

# Winds Howl, Boys Sing in the Big Courthouse

St. Louis county has a musical courthouse.

The winds singing through the loosened weather strips produce music like some elephantine animal learning to play an harmonica.

Yesterday gusty zephyrs that seemed to be blowing from every direction, skeed down the hill from the heights and beat a tattoo on the windows having a northern exposure. The weather strips with frayed edges caught the pulsating winds like the attuned strings on an aeolian harp. Music that maketh noise to stir a savage breast resulted.

Three windows close together behind the counter, in the clerk of courts office, where couples come for their marriage licenses tried valiantly to get off something like "Sugar-bun's Wedding March," whereat some bride-to-be would remark, "Oh, what a spooky noise."

Deputy Clerk F. A. Smith, who signs the mystic scroll of marital bliss, and knows how many faltering steps a bashful couple must take to approach "the book" declares that

every license taken out on these "northeaster" concert days, means that each couple "will live happy ever afterward."

Every office has an aeolian harp window and some of them two.

About the time that most of the inmates of the offices were lulled into listful repose and the "chimes of St. Louis" were ringing loudest in the corridors, Abie Fagel and Gottfried Azinski, who come to Judge Ensign on a truancy parole every little while, decided they would sing for the judge. Their tenor voices rang out on the fourth floor in ragtime and pleased everyone who heard them. Next they tried the third floor and sang for Humane Officer McKercher and Probation Officer Resche.

The afternoon concert came to a close in the office of the board of welfare where there is a mysterious leak in the ceiling. The boys stood under the leak and started "We Were Strolling Along on Moonlight Bay" when a wave dropped from the ceiling.

They said the next time they come they will only sing for Judge Ensign.