

Roused her from her well-bred slumber,  
Bathed her features with a sponge.  
To the bath tub made her lumber  
For her early morning plunge.

Manicured her horn and hooflet,  
Sprayed her breast with listerine,  
Scrubbed her stall from floor to rooflet,  
Till each inch of it was clean.

Then while her attention centered  
On her predigested bran,  
Reverently Tuttle entered  
With a silver-plated can.

Into which by gauze protected  
From bacilli and ilk,  
Tuttle skillfully projected  
Little streams of purest milk.

With a microscope he viewed it,  
Slew a microbe here and there,  
Strained it, weighed it cooled it, stewed it,  
Pasteurized it, too, with care.

Then in bottles small he hauled it  
To the city, and in short—  
Everywhere that Tuttle sold it,  
Cost them sixty cents per quart.

—Red Lodge (Mont.) Picket.

