

# Girl Aged Only 23 Has Borne 13 Children, Wants More—Seven Of Young Mother's Tots Still Live

(By Dan Thomas, NEA Service Writer.)

Redlands, Calif.—Only 23 years old and the mother of 13 children, seven of whom are living.

That's the distinction achieved by Mrs. Sista Corona, a member of Redlands' oldest Spanish family. Mrs. Corona married David Corona in 1918 when she was only 13 years of age. Her first child, Jose, was born when she was 14. Since then the flapper mother has given birth to 12 other children, only six of whom are now living.

"But I have only one child left now—Juan, my baby who was born just a few weeks ago," says Mrs. Corona in a tone that calls for instant sympathy. "My husband, who left me a short time ago, took out

other children with him.

"If only David and I could come together again so that I could have all of my children, I would be the happiest mother in the world. Of course I haven't had too many children. David and I both love every one of them—and if there is a reconciliation we may have more. My health is still perfect and I have loved having the children."

Perhaps it is her enthusiasm and love for her children, that keeps Mrs. Corona in the young flapper class. Now that she has only the one baby boy, she spends considerable time helping her neighbors care for their children.

"It's no trouble at all to take care of children," declares the young mother. "Yes, they must be

scolded at time but still I love them. I get lonesome for my other children—that's why I help the neighbors with theirs. I was so busy when our family was all together. But now I have so little to do. I played with my first baby just like he was a doll. And the others have been just like a lot of new dolls—only, of course, lots more work. They are worth it though because they give loads of affection in return."

There are four boys and three girls now living in the Corona family. One boy one girl and two sets of twins have died.

## Much Talked Baby Might Laugh Now Over Her Troubles

### She Was A Boy, Then A Girl And Into Court Her Case Did Go

Cleveland—Miss Anastasia Smith one year old, might have had a good laugh for herself had she been able to look back and comprehend all the trouble she caused twelve months ago when the famous Smith baby case at Fairview Park hospital attracted national attention to her.

All dolled up in a new white dress and a new pair of shoes Miss Anastasia arrived in the courtroom of common pleas, Judge Carl V. Weygandt, and gave the judge a knowing glance as though she had seen him somewhere before. Somehow the surroundings of the court room seemed familiar.

And then Miss Anastasia would have remembered all about it had she been able. A year ago she was born in Fairview Park hospital. Her mother called her "little son," and even the nurses noted in the hospital record that she was a boy. Then all of a sudden she became a girl.

The discovery just about ostracized her from the family of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, into which she had been born. In fact Mrs. Smith, insisted that she was not her child at all. A mistake had been made, the grief-stricken mother protested; the nurses had mixed the babies; somebody else's girl.

"Baby Smith," though nameless endured it all without a whimper while doctors and learned men talked of blood tests and what not. At the age of three weeks she was haled into a court room. Upon the bench sat the fatherly judge who listened to the whole story earnestly.

"And now," said Judge Weygandt to Mrs. Smith when he had heard it all, "there is scarcely a doubt that the mistake was made in the hospital record and not in the mixing of babies. The nurse who registered your child called her a boy. But all the evidence shows that she was a girl. Take her home and be good to her."

It was the same fatherly judge sitting upon the bench Miss Anastasia might have reflected when she entered the court room for the second time yesterday.

It was quite a surprise to be back—a birthday surprise. Judge Weygandt just wanted to give her a little party on this first memorable occasion since he is her official godfather. While the cameras clicked he presented her with a deposit of \$10 in her name.

Sam Smith, the proud parent pulled Judge Weygandt aside and whispered:

"We know you were right. Anastasia was our baby at the time. Doesn't she look like her mother?"

Wales Claims a Mary's Lamb

England is not taking seriously the claim of Llanelli, Wales, that the real Mary and her lamb were a Eilangollen school girl who was followed to school by her pet lamb, the incident being immortalized by a lady in the neighborhood. London critics are more inclined to believe that Henry Ford was right in honoring Mary Sawyer, made famous by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Buell Hale, the American authoress.

Famous English Palace

St. James palace, London, was built by Henry VIII and the gatehouse is said to have been designed by Holbein.

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to call to his reward our friend and brother, W. B. Denton.

And whereas the members of the Lodge desire to commemorate his influence and loyalty to this organization. Therefore be it resolved:

First, that in the decease of Brother W. B. Denton we have lost a most estimable member who has always been regular in his attendance, faithful in the performance of his duties and cheerful in disposition.

Second, by his consistently virtuous and useful life he has built for himself a good name in this community and his influence will continue to live among us and will be an inspiration to every member of this Lodge and every citizen of this community.

Third, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, with our tenderest thoughts and sympathies and a copy be spread on the minutes of this Lodge as a memorial to his upright life and his faithfulness to this organization.

JOHN SCHENCK,  
Dr. H. R. SHERRILL,  
J. W. FITZGERALD.

## THE CYCLONE

Early in the spring of the year '82, Christopher Carpenter—who was too old to be a soldier—was living with his young wife and family of small children, near Beason's creek in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, not far from the town of Kings Mountain.

The house—which belonged to the old gentleman's nephew—was a large one with a chimney at each end, a large hall, two bedrooms above and a "lean-to" along one side. In one end lived the Carpenter family; in the other, the nephew's wife and her three small children.

There had been a heavy rain one night in March and the roaring of the swollen creek could be distinctly heard at the house, a half a mile or more away.

Lucy, the six year old daughter of the family, and her little brother Jim, aged five, begged their mother to allow them to go to see the creek. Permission was given, and accompanied by their cousin, Lizzie, a girl of eleven, they hurried away immediately after breakfast. The path led through a dense patch of woods, across an open field, and over a wooded hill to a strip of "bottom land" bordering the creek.

The children had reached the "bottom land" when they observed a fearful looking cloud—dark and menacing—rapidly approaching from the southwest, with fearful roarings and mutterings. Instantly the frightened children turned and fled in the direction of home; but the older girl—crazed by fear—soon left the two younger children far behind. But Lucy had fast hold of little Jim's hand and never let go. They had reached the open field about halfway to the house when the storm broke. To this day the white-haired lady of seventy-two remembers every detail vividly. Having heard her mother read in the Bible concerning the judgment day, she felt absolutely sure that the hour was upon them.

Roaring, rushing, twisting and groaning the cyclone swept everything out of its path. Not a tree was left standing for miles—they were either twisted off or blown up by the roots. The helpless children were blown down repeatedly—as often as they would rise—and the breath was almost beaten out of their small bodies. Little Jim's chin was cut open, probably upon a sharp stone.

Meantime things were happening at the house. Lizzie's mother saw her child and screamed for her to come to the window—saying that she would pull her into the house. The girl, not being able to understand, lay down beside an ash-hopper, which soon blew over, where she stayed until the storm passed. If she had understood and obeyed her mother she would probably have been killed by falling bricks when the tall chimney fell.

Mrs. Carpenter was adding her puny strength to that of the heavy bar which held shut the double doors of the hall, the roof blew off. Instantly a dash of wind down the stairway sent a pack of quilts and some hat boxes into the fire. Leaving the doors, she ran to pull out the burning things, then the doors blew open and were smashed into splinters.

The smokehouse, built of heavy logs, was blown to the foundations, the roof being set down in the yard, uninjured. The log stable was also blown down, but the mule was unhurt; and was down upon his knees, surrounded by wreckage, peacefully eating fodder, when all was over.

The old gentleman was away from home. Miraculously—or so it seemed—no one was hurt but little Jim, whose mother was compelled to feed him with a spoon for several weeks. He is now a man of seventy, but upon his chin there is a jagged scar—a memento of that fearful storm.

Both Issues Widely Distributed, Telling Of Shelby's Greatest Disaster.

Two extra editions were put out by The Cleveland Star Tuesday, following the collapse of the buildings here when six people lost their lives. The first edition came from the press at 2:10 o'clock and 3,600 were sold by the fifty or more carrier boys who covered the streets of Shelby as fast as the press could turn them out at the rate of 2,500 papers an hour. This estimated the dead at eight when Cleoro Lutz reported that two of his colored laborers were missing and the negro John Thompson, last to be taken from the wreckage stated that two men were pinned underneath the debris with him.

Death List Revised.

The second extra went to press about 5:30 o'clock and revised the death list to six when Mr. Lutz said all of his men had been accounted for and the relief workers had about finished exploring the ruins for remaining bodies thought to be entombed there.

Twenty-three hundred copies of the second extra were printed making a total of 5,900 and each edition became exhausted.

Copies of the papers were distributed not only in Shelby and suburbs but sent to all towns in the county that could be reached easily, while hundreds of copies went to Lincolnton, Gastonia, Bessemer City, Morganton, Gaffney, Cliffside, Henrietta, Caroleen, Forest City, Rutherfordton, etc.

The Star received many compliments on the accuracy of the affair when so many wild rumors were afloat.

Refuse To Carry Clocks

Muskegon, Mich.—A walkout of the eight patrolmen of the Muskegon Heights police force is threatened here as a result of an order by T. J. Pedler, city superintendent, and the police committee that the officers shall carry eight-pound clocks on their beats.

The city is without a police call system, so Pedler proposes that the patrolmen carry the clocks and punch them at various places on the beats, where keys are available. In addition to Chief Arthur Smith there are five other members of the department besides the patrolmen.

# Star Puts Out 5,900 Extras Here

Miss Ora Eskridge



Latest Photograph Obtainable Of Miss Ora Eskridge, Only Lady Victim Of The Disaster.

## Greene Leaves Young Bride

Guy Greene, 22 year old bank clerk, who lost his life Tuesday morning in the collapse of the McKnight-Gardner building in Shelby, leaves a young bride who before marriage was Miss Anne Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle Turner of near Mooresboro. He was a most faithful employee of the bank and popular not only in Shelby but throughout the Mooresboro community.

Guy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert V. Greene of Mooresboro, who survive, together with one brother, Joe and two sisters, Ruby and Dorothy.

It is understood his remains will be buried Thursday afternoon at Sandy Run Baptist church, Mooresboro. The hour had not been set this morning. Rev. C. M. Rollins and Rev. A. R. Staudenmire will officiate.

## Gilmers Furniture Dept. In Collapse

The second floor over the First National bank temporary headquarters was occupied by the Gilmer department store as furniture department and general stock room. When the brick wall between the McKnight and Gardner buildings collapsed, Messrs. Gabriel and Galloway were in the advertising room, a portion cut off from the stock room. They heard the crash and felt the floor slipping from underneath them. Both grabbed each other and saw the entire lot of merchandise in the furniture department and stock room dumped without a moment's warning into the McKnight buildings, piled upon the debris of bricks and timber.

Their escape was by a hair's breadth. An electrician had been rewiring the building and had been working in the ceiling of the stock room, but fortunate for him he had gone to do some repair work on the first floor of the Gilmer store, occupying the Gardner building.

Gabriel and Galloway heard the shrieks and cries of the dead and dying. It was a scene and an experience never to be described.

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  - \$1415 1 1/4-TON-165" wheelbase
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## GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

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## A Hard Luck Man Strikes A Hard Luck Town Once

Lost Four Members Of Family In Short Time, Walks From Texas.

A hard luck man—in fact, a fellow misfortune seems to be following—struck a hard luck town last night, a town that misfortune slaps down upon about every six months. The man was an itinerant Baptist minister and the town was Shelby.

W. T. Floyd, as he gave his name, was on foot en route to his mother's

home at Sparta, this state, from Texas, where a series of misfortunes swamped him, and last night he struck an unfortunate town and had more tough luck.

Last September one of the young minister's brothers died. Another died in February. Then on July first his wife died, and on the 28th of July his father died. Now he's going back to his one remaining relative, his mother.

This morning he stated that he labored with others in the ruins here until two o'clock, then could not even find a room in which to sleep.

Newspapermen, worked to a frazzle with the events of yesterday, bought him his supper last night and his breakfast again this morning before he started on foot for the mountains.

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## Merely Mind

Honestly isn't the best policy. It isn't any kind of policy. It is a state of mind, or else it isn't honest.

## NERVOUS HEADACHE

Kentuckian Tells How Taking Black-Draught Relieved His Pains and How Well He Feels Now.

Waynesburg, Ky.—How a few doses of Thedford's Black-Draught brought relief to a man who had been suffering from frequent spells of severe headache, is told below in the statement of Mr. Charles F. Todd, of Estesburg, near this place.

"I was suffering with nervous headaches. About once a week I would have these headaches, and have to quit work, and go to bed for about twenty-four hours. I would have pains in my neck, and right behind my right ear.

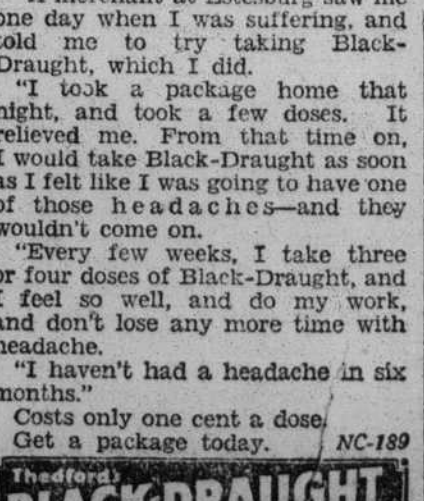
"A merchant at Estesburg saw me one day when I was suffering, and told me to try taking Black-Draught, which I did.

"I took a package home that night, and took a few doses. It relieved me. From that time on, I would take Black-Draught as soon as I felt like I was going to have one of those headaches—and they wouldn't come on.

"Every few weeks, I take three or four doses of Black-Draught, and I feel so well, and do my work, and don't lose any more time with headache.

"I haven't had a headache in six months."

Costs only one cent a dose. Get a package today.



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