

# Arthur Raymond

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

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His frame was once a frame of steel  
 That turned into a frame of clay.  
 The hours he whiled as might a child  
 Living and laughing in to-day.  
 As babies chase bright butterflies  
 He chased the phantom known as Joy.  
 Pray pity him, you critics grim—  
 Remember, he was just a boy.

Who knows, in all the world of cant,  
 In all this world of right and wrong,  
 If those who preach and those who rant  
 Will hear a sweeter welcome song?  
 He was a wastrel, nothing more,  
 With strength Fate told him to destroy,  
 But you, still strong, who called him  
 wrong,  
 Remember, he was just a boy.

