

MASKLESS FOLK ARE TAUGHT LESSON BY HEALTH SLEUTHS

Travelers, Meek and Mild, Captured by Vigilant Police Officials for Violating Order

COMMUTERS found the little cotton mask a necessary passport for entry into San Francisco yesterday.

The detention by the police of the maskless ones as they landed at the Ferry building yesterday morning furnished amusement for a crowd that enjoyed the scenes attendant upon the capture of over 100 violators of the mask ordinance.

Among the captives were many who were wearing their masks draped over their chins while they enjoyed a morning pipe. They found that the police did not stand for that evasion.

MASK TALKS GIVEN

Corporal Peter Murphy, with Patrolmen Harry L. Webb and Thomas F. Flynn, stood guard at the city's gateway between the stairs of the Ferry building and yanked the offenders from the incoming crowds, to the accompaniment of cheers from the on-lookers. The captured ones were inclined at first to look upon the performance as a joke; but their smiles faded as they were herded into the police office at the Ferry building, and then taken in batches of twenty to the Harbor Police Station, where Captain Patrick Shea gave them a lecture on civic obligations.

"And what is your excuse for not

wearing a mask?" Shea would demand from each of the culprits in turn.

One young girl said she had just finished eating breakfast on the ferry, and was just about to resume her mask when a rude policeman nabbed her. One man said he was a sailor, just off the briney deep, and hadn't heard about it. One unsteady individual pleaded thus:

"I'm a director of the Crocker-Woolworth Bank, Captain, and I have to hurry up to open the vault."

"Book him for a drunk," decided Captain Shea.

OTHERS REPRIMANDED

But with the exception of another intoxicated one and a long-haired person who said he was an anarchist, the offenders were dismissed with a reprimand.

A representative of the Red Cross had established a stand for the sale of masks in front of the Ferry building. Travelers arriving from overland trains were escorted to this stand by Corporal Murphy and his two associates, who acquired a wonderful dexterity in tying on masks for the ladies amid their more strenuous duties of rounding up the smokers who thought they could get by with a mask hanging loosely from their left ear.