

Trip Down the Danube With Miss Nellie Bly



By NELLIE BLY.
Mitrovica, Slavonia, Nov. 18.—I leave tomorrow at 7 a. m. in a wagon for a two days' trip to the firing line of the present Austrian-Hungarian war.

I have my sleeping bag and food for two days, for we shall be in the open country, where there are no houses, only soldiers fighting.

I am curious about my food supply. Everybody is taking dried and preserved meats. I can't eat them, so I am only taking biscuit, chocolate, tea and Hungarian candy.

The clothes I have on and my sleeping bag, a towel, soap, tooth brush and comb, complete my baggage.

I hope I don't have to walk. If I am compelled to walk, I will write my story. My mysterious ailment still makes me almost helpless and my days are spent in bed. My party has been formed by the natives. The only hotel was utterly destroyed by the Serbians. I can't see how the town escaped. Many buildings are destroyed and more are defaced and injured. The river dividing this from the

other Serbian village of Mitrovica is quite narrow at the crossing point and most thickly settled quarters.

The natives are Croatians. They are badly mixed. Five languages are spoken in the town by the regular inhabitants. The town is not a village. Small, comfortable, one-story houses, entered from a drive, with gardens, still filled with the flowers of autumn, in the rear.

WOMEN NEED BOOTS.
The people, if I may judge from those I have seen in the main, are interesting. The "uppers" are dressed plainly and unfashionably. The working women have short decorated skirts, quite to their knees, and short decorated sheepskin or cloth jackets. Over their heads they wear handkerchiefs. Unlike the Hungarians, they appear not to wear hats which they certainly in this so cold a country ought to do. They wear sandals, or low leather shoes, and coarse, long stockings. Men are almost always with the same footgear. They look as if they depended on the stocking business, their

legs being quite stuffed and shapeless.

All the men wear pigskin coats, decorated with many colors. To see them soaked with mud to the knees makes one wonder why physical comfort did not force them to adopt boots ages ago.

Clocks don't go here any more than they did in Przemysl. Beds are also made two feet too short. The same style of bedclothes, a sheet buttoned over a short unwarmed comforter, is all. I take my choice of cold feet or cold shoulders. I used to divide between myself, but that necessitates waking at intervals. I am half awake when I shiver, but it requires too much effort to move in my dead-tired condition.

The bridge was destroyed between these two towns, but a new low bridge on iron boats allows one line of passage at a time.

We were to go over to see the demolished town. It was raining muddy, cold. Same old story. I only repeat lest you forget and think it fits up here sometimes. We were to walk No. 1, couldn't if I wanted to. Wouldn't if I could. I remembered the advice of my best friend, that there is no glory in the death of a non-combatant on a battlefield. I do not earn decorations. So I asked and obtained permission to hire at my expense an ancient victoria, reminiscent of Paris before the days of the indispensable taxi.

HER STUFFED DRIVER.
Everybody deserted me. They said everything was taken by the military. I could get nothing. I sent a soldier. He came back instantly with a sad horse and stuffed driver. From the seat up he was shapeless, growing from a broad, straight line that filled completely the box seat to a point furnished by his black wool cap. He built like an ant heap.

I arrived at the bridge to find my party standing in the rain, waiting for the draw to close. They were wet and muddy and not overly pleased. I felt very comfortable in my carriage. I felt less comfortable when I tried to pass the sentry. He stopped me and demanded a pass. I had none. No one had said one was necessary. Finally, by signs after a long parley, I was motioned admittance. The carriage went with a rush down this side and climbed laboriously up the other.

Some fifty small houses, totally wrecked by shot, lined the shore road. That was the Serbian town of Mitrovica. On the banks were good trenches, built by the Serbs for their unsuccessful battle. A few wrecked bits of furniture and one empty bird cage is all that remained.

Hungarian soldiers, with their beds of straw, now occupy a few of the less-ruined houses.

Wet, cold, miserable, we all trailer back. The Baron pulled a purple aster from a garden and gave it to me.

Into the rain, at a beastly hour, we leave in the morning for the firing line, where there is neither house nor habitation of any kind, only soldiers in muddy, wet trenches. We expect if we reach them to see something of the horrors of real war.

Already we are having deserters. Many reported sick at supper and begged to be excused from going. They have been. I am sick. I am afraid to say so, because I want to go. Then—what?

ALLEGED TIGERS WERE IN COURT

Practically All Fined or Sentenced Decided to Appeal from Decision

ONE MAN SQUEALED

And Was Allowed to Go by the Nol Pros Route—Other Cases Tried

Yesterday was a strenuous day on court officials as well as on alleged vendors of the fiery fluid, bottled and sold about town to these people who are not particular as to what they drink so long as it warms up the inner man. Ten alleged tigers, nine men and one woman, came into court to answer to charges of retailing. All were convicted and all suffered with exception of one. He requested and got off. The state asked for a nol pros in the two cases against this individual and the court ordered them but he went back to his old haunts, possibly, feeling just as badly as he had stood up like a man and took his medicine. He escaped the punishment that would have been inflicted by the court but he did not escape the sarcasm that was probably flung after him by his old associates and friends. Court resumed session at the regular hour, 10 a. m., and recessed for lunch a few minutes past 1 o'clock. Business was taken up again between 2 and 3 o'clock and the docket was not finished until a few minutes after 4 in the afternoon.

NEW WHISKEY CASES.
Will Lemons was given twelve months on the roads for violating the prohibition law. Lemons appealed but has not yet been able to place the required \$300 bond for his appearance at the February term of court.

Bud McFarland, charged with retailing, was not tried but his case was continued until Saturday.

John Thompson was convicted of retailing and was sentenced to six months on the roads. Thompson gave notice of an appeal and was able to secure a bondsman. The required amount was \$200.

Sam Roberson, convicted on a like charge, was fined \$50 and taxes with the cost. In addition he was required to give a \$100 bond for his appearance before the recorder monthly for twelve months to show that he was conducting himself properly and engaged in the sale of liquor.

The case charging Tom Pasham with retailing was continued until Saturday when final disposition of the matter will be made.

CONTINUED CASES TRIED.
In the case against James McNeal charging him with retailing, the state asked for a nol pros and the request was granted by the court.

Annie Jones, a white woman, was convicted on two charges of retailing. For the first offense she was fined \$100 and all cost and in the second she was obliged to pay the cost. She can leave the city if she cares to but if she fails to quit Durham county within the next ten days she will be obliged to give bond in the sum that she is not violating the prohibition law.

Lionie Page was convicted in two cases for retailing and was fined \$100 in the first and required to give \$100 appearance bond in the second. The defendant appealed in both instances and the required appearance bonds aggregated \$200.

Eddie Ford was convicted in two cases of retailing and he was fined \$50 and cost for the first offense and required to pay the cost in the second and give a \$50 appearance bond to show up each month for twelve months and show that he was not violating the law by selling whiskey. The defendant appealed in both instances and \$100 was required for his appearance at the February term of court.

Earl Hawkins was up for two violations of the prohibition law and was convicted. He squealed on another and made this man's conviction easy and he was rewarded for his act by the state asking for a nol pros in each case.

OTHER CASES TRIED.
The case charging Harvey Brewer with larceny was not tried but will be disposed of Saturday morning.

The case against Preston and Jessie Norwood, charging them with larceny was not tried but continued until Saturday.

Happy Medlin was convicted of gambling and was fined \$5 and cost.

Mr. Norton Out.
Mr. Cleveland H. Norton, of Danville, Va., who has been in the Waits hospital for treatment for appendicitis, has so far recovered that he is now able to be about the streets. Mr. Norton will spend some time with his brother, Mr. Watts Norton, before he returns to his work in Danville.

will admit you to a dollar show at the

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KRONHEIMER'S

Mrs. J. E. Stagg and Mrs. S. W. Venable left yesterday for Rocky Mount to attend the Woman's Missionary conference to be held there. While in Rocky Mount they will be the guests of Mrs. Shubrick Haywood.

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Come in and look them over.

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Next to Seeman Printery.

SIDEWALK OPENED.
Main Street is Being Cleared of Obstructions.

Yesterday afternoon the sidewalk in front of the new Geer building on Main street was cleared and for the first time in many months the pedestrians had an opportunity to walk on the real walk instead of the plank shed that was constructed in front of the building when construction work started.

The work on the other buildings on this side of the street is now nearing such a stage of completion that it will be possible some time during the next few days to have the whole of that sidewalk cleared.

The Geer building and the First National bank building are nearing completion and the biggest portion of the work during the coming month will be wholly inside. The First National building is more nearly complete than the Geer building. The bank furniture is being placed in the First National building. By the first of March the contractors on both of these buildings expect to have them in such shape that they can be turned over to the renters.

HAS NOT SIGNED.
Whitted and Pat Moran Did Not Get Together.

Manager Pat Moran of the Phillies has returned to his home for another conference with President Baker, of the Philadelphia club, for the purpose of considering the proposition that has been made him by George Whitted, of this city. Moran came here for a talk with Whitted about coming to Philadelphia in the trade of the Boston Braves for Sherwood Magee.

Whitted named a price and told the manager of the Phillies that he would be willing to come there, would agree to the trade, if the price named as a salary would be put into the contract.

Moran was not willing to give that much money unless he talked to the president of his club. Either turn of the wheel will suit Whitted. Personally he had rather play with the Boston club, but looked at from the financial standpoint he had rather go to Philadelphia if he can get the price that he has asked for.

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7:55 8:45 Lv. Durham Ar. 7:15 8:40	
8:25 9:07 Lv. S. Boston Ar. 6:55 8:13	
11:35 11:40 Ar. Lynchburg Ar. 4:15 5:15	

p. m. a. m. p. m. a. m.

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