

Are not they who march in the van  
Of battling, surging armies—  
They've died for the Rights of Man.  
—1921

### A Way of Life

(Note: This was my father's last writing, penned just  
before his fatal seizure.—R.A.H.)

My Son, stand up and take your part  
Against all manner and kinds of men;  
In your veins flow the blood of men  
Who claimed this gracious country from a wilder-  
ness,  
Who fought and bled to establish it a nation,  
Who died to keep that nation from being rent  
asunder—  
Who fought anew that autocracy might not prevail.  
My Son, I held you in my arms, a little lad;  
And dreamed you would succeed where I had failed.  
I saw in you the fulfillment of all those aims,  
Which, under other fates, I might have known.  
Fears you will know as you pursue life's pathway;  
But only in yielding to Fears will you do wrong.  
Fight the good fight and keep the faith.  
Determine in your mind what is right,  
And having so determined, take your stand  
Though all your friends and all the so-called wise  
men  
May hold otherwise.  
Thus, in so living, you may frequently know failure;  
But you need never fear disgrace.  
And rest assured, that if this talk of immortality  
Be not mere balderdash,  
Your loving father will be with you in spirit, Always.  
—December 1927