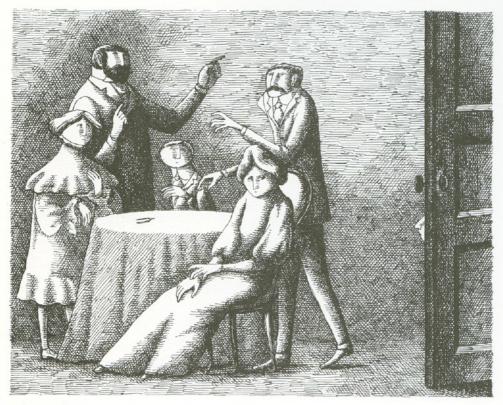
## THE TUNING FORK BY EDUARD BLUTIG

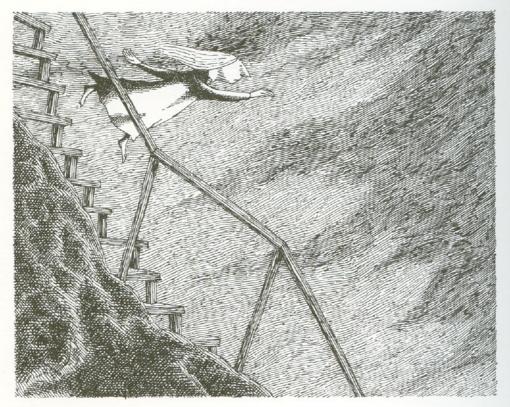
Eduard Blutig's Der Zeitirrthum in a translation by Mrs Regera Dowdy with the original pictures by O. Müde



Theoda was a homely child Whose presence drove her family wild.



Her conversation and her dress Alike inspired them with distress.



Theoda, bent on suicide, Rushed down to meet the rising tide.



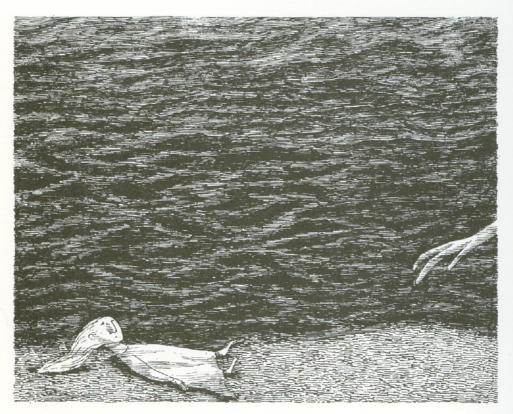
She cried 'Farewell!' to empty air, And leapt off of the jetty there.



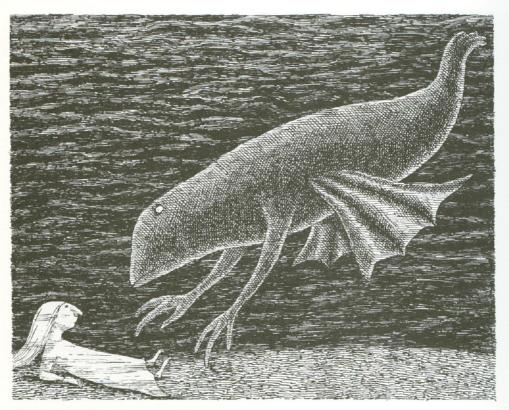
She sank; the water chilled her limbs; She recollected bits of hymns.



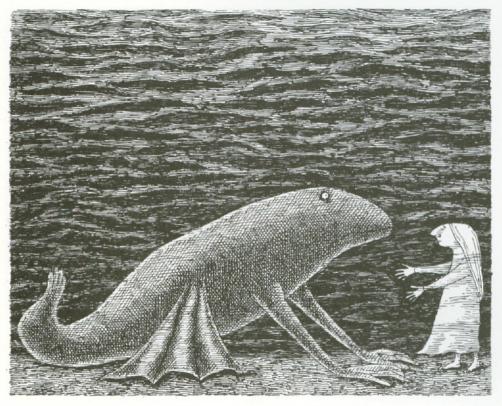
She sank—until her senseless toes Came into contact with a nose.



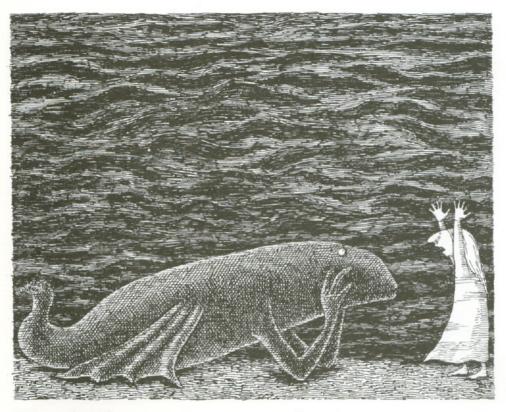
When she revived, she was not dead, But on the ocean's floor instead.



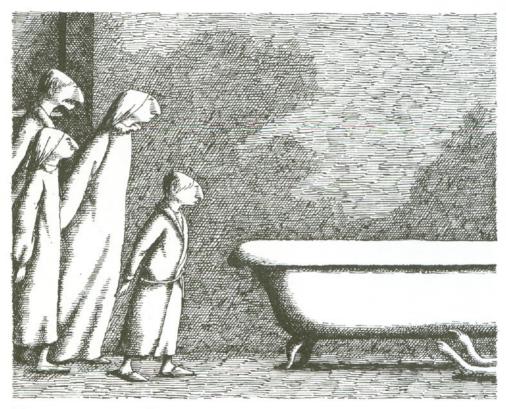
A monster of alarming size Was peering at her in surprise.



Despite this sudden change of fate, She soon began to perorate.



The simple creature was aghast At hearing of her cruel past.



Next day her joyful family found Her father by the bathtub, drowned.



The same thing happened, one by one, To all the rest. How was it done?



Theoda, having wanted curls, Now draped her head with ropes of pearls.



The natives, afterwards, took fright When she was seen, off shore, at night.

