

The following Editorial is probably the strongest appeal ever written for the care and preservation of the eyes of children. That it should be read by every parent in Harrisburg is certain. It is really a duty.  
The Harrisburg Telegraph.



## I Am the Eyes of a Child

Written by Joseph R. Hague

I am the EYES of a CHILD!

I am brown, or blue, or green, or black, or grey.

I have faith in every One and every Thing. I trust the world.

I look out upon the business of Life and wonder what it is all about.

I still possess the crystal clearness of Innocence. I see nothing sordid or unlovely. The pictures I throw on the baby brain are magical.

I am not for sale or exchange, nor can I be bought. I am priceless.

I am the windows of the Soul. I am MORE than that. I am almost Life.

I am sensitive. I require Care and Thought on which I thrive.

I never return when once I go. I go reluctantly if go I Must.

I grow weak with Overwork, or Ill Health, or Strain. I resent Indifference or Neglect. When I am not as Strong as I was Intended to be I protest against over Exertion in the School Room. I rebel against long hours of Study or Reading at Home where the Lights are so Dim that I cannot see.

I sound my Warnings daily. I cause Misery to the Brain, and a throbbing Head. I produce a countless score of ills that are blamed on Everything but Me. My punishment is Relentless.

I MUST be heard. I punish myself. I worry myself into aching, twitching, burning coals of fire. I cannot Work. I Weep. I will not sleep. I will not stop until my Cry is Heeded.

The Parents of the Baby Body in which I Dwell blame Fretfulness, Illness, Apathy, Dullness and a Stumbling Gait on a score of things.

But I AM THE CAUSE.

I Live on Love for Love Protects. Oh! how great is the Reward I give.

I Fairly Sing and Dance and Thrill with Light and Joy and Gladness when I am Healthy, and Strong and Rested.

I Thrive on CARE.

The Brain, my Sister, takes Joy in my Joy, and Hand in Hand we are Wonder Workers. We perform Herculean tasks and are Glad.

I flutter into Being often More Weak than my new born Owner. I try not to be Harsh on the Cause of my weakness. I like Life and will Live with Care.

If I need Aid from the Skilled Hands of Men who Know me, who study my needs, who Know what I Must Have, then I respond in Sheer Gratitude.

If I have Behaved Badly and caused Pain it is only because I have needed Help. With Assistance these Learned Men CAN give Me I Live until I am no longer Wanted.

I speak that ALL Parents may hear! It is my Prayer that you do not Shrug with Indifference or get Angry at the seeming Implication that YOU of all people, could Possibly be So Careless or Lacking in Love as to permit YOUR child's EYES to be Neglected.

Will YOU Believe and Understand that I mean just YOU, the very Owners of the Grown-up Eyes who are Reading this?

Are YOU SO sure that I do not NEED HELP RIGHT NOW?

REMEMBER I am the EYES of a Child.

I MAY be the Eyes of YOUR Child.

If I need Help I Deserve the Best Service Obtainable and should NOT be fitted with the Cheap Bargain-Sale Glasses.

*You May Safely Entrust the Examination and Fitting of Your Child's Eyes to Either of the Following Optometrists Who Are Equipped & Trained to Render High-grade Service.*

**E. L. EGOLF**  
Optometrist  
302 Market Street  
With H. C. Claster

**J. C. GITT**  
Optometrist  
1303 Market Street  
Next to Allison Hill Trust Co.

**Gohl Optical Co.**  
H. E. Gohl, Optometrist  
34 North Third Street

**R. D. PRATT**  
Optometrist  
807 North Third Street

**Rinkenbach's**  
Optometrist  
1215 North Third Street