

not know the words, death or funeral. They want to show you their toys. They love you. Play with them. It will be good for you."

Years later the widow told me that answering the letters was the

most painful ordeal she had ever suffered; and that mine was the only one she didn't have to answer. Also that her knowing friend saved her from prostration.—*Chester T. Crowell, condensed from Your Life.*

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### FANTASTIC RUMOUR

RECENTLY a remarkable letter was published in *New Yorker* from a man who wrote that Hitler had been assassinated in Hamburg in November or December of 1935 and that the man now appearing in his place is always one of four carefully selected doubles. Skeptics doubt this story, placing it in a sort of reverse category with reports that Rudolph and Marie Vetsera never died at Mayerling. The Editor of the New York paper has no such misgivings. His correspondent's letter, it is stated, was quietly matter-of-fact, confining itself unemotionally to names and dates. After stating that he had heard the same from other unprejudiced sources, the editor asserts:

"An Englishman, for instance, told us last week at tea that it was common gossip in London that a great deal of Chamberlain's confusion at Munich was the result of his sudden, horrified realization that the man he spoke to in that carefully darkened room was not Hitler at all! Some time before that we heard a doctor, one of the best laryngologists in New York, say that it would be impossible for a man with *der Fuhrer's* throat condition to speak in public for as long as ten minutes. Confirmation indeed has come from many people, even from some who were high in the Nazi regime and then suddenly and mysteriously found it wise to leave Germany. It is our private conviction that Adolf Hitler has been as dead as vaudeville for more than four years, but we realise that fuller documentary proof is desirable. The editor therefore will welcome further communications on this subject."—*From Australian Digest of World Reading.*