JOHNNIE'S ADVENTURES
WITH THE
MILKARPIES
Johnnie's Adventures with the Milkarpies

A MILKARPIE

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THE BORDEN COMPANY
BORDEN BUILDING New York City
Johnnie's Adventures with the Milkarpies

Some time ago when Johnnie was very small he would cry every time his mother gave him milk to drink. He would strike the table with his little fists and bump his head against the chair and hold his breath until his face was a bright purple. This would frighten his mother very much and to keep him quiet she would remove the glass from his place at the table.

This crying and fussing that Johnnie made over drinking milk was not the only thing that his mother was frightened about. Johnnie was getting thinner and thinner, paler and paler and more tired each day. His mother knew that Johnnie should have milk to drink daily but hated to have her little boy cry so she had given up trying to have him drink it.

Johnnie had just started to go to school and liked to go very much but he never could enter into the games that the other little boys played because he was too tired. He used to stand near and watch them wistfully as they played baseball, ran races and wrestled.

"Oh! if I could only play like that too," he often thought.

One day at school all of the children in Johnnie's class were sent into the assembly room to be weighed and to have their heights taken. The nurse wrote something on little white tags and gave one to each child. Johnnie saw her shake her head sadly as she was writing out his tag.
One day at school all of the children in Johnnie's class were sent into the assembly room to be weighed and to have their heights taken.
and heard her say, "Little man, what you need is lots of milk to drink and the quicker you begin drinking it at every meal the quicker you will become strong."

Johnnie went back to his room and tried to study but these words kept running through his head, "The quicker you begin drinking milk the quicker you will become strong." His heart sank way down into his shoes for even the thoughts of drinking milk made him feel cross and irritable and he realized that he must take the, "hateful stuff," as he called it, if he wanted to play with the other boys. "Was it worth trying for?" He thought about this for a whole period when he should have been studying his lessons, and when it came time to recite the teacher asked him all about pastures and farms and cows and everything about milk which he couldn't answer at all. He got very cross and decided then and there that he was through with milk forever.

He started to tear his tag in two but saw his teacher looking at him so thrust it into his coat pocket and went home.

After supper his mother asked for his coat to mend a tear in his pocket and then things began to happen. The tag was found and read. The story was told plainly and cruelly and it took only a few letters and figures to tell it all. Johnnie was 10 pounds underweight for his age and height and the cause was a bad case of mal-nutrition.

His mother was more frightened than ever regarding her little boy's condition and decided that the very next morning she would take him to the doctor's.

Johnnie became very serious too about his health and went to bed earlier than usual to think this most important problem out.

He lay awake tossing and kicking and stretch-
ing for hours but could come to no decision. Which should it be? "Milk and Health," or "No Milk and No Health."

What was that!!! At first a rippling, gliding murmur of a brook; then a swishing, swirling sound of a stream; and then a rushing, gushing roar of a river.

Johnnie's heart bumped against his ribs. His blood pounded in his ears. His breath came in short gasps. He tried to see what it was that made this terrible noise but was unable to see a thing, the room was so dark.

"Ah!" said a small clear voice right next to his ear, "do not be frightened. I will make it light. I have a brick of phosphorus in my pocket and it will light the way for us."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," Johnnie shouted. "I don't want to, I don't know who you are and what you want or——"

He could say no more for he felt a tiny wet hand in his and found himself slipping into a cool white stream of liquid.

At first he could not see anything. Then his eyes became accustomed to the fluid and he discovered that a soft yellow light was all about him. He turned to his companion and found the queerest little man that he had ever seen. His face was round and bright. A small red hat was tilted on one side of his funny little head. The top of his body was shaped like a man and dressed like a carpenter but from his waist down he was shaped like a fish. Johnnie had read about mermaids and mermen in stories but had never seen or heard about any that looked like this small creature.

"Who are you, what do you do, and what do you want?" Johnnie asked curiously.

"I am one of a large family called the 'Mil-
"Ah!" said a small clear voice right next to his ear, "do not be frightened. I will make it light. I have a brick of phosphorus in my pocket and it will light the way for us."
karpies.' We live in milk and help children to grow healthy and happy. I want to show you how we make boys and girls who are weak and sickly into boys and girls who are strong and well."

Johnnie stood with his eyes as big as gum drops and his mouth as wide as that of a hippopotamus. He couldn't say a word but the expression on his face made the milkarpie know that he wanted to ask just about a million questions.

"Well, how would you like to go to work with me tonight? You can watch us at work and see what milkarpies do for little children."

Johnnie found his tongue right away this time and almost turned a somersault, he was so happy to go with this strange little fellow. I said he almost turned a somersault. He didn't because when he tried to throw his weight off of his feet he found that he felt very light where his feet ought to have been and when he looked down he found a long glistening silver tail like that of a fish.

Poor Johnnie was very much frightened but his little friend gave two flips with his tail and came over by his side, took his hand and drew him along after him. Johnnie began to see so many things that he got over being frightened and found that he too could flip his tail just like the milkarpie and swim along without any trouble.

CRASH! BIFF! BANG! The two hand in hand dropped into a bottle. It seemed to Johnnie as though they were going over Niagara Falls or some large body of water equally as big. A huge hand fastened a cap on the top of this bottle and placed it in a big box. Soon it became very cold, so cold that Johnnie shivered and his teeth began to chatter. The milkarpie told him
to swim about as fast as he could for a few minutes and this would get him warm. He did so and came back to his little friend’s side puffing like a steam engine.

“What are those funny little bricks which I see all around here?” said Johnnie.

“Come with me and I will tell you what they are,” said the milkarpie.

They flipped their tails about three flips and found themselves in front of some bricks.

“These square bricks are made up of a substance called protein. We build up muscle and flesh with them and also repair cells. I’m just going to give you a chance to look over the materials which we use to build up children’s bodies and then later show you what we do with them.”

“You must be some sort of a carpenter,” said Johnnie.

A happy smile spread over the milkarpie’s funny little face and he said, “You have guessed a very big secret, Johnnie. Milk-carpenters are just what we are, but people call us ‘Milkarpies’ for short.”

Then they moved on to another heap of smaller bricks.

“These flat bricks are made up of a material called fat. We use these to fill the crevices of the body. We also use them as a fuel and they give us heat and energy. They are harder to burn than these at the next pile, however.”

Johnnie looked and saw a huge pile of bricks, pure and dazzling white.

“These bricks are composed of carbohydrates. That is too big a word for you. Starches and sugars are carbohydrates and much easier to remember. They give you the energy that you need when playing ball, in running races and wrestling games.”
"I'm just going to give you a chance to look over the materials which we use to build up children's bodies and then later show you what we do with them."
“Will these bricks make me feel like playing with the other boys at school?”
“Yes.”
“Does all milk have lots of such bricks?”
“All milk has some of these bricks. There is an especially prepared milk which contains more of these energy units than any other and that is Eagle Brand Milk.”
“What are all of these little bricks?”
“Those little piles contain bricks of phosphorus, calcium, iron, and other ash constituents. They help to build bone, make cells strong, and make red blood. You will see just what they do later.”
“What are those balloon-like things floating around here?” said Johnnie, ducking his head as one sailed by him.
“Those are the little things which people are making so much fuss about these days. They are called “Vitamins”. Wherever they are they stimulate the milkcarpies to do better work. Without them little boys and girls cannot be strong.”
“Does all milk contain these pretty little Vitamins?”
“All milks do not contain vitamins because some are heated up to a very high temperature for a long time and such heat destroys these little fellows. One milk which is condensed and still retains these substances is Eagle Brand. All three vitamins are present in it. The presence of these little things in milk make boys and girls grow.”
A sudden jolt and Johnnie and the milkcarpie found themselves going head over tails into a glass.
They could hear faintly a mother say in a coaxing voice to her little girl, “Drink just this one glass.”
They could hear faintly a mother say in a coaxing voice to her little girl, "Drink just this one glass."
With a gobble and a gulp down they went into a pit. Back and forth they flew like corn in a corn-popper until they were both very dizzy.

“We cannot do any work until it gets warmer,” said the milkarpie. “When children drink their milk down fast and ice-cold we cannot start to work until the temperature gets higher. I’m sure this is giving our little girl friend a terrible stomach-ache. Her mother should tell her about these things.”

As soon as it became warmer the milkarpies’ work started. They sorted the bricks, and treated them with chemicals, which they collected from the walls of this pit. The milkarpie told Johnnie that these chemicals which the bricks were treated with were digestive juices called pepsin, rennin, and hydrochloric acid, all found in the walls of the stomach of every man, woman and child.

After each brick had been treated with chemicals they were pushed into a narrow tube called the small intestine, the milkarpies swimming along with them.

“In order to use these bricks we have to make them into the right size by breaking them up into finer particles. We then treat them with more chemicals, which are pancreatic digestive juices found in the walls of the small intestine. They are called trypsin, which acts on the protein bricks, steapsin which acts on the fat bricks, and amylopsin which acts on the starch and sugar bricks.”

Johnnie watched the milkarpies break the bricks into smaller ones and then treat them with the different chemicals. How hard the little fellows worked.

“The good bricks are taken through openings in the walls into tubes filled with a red liquid called blood. It is through these little subway
passages that the milkarpies are able to build and repair cells, bone and muscle."

"What do you do with all of the waste bricks and broken ends?"

"The waste bricks are taken down toward the lower end of another tube and pushed out of the body as soon as the bricks are sorted. If they remain in the tube too long they oftentimes get into the blood and hinder the milkarpies from building and repairing as they can do when only good bricks are found there. At least once a day such waste should be gotten rid of by the body or else sickness is liable to occur."

They swam into the larger tube and watched the milkarpies push the broken bits of bricks and waste along, clearing the space around them.

"OOOOOH! Now I can breathe. It seems so nice to have everything clean again and to get rid of all of that rubbish," said Johnnie.

A little milkarpie came up to Johnnie’s side and said, "We have just received a radio-milkgram that protein bricks are needed to restore the tissue in the little girl’s face and iron to make her cheeks rosy. Here comes the material and the working crew now. Hurry or you will miss them."

Johnnie swam along after the crew. As they approached the wall a magic door opened and through it they all went. The passage was quite small and everything looked red to him. He noticed that beside the bricks and milkarpies that there were queer little round things like doughnuts bouncing around. As soon as they saw the little bricks of iron they grabbed them.

His friend, the little milkarpie, who had been by his side, saw that he wanted to know what these things were and said to him, "Those are Corpuscles and are found in the blood. They
take care of all of the iron for us. Do you notice that some are red and some are white?"

"Yes," said Johnnie.

"The red ones carry iron and oxygen around the body and the white ones act as policemen and try to destroy all the harmful substances that get into the blood."

It is very important that little boys and girls eat foods, such as rye bread, spinach, eggs and raisins. These foods contain iron, which helps to give them rosy cheeks. Those little red corpuscles are going to paint this little girl’s cheeks after the milkparies have filled them out with protein and fat bricks.

All the time the milkarpie had been talking he and Johnnie had been swimming along. Johnnie saw many worn places in the sides of the tubes which needed repairing and in many places the liquid was very pale in color.

"If this little girl will continue to drink milk we will be able to have her body in the finest of condition, with plenty of rich red blood and with lots of energy to play games with."

The crew stopped in front of a worn hollow place and started work. Johnnie watched them tear down tissue and replace with bricks which were just the right size. Between these larger bricks they placed smaller bricks of fat, making a strong and firm cheek. They took care not to crowd the little tubes (veins) which were interwoven among the bricks. The little red corpuscles whisked into these tubes and carried with them the iron which made the blood a deep red.

"You can be sure that this little girl’s cheeks are all rosy now," said the little milkarpie.

When they were through the milkarpies and white corpuscles collected the waste bricks which
The crew stopped in front of a worn hollow place and started work. Johnnie watched them tear down tissue and replace with bricks which were just the right size.
Johnnie was so fascinated watching the red corpuscles that he had not noticed the milkarpies’ departure and when he found himself all alone he became very frightened. Now Johnnie was a very brave little boy but even he could not help but cry just a little when he found that he did not know how to get home.

He did not realize what a noise he was making but the racket brought all of the little red corpuscles and his little milkarpie friend out to see what the trouble was. The little milkarpie volunteered to see that he got safely home.

“I am sure that I can get you out,” he said, “for this little girl took a bath this morning and her pores are all clean and open. When children do not take baths the pores—little holes in the skin—get all clogged up with dirt and perspiration and then they cannot get rid of lots of waste products from the body and they become sick.”

“I am so glad that she took a bath,” said Johnnie as he followed the little milkarpie through a still smaller tube which was really a pore in the skin of the little girl’s cheek. Soon they came to the opening and the milkarpie and Johnnie stopped for a moment.

“This little girl is going swimming this afternoon. It is then that those white bricks will be burned to give her the energy which she will need. If she would drink more milk, particularly Eagle Brand which has more energy units in it than any other milk, she would feel more like playing all sorts of games. She has been drinking it occasionally at 10 o’clock every morning and already you can see a difference. Poke your head out and look at her eyes and see how bright they are and how rosy and plump her cheeks are.”
Johnnie grabbed hold of the edge of the opening and stuck his head out. He saw two big eyes which shone like black shoe buttons, only a million times larger. The skin around him was a rosy red. Everything looked bright and full of life. Johnnie became so interested in seeing such wonderful things that he forgot to hold on tight and before he knew it he was falling head first through the air down, down, down. He was very frightened indeed and never expected to see his mother, father, teacher or home again. The wind whistled through his hair as he sped head over tails through the darkness.

As he went rushing along he thought of all the things he should have done in his past life. Among other things he wished that he had drunk the milk his mother had asked him to yesterday. If he could only be at home again he would drink all the milk that she wanted him to.

With a bangety, biff, bump, he fell on something very soft, cool and white. He stretched himself to see if he were hurt and found that he had legs again and that he was safe in his nice comfortable bed. Then he looked around him and saw his little room just as he had left it the night before. He was so happy to be back that he jumped out of bed and not even thinking of his slippers ran pell-mell down the stairs two at a time, out into the kitchen and grabbed his mother around the neck and hugged and kissed her until she begged for mercy.

“I’ve decided! I’ve decided!” he shouted.

“What have you decided, Johnnie boy?” his mother asked, smiling at her happy little son.

“I’m going to drink milk—the real stuff—Eagle Brand—every day and lots of it. I want to play ball like Jim Johnson and be strong so I can wrestle like Joe Haynes and——”
Johnnie became so interested in seeing such wonderful things that he forgot to hold on tight and before he knew it he was falling head first through the air down, down, down.
“I am sure that you can do every one of those things if you drink plenty of Eagle Brand milk and eat foods which I make with Eagle Brand. Now run along upstairs and dress. By the time you are ready I will have breakfast on the table and you can have Eagle Brand on your cereal, besides a glass to drink if you like.”

“I’ll like to alright,” said Johnnie as he skipped off to his room.

There was only one thing that Johnnie regretted about his night’s adventure and that was that he had not thanked the milkarpies for showing him how boys and girls are made strong and well. If he only had known it the milkarpies felt amply repaid. Some of his little friends at that moment were in his tumbler of Eagle Brand downstairs dancing around for joy and could hardly wait to start making Johnnie a strong and healthy boy.

If every boy and girl would drink milk they would be doing two big things—first, they would make their own bodies strong and—second, they would make many little milkarpies very happy. How many little milkarpies do you make happy?