How to Live Long

by

Elbert Hubbard

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The Sunlight Milk Plant

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The Sunlight Milk Plant

My father is a physician. He has practised medicine for seventy years, and he is still practising. I, also, have studied the science of medicine. I am fifty-five years old; my father is ninety. We live neighbors, and daily ride horseback together or tramp through the fields and woods. Today we did our little jaunt of five miles and back across the country.

I have never been ill a day—never consulted a physician in a professional way, and, in fact, never missed a meal except through inability of access.

The old gentleman and I are not fully agreed on all of life’s themes, so existence for us never resolves itself into a dull, neutral gray.

He is a Baptist and I am a Vegetarian.

Occasionally he refers to me as "callow," and we have daily resorts to logic to prove prejudice, and history is searched to bolster the preconceived, but on the following important points we stand together, solid as one man:

First.—Ninety-nine people out of a hundred who think they are sick have no organic disease, but are merely suffering from some functional disorder, caused by their own indiscretion, usually overeating, or eating the wrong thing.

Second.—Individuals who have organic diseases are, nine times out of ten, suffering from the accumulated evil effects of medication.

Third.—That is to say, most diseases are the result of medication which has been prescribed to relieve and take away a beneficent and warning symptom on the part of Nature.
All these things, or any one of them, will, in very many persons, cause fever, chills, indigestion, congestion and faulty elimination. To administer drugs to a man suffering from malnutrition caused by a desire to "get even" and a lack of fresh air is simply to compound his troubles, shuffle his maladies, and get him ripe for the ether-cone and the scalpel. Nature is forever trying to keep people well, and most so-called "disease" is self-limiting, and tends to cure itself.

If you have appetite, do not eat too much. If you have no appetite, do not eat at all. Be moderate in the use of all things, save fresh air and sunshine.

The one theme of Ecclesiastes is moderation. Buddha wrote it down that the greatest word in any language is "equanimity." William Morris said that the finest blessing of life was systematic, useful work. It was Saint Paul who declared that the greatest thing in life was love. Moderation, equanimity, work and love—you need no other physician. In so stating I lay down a proposition agreed to by all physicians, which was expressed by Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, and then repeated in better phrase by Epictetus, the slave, to his pupil, the great Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, and which has been known to every thinking man and woman since: moderation, equanimity, work and love.
MILK is the most universal food used by civilized man. It is on most tables three times a day. Milk is more easily contaminated than any other form of food. Therefore great care should be exercised in its preparation. Our lives are largely in the keeping of the milkman. Indianapolis is the home of the Polk Sanitary Milk Company. Their "Sunlight Milk Plant" is at Fifteenth and Lewis Streets. You are invited to call, see, learn and inwardly digest valuable information concerning milk.
A Week in Indianapolis

RECENTLY I spent a week in Indianapolis. It was a week of work, where I talked twice a day to a thousand people or so, and wrote a little of the good stuff between times. But it was a week of pleasure and profit, where I met many gentle folk of soul and worth, without an unpleasant circumstance to mar the perfect joy of the passing hours.

Twenty-five years ago I knew Indianapolis well. But now I found a new city. The old wood-block pavements were gone; the board sidewalks, too, have disappeared. Concrete, stone and brick are taking the place of "timber."

No city in America—and I know my America as well as most—has as many well-kept, beautiful, thrifty homes as Indianapolis.

In one of these quiet, modest and restful houses I made my home for a week. My dear friends entertained me by allowing me to entertain myself.

There was a library—not too big—full of books and magazines, and just a few fine old prints, and autograph volumes, smelling of thyme and mignonette.

Yamada the Spotless

YAMADA, the Japanese servant, shod with felt, silent, watchful, helpful—knowing everything and nothing—was always near when wanted, but never in evidence otherwise.

Every morning Yamada and I played ball out on the lawn of the Art-Museum—sacred soil trod by the feet of my old
friend Steele, Artist and Teacher of Artists. Each morning on the breakfast-table was a bottle of buttermilk, and one of sweet milk. Blown in the bottles was the name “Polk.” Yamada was psychic, telepathic and psychometric. He knew my favorite tipple—he also knew how finicky I was about the brand.

He pointed to the word “Polk” and disappeared into Nippon Silence, pulling the silence in after him.

Yamada is silent without being either a grouch or a gloomster.

The next morning when the Polk milk-wagon drove up, Yamada and I were trespassing on the Art-Preserve, tossing the medicine-ball.

“See,” said Yamada, “how clean!”

I walked over to the wagon, while the driver was inside, and examined his wagon inside and out. It was scrubbed as clean as Yamada’s pantry, and that is praise superlative.

The filled bottles shone like cut glass; the boxes were faultless; the whole outfit superb. The driver came and smiled a welcome.

“Come over to our Milk-Shop, and see how we do it!” he said, as he placed one foot on the step and the horse moved away. “Come over and see how we do it!”

And that afternoon I did.
The Model Milk Plant

I had heard of the Polk Sanitary Milk Company, but as I approached the corner of Fifteenth and Lewis Streets, I was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes.

I did n't have to ask where it was. There they were: two gigantic pure-white milk-bottles, fifty-five feet high, at the front corners of a most artistic building. The big milk-bottles were made of white enameled brick. All the rest of the building was brick, stone or concrete.

The windows were screened, dust-proof and fly-proof.

Entering through one of the doors into one of the big white milk-bottles, I found myself in a vestibule of glass and white enamel. To the back I saw a reception-room, evidently for visitors. To the right, through great plate-glass windows, I saw the offices. Down below, in a sort of court, were a number of men in white uniforms, seemingly idle, just watching machinery.

Floods of sunlight filled all the rooms.

And I thought of the oft-repeated cry of Victor Hugo, "More light! More light!" And my mind went back to the day when I stood in the room with the glass floor and the glass sides, there in the Isle of Guernsey, where the Master wrote his masterpieces at the stand-up desk.

"More light! More light!"

Well, no one visiting the Sunlight Milk Plant would ever ask for more light. The place is light intensified by a cream, opaque glass, which dissipates the shadow, but preserves the light.
The Sunlight Milk Plant

The Science of Human Service

LIGHT stands for truth, purity, cleanliness, order, system. In the Sunlight Milk Plant there is nothing to hide.
And as I stood in the vestibule of light and beauty a woman entered with a boy and two little girls. Evidently she was a visitor, too.
She looked at me and smiled. "Is n't it beautiful!" she said.
"Is this where our milk comes from?" asked one of the little girls, a rosy tot of six.
"Yes, dear!"
"And we just pick it off the window-sill!"
"That 's what Abe Martin says."
"Do they feed the cows milkweed?" asked the boy.
"Where 's the cow that gives the buttermilk?" piped in the little girl.
Just then a young woman, all clothed in white, came out of the office and greeted us.
It was good psychology to leave us there for a minute. It gave us a chance to cut our milk-teeth.
Other visitors arrived, and so there was a dozen of us shown over this ideal plant, and given a little lecture on milk. I never knew that I knew so much about milk as when that mild-voiced dairymaid told me the things I knew and which I did n't know until she told me.
We made the tour of inspection, and then went back to the reception-room, where on shining glass tables we were daintily served with milk.
The children chattered, drank their milk, and encored,
The Sunlight Milk Plant

and so did we grown-ups. Every afternoon, at Fifteenth and Lewis Streets, there is a reception. Everybody is welcome. All are treated with gentle courtesy. Everything is shown—all is explained.
I know of no other city where a Milk-Station is at once a school, a reception-hall, a business office, and a factory.
Go and see. Take the children. It is an object-lesson we can not afford to miss.
The Sunlight Milk Plant symbols the new science of human service. It stands for the new Indianapolis—the big, beautiful and growing Indianapolis—the city where nothing is quite good enough, but where all things must be made better.
A Little Essay on Milk

Josh Billings used to advertise a "Lecture on Milk."

On the stage was a stand, and on this stand was a single glass of milk—simply that and nothing more.

Just before the distinguished lecturer began to speak, he drank the glass of milk. This was the first act of the show.

Then he went on with his discourse of an hour or so, never mentioning the subject of milk.

This is a little essay on milk, inspired by a bumper beaker of buttermilk.

Milk is a liquid food.

Milk is Nature's food.

The one primal purpose of milk is to nourish the young.

Milk is man's first food.

Please, Mr. Critic, let there be no argument on these four points.

Also, milk is man's last food, since those who have lived long find milk palatable and nutritious when all other foods fail.

Milk—and Water

Milk contains four nutrients that are necessary to sustain life. These elements are protein, fat, carbohydrates and mineral matter. Milk is eighty-seven per cent water—when not reinforced by the pump—the bulk being required, as man's digestive apparatus is not adapted for highly concentrated foods.

The water dilutes the solids so they can be easily absorbed.
by the system. Warm milk is digested more quickly, and more effectively, than any other food known.

Then, as for the water there is in milk, the digestive tract requires distention in order for the peristaltic action to be vigorous and strong. And the peristaltic movement is the natural, automatic exercise of the thirty odd feet, or so, of digestive canal.

Milk is a liquid food. Man’s body is over seventy per cent water. Of course man might have been made out of solid stone, concrete or bronze, but he was n’t. All the time we live, moisture is being thrown off and evaporated from the body; and to preserve the symmetry, shape and usefulness of the body there must be considerable amount of moisture in our food.

A quart of milk is equal in food value to a pound of beef. One costs eight cents, the other eighteen. To insure yourself that the milk is pure, it might be well to see that it comes from the Polk Sanitary Milk Company, Fifteenth and Lewis Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Sanitation and Sunlight

The milk sold by the Polk Sanitary Milk Company comes from selected and carefully inspected dairies, within twenty miles of Indianapolis.

No city in the world has better transportation facilities than Indianapolis. Thirty railroads, including suburban and interurban electric lines, center here.

Great care is exercised to exclude all cows from the Polk dairies that are not absolutely healthy and strong.

Light, air, freedom from all uncleanliness and dust are always demanded.

Pails and cans are subjected to boiling-hot water twice a day and then placed in the sunlight. The milk goes quickly from the pail to ten-gallon cans having tight tops. Then the milk is cooled in running spring-water to a temperature around fifty.

In an hour or less these cans of milk are on the way to the Sunlight Milk Plant at Indianapolis.

Each can is labeled and numbered. A sample of the milk is taken from each can as soon as it arrives and is tested for richness and purity.

The Sunlight Milk Plant has its own chemist, right on the spot every day, testing every can of milk that arrives.

It would be worth your while to come and see this man at work in his Laboratory.

The tests are most interesting. The day I was at the "Sunlight," a class from one of the city High Schools was present, and the methods of locating bacteria in milk were fully
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explained and shown. I got more information in half an hour than if I had moused in musty books for a week.

A Lesson in Bacteriology

LET it here be stated that life is a matter of bacteria; and that most bacteriological germs are not harmful.

It is a "germ" that differentiates buttermilk from sweet milk. This germ is the one that Bishop Fowler denominated "the friendly germ." This particular buttermilk germ attacks the forces of disease and dissolution and drives out the calcareous matter which causes rheumatism, sciatica, gallstones, stone in the kidney, neuritis and other beautiful things that like the human body so well that they are prone to move in and stay and build their tabernacles.

Good health turns on assimilating that which is nutritious, and thus building up the body; and at the same time expelling all that which is harmful, poisonous or which tends to stay and fasten itself in the tissues.

Thus health consists in two things: absorption and elimination.

In pure milk are the elements or germs that make for building, and also those which make for casting out. Both are necessary.

The germs to be feared are those which camp out on you.

These parasitic germs are the easiest to keep out. And to keep them out is just a matter of cleanliness and preserving the milk at a proper temperature until it is used.

Just take the good wife and the kiddies around to the Sunlight Milk Plant any afternoon and see for yourself. You learn in the "Sunlight."
Something You Never Thought Of

There is one thing about milk which everybody knows, but which nobody knows until they are told they know.

And that is this: Milk is supposed by Nature to be consumed on the premises.

Naturally it goes direct from the producer to the consumer, "by word of mouth."

The middleman is an artificial proposition and comes in only as a necessity with civilization.

That a man should milk a cow and then save this milk and feed it to the babies, or put it away and let a family use it at their convenience, is one of the great expedients of the genus homo.

It is one of the great discoveries and inventions, ranking with what Herbert Spencer calls "man's first invention," which was the discovery that wood will float on water, and that a log in a stream will support a man's weight.

This idea, amplified and expanded, gives us the steamship, and is the germ from which the Interstate Commerce Commission sprang. For, from the idea that a log would float in water and move with the running stream, came the thought of cutting off cross-sections of the log, thus securing a wheel; then take four wheels, mount them on axles in pairs, put your log on the axles, and there you are! This invention is the germ that finally led to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"The idea of the wheel is secured from the rolling log," says Alfred Russel Wallace.
The next invention comes when Mr. Stone-hatchet discovers that when love grew cold he could set his wife to work, and also trade her off for something just as good if she failed to obey orders. "The first property-right was the ownership of women," writes John Fiske.

**Cows and Milkmen**

The idea of the milk business is founded on taking advantage of the maternal instinct of the cow. Before cows are domesticated and become a part of the family, when the calf is weaned the cow just naturally shuts off the milk-supply. This is a fact which every country boy knows; for in the good old days on the ranch Out West when we used to tie the cow up and strap her legs in order to milk her, we resorted to the scheme of allowing the calf to help himself on one side, while we industriously milked the other.

Man's business is to rob Nature, or as he more politely terms it, to utilize Nature, and this he does and is obliged to do, for on the utilization of Nature civilization is built.

Over in Italy every one is familiar with the milkman who drives his herd of goats through the street, with their tinkling bells. The housewives come out and stand on the curb while the milkman backs up a goat, and fills the pan, pail, cup or bottle. This is a precaution necessary in the Far East to prevent the too profuse use of \( \text{H}_2\text{O} \). When you see the lacteal fluid milked into a pan, and have your eye on the milkman at the same time, a reasonable degree of purity, cleanliness and freedom from adulteration is safely assured. And I have noticed, in later years, that these milkmen with their merry
flocks of bleating goats, are very careful to keep themselves personally and outwardly attractive. They frequently wash their hands at the pump, make a show of clean linen, and have a reasonable pride in their flocks. Here in America we can not lead the cow around town. The Polk Sanitary Milk Company control three thousand five hundred cows, and it is not exactly practicable to bring these cows to Indianapolis every morning—hence comes in the hiatus, or, as our political friends would say, the interregnum between the time the cow is milked and the time the milk reaches the red, luscious lips of Baby Mine.

The Milkman's Responsibility

WARM milk direct from producer to consumer is in no danger of contamination on the route. It is what you call the "short haul." But when distance intervenes, and time as well, great care must be exercised to prevent contamination. Also, the subject of temperature must be carefully considered. "The germs of everything are everywhere," says Grant Allen in his wonderful essay entitled, "A Square Foot of Sod."

If there are ten thousand different kinds of germs in a square foot of sod, only awaiting conditions to evolve them, how many kinds of germs are there in a gallon of milk? This is a question that science has not yet fully answered.

The health of a city turns on its milk-supply. Milk is the most universal food in use.

That great and good man, Mr. Nathan Straus, one of that superb trinity of brothers, Oscar, Isadore and Nathan, spent over two hundred thousand dollars a year in New York City
for nineteen years in educating poor mothers to use Pasteurized milk for "bottle-babies." He also urged all mothers to drink only Pasteurized milk.

Conservative estimates now show that through the efforts of Mr. Straus the mortality of the dreaded second year of the baby has been cut down fully one-half.

Hence, well can we say that the happiness of the family is largely in the keeping of the milkman.
Science and Milk

The Polk Sanitary Milk Company perform eight processes with their milk before it is delivered to the consumer, and these eight processes are the results of eighteen years' experience and experiment in the milk business. These eight things are all designed to give the milk to the consumer in exactly as good condition as it was when it came direct from the udder of the cow.

The first step in the Polk method is the selection of the cows and the careful inspection of the dairies.

Second, quick transportation of the milk from the dairy to the Sunlight Milk Plant.

Third, careful bacteriological test for unfriendly germs, and to see that the milk is absolutely pure. These unfriendly germs may manifest themselves simply by the odor coming from the wrong feeding of the cow. Garlic, turnips, or decayed vegetables, or indifferent food of any kind, affect the milk-supply, and these mistakes on the part of the feeder, or the man who has charge of the cow, reveal themselves instantly in the laboratory of the Sunlight Milk Plant.

Nothing is hidden, nor can it be in the "Sunlight."

Fourth, filtration, which is accomplished by a machine turning at a very rapid rate; so that with the aid of centrifugal attraction, deleterious matter is thrown out, thus effecting a perfect filter.

Fifth, aeration, or, in other words, ventilation. Food must be ventilated, as well as the human body must be ventilated. Your children can not study while in an unventilated room.

More and more in very recent times has the idea of ventilation
forced itself upon us. Many people are now sleeping the whole year round out-of-doors. There is only one cure for the Great White Plague, and that is, fresh air. God supplies us the sunlight and in the great out-of-doors are the conditions which evolve the germs of life and which at the same time destroy the germs of death or dissolution—that is, the parasitic germs.

We can all remember a time when everybody was afraid to breathe night air, and we used to keep the day air in and breathe it at night. Now we find the night air is just as necessary as the day air, although the air at different times has different qualities.

The refrigerator must be ventilated. Meat placed in a box, no matter how cool, if the air is not changed will quickly deteriorate and become unfit for food. And so science has demonstrated that milk must be brought into contact with air. This scheme of aerating milk by mixing ozone with it is one of the recent great achievements of science.

If milk is placed in a large receptacle and bottled up tight without being aerated, it evolves an unfriendly germ or a parasite which may fix itself in the human body to a dangerous degree. But by aeration we get the oxidization of milk—or ozone whipped into the milk—a method which you can see worked out when you visit the Sunlight Milk Plant.

Sixth is standardization, by which every bottle of milk is brought up to the same standard of richness and quality and duly tested before it is placed in the bottles. It is also interesting to know that the milk at the Sunlight Plant is bottled and corked without the touch of human hands.
Seventh is Pasteurization, which retards the tendency to "change," or to turn sour, which was one of the great disadvantages in the caring for milk on the farm in the good old days.

Eighth is refrigeration, which means that the milk is cooled to thirty-five degrees and is held right there at that point from the time it is put in the bottles until it is delivered to the consumer.

By these eight processes the dangers that lie in wait for this most delicate and luscious food are obviated on its way from the kindly cow to our breakfast-table.

Eighteen Years of Service

The Polk Sanitary Milk Company has been delivering milk in Indianapolis for eighteen years, beginning with one wagon that distributed twenty-seven gallons of milk a day. The milk was then dipped out of a big can with a long-handled dipper. The wagon stopped in front of a house, the bell was rung, and the merry housewife grabbed a shawl, put it over her head and ran out into the street with her little tin calabash.

From that time on the Polk folks have constantly revised and bettered their methods until they believe now they have very nearly reached perfection.

The Sunlight Milk Plant distributes milk to twelve thousand families in Indianapolis. It uses fifty wagons, and has three thousand five hundred cows on its staff.

If there is any better milk distributed anywhere, and if there are any better methods for the distribution of milk, the Polk folks want to know about it, and to this end they invite you
The Sunlight Milk Plant

to come to the Sunlight Milk Plant, Fifteenth and Lewis Streets, Indianapolis.
Come any afternoon; bring your friends and the children and see what they are doing; and if you can make any suggestions to help them in giving better service to the people of Indiana they want to know it.
So here 's to you and your family. May you all live long and prosper!—this in a brimming beaker of buttermilk.
Humanity’s Debt to Pasteur

Pasteur was born in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-two and passed away in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five.

To this one man, more than to any other, must be given the credit of tracing that obscure and hazy line which marks the vegetable from the animal kingdom.

The germs of animal life spring out of decaying vegetation; and vegetation springs out of decomposing animal life. Some scientists have thought that cancer is a form of vegetation, and it is well known that vegetable growth in the human organism means disease, disintegration and death.

For over half a century Louis Pasteur experimented with laborious care on the subject of bacteria.

To know all about bacteria would mean to be in communication with Infinity and to know the secrets of Life.

Two forms of germs often combine and these produce a third. Digestion is brought about by germs, and if we destroy these germs of digestion the individual is unable to assimilate food.

Milk is a partially predigested food, and Nature expected it would be used warm from the animal body before there was any chance of deterioration or change.

Milk is the most delicate form of food, and is subject to quick changes when exposed to the open air. Its nature is to absorb, and be absorbed, and so we find that milk kept in surroundings that are uncleanly takes on contamination.

For instance, milk stored in a refrigerator with vegetables will absorb the flavor of those vegetables. For these reasons...
great care must be exercised in the handling of milk. Pasteur discovered that there are four general kinds of bacteria to be found in milk.
First, there are the friendly forms of bacteria. Second, there are the neutral forms which seemingly do not affect health or digestion either one way or the other.
Third, there is the form of bacteria that injures the milk.
Fourth, there are the forms that injure the human being.
Fortunately the neutral or indifferent kinds of germs are predominant in fresh milk, and slowly die out as the favorable kinds increase; and this is the case in buttermilk, where the friendly germs have grown so strong and predominant that they have driven out the forces of disintegration.
This is the reason why buttermilk is especially favorable for people of mature years or those advanced in life. The friendly germs are so active that they stop sedimentation in the tissues. We die from a hardening of the arteries, which in time produces a chronic condition, or a disease called arteriosclerosis; or, as the good old-time doctors called it, "lime in the bones." But it is not lime in the bones alone—it is lime in the tissues.

The Mischief in Milk

The true sources of danger in milk are from animal matter, owing to uncleanly surroundings, impure food given to the cows, lack of fresh air for cows. The average farmer in the good old days knew nothing about ventilation, either for himself or his livestock. Gradually, however, the world is awakening to the truth of the situation that all mammals are air-plants.
The second danger from milk lies in the custom of bottling it tight, before it is treated, or shutting it up in glass cans where the air has no chance to get at it. If it is thoroughly aerated first and then Pasteurized it will keep for a good many days, and perhaps for several months, without any change at all, and will be in perfect condition for pure food. Pasteurization of milk consists in having it thoroughly aerated, or the air mixed with it, then raised to a temperature of one hundred sixty-five degrees or thereabouts, and then quickly lowered to a temperature varying from thirty-eight to forty-two degrees. If the milk is then bottled and secured with an air-tight cork it will remain pure for a number of days. To thoroughly aerate and Pasteurize requires special machinery. The entire body of milk must be heated without scorching, and must be heated exactly alike, and then it must have the temperature reduced in a similar manner. The special kinds of machinery used by the Sunlight Milk Plant for these purposes are models of the art of machination. This rapid raising of the temperature, and then the sudden changing to cold, destroys the unfriendly germs, without hurting the germs that are necessary to health. This is the particular one great invention of Louis Pasteur. Some of his discoveries are open to question and criticism, but the Pasteurization of milk has been tested in every civilized country thoroughly, and on this one thing the milk experts of the world are all agreed, that the use of Pasteurized milk as a saver of infant life is beyond com-
At that critical period in the life of the child when the digestive apparatus has not accustomed itself to the use of solid foods, and it is gradually being weaned from the milk diet, then is the time of danger. The milk used must be Pasteurized in order to lessen the risks. So to repeat, Pasteurized milk contains all the friendly germs, with the unfriendly ones or the dangerous ones reduced to the absolute minimum.
RECENT report issued from Washington on Vital Statistics shows a lower death-rate than has ever before existed in the history of America.

In the year Nineteen Hundred the average yearly death-rate was eighteen. It has now dropped to fifteen per thousand, and it is encouraging and pleasing to note that in Indianapolis the death-rate is considerably less than fifteen, which proves plainly that this city is away beyond the average of American cities and towns in all that pertains to hygiene and happiness.

Moreover, the death-rate in Indianapolis has been gradually growing less and less.

Of course we can all speculate on the cause of this. Good sewerage, fresh air, well-paved streets, plenty of work for everybody, getting together and getting acquainted with one another—all these are strong factors in the line of increased health.

Then, Indianapolis spells success, and success is a tonic.

Personally, I think the increase in health is on account of the large number of people who are getting their milk from the Polk Sanitary Milk Company.

Milk is the most important article in man's diet. It is on every table three times a day—not counting the bottle-babies, who get hungry more often.

Food is a fuel; also, it is a stimulant.
Costing More to Live

There is nothing more palatable than warm milk. Milk should not be gulped down. It should be sipped. It is a great cosmic sparker, starting the human dynamo for the day. In its use there is no reaction. It does not mean headache nor regrets.

There is a grave doubt about the wisdom of the no-breakfast plan, but the moderate breakfast is the thing the modern doctor will tell you is wise and proper.

Milk for everybody! And be sure it is pure. In order to get the purest and best, you would better communicate with the Sunlight Milk Plant at Fifteenth and Lewis Streets.

Better still, go out and see these people; see what wonderful facilities they have for supplying milk from the dairy to the family.

Long experience, right intent, ample capital devoted to human wants—is not this what is lengthening human life in the city?

Some people say it is costing more to live now than ever before, but really it is worth the money.

We should all live to be one hundred, and live without pain, anxiety, fear or disease—and we will when we grow to a point where we know how to eat, sleep, work, laugh, love, study, and mix these things in the right proportions.
Milk Mischief

The principal source of contamination in milk is the house-fly. If the fly would only stay in the house it would be all right, but the fact is that a fly flies. He is always moving around from the barn to the house, and on the way he stops at the pig-pen. Coming back he visits the swill-pail, and then flies into your dining-room and sits on your nose.

The number of bacteria on a single fly ranges anywhere from a thousand to six millions. The diseases peculiar to infants begin about July Fifteenth, when the fly goes a-flying. Let the fact be known that no flies ever get into the Sunlight Milk Plant.

There the windows are screened, and you enter the Plant through double doors.

All empty bottles returned from the consumer are brush-washed inside and out by hand and then sterilized in boiling-hot water before they are allowed to be carried into the room where the milk is bottled.

That is to say, the sterilizing and cleansing department is separate from the regular milk-depot.

So no germs are ever transported from houses and homes back to the milk-depot. You will probably travel a long ways before you find such separation in other depots.

Tuberculous Cows

Professor Koch, during the Tuberculosis Congress in London, read a paper in which he declared that bovine tuberculosis was not communicable to man, and that human tuberculosis was not communicable to a
bovine. This paper caused a great deal of discussion, and opinions at the last were about equally divided as to whether the statements of Professor Koch were absolutely true, or not.

In any event, cows with tuberculosis are not healthy cows. There has no doubt been a deal of unnecessary scare on this proposition of tuberculosis. The fact is that tubercular germs are found very often in a healthy subject. David Harum said that a reasonable number of fleas on a dog was all right. This leaves the question of what is reasonable open for final decision.

But the fact remains, that cows that are not absolutely healthy and happy in every way are never allowed in the Polk dairies.

From the dairy to the consumer the greatest care is taken to prevent contamination, and the milk that is delivered to the consumer is as palatable, hygienic and excellent as science can produce, or patient, loving skill arrange.

The Polk folks believe in health, work, good cheer, kindness, mutuality and human service. Please pass the milk!
Courteous Service and Prompt

The Sunlight Milk Plant produces a standard article. That is to say, the milk you get one day is exactly the same in quality and kind that you will get all through the year.

If the milk agrees with you on one occasion it will be the same throughout the year, and parents need have no fear of the contamination which existed in the good old days when the farmer fed anything and everything to his cows, and when one day you had milk from one cow and the next from another.

Absolute sanitation and the treatment of the milk through Pasteurization and aeration insure this hygienic article. The tests devised by Louis Pasteur, as the result of a lifetime of experiment, are in actual daily use at the laboratories of the Sunlight Milk Plant.

In delivering milk, the work is so arranged that the wagons are on hand at a certain spot every time every day. The men hired are carefully drilled and trained. They are intelligent, cleanly, courteous, and their business is to serve humanity.

The Sunlight people believe in the divinity of human service. They are very proud of their business. They take great satisfaction in the thought that they are doing their work as well as they can.

Yet they are never quite satisfied, and are always laboring for something better.

If there is any way whereby they can provide a better service in the distribution of milk for the people of Indianapolis they want to know it. They are thankful for sugges-
The Sunlight Milk Plant

tions. And they want to know their customers personally. So they invite all housekeepers and their friends to come to see them at the Sunlight Milk Plant, and be informed as to what they are doing and what they are trying to do. They believe in human co-operation. "We help ourselves only as we help others."

Serving Humanity

The Sunlighters believe that sanity lies in human service, and that only as we add to the happiness and well-being of the world can we help ourselves. Theirs is a life of work, of continual activity, but with it they combine a deal of good cheer and sweet content. Not only do they deal in milk of healthy cows, properly cared for, and delivered to the consumer at a reasonable price, but they believe in the milk of human kindness. From time to time all of the Sunlight employees are brought together, and this subject of serving humanity is discussed. These meetings, and mutual discussions on every point that pertains to the business of supplying milk to the consumer, they find of great advantage and benefit in raising the standard of intelligence and in keeping up a personal interest in all the helpers.

The Polk Sanitary Milk Company is one big family of earnest workers, devoted to supplying the most important food article used by man. Call and see them any time. It will open your cosmic peepers as to what progress is doing for the world.
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Elbert Hubbard