

TOMBSTONES for TREES

by Ruth Louise Johnson

A WOMAN with a bouquet of flowers approached what looked like a small tombstone in Tower Grove Park, St. Louis. She placed the flowers at the base of the monument and went away. Curious spectators looked at the weathered stone. On it they saw the word "Oak," the name "Eliza Hoole," and the date "1882."

These people probably thought this was the grave of some forgotten person. But not so. Most Americans have heard of Shaw's Garden, opened to the public 100 years ago, but few know that Henry Shaw marked with small monuments places where trees were planted by persons of whom he was fond.

Eliza Hoole was a cousin from England who visited him in 1882 and planted an oak tree here. Tower Grove Park was a part of Shaw's estate, which he later presented to the city of St. Louis.

Henry Shaw was also a lover of Shakespeare. In 1880, Adelaide Neilson, famous English actress, considered the greatest "Juliet" of her time, was entertained at Shaw's home. Shaw had erected a large

statue of Shakespeare in the park and Miss Neilson promised him that when she returned to England she would send him a slip from the Shakespeare mulberry tree to be planted near the statue. But Miss Neilson died before she reached England. So Henry Shaw took a slip from a mulberry tree in his own garden and planted it at the spot she had chosen. Beside the tree is a marker with Miss Neilson's name and the date "March 25, 1880."

Another of the stones is in memory of an elm tree, planted by General Philip S. Sheridan in 1880. There is also a stone dated 1860, with an almost obliterated name on it and a large flat stone marked "H.S. 1883." The only person buried in the garden is Henry Shaw.

Shaw died in 1889, but the custom of having Shakespearean actors and actresses plant trees has continued. Near the mulberry tree is another stone with the words: "This English Elm was planted by Olga Nethersole during her professional visit to the City of St. Louis in March AD 1899." Among recent tree planters in the park were Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans.

EVERYBODY'S

*Doctors and scientists are showing increased
tiny pill devoured by Americans at the rate*

by T. F. James

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IF A MODERN SCIENTIST suddenly announced that he had found a drug which could, among other things, lower fever, relieve pain, operate as a mild sedative, improve the circulation, markedly reduce the crippling effects of arthritis, prevent kidney stones, relieve sunstroke, cure trichinosis, and control rheumatic fever and diabetes, even the most sophisticated citizen of the twentieth century would gasp with astonishment. More astonishing is the fact that this wonder drug has been in existence for 105 years and is undoubtedly residing in your medicine cabinet at this very moment. Its name—aspirin.

Your instinctive reaction to these remarks is, of course, an unbelieving scoff.

There is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the nation who is not familiar with aspirin. Last year Americans gulped between 15 and 16 billion of the little white tablets, or about 44 million every 24 hours. But, by the peculiar logic of us humans, this vast familiarity has bred a mild contempt. In the era of penicillin and Salk vaccine, old Dr. Aspirin has been relegated to a Model-T status in the popular mind; ask the average man what it is good for and he will answer headaches, colds and not much else.

Until five years ago, the medical profession itself was prone to take aspirin pretty much for granted. It was extremely useful in lowering fever and relieving mild pain, they conceded, but it did not cure in the