

# The Stars Fell Down

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

*Joellen's beauty was the kind that had to be discovered. She kept it to herself as long as she could. But any girl can be provoked beyond endurance*

JOELLEN read it in a magazine. *Pink is for proposals.* She turned the page right over. But later, with more pink in her cheeks than the thought of even the brightest pink dress could put there, she turned back.

Joellen Pembroke grew up in Pembroke Village—an old, old town in northern New England, distinguished by its fine old elms, its fine old houses with the paint all peeling off them, and its relics of fine old families. The Pembrokes were of the finest and oldest. There was Grandmother Pembroke, aged ninety-five, Granduncle Enos Pembroke, aged ninety-two, Aunt Lavinia Pembroke, aged eighty-nine . . . and Joellen.

Joellen was brought up to close doors quietly, and never to contradict, and not to resemble her madcap mother more than she could help; she ate soup and baked apples and junket because the old people could not chew, and read the obituaries into Grandmother Pembroke's ear trumpet. The youngest caller at the Pembroke house was Lawyer Windershin, a mere sprig of seventy-one, who grew quite kittenish after his second wife died—but even he was hardly the stuff of which proposals are made. No one had ever really kissed Joellen, nor sat with her under a wild, young moon, nor told her that she was beautiful.

Perhaps the Pembrokes did not know that Joellen was beautiful. They told her that she had the Pembroke bones, which were small, fine, aristocratic bones that it had taken generations of straight-backed Pembrokes to make—and they did not mention the lovely flesh that overlaid them, so rounded and yet so slender, nor the lovely grace of their movement, which had been her mother's charm. They told her that she had the Pembroke hair, which was fair and straight—and did not mention the shine of it, which was the shine of unpolished amber. They said nothing whatever about her eyes, which were enormous and dark blue, rather dangerously trusting and rather . . . dangerous.

NEVERTHELESS it must be admitted that Joellen's beauty was the kind you have to discover. It is often like that with beauty which is not lighted with happiness inside. You looked at Joellen once and thought nothing much about it—only that the day was fair and the sun unusually bright. It was only when something extraordinary happened, and you saw her smile unconsciously at a lovely thing like flowers or a spring dawning, that the thought came to you of beauty.

Grandmother Pembroke and Aunt Lavinia and Granduncle Enos all died the same winter—the winter that Joellen was twenty-two, and looked sixteen, and felt nearly a hundred. When it was over, Joellen shut up the old Pembroke house, and took her small inheritance in her purse, and her dark, durable clothes in her suitcase, and went to the city in search of the youth that she had never had.

The city was a magic word to Joellen. It meant theaters, and large, gay restaurants, and night clubs just pleasantly wicked, and shop windows, and handsome and dashing young men who wrapped ladies in sable coats and handed them into taxis. There was also a sprinkling of offices, where one worked to the accompaniment of much laughter and chatter of last night's party.

Joellen went to an employment agency and broached the subject of offices. "But what can you do?" the secretary asked her.

Joellen considered her accomplishments. There did not seem to be many. "I can read very nicely," she said, "into an ear trumpet."

Reading into ear trumpets is not one of the overcrowded professions. Joellen built up a considerable clientele among the rich and lonely old ladies of the city. But she found that one does not go by herself to the gayest of the restaurants, nor even to the least wicked of the night clubs; and one is not invited to parties when she knows no one to invite her. Joellen would have begun to doubt the existence of the city she had imagined if it had not been for Clarice.

CLARICE lived in the same rooming-house where Joellen did. And Clarice was simply gorgeous. She had dark hair with a natural wave that had to be set every week, and dark eyes made darker with mascara. She had a pair of red slippers with gold heels and a gold

"It has been a good week-end," he said. "I shall remember it." Joellen was startled by a hint of finality in his voice

mesh bag with a ruby in the clasp. She went out every evening with some one of a hundred different men, and changed the color of her nails to match her costume, and her perfume to match her man; and she had been proposed to so many times that she had lost count. She said so herself. She told Joellen all about the hundred different men.

Clarice told Joellen about Val Dewire, who was the most *marvelous* dancer. He knew every song in every show in

the city, and he might have been a crooner. The cozy way he held you when he danced just made you feel . . . cozy. She told her about Monty Crewe, who was the *best-looking* thing, really. He might have been in pictures. When he looked at you out of those *eyes* of his, it just made you feel as if you could sink into them all over. . . . Joellen listened, dazzled. But she liked to hear about Galan Warbeck best, though in a way there was less to hear about him.

Galan Warbeck was not often in the city. He was a construction engineer, and went off to the most entrancing places—Cuernavaca and Potosi and Xandu—and built bridges and tunneled under mountains, and did battle with snakes and floods and revolutions. When he came back he was all burned-up-looking, and thin and worn and masterful. It was hard, though, to get him to talk. He was a little bit reserved. Austere, almost. Clarice was half afraid of him.







Illustrated by  
Harry Morse  
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dark blue, with no social graces. It would be a grand party, if it wasn't for the cooking. . . . "Want to come?" she said.

For a moment Joellen could not believe it. "Come?" she repeated. "You mean—me?" She drew in a long, quivering breath, and her eyes went wide. "I'd love to."

THE next morning Joellen canceled her appointment with Mrs. Marcus Van Indewidgen, and went shopping instead. She bought a knit suit, which was called ashes of roses. She bought a pink-and-white candy-striped linen, and a white seersucker with pink buttons and a wide pink belt, and an old-rose crêpe that tied under her chin. And then she bought the Dress.

The Dress was the wholly impractical and delicious part of the day's activities. It was pink, of course: the softest, palest, most persuasive pink in the world. It had a little tight bodice, that showed every lovely line of Joellen's slimness and roundness, and a long, long skirt, flowing down to silver slippers; it had tiny puffed sleeves, like pale pink bubbles, and a thin silver girdle. "It is *your* dress," the saleswoman told Joellen rapturously. And it was.

The rest of the week was a blur of preparation, with new decisions every minute about what clothes Clarice should take, and what men. By the time Saturday came, Joellen had no idea who was being asked. It didn't really matter. "Monty Crewe and I are driving up," Clarice said. "You can ride in the rumble."

"All right," said Joellen happily, laying out the pink suit.

Trilby Lake was a little spot of blue water, stuck down in a shallow saucer of the hills, like a sapphire in the palm of a man's hand; the cottage looked through pines and silver birches to the shore. Monty Crewe lifted Clarice out over the car door, and she squealed and clung to his coat; Joellen climbed down unassisted from the rumble. They went inside.

The others came almost at once: Bob and Bunny Waters, Patsy Lee and Val Dewire, all crowded into Bob's roadster. They came storming inside on a high, bright tide of laughter.

"My dear," said Patsy, "I'm simply dead. I had to ride in Val's lap all the way, and Val's got a bone in his knee."

"Cute," pronounced Bunny, viewing the house. "Cute as a bug's ear. Where'd you get it?"

"Borrowed it," said Clarice. "Monty, stop! You're mussing up my hair. . . ." She had borrowed a radio for dancing, and a man to install it; wood for the fireplace and another man to chop; a truck to bring the groceries, three canoes, and a cook book. Clarice was wonderful. She had thought of everything. . . . everything except an extra man for Joellen.

JOELLEN did not understand just at first. She said "How do you do?" to everyone, and stood on the edge of the group, trying to find a way in. Bob and Bunny Waters drifted unobtrusively away. The gay chatter bubbled up around her. It was all about people Joellen did not know, and shows she had never seen; it was all very sparkling and brittle and it drew the others into a tight bright circle that left Joellen outside.

Joellen looked around that shining circle. Clarice was more dazzling than ever in burnt orange and a plaid blouse. Patsy was a fuzzy redhead, with a high color and a restless mouth; her thinness was accented by a crocheted dress with so much material in the sleeves that there wasn't much left for the hips. She was like a needle, Joellen thought, stuck in bright wools. Val

Dewire was the handsome blond one, with the cleft in his chin, and a voice like the pluck of harp strings. Monty Crewe was the handsome dark one, with the tantalizing eyes. In spite of their difference, the two men were oddly alike: it was as if living in the same city and eating the same food and dancing the same dances in the same places with the same girls had shaped them after the same pattern.

Joellen counted them again. Bob and Bunny Waters. Patsy Lee and Val Dewire. Clarice and Monty Crewe. . . . "Are—are we all here?" she asked uncertainly.

"She wants to know if we're all here!" repeated Clarice. "Are you all here, Monty?"

"No," said Monty. "And I won't be till I've eaten."

"It's hours to dinner-time," objected Clarice. "Let's have pancakes and coffee, and take some peaches and go out in the canoes."

"One peach will do for me," said Monty.

"Who can make pancakes?" asked Clarice.

"When you say that to me, smile!" said Patsy.

"How about you?" said Clarice to Joellen. "Make a lot, that's a darling."

JOELLEN put on the white seersucker with the wide pink belt, and then she went into the kitchen and made pancakes. She made a lot of pancakes. Her cheeks grew hot, and her hair grew tumbled, and she burned her thumb, and dropped butter on her dress. . . . and still they called for pancakes. Even then Joellen did not understand exactly—not till the others took the peaches and went out in the canoes.

"It's going to be an awfully easy dinner," Clarice said. "Just a big, baked ham, and lots of mashed potatoes, and salad, and apple pie. You can make apple pie, can't you? Everything's in the kitchen. You won't mind baking the ham while you're washing the dishes, will you?"

Joellen stood on the porch and watched the canoes out of sight. The sun glinted on the paddles, and on Patsy's flaming hair, and Clarice's high laughter floated back, and Val's voice in a snatch of song. They went around the point. . . . and out of sight.

Joellen understood then. Joellen was so busy understanding that she did not hear the footsteps until they reached the porch. She turned quickly. "Galan Warbeck!" she cried—and flushed warmly at her blunder. It couldn't be anybody else; he was so long and lean and brown. But Joellen had never met him.

Galan Warbeck looked up at her with gray eyes as clear as rain. "That's right," he admitted. "Who are you?"

"I'm Joellen Pembroke."

"I just got in," Galan Warbeck said, "and there wasn't a soul in the city, Saturday afternoon. I found Clarice's note, saying to look her up. Where is she?"

"They're all out in canoes," said Joellen.

"And why aren't you out in a canoe too?"

"There wasn't another canoe," explained Joellen. She added honestly: "There wasn't anyone to take me."

"I'm here now," Galan Warbeck pointed out. "What shall we do about it?"

"I'm supposed to do the dishes," said Joellen.

"You can't wash dishes," said Galan positively, "unless you have a river to wash them in. So that's settled. Let's go somewhere and settle a lot more things."

"What things?" said Joellen.

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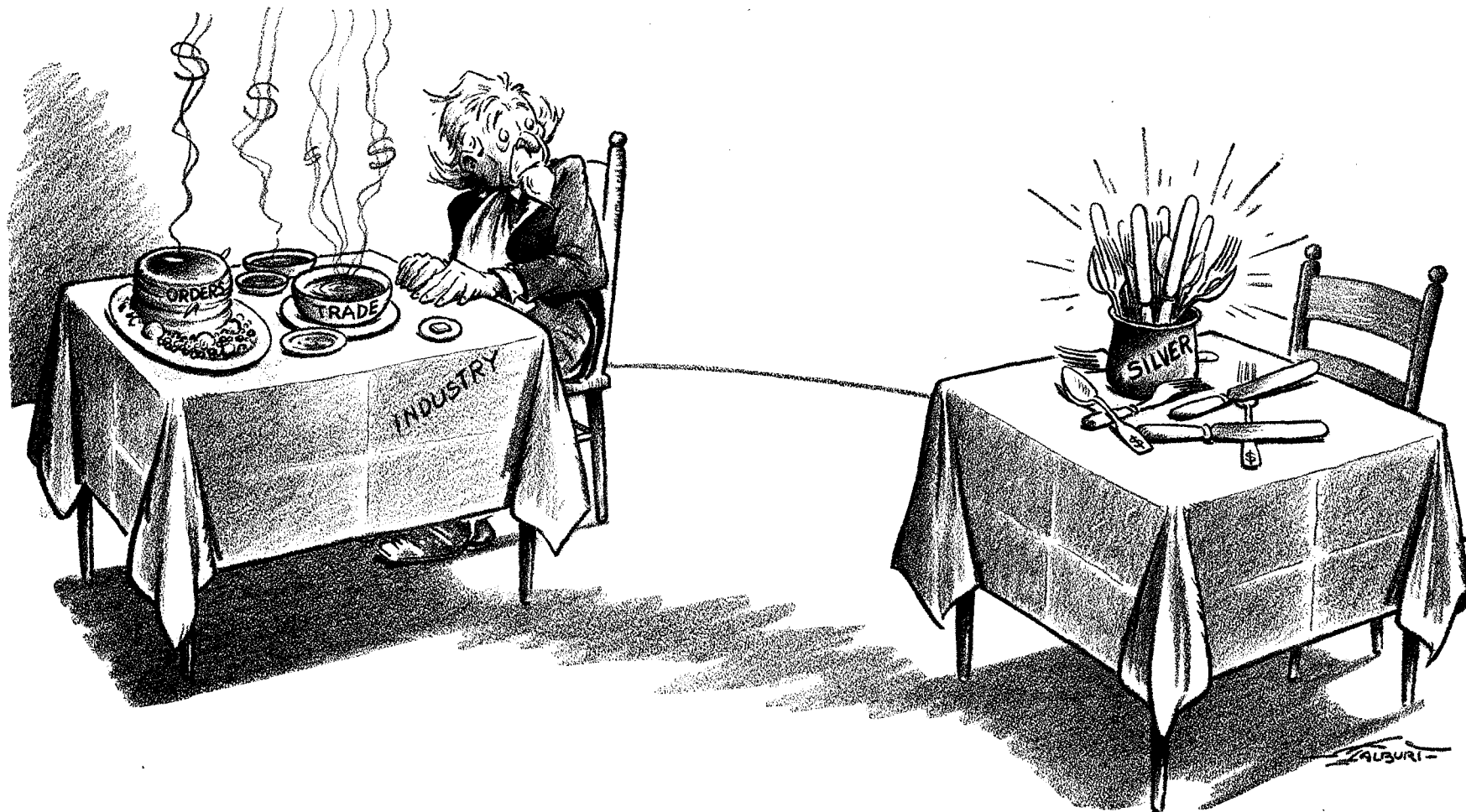
. . . Joellen could not imagine a man that Joellen would be half afraid of. And yet, somehow, she could imagine Galan Warbeck. He would have very long, strong fingers, and a long, strong chin. . . .

Joellen hid the magazine under a cushion when she heard Clarice coming. She knew that Clarice was going out with Monty Crewe, because of her perfume—Rêve d'Amour. "Are you going to marry him?" she asked.

Clarice turned on the lights above Joellen's dressing table and examined a slim eyebrow. "How do I know?" she inquired carelessly. "Anyway I'll stall him off until I see Galan Warbeck. He's coming back pretty soon, and I told him to look me up. . . ." She held out her fingers, deciding whether coral was right with her earrings. "I'm going to have a house party at the lake this week-end. Bob and Bunny Waters for chaperons. They're so busy being newly married that they won't bother us much. I think I'll just ask Patsy Lee—small parties are more fun. I haven't decided on the men. . . ."

She turned from the mirror, testing a shoulder strap to see if she could depend on it to slip just enough to be interesting without coming off. She did not really see Joellen, only her own idea of her: a queer, quiet little thing, in





And, meanwhile, the soup gets colder

## Watch the Small Change

By Shipley Thomas  
and  
John T. Flynn

A NUMBER of important gentlemen from the ruling nations of the world sitting about in London talking about such troublesome problems as money, international exchange, gold and silver; somewhere in America a little town and a nut and bolt factory upon which part of its population lives. Everywhere in the town its people see signs of awakening life. The smoke begins to curl from chimneys again.

Bill Smith, who works in the nut and bolt plant, is looking forward to getting back on a full-week schedule again. What is more, he has been reading his evening newspaper and wondering what all that palaver in London has to do with more work and more pay in his factory. What is more, he ponders obscurely what all this talk about silver will come to in a town that uses nothing but steel in its manufactures.

It all sounds terribly like the things his father heard when William J. Bryan had the country by the ears as he swept over the land preaching the gospel of free silver and the famous formula of 16 to 1. It is really not so easy for Bill Smith to understand how using silver dollars for gold ones is going to make very much difference in the amount of steel that runs through his machine at the mill. He never sees any gold dollars, or silver ones either, for that matter, and he figures quite properly that he probably never will.

But, as a matter of fact, there is nothing so bewildering about this question of silver which the American delegates at London persist in talking about. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that the professors insist on discussing it in terms as cryptic and enigmatic as those the doctor uses in writing his prescriptions. If it is reduced to simple terms there is nothing

mysterious about it and no reason why Bill Smith, who can understand the running of his machine in the factory, can't understand this question of silver values.

First of all, the principal reason for talking about silver now looks to be about as far away from Bill Smith's town as anything in this world. Certainly China, for instance, is far enough away. But for all that, it is not as far away as Mr. Bill Smith thinks. The machine on which he works turns out little bolts by the hundreds of thousands. These little bolts are sold not to China, but to a town not a hundred miles away, where a big factory makes typewriters. But—and here is what Bill overlooks—that factory makes typewriters which formerly sold largely in the Orient. Forty-five out of every one hundred typewriters manufactured in the United States were sold in our foreign trade and much of this in the East.

Now, this particular typewriter plant has been running on a curtailed sched-

ule. It doesn't need so many bolts now and that's why Bill is losing a few days' work every week—because Chinese and Indian merchants have stopped buying typewriters from America.

### Chinese Dollars and Bill Smith

And why have they stopped? Well, the reason is to be found in silver. And that brings Shanghai and Hongkong a little closer. And what is more, silver has suddenly become of more vital interest to Bill Smith than the big shade trees down on Main Street.

And how has silver done all this?

The answer is very simple. You do not have to be a financial wizard to understand it. Here it is:

When a Chinaman goes shopping he carries in his belt silver coins. He doesn't go in for paper money. He learned about that centuries ago. He carries silver dollars, not very much unlike our own in appearance. But, of course, there is one tremendous difference: Our silver dollar is worth one

hundred cents. The government of the United States says so. Its stamp is on the coin. Behind it is the credit of this mighty country. Behind the silver dollar of the Chinese is nothing but the silver metal that is in it. Today, as we write this, silver is worth thirty-seven cents. In China a dollar buys goods and services at the prices fixed by the conditions of trade there. That vast nation, shut off by its habits of thought from the rest of the world, goes its imperturbable way, spending its coins at values fixed in China without much reference to the markets of the world. But when this Chinese business man goes shopping for American goods he can't buy anything with Chinese dollars. He must use American dollars.

International trade is always a mysterious thing to the average business man. In its actual workings it is somewhat complex, in its essential features not at all difficult.

The first thing to remember is that there is no international money. Therefore, if a Chinese business man decides he wants to buy an American typewriter which costs \$110, the first thing he has to do, in effect, is to get \$110 in American money. And how does he do that? He buys it—buys it from a bank or a dealer in money just as he would buy anything else. He buys it with his money. When he sets out to buy some of our money, it comes down to a simple question of what his money is worth compared with ours. The Chinese merchant's dollars—being just so much silver—are worth thirty-seven cents. Therefore he has to put up two and seven tenths of his dollars to buy one of ours. To get that \$110 he must put up 298 of his dollars. Now when he makes this calculation what does he do? What would an American do who was asked to pay \$298 for a \$110 typewriter?