

THERE is no man in camp whose duties run through a wider range than those of Chaplain Gavitt. Not only is he known as the most cheerful man in Siboney, but his tenderness and sympathy are so far reaching that there has not a soldier died in all this camp without Chaplain Gavitt being on hand.

IN addition to his other duties, Chaplain Gavitt runs the only bar in the place. The day that the first troops landed, more than a hundred hogsheads of the finest Spanish claret were captured at Siboney. Twenty of these hogsheads were broken open and spilled on the beach, for fear the soldiers would get hold of it and celebrate their arrival in Cuba too auspiciously. But before the twenty-first hogshead had a chance to waste its sweetness on the sand crabs, Chaplain Gavitt had persuaded the military authorities that it was a waste of a very necessary material, and volunteered to take charge of the liquor question in Siboney himself. In consequence all the rest of the wine was turned over to him.

It is the one cheering sight of this ghastly place to see, three times a day, this indefatigable man, in his dark clothes and huge sombrero, trudging along from tent to tent, with his bucket of claret and lime-juice, bringing liquid comfort into many and many a thirsty quarter. The "tinkle-tankle" of the ladle against the pail is one of the most welcome sounds in Siboney.

Last night, one of the nurses was looking particularly faint just as the little chaplain came along. He spied her, and in a moment the ladle, full to the brim, was held toward her, while the chaplain exclaimed:

"Drink this, my child; you've earned it."

"But, chaplain, I can't," said the nurse, weakly. "I'm a W. C. T. U."

"I don't care if you're the whole alphabet. You're tired and played out, and there's going to be lots of work for you to-night. You must drink it."

And she did."

MISS A. E. MAXWELL, Superintendent of the Training School for Nurses at the Presbyterian Hospital, has started, accompanied by twenty nurses, for Camp Thomas, at Chickamauga. Six nurses were also sent to Old Point Comfort, and a like number to Chattanooga.

THE death of Miss Phinney, a Red Cross Nurse, at the Leiter Hospital, has occasioned much sorrow to a large circle of friends. She was a woman of winning character, and has rendered valuable services to the Red Cross Society.

## The Hospital World.

### THE GUNPOWDER HOSPITAL, WALTHAM ABBEY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

ONLY thirteen miles from Liverpool Street, and yet as I walk up from the station at Waltham, I feel quite like a schoolboy playing truant, in having escaped from London, on a hot August afternoon, to rural surroundings; for here they all are, the green fields and greener trees, the running stream, the stack of newly cut hay, and the golden corn ready for the sickle. I sniff the sweet country air, and I drink in the sights and sounds, and improve a passing acquaintance with a picturesque labourer, in a blue knitted jersey, who, with true country courtesy, tells me divers items of news of local interest, as he sets me in the right way. Arrived at the Gunpowder Factory, I ring a bell, and am admitted by a policeman. The factory, indeed, is guarded on all sides by police, and if anyone may go to bed, secure in the knowledge that she will be unmolested by burglars, it is surely Miss Baynes, the Nurse-Matron of the little Hospital in the factory grounds. Once inside the gates, my sex, for once was in my favour, for being a woman I was not asked if I had any matches, whereas, mankind has, not only to declare them, if he has any, but to leave them with the policeman on duty at the gate, until he takes his departure. I suppose I looked like a respectable personage, for neither was there any suggestion of my having dynamite secreted about me, and I was allowed to walk in. Elaborate precautions are necessary, however, as will be readily realized from the fact that in this Government factory about a thousand men are employed in the manufacture of gunpowder and cordite. Any employé who is found to have taken matches into the factory, notwithstanding the strict regulations to the contrary, is at once discharged if he is found out, and rightly so, for his carelessness may easily result in injury and death, not only to himself but to others. So terrible have been the accidents in this factory, in times past, that the Government, in 1894, built a small hospital in the grounds for the reception of the injured in case of accident. Happily in the last four years' accidents have been few, in fact, the hospital should imagine has the smallest record of in-patients of any in existence. Three this year, and five last! A large number of out-patients, however, amongst the employés come to the dispensary every morning to have minor ailments attended to. They are quick to do so, for unless they report themselves when they have any trifling injury, if it becomes more serious, and they are unable to work, they do not receive any wages, whereas in the ordinary course of things

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)