

"FLU" MASK WEARERS GET "BAWLING OUT"

Signal Sounds Promptly at the Stroke of 12 and Those Who Do Not Doff Gauze Are Ridiculed

Much Material Accumulates in Drug Stores, but Most of Discards Are Deposited in Gutters

All San Francisco was ready to discard the influenza masks, right on the dot of 12 o'clock yesterday, and the crowds that stood in front of street and tower clocks watchfully waiting doffed the enforced camouflage without a second's delay. But those who attuned their ears for the welcome shrieks of factory sirens were just a trifle nervous two or three minutes after the hour, for the din was slow in gaining volume.

Five minutes after the hour 95 per cent had doffed their masks and were laughing back at the sunlight and into one another's faces as if they had just made a great and delightful discovery. A few minutes later few masks were to be seen save those which littered the sidewalks or had been hung up in conspicuous places.

The driver of an ice truck attached his mask to the hood of the machine and spectators, taking the hint, decorated the hood with scores of them.

Fifteen minutes after the hour the newshybs began to take noisy note of those who still wore masks. A masked workman in a corduroy coat and trousers was followed at Market and Powell streets by a dozen boys who shouted in chorus "take off your mask." Made stubborn by the baiting, or for some other reason, the man continued to wear his mask while they heckled him.

Not a few remembered Dr. Hassler's request to deposit the masks at convenient drug stores because of the scarcity of surgical gauze. These will be delivered to the Red Cross, sterilized and used to make surgical dressings.

LOCAL WORK REPORTED.

Two hundred and fifty men and women of San Francisco who took active part in combating the influenza epidemic met at the St. Francis Hotel yesterday at the invitation of John A. Britton, chairman of the American Red Cross.

Reports of the local work were given by those especially conspicuous in the recent anti-influenza campaign.

Among these leaders were: Messdames James Rolph Jr., Thurlow McMullin, John Metcalf, Max C. Sloss, Matilda Esberg, James Kerrigan, J. J. Dillon, Milton Rosenblatt, Phillip Kamm, E. Conlin, A. H. Williams, Drummond McGavin, A. L. Johnson and the Misses E. Jamieson and Alice Griffith.

Congratulatory addresses were made by Mayor Rolph, Dr. Hassler, Arthur Barendt, president of the Health Board; James Fennell, president of the Affiliated Catholic Charities, and L. Irving Lipsitch, president of the Hebrew League of Relief.

Chairman Britton paid tribute to the prompt and admirable action which Archbishop Hanna took early in the epidemic to lend the support of organized Catholic agencies. James Fennell, president of the Affiliated Catholic charities, told how the societies, aided by more than forty pastors, conducted the work without asking financial aid from the Red Cross.

The Very Rev. T. J. Ryan, vicar general and director of the Affiliated Catholic Charities, described how Catholics and non-Catholics stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle.

Chairman Britton also paid tribute to the Red Cross nursing service; to Miss Julia Hinckle, the district captain and the army and navy officers

and men who helped. The school teachers were highly commended for their work.

Dr. Hassler declared that the community still must exert exceeding care to keep the influenza under control.

Reports on relief work were made by Miss Alice Griffith, Mrs. Drummond McGavin, Mrs. Milton Rosenblatt, Mrs. James Kerrigan, Miss E. Jamieson, Mrs. A. L. Johnson, Mrs. John Metcalf and Mrs. James Rolph Jr. J. C. Astredo, Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mrs. Max C. Sloss and Mrs. Matilda Esberg added outlines of their work.

The school teachers of San Francisco were commended for their efficient and ready response in combating the epidemic.

370 NEW CASES AT L. A.

LOS ANGELES, November 21.—Three hundred and seventy new cases of influenza, the smallest number since early in October, were reported to the Health Department here today. There were 29 deaths from influenza and pneumonia.

S. F. Feels Good Without Mask It Hides Only Thing Worth While This City Always Has a Smile

BY ANNIE LAURIE.

WHEW— isn't it good to breathe again! 'What did you do with your mask, honestly now? Didn't you hate your mask? Wasn't it a nuisance—didn't you feel smothered and breathless—and shut up and tied down with a mask on?'

And now they're gone—forever let's hope. And how glorious it is to see the town smiling again.

For the first ten days we wore the masks I couldn't think what the matter was with everybody. "What have I done," I thought. "How did I make them all so mad at me? No, they don't say anything, but I can tell by the way they look at me they wish I were dead—and they'd like to be the ones to help bury me if I was—and what a sad, lonely, miserable place this world is when you haven't a friend alive."

And then all at once I realized that it was the mask. I couldn't see any smiles—and I'd rather die any day than live in a smileless world, wouldn't you?

Take off your flu mask just as quick as you can and smile, smile, smile. That's the song for these days.

"Smile boys, that's worth while"—and it's about the only thing that is worth while after all, the smiling.

What a lot of dumb, dull, grumpy, grouchy creatures we'd all be if we couldn't smile—once in a while.

What a lot it does for you, the friendly smile, too.

I've seen a man whip a whole demoralized force of workers into line with a good-natured, kindly smile and I've seen a fine enthusiastic energetic office demoralized in a week by putting a smileless man at the head of it.

Smile—if you want to make friends, smile, if you want to love life and to make others love it, smile—or go somewhere and hide your head till you can smile—there's no room in this world for the face that can't smile. How friendly the town looks today, doesn't it?

The postman, what a nice fellow he seems to be and what a row of even teeth he has, to be sure.

The officer that shows you across Market street—how agreeable he is—now that his mask is off and you can see him smile.

The man with a sad heart—how you warm to him—when you see the wistful attempt he makes to look cheerful; the woman with the broken heart, fighting her way through debt and discouragement and grief and humiliation, why she'd never get a foot along the road if she couldn't summon up a smile to help her.

What a lot there is in the smile, and how much it does tell—I would never leave much money in trust to a man unless I'd seen him smile. A rascal can talk you into believing him. A thief can make you think he's an honest man. A heartless woman can delude you into faith in her—faith until you see any one of them smile. And when you do the dream is over—the smile wakes you up.

The sly smile, the mean smile, the cynical smile, the cold smile, the mocking smile, the satirical smile, the cruel smile, the affected smile—no that isn't a smile at all, it's a smirk, the grin of envy, lifting the lip to show the fangs that would tear if they could, the titter of the empty brain, the giggle of the shallow heart, the sour twist of the mouth that means amusement at another's embarrassment or dismay, the triumphant sneer, the conceited simper. The brilliant smile of the owner of the quick mind and eager sympathy, the sweet smile of the woman with the gentle heart, the mischievous smile of the born tease, the roguish smile of the coquette, the bright smile of the true friend, the welcoming smile of the home folks, the smile that shines through falling tears—that's the smile of the brave heart and the gallant soul. Why, the world has been in the dark for weeks and it's all lit up again today. Everybody is smiling and you can see them at it.

The City of the Smile—that's what they call us when they talk about us—you know, those who aren't lucky enough to live here—and the city of the smile it is and always has been and always will be while Twin Peaks stands and Tamalpais throws his purple cloak around his shoulders and looks across the bay in brotherly greeting to Twin Peaks. We smile in San Francisco. We don't gloom and glummer and pout and sulk. We smile, why shouldn't we, how can we help it when we live in such a place of inspiration, in such a place of glorious friendship and dear memories and splendid hopes?

"There are smiles that make you happy, there are smiles that make you blue." No, there are no blue smiles in dear old San Francisco today.

The war is over, the flu is conquered. Our masks are off. Come, altogether, now—smile, smile, smile. And with that smile conquer fear and down pain and shake distrust and timorous caution to the four winds.

This is the day of the Smile. Smile and clap Fortune on the back, tell Fate he's a good fellow. Lift up your heart to the hills and your eyes to the bright and shining waters of the bay and smile; for life in this town of towns is, or ought to be, one great, joyous, heartening smile.



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