fall, drop by drop, into the hole which he had excavated. The pain was excruciating, and the general had to endure it every morning and night for a week, but his leg was saved.

In the Crimean war 75,000 of the French army of 300,000 men died of anthrax, scurvy, typhus and hospital infection. Death followed 91 per cent of amputations of the thigh and 55 per cent of amputations of the arm. The physicians and surgeons did their best, but they were too few, and the organization and equipment were defective. In May, 1855, there were only 75 ambulance and field hospital surgeons for an army of 108,000 men. Similar conditions prevailed in the Italian campaign (1859-1860). At Magenta each ambulance surgeon had 175 wounded men to care for. At Solferino each surgeon had 500 patients, so that even if he were able to work 20 hours continuously, he could not give three minutes to each patient.

The Crimean and Italian campaigns proved the necessity of a radical change in military surgery. This transformation has gradually been accomplished, both in the administrative and in the medical and surgical fields.



Cauterizing Implements Used by Pare.

The railway and the automobile have facilitated the transport of the wounded and ameliorated its attendant conditions. Antiseptic methods have greatly diminished mortality and "has tended cure. In large armies, however, the wounded may still, at times, be too numerous to be properly treated. Important progress has been made during the present war, but still further improvement is required. The ratio of dead to wounded has been reduced from one-third to one-fifth. A soldier represents a capital, a value, a force. His death or illness is a loss for the whole nation. For these as well as for humanitarian reasons it is imperative to neglect no means of restoring to health the citizen who has risked his life in defense of his country.

Taking No Chances.

"What would you call a policewoman? A 'coppes' or a 'coppette'?" "I wouldn't risk calling one anything. A chap called one 'dearie' the other day and she arrested him for flirting."

Real Situation.

Count—I can't live without you, Miss Monne.

Miss Monne—Don't you mean, count, that you cannot live as you'd like to without me?

Had an Unpleasant Sound.

Daughter—Father, can I take a post-graduate course in biology? Her Dad—Doubtfully—I don't know, daughter. I'm afraid you'll be wanting to buy too many things.

LIVED UP TO REPUTATION

Not for Nothing Had Mrs. Fifer Become Celebrated for Economical Dealings.

Mrs. Hannah Fifer, a widow, who earned her living by renting rooms for light housekeeping, had the reputation of being a shrewd manager and much inclined to carry economy to the farthest possible point. She was hard-working, thrifty, and seemed never to reach the end of her daily labor. On a certain day Mrs. Castle, one of the "light housekeepers," finding a surplus of time on her hands, kindly offered to help Mrs. Fifer out with her overflow of work.

"Well, if you feel like it, I wouldn't care if you'd take hold and bake me up a couple of pies," Mrs. Fifer conceded. "That'll help me a lot. There's a bowl of apple sauce that I'm afraid won't keep, if it ain't used soon."

After Mrs. Castle had begun work Mrs. Fifer appeared with a supplementary suggestion.

"While you're about it," she said, "mebbe you wouldn't mind baking four pies. Two'n't take any more coal to bake four than two, and that'll be a saving. You can make the fillin' hold out by having lots of juice to it."

Mrs. Castle agreed to the amendment, and worked away industriously until her task was accomplished, when, wearied with her labors, she retired to her own apartment.

In a short time Mrs. Fifer's small daughter, Peggy, appeared at her door.

"Ma says," reported Peggy, "that she don't believe she'll be able to use all them four pies before they dry out and she wants to know if you won't buy two 'em off her for 20 cents, and she'd like the 20 cents right away, please."

Mrs. Castle bought the pies, observing to herself with a dry smile, "She might have let me have two for fifteen—considering!"—Youth's Companion.

Not a Fatal Age.

It was written at the death of Eliza Rachel, the great French actress, which happened January 4, 1853, that she was thirty-eight years old, "that age which appears so fatal to genius, when an overworked nervous system comes naturally to a close." This is not the fact even in regard to "emotional" actresses, of which Rachel was one of the greatest in all the history of the stage. Adelaide Ristori, who toured America and gave many "farewells," died at the age of eighty-four. Our own Clara Morris, who played many of the characters portrayed by Rachel, is living at sixty-five, though she suffered a nervous breakdown several years ago. Sara Bernhardt, also eminent in parts presented by Rachel, is sixty-nine and still acting. Mrs. Drew died at seventy-seven, and only a few years before her death played parts in which dancing had to be done. Mrs. Gilbert was playing "old woman" parts when she was past seventy, and lived to be eighty-three; and the list might be greatly extended. Probably nobody will remember seeing Rachel in America, but she made a tour of this country in 1855-6, and it was at the ending of this that she broke down.

Gold in Australia.

A "List of Nuggets Found in Victoria," published as No. 12 of the Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Victoria, Australia, shows that it is not only a land unusually rich in gold, but nuggets have been more lavishly distributed in this state than elsewhere in the world, and in sizes that have never been exceeded. The list describes 1,327 nuggets, many of which are waterworn. Contrary to general belief, examination shows that these alluvial nuggets could not have resulted from the aggregation of gold while in the gravels from an original small piece. The famous Welcome Stranger nugget, weighing 2,284 Troy ounces net, was found in a bed of quartz. No evidence was found that the size of the nuggets grows in the drifts, but there is ample proof in some cases that drift waters contain gold.

First Cremations in America.

Thirty-eight years ago the first scientific cremation in the United States took place at Washington, Pa. The pioneer cremator was Dr. Julius LeMoyne, and the subject was the body of Baron de Palm, a Russian theosophist. The following spring the body of Mrs. Benjamin Pittman of Cincinnati was cremated. But the American precedent had been set 83 years before when under penalty of losing a legacy of 60,000 pounds if he refused, the son of Henry Laurens, South Carolina's Revolutionary patriot, consigned his father's body to a funeral pyre. The ghastly experience of seeing his infant child come to life just before burial in the earth is said to have been responsible for Laurens' demand to be cremated.

What Puzzled Donald.

An amusing story was told in connection with the appointment of the emperor of Russia as colonel in chief of the Scots Greys, who, it may be mentioned, fought in the Crimea during the war. After the appointment had been duly promulgated an enthusiastic subaltern of the regiment communicated the information to his soldier servant.

"Donald," he said, "have you heard that the emperor of Russia has been appointed colonel of the regiment?" "Indeed, sir," said Donald. "It's a verra grand thing for him." Then, after a pause, he inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep bath jobs?"

CUSS WORDS WERE COSTLY

Autolot Tells Friend of His Experiences in Jay Town Where Constable Was Not Needed.

"Beware of that jay town ten miles out," said the autolot.

"Why so?" inquired his friend.

"There was no constable there the last time I passed."

"They don't need a constable. There's a thank-you-ma'am that throws your car into a ditch. Then the justice of the peace comes along and fines you \$10 for obstructing the highway and \$10 for the use of a team to pull you out. The harness is fixed to break, and that costs \$5 more. By that time a man loses his temper. The justice waits until he runs out of breath and then charges him \$2 a cuss word."

"Holy smoke—so it cost you a total of \$27?"

"A total of what? It cost me just \$105, and even at that I think he lost count."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unwarranted Peril.

"This penitentiary wants reforming!" said the man who was reading the paper.

"Is something shocking going on?" inquired his wife.

"I should say so. Here's a story of a prisoner who was allowed to ride up and down Broadway in an automobile!"

"Horrors! It's bad enough to put a man in prison without encouraging him to risk his life."

Trying to Be Merry.

"I see you are being investigated," said the chatty young woman.

"Yes," replied Mr. Chumroy, with a determined air of cheerfulness. "My business affairs have been made the object of some formal curiosity."

"Are you in the manufacturing business?"

"No—unless you might be pleased to call our business office a manufactory of great wealth."

Speechless.

Blondine—Hear about Gerty Giddig?
Brunetta—What about her?
"Knocked speechless by a street car."

"But I just passed her a few moments ago and she spoke to me."

"I know, but she was on her way to a meeting to make an address, and when the car hit her she lost her manuscript."

His Sage Method.

"How is it that young Dr. Pipal-sewa has succeeded in building up a large practice so quickly?"

"Oh, he tells his men patients that they work their brains far harder than their bodies, and his women patients that for some time they have kept up solely by their will. Naturally, he cannot help but succeed."—Puck.

Doubts Aigy's Intentions.

Ethel—Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Aigy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love, and that would love me.

Edith—Well?

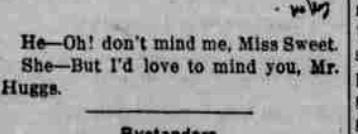
Ethel—Well, I don't know whether he means himself or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!—Puck.

Met His Match.

"What has become of your local bad news man?"

"He got his," replied the citizen of Ochre Gulch. "He was riding his horse in and out of stores and saloons the other day when a tenderfoot came along in an automobile and ran all over him."

SNAPPED HIM UP.



He—Oh! don't mind me, Miss Sweet. She—But I'd love to mind you, Mr. Huggs.

Bystanders.

"Your constituents didn't stand by you," said the sympathetic friend.

"Yes, they did," replied Senator Sorghum. "That was the exasperating part of it. They stood right alongside of me and didn't seem to care what happened to me."

Less Competition.

"Years ago they used to cheer my picture when it was shown on the screen," said the disappointed statesman.

"Oh, well," replied the friend, "that was before all these moving picture stars came out."

Generous Arrangement.

"I'm afraid we must apologize," said one Turkish official.

"That's all right," replied the other. "Frame up two or three neat apologies and send 'em along in advance, to be used as needed."

LEAF FROM MEMORY'S BOOK

The Bright Hopes of Youth That Were Destined Forever to Be Unfulfilled.

When one is past middle life, memory begins to unfold its pages. He sees his youth, not as his own, but as that of another. He is touched with sadness and pity as he recognizes the plans and ambitions, the high hopes in the youthful breast that experience has shown him were never to be realized, says a writer in the Milwaukee Journal. One hope after another had to be given up. Indeed, it seems sometimes that life is but a giving up day after day. Anticipations are seldom realized. Perhaps it is best that this should be; for the same experience that brought disappointments showed us that, often as we thought we knew what would make us perfectly happy, we were nearly always mistaken. It was the anticipation really that went furthest toward making us happy. When it was over, it had served its purpose; another took its place.

So, as memory turns the leaves, we sigh a little at those bright hopes of youth destined forever to be unfulfilled. After all, it matters little. Each of us had some share in the world's work to do. How little it mattered that that share was not what we had guessed and wished it to be, if it was performed faithfully! How many things the bright dreams of youth failed to take into account that were to prove the greatest part of the business of life! We are feeble in judgment; we do not always know how to trim ourselves, nor see exactly what form our lives should take. Vicissitudes clip us here and there, often where we have least suspected the need of it. But the failure of the dreams should not grieve us.

After all, their real purpose was to give us hope and courage and make us work. If they did that, they were worth while, though not a single one was ever fulfilled.

The Lion's Cubs.

The Canadian force, or the Lion's Cubs, as it is frequently called in England, is, according to English military opinion, as fine an army corps as has ever been assembled. From the point of view of physique, equipment, general smartness, organization, intelligence—from every standard, in fact—it is as nearly perfect as a human war machine of 35,000 men can be. The force has with it 6,000 horses, with an adequate staff of veterinary surgeons, and it also has its own Young Men's Christian association, with six secretaries. If variety is the very spice of life there ought to be plenty of spice in the Canadian contingent. It is composed of men springing from various stocks, from American, Canadian and English to Russian, Swedish and French; men of all walks of life—architects, ranchers, business men, lawyers, doctors. Once a week services are conducted for Wesleyans, Jews, Episcopalians, Catholics and Presbyterians. We look forward with interest to hearing what record these North American soldiers will make when they are sent to the front to fight.—Baltimore Sun.

Old and New Use for Wire.

"Since the manufacture of wire began in this country," said the veteran steel manufacturer, "we have been pulled out of many difficulties by unforeseen developments. The wire trade is more active today than any other branch of steel, due to a large extent to the consumption of wire for war purposes. The substitution of wire for fencing was another development responsible for the great growth of the industry. But the most extraordinary boom came when the wire industry was in its infancy. Business had been poor for a long time and producers were very much discouraged. Suddenly orders began to make their appearance by the wholesale, and the mills were taxed to their utmost capacity. The increased demand was due to the adoption of the hoop skirt. Dame Fashion had started the foundation of an industry in this country which now turns out over 2,000,000 tons of wire a year. The demand from this source, of course, did not last, but it was sufficient to give the industry a good start."—Wall Street Journal.