

►► Evangeline Adams and Her Stars ◀◀

By ALLENE TALMEY

TO hundreds of thousands, Evangeline Adams is not just another rhythmic name. She is faith and hope, a telegram from the future. Through this dignified astrologian, astrology has become respectable, a subject the children may hear. No longer is it a hidden superstition for the unholy rich and the unhealthy poor. By her suction it has seeped into the middle classes who have reduced this oldest of sciences from the romantic idiosyncrasy of the few to a commodity that one gets by sending in an advertisers' coupon for a free Adams horoscope.

These horoscopes are tossed throughout the land to innumerable housewives, mechanics, manicurists, waitresses, salesmen, clerks—that whole run of humanity who cannot wait for their milk and honey until they reach the promised land. Although they cannot name the officers of the Hoover Cabinet, they know the Zodiac now, the twelve houses of the heavens, the nine planets. They know Leo the Lion, and Cancer the Crab, all by listening on the radio to the sleepy-time voice of Evangeline Adams.

That voice rarely admits that black is black. A shimmering haze hangs over the specific. She tells anecdotes of her success with the great. She describes the fortunes of the next twenty-four hours, describes them so carefully that no matter what happens, she predicted it. She warns and guides, and gently removes responsibility from shoulders, not unlike a butler with a sable wrap. The multitude listens, with many obeying the advice sent out over the air by a wise old lady on the timberline of sixty. As she sits in front of the microphone, nervous, playing with her papers, she might be telling in her Yankee twang the story of the Three Bears, Aries, Pisces and Taurus, who came home one night to find golden-haired Virgo in the smallest bed of all.

Around the speaker at the microphone lounge seven or eight musicians whose faces show a boredom profound and pitiable. When all is over, Miss Adams, adoring the entire performance, hugs David Ross, her announcer, gathers up her platoon of visitors, picks up her dozen little accessories, and exits in a burst of light and gayety and delightful flattery.

In her early days Evangeline Adams did not aim at her present large

clientele. She aimed at a small, discriminating audience who would come to her indefinitely, personally. She did not think of the card index, such as she now possesses, in which lie the date and hour of birth of every prominent man and woman in the country. But her clients, then as now, ordered their lives by the sun and the moon, the planets and Evangeline Adams. Those who believe in her cannot live without her. For them she is an outlet, a confession box for the loquacious, a relief for the reticent. All their major problems she settles.

There is no doubt that Miss Adams thoroughly understands human predicaments, human reactions, and what she knows she tells. Born, as they say, an old soul, she is an instinctively wise woman, not scholarly or learned, but worldly wise, shrewd. Those who consult her receive their value less in what she deduces from the stars, than in what she deduces from the Evangeline Adams who has dealt with more than a quarter of a million clients in over thirty years.

Astrology in itself is a dry, mechanical, mathematical process that can be taught to any one. It requires no more than a certain technical skill to chart a horoscope, a skill that now belongs to all the girls who work for Miss Adams as well as to the thousands of amateur astrologians, to all the small fry professional astrologians, still collecting five and ten dollar fees. It is not the process that has made her famous. About forty per cent of what Miss Adams tells her personal clients who pay fifty dollars for a half hour interview comes from the stars, words which might be told them by any of the ten-dollar chartists.

In the other sixty per cent lies all her knowledge, gathered from living, from talking to the famous, the great in all professions. She is worth listening to, her advice valuable if she neglected to mention the stars. No illusions are left in her, but along with her vast courage she has an intimate map of exactly where all the holes lie in this existence. Politics, economics, social problems—these are nothing more or less than breakfast foods to her. Upon the willing heads of her clients are doused the undammed reservoir of her experience and

memories. Not that all this appears in the first interview. She tells what she can in thirty minutes. There is no overlapping of appointments. At the thirty-first minute a new interview begins, and a new fee, as Miss Adams has a nice respect for the dollar.

In her soothing voice, Miss Adams never terrifies, never foretells death. Of all matters, she loves best to advise on marriage, the choice of a profession, and the date of birth of children, advocating in certain instances Caesarian birth in order to insure favorable signs. In these parlous times, however, her chief questions are not about favorable signs for babies, but favorable signs for the market, for Evangeline Adams has a reputation for financial sagacity that is known throughout Wall Street. Some brokers and traders consult her for market trends just as they subscribe to financial services and publications, and consult financial reports.

IT is one of her rules of life that she will not give specific information on definite stocks. Her market advice begins with discovering first of all whether the querant was born under stars favorable to speculation. Once this question is out of the way she forecasts the swings—whether oils, rails, utilities or food products will move and in which direction. Never a word, however, whether to buy or sell Standard Oil, United Gas Improvement or National Dairy Products. The swings come from the stars, Miss Adams believes, while the individual ups and downs are merely manipulated, and as such no astrologian can tell what they will do. It is her favorite boast that the late J. Pierpont Morgan rang her bell frequently to learn about the long pull which, incidentally, meant to him at least five years. It is against her principles to make predictions on the results of elections, prize fights, or the weather, although, of course, she always knows.

Through her hands have passed the life charts of such constant clients as Philip Payne, lost when Old Glory failed to fly the Atlantic Ocean, Cardinal Gibbons, Charles Chaplin, Ray Long, the editor; Charles Wagner, the producer; Mrs. Grace Harriman, John Burroughs, and innumerable legitimate stage and motion picture actors and actresses. Some want to know the opening dates for plays, whether they should

take a case to court on a particular day, whether to sign a contract or free lance, whether to marry, separate or divorce, and most important of all, exactly when they should do it, a system that has worked beautifully because clients return and return.

All this results from her magnificent gusto, her constant clutching for wider work, for greater fields, for more and more life. Every day she secludes herself to read quietly for an hour during which nobody and nothing is important enough for interruption. Once that is over, she rushes from client to client, writing articles, preparing written answers to questions, broadcasting, dining out, listening always, going to theatres, attending parties, as social a creature as the most popular debutante of the season. Only on week-ends does she relax, leaving her New York apartment in Carnegie Hall, for her country place at Yorktown in Westchester county, where she and her husband have converted an old Quaker meeting house into a charming home, as American as the Adams family itself. There Currier & Ives prints hang boldly on the walls, with Sandwich glass on the tables and hooked rugs patterned brilliantly against the floors. Friends and dogs fill the rooms, the conversation hopping from gossip to science, the theatre, books and, above all, psychology.

At this moment Evangeline Adams is acknowledged the foremost astrologer of the country, and, it should be added, the strongest force for the regeneration of astrology as a science. Her words bear weight. She is an Adams. She is obviously a New England product, although born in Jersey City, N. J. She is a plain person, a thrifty woman. It all appeals. There is no foreign nonsense.

The rise of these two, Adams and Astrology, has been remarkable, particularly when one realizes the state of both about thirty-five years ago in the United States. Miss Adams had just abandoned palmistry which she had studied under the famous Cheiro, for astrology, taught her by Dr. A. Heber Smith, then a professor at Boston University. She was poor, unknown. Astrology was not much better situated. It, too, was poor, but well-known and disliked. It had no dignity, no prestige in this country—nothing but an ancient and once honorable name.

Astrology was old when Daniel faced the lions, its methods never changing from the days of the royal Chaldean astrologers who forecast by the stars the

fate of their princes. It had only grown more precise as new civilizations developed its child, astronomy. By the beginning of this century, however, astrology had been pushed over the boundary line of legality in the minds of most persons, along with palmistry, crystal gazing and selling the Brooklyn Bridge. The need for astrology, on the other hand, was just as dominant as ever. Into the harsh lives of thousands astrology brought a brick foundation for their dreams, told them of pleasantness just around the corner, of what to battle and what to embrace. They needed



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this information to keep on living. To get it, meant a secret trip, usually to a dismal, dirty studio, a false name hastily decided upon, and then a half hour for a few dollars of hearing what one wanted to hear. This bootlegging was most unsatisfactory.

Evangeline Adams changed all that. No longer is astrology quietly practiced with the fees small, the trade uncertain, and the police a menace outside the door. Now the police have disappeared, the trade arrives in expensive cars, and the fees are large. It is organized, marvelously businesslike. With about twenty assistants, Miss Adams and George E. Jordan, Jr., her husband, manage a growing concern which yields them an income a little over \$50,000. To do this required promotion, with the rôle taken here by Mr. Jordan, a tall man with a smart moustache, a diamond stick-pin and a determined charm. In his walnut office at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Jordan's desk holds four telephones, and it is from that desk that he directs the

enterprises now entangled with the stars.

From an advertising agency comes a large check for the broadcasts. About twelve hundred dollars a week comes from the personal horoscope readings by Miss Adams, who talks only to twenty-five clients, and this time is so popular, even at fifty dollars a half hour, that appointments must actually be made several weeks in advance. For those who cannot afford fifty dollars, or who live too far away to visit her, the secretaries, who come in batches like cinnamon buns, suggest "written work." This includes much, and is now the bulk of the business, the sweetening. For ten dollars you may receive a natal delineation of the horoscope or a planetary report for six months. In the twenty-dollar bracket are the

planetary reports for one year or the planetary indications for five years. The Astrological Monthly Bulletins are offered at twelve dollars a year. With these at your side, and the Adams motto, "Character Is Destiny," in your heart, you should be successful.

The natal delineation, to quote a leaflet, "assists in further understanding the inborn aptitudes manifesting themselves, and latent possibilities." The planetary indications "outline the big swings on life by which all successful men and women set their sails to the fullest capacity, and with willingness, supreme confidence and self-control through intelligent non-resistance guide themselves and their ambition through the path of life." The planetary reports, "serving as a daily guide in business, health, domestic and social matters, point out the most auspicious periods for asking favors, for inaugurating new ventures, planning social functions, as well as when to travel, when

(Please Turn to Page 261)

⇒ The Year of Recovery ⇐

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE consensus of business observers now is that 1931 will bear somewhat the same relation to 1930 that 1922 bore to 1921. This means that we may expect moderate improvement throughout the year. Yet, if all these commentators are right, the number of things which must be done before there can be a full revival is practically unlimited.

Here is a partial list of the developments which, according to various authorities, are indispensable to the restoration of prosperity: prices must be stabilized; prices must rally from their present lows; wage-scales must be maintained; wages must be readjusted to the lower price level; foreign trade must be stimulated; foreign competition must be curbed; the banks must adopt a more liberal credit policy; people must pay off their debts; taxes must be reduced; the national, state and local governments must spend more on construction; we must go back to first principles of hard work and thrift; we need to spend more and save less; we must loosen the fetters of the gold standard; the world's supply of gold must be redistributed so as to safeguard the gold standard; we must curtail production to prospective consumption; we must increase consumption to meet our enlarged productive capacity.

Collectively, these make up a contradictory and impossible program, and yet something may be said for all of these proposals. Each one fits some phase of the general economic situation. The error lies in offering any one or two of them as a remedy for conditions which are infinitely complicated.

We may consider, for example, the question of prices. It would undoubtedly be beneficial if the price level were more stable than it has been recently, and yet if all prices were to remain where they now are for any considerable period the results would be disastrous for many basic industries. Raw sugar has been selling at a cent and a half a pound, and rubber has been selling around eight cents. Such prices are ruinous. It is little wonder that lawless bands have been burning cane fields in Cuba and that East Indian natives have been cutting down rubber trees and planting rice in their place.

Meantime, the prices of some finished goods are still higher than is justified by the present prices of raw materials.

Hence, when we speak of the desirability of stabilization, what we really have in mind is not the immediate stabilization of all prices at existing levels, but a completion of the readjustment and an end of disturbing fluctuations.

The progress of business recovery will thus be a mixed movement. Signs are multiplying that this recovery is at last under way. Available data indicate that the bottom may have been reached about the middle of last December. One trade journal calls the improvement since then "disappointingly gradual," but it is better that it should be slow and sure than that general business should get off to a false start, as it did at the beginning of 1930, and then have a disappointing relapse. Some lines of trade and industry will probably continue to show recessions as others move forward, but even if the improvement is slow and irregular, we ought soon to reach a point where comparisons of 1931 with 1930 will present a more pleasant picture than that long list of disagreeable comparisons of 1930 with 1929.

A QUESTION which is receiving increasing attention at this time is what effect the unfavorable agricultural situation may have on the progress of business recovery. It is obvious that the condition of the farmers cannot improve as quickly as that of the merchants and manufacturers. The farmers must wait on their next crops, and so any material change in their situation will be delayed until autumn. The final outcome for them will depend on the weather in coming months, on the prices of farm products at harvest time, and on crop conditions in other parts of the world. These are factors which no one can forecast.

By midsummer it will probably be possible to estimate how the farmers are going to come out this year. The winter wheat crop will then be coming to market, and the condition of other crops and the approximate prices they will bring will be known.

The relation between farm conditions and general business is not so simple and direct, however, as it sometimes appears to be. According to the Department of Agriculture, farm production in 1930, in spite of a prolonged drought in some sections, was only 5 per cent less than in 1929. But because of the precipitous

drop in the prices of farm products the farmers' total income was about 28 per cent less last year than in 1929. If the farmers are to come through in good shape this year they will need something more than good crop weather. So far the decline in the prices of what they sell has not been offset by a corresponding drop in the prices of what they have to buy. If they are to prosper, agricultural prices must go up or retail prices must come down. And this brings us back to the problem of price adjustments, already discussed.

NOW comes another interesting question. Suppose the farmers should have another bad year; will that block the improvement of general business? In the long run, general prosperity would seem to be impossible if an industry so fundamental as agriculture should remain depressed. For a short period, however, it may be possible to have business improvement in spite of unfavorable conditions in agriculture. This is not mere theory; we actually experienced such a condition in 1928 and 1929, and the researches of economic historians show that such contrasting movements over short periods are not uncommon.

Since the War agriculture has had much less than its share of the country's prosperity, and it is now evident that its persistent depression had much to do with halting the expansion of trade in 1929-30. The country could not remain indefinitely half-prosperous and half-depressed. On the other hand, as we have already seen, the improvement during the coming months may be mixed, and it is quite possible for a good start to be made in many lines of business even if this should prove to be another bad year for the farmers. Something like this happened when the country began to recover from the previous period of depression, in 1920-21.

There is good reason to conclude, therefore, that if crops and the prices of farm products do not come up to hopes in 1931 we may still have a substantial improvement in trade and industry, because agricultural conditions are not the sole influence. Obviously, if the farmers have a good year the progress will rest on a firmer foundation, but with our great abundance of liquid capital and the great backlog of postponed consumption the economic status of this country seems destined for early betterment.