

## THE NAKED MAN

A section of the Argonne wood is feebly lighted by distant star shells. Over the mechanical and human wreckage eddies the vapor of poison gas; yet the two men sitting against the ruined gun-emplacement wear no masks, and seem not to feel the gas. One is a husky chap, a marine; his left foot, gone above the ankle, is replaced by an ineffectual tourniquet. The other is a conscript; across his breast is a wide gash of bubbling red.

Nearby lies a German, bayonet-gashed, who from time to time opens his eyes. At his knee lies an empty U. S. A. canteen.

The Marine: You were a damn' fool to give him that bottle! Not that it matters to us, only --

The Conscript, smiling: You gave him yours first!