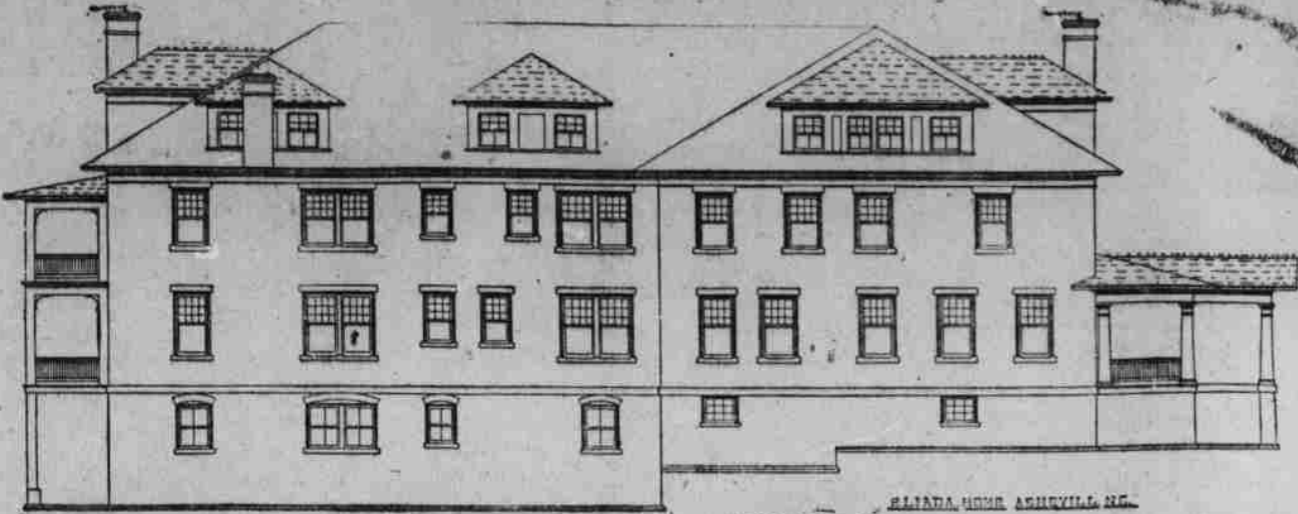


One View of Proposed New Orphanage Building Planned for the Southern Rescue Work at Eliada



There is an institution in this section, located about four and a half miles west of Asheville, known as the Eliada orphanage founded nine years ago by Rev. Lucius B. Compton, which is doing a work that perhaps is little known to the people in general, owing to the quiet and orderly way in which the workers are devoting themselves to their tasks.

The institution has grown to such an extent that it has become necessary to enlarge the quarters and now an undertaking is on foot for the erection of a \$12,000 building, the plans and specifications of which have been drawn, the ground staked off and a large part of the material ordered. It is expected that the work will be started on the actual construction of the building in the near future. All of the money raised for the building of the orphanage is from voluntary contributions.

Ulysses Lewis, a prominent attorney of Atlanta, who has become interested in the work being done by the orphanage has written an article for The Asheville News, which in full follows:

A number of people from many states are attending this camp meeting which began August 28, and is to end Monday, September 7. Rev. Lucius B. Compton is the leader assisted by a corps of preachers and workers. The services are held under a large tent seating about 350, pitched near the Eliada Orphanage, which is on a hill at the foot of Dryman mountain, four and a half miles west of Asheville.

God. He is about medium size, and is 29 years of age. He was born at Clyde in Haywood county; had only a few months of schooling and was a wild boy until he was converted while a young man. He has preached in most of the states east of the Rocky mountains and in Canada, and across the ocean in England and in Palestine. He is a man of great force and earnestness, and while he does not care for grammar nor rhetoric, grips his hearers with mental and spiritual power, and is a strong religious leader among men. He is affiliated with the Apostolic Holiness Association and with the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Beginning about ten years ago with little or nothing but faith in God, he has established Faith Cottage Rescue home for wayward girls, located at 53 Atkinson street, Asheville, where several hundred girls have found shelter and help to a better life. It is said that sixty to seventy per cent of them have made good and are in homes leading useful and chaste lives. Miss Jeanette McGregor is in charge of that noble work.

He started Eliada orphanage nine years ago for destitute children. Now has a large building on the hill here, four and a half miles from Asheville and overlooking the city, giving a christian home and teaching now to thirty-five or forty little ones who are happy and call him "Father."

Both Faith Rescue home and Eliada orphanage have been chartered by law and are under a board of trustees. The orphanage stands upon a

valuable tract of land containing one hundred and nine acres, about two-thirds of which are in cultivation, producing good crops of wheat, corn, potatoes, vegetables and fruits for the use of the orphanage. The girls assist in all the work of the home and the boys on the farm. There are five lady workers in the orphanage including the teacher. Both the Rescue home and orphanage are supported by voluntary offerings without solicitation and are increasing every year.

Mr. Compton has staked off the foundation for a new building to make needed room for the orphans. The new building to be for the girls, the boys to have the present building. The new building is to be of brick, three stories high, sixty by one hundred feet, and will cost \$12,000, about \$3000 of which is now on hand to begin with the balance to come from voluntary contributions. He has had to turn away many orphans because of the want of room for them. This new building is to be commenced at the close of this camp meeting.

Mr. Compton issues a small monthly paper called "The New Testament Christian," which circulates extensively, going into all parts of the United States and in other countries. Miss Hattie M. Byers is the business manager. Asheville and community are blessed with such a work in its environs, and the whole country by such a devoted man as Lucius B. Compton.

tim like a flash, making him black in the face and delirious.

And finally the head more than any other portion of the frame, gave evidence of hard treatment; a broken jaw, the mouth a pulp of teeth and bleeding tongue, an eye torn from its socket and exposed upon the cheek, a cloven skull that showed the palpitating brain beneath.

Those in whose case the bullet had touched the brain or spinal marrow were already as dead men, sunk in the lethargy of coma, while the fractures and other less serious cases tossed restlessly on their pallets and beseechingly called for water to quench their thirst.

Leaving the large room and passing out into the courtyard, the shed where the operations were going on presented another scene of horror.

In the rush and hurry that had continued unabated since morning it was impossible to operate on every

case that was brought in, so their attention had been confined to those urgent cases that imperatively demanded it.

Whenever Bourouche's rapid judgment told him that amputation was necessary, he proceeded at once to perform it. In the same way he lost out a moment's time in probing the wound and extracting the projectile whenever it had lodged in some locality where it might do further mischief, as in the muscles of the neck, the region of the arm pit, the thigh joint, the ligaments of the knee and elbow.

Severed arteries, too, had to be tied without delay. Other wounds were merely dressed by one of the hospital stewards under his direction and left to await developments. He had already with his own hand performed four amputations, the only rest that he allowed himself being to attend to some minor cases in the intervals between

Socialist Columns.

These columns are published every Saturday, and controlled by the Socialist Local of Asheville, which alone is responsible for the opinions expressed.

The Asheville Local meets every Sunday at 4 p. m. in its reading room, Central Labor Union Hall. All interested are invited.

SOCIALIST PICNIC.

The socialist picnic was a great success, and it was decided to make it an annual affair on a larger scale. The socialists of Candler district turned out in large numbers bringing their wives and children, as did the Asheville members. There were several speeches by the men during the day, and the women provided large baskets of delicious eatables. The children were provided with swings, etc., for near pleasure. The gathering was near Mr. Candler's fine lithia springs. Every one there thoroughly enjoyed the day, and it is hoped that no one will miss the next outing.

State Executive Meeting.

The state executive meeting will be held September 6 at 23 North Main street, 3 o'clock p. m. sharp. Business of importance will be taken up.

Speaking.

The socialist local is planning to hold several public meetings in and around Asheville at an early date. Posters and hand bills will be put out as soon as the time and places are selected.

APPALLING SCENES IN SURGEONS' RED-STAINED BARRACKS

How Wounded Acted and Suffered as They Reached Operating Table.

(The following vivid and horrifying description of modern warfare is reprinted from Emile Zola's great work on the Franco-Prussian war, "The Downfall." Forty-four years ago, on August 2, the first blow was struck in the last great European conflict, the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1871. Zola has been called the greatest descriptive writer on war subjects that ever lived. Will these scenes be redoubled a hundred times in the present war? The following is a description of the scene when the wounded were brought in after a big battle in that war.)

It was a sight to move the most callous to behold the unloading of those poor wretches, some with a greenish pallor on their face; others suffused with the purple hue that denotes congestion; many were in a state of coma, others uttered piercing cries of anguish; some there were who, in their semi-conscious condition, yielded themselves to the arms of the attendants with a look of deepest terror in their eyes, while a few, the minute a hand was laid on them, died of the consequent shock.

They continued to arrive in such numbers that soon every bed in the vast apartment would have its occupant, and Major Bourouche had given orders to make use of the straw that had been spread thickly upon the floor at one end.

He and his assistants had thus far been able to attend to all the cases with reasonable promptness; he had requested Mme. Delaherche to furnish him with another table, with mattress and oilcloth cover, for the shed where he had established his operating room.

The assistant would thrust a napkin saturated with chloroform to the patient's nostrils, the keen knife flashed in the air, there was the faint rasping of the saw, barely audible, the blood spurted in short, sharp jets that were checked immediately.

As soon as one subject had been operated on another was brought in, and they followed one another in such quick succession that there was barely time to pass a sponge over the protecting oilcloth.

At the extremity of this grass plot, screened from sight by a clump of lilac bushes, they had set up a kind of morgue whither they carried the bodies of the dead, which were removed from the beds without a moment's delay in order to make room for the living, and this receptacle also served to receive the amputated legs and arms of the victims.

In the vast drying-room, the wide door of which was standing open, not only was every bed occupied, but there was no more room upon the litter that had been shaken down on the floor at the end of the apartment.

They were commencing to strew straw in the spaces between the beds, the wounded were crowded together so closely that there were more than two hundred patients there, and more were arriving constantly; through the lofty windows the pitiless white day light streamed in upon that aggregation of suffering humanity.

Now and then an unguarded movement elicited an involuntary cry of anguish. The death-rattle rose on the warm, damp air. Down the room a low, mournful wail, almost a lullaby, went on and ceased not.

And all about was a silence, intense, profound, the stolid resignation of despair, the solemn stillness of the death's chamber, broken only by the tread and whispers of the attendants. Rents in tattered, shell-torn uniforms disclosed gaping wounds, some of which had received a hasty dressing on the battlefield, while others were still raw and bleeding.

There were feet, still encased in their coarse shoes, crushed into a mass like jelly, from knees and elbows, that were as if they had been smashed with a hammer, depended inert limbs.

There were broken hands, and fingers almost severed, ready to drop, retained only by a strip of skin.

Most numerous among the casualties were the fractures; the poor arms and legs, red and swollen, throbbing intolerably and were heavy as lead.

There were yawning fissures that laid open the entire flank, the knotted viscera were drawn into great hard lumps beneath the tight-drawn skin, while as the effect of certain wounds the patient frothed at the mouth and writhed like an epileptic.

Here and there were cases where the lungs had been penetrated, the puncture now so minute as to permit no escape of blood; again a wide deep orifice through which the red tide of life escaped in torrents; and the internal hemorrhage, those that were hid from sight, were the most terrible in their effects, prostrating their vic-



BERT SWOR, WITH AI, G. FIFTEEN MINUTE, MATINEE AND NIGHT SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 12.

them, and was beginning to feel fatigue.

There were but two tables, his own and another, presided over by one of his assistants; a sheet had been hung between them, to isolate the patients from each other.

Although the sponge was kept constantly at work, the tables were always red, and the buckets that were emptied over a bed of daisies a few steps away, the clear water in which a single tumbler of blood sufficed to redden, seemed to be buckets of unmixed blood, torrents of blood.

OLD FORT IMPROVEMENTS.

New Residence is Being Built—Now School Progressing—Social Items.

Old Fort, Sept. 5.—The early crop of fall apples in this section is so plentiful that the fruit is rotting on the ground by the hundreds of bushels.

Work on the new school-house at Oakdale is progressing satisfactorily, and the building is expected to be ready for occupancy at the opening of school this fall.

T. L. Nichols has commenced the erection of a five-room dwelling house on Catawba avenue next to the new house of his brother, J. L. H. He will occupy it when completed.

The public school will open in Old Fort next Monday.

F. H. Marley accompanied his sister-in-law to Statesville last Tuesday. Miss Clark returned home on account of illness. Mrs. Marley, who also went along, is still with her sister, who is improving without having to undergo an operation.

BRASS BAND AT MARION.

Special Religious Services for Old Folks To Be Held—Social Items.

Marion, Sept. 5.—The brass band recently organized by the young men of Marion, about fifteen pieces, is reported to be making good progress under the leadership of W. F. Wood.

Closed Monday--Labor Day

Bon Marche's
Saturday Closing
Hour is
8 P. M.

With the talent Marion affords there is no reason why this town should not have a good band.

Special services for the old people of the congregation will be held at the Methodist church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Will Pless left this week for Chapel Hill to resume his studies at the university.

James H. Hemphill has returned home after a stay of several months in San Francisco.

Winfield Kester and Roby Conley left yesterday for Raleigh to enter A. and M. college.

Misses Mabel and Georgina Greenlee, of Studley, Va., are visiting the Misses Gibbs.

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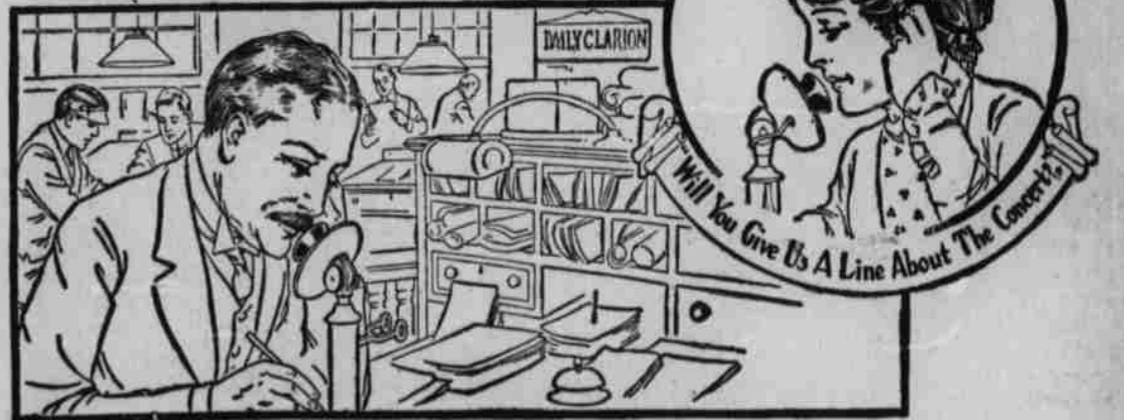
in Asheville—just offered for sale—size 127 feet on Charlotte St.—120 ft. on Edgewood Rd.—This lot has from 15 or more fruit trees and 6 shade trees, magnificent view of mountains and opposite to one of Asheville's finest residences. Price \$3,500.00. See us.

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