

and the best I could do was to go through with it. But I was all in when we reached the hospital. The first thing I saw when we got in the door was another negro, also from Barbadoes, and as tall and as thin as Jim had once been short and fat. This black boy and I made a great team, but I never knew what his name was. I always called him Kate, because night and day he was whistling the old song, "Kate, Kate, Meet Me at the Garden Gate," or words to that effect. I have waked up many a night and heard that whistle just about at the same place as when I had fallen asleep. It would not have been so bad if he had known all of it.

I took Swatts's broom and cleaned up, and then asked where the coal or wood was. This got a great laugh. It was quite humorous to the men who had shivered there for weeks, maybe, but to me it was about as funny as a cry for help. I got wood, though, before I had been there long.

There was a great big cupboard, that looked more like a small house, built against the wall of the hospital barracks in one corner of the room, and not far from the stove. Kate was the only patient able to be on his feet, so I thought he would have to be my chief cook and bottle-washer for a while; and, besides, there was something about him that made him look pretty valuable. I had not recognised his whistling yet, so Slim looked to be the right name for him.

"Slim, what's that big cupboard for?"