

# REWARDS OF GENIUS NOW LARGE AND PROMPT

## Surprising Contrasts Today Between the Incomes of Men Who Do Things and Those of Former Times.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

**T**HE reward of genius is far more prompt than it ever was before, and far more generous, as well. Within a month after his home-coming Dr. Cook was receiving \$5000 a night for lectures on his polar trip. One lecture has probably netted him more than he realized in a half year previous to his departure for the arctic, and he has already realized, on public appreciation of his success more than President Taft will receive for two years of hard work at his trade. Dr. Cook is said to have been in debt when he returned from the north, and his house is alleged to have been mortgaged to pay for the relief expedition that was sent for him, but already the gratitude of his countrymen has built him a fortune to be written in six figures. His reward has been immediate, as was Mr. Peary's after he made his "farthest north" record in 1906.

And it is food for optimism to note how times have had to change in order to bring about such a condition of the public mind. Christopher Columbus, after opening the gates of the new world, finally came home to die in squalor after a period of shameful neglect, privation and even hunger. And John Cabot, by discovering the mainland of North America, did not splash loudly enough into quasi-mortal fame to have the dates of either his birth or death recorded in history. Then there was Joliet, who gave the Father of Waters. He had to struggle along on a pittance after his great labors were over, while Jonathan Carver, who unlocked Canada and the regions beyond the Mississippi, after vainly trying to earn his bread by peddling a book describing his exploits, became a clerk in a lottery and finally died in destitution, leaving a family to be rescued by a literary charity. The world in those days had little appreciation of the courage or the value of the exploits of the thousands of miles probed by the Indians. It was the same story with Robert Gray, who found for us the Columbia River and its basin. Public neglect left him so poor that his widow had to appeal to Congress for aid. But Congress was not always generous in such cases. When Lieutenant William Clark returned from the expedition wherein he and Lewis opened up the entire Louisiana Purchase Jefferson promoted him to Lieutenant-Colonel, but the Senate refused to confirm him, and he resigned from the Army. All of these men have enjoyed posthumous fame, but as the late speaker Reed said:

**Taffy Better Than Obituary.**  
"An ounce of taffy is better than a ton of obituary."  
But our own generation has been characterized by a growing generosity toward men who bring back tales of newly found land and of curiosities that they have unlocked from Nature's storehouse. Thus as a reward for his African explorations Henry M. Stanley was showered with all sorts of honors varying from diamond-studded snuff boxes of gold given by royalty, to the freedom of the City of London and from the Legion of Honor to English knighthood and the thanks of our own Congress. His receipts from James Gordon Bennett, the London Telegraph and King Leopold of Belgium for opening up Africa are understood to have been princely. Inventors, too, are getting prompter

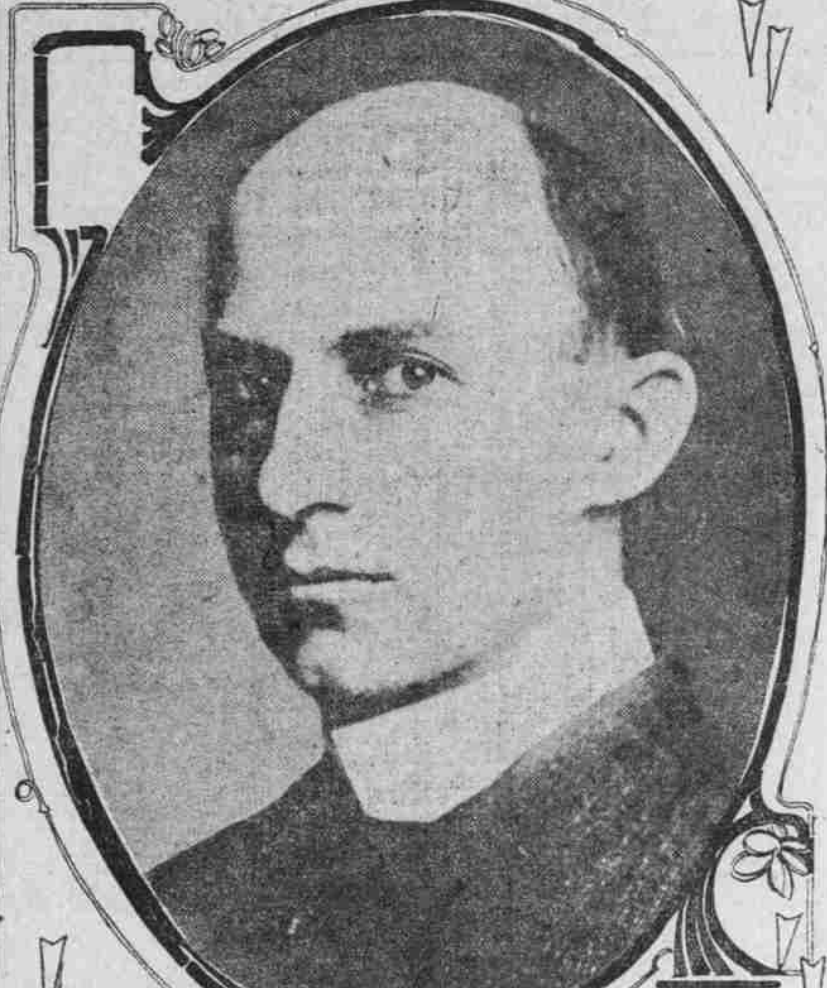
reward than they used to. Here is Wilbur Wright receiving \$12,500 for his daring airship ride over the Hudson from the Battery to Grant's tomb and back. This is more than the Vice-President or the Secretary of State gets for a whole year's labor in the shop, but nobody begrudges the plucky Wrights their awards of small fortunes for flights here and abroad, which began to be earned within less than a year after they had perfected their biplane. All of this is in sharp contrast with the manner in which rewards came to epoch-making inventors of previous generations. First, after having invented the world's first steamboat, one that regularly carried passengers in the 18th century, had to work his way across the water as a common sailor and finally ended his poverty in a tavern by committing suicide. Fulton, too, died poor, and Whitney had a hard beginning with his cotton gin, the original of which, after having been carried off by thieving rivals, before he had patented it, was reproduced in various inventions, giving rise to continual infringement suits that vexed him for years. And the years of struggle and hardship which Elias Howe had to endure while he was striving to introduce his sewing machine so completely broke his health that he could never enjoy the honors and money which came to him in later years.

**Some Slow Beginnings.**  
Bell, after inventing the telephone, scoured a good part of the world trying to work up some public appreciation of his invention. He could find no purchaser for half his European rights in 1877, and Chauncey M. Depew, when offered a one-sixth interest in the enterprise, took the advice of the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company and refused what would today have amounted to 10,000 times as much, or \$100,000,000. Similarly George Westinghouse waited for appreciation of his alkalic fuel for the first train that it was wrecked by the process, but even after mechanical success was realized, this man, "who had saved more lives than Napoleon had lost," received the rebuff from Commodore Vanderbilt. "Tell him I have no time to waste on a dead fool," but here came the Wright brothers bursting into success as quickly as they blaze into glory; and doubtless they will die millionaires.

**Roosevelt's Big Honoraria.**  
Prompter rewards are coming also to writers—not only novelists, but journalists as well, and speaking of journalists we will commence with Theodore Roosevelt, one of the latest recruits of the fourth estate. Prior to his leaving the White House his sanctum was besieged by publishers, outbidding one another for anything he might put pen to after returning to private life. One publisher is alleged to have offered him \$50,000 flat for a travel book and another \$20,000 for a volume on sports and hunting. And finally he is said to have contracted with one firm to furnish 150,000 words from the African jungles for \$1 a word, which means an honorarium equal to two years of his last Presidential salary. And in addition to this, he is to receive \$20,000 a year for editorials in a New York weekly. This amounts to about \$27,000 editorial. Never before was there such magic in the title of "ex-President." The first of them to earn a good rate at journalism was Benjamin Harrison, who it is said, got \$100 a piece for the series of articles, "This Country of Ours," which ran in a noted woman's magazine. Mr. Cleveland also got big rates from a weekly journal published by the same Philadelphia firm. But in the old days our White House veterans had no such



DR. F. A. COOK—A \$5000-A-NIGHT MAN



WILBUR WRIGHT



SIR A. CONAN DOYLE—THE BIG-MONEY-MAN OF FICTION



PADEREWSKI GETS \$5000-A-PERFORMANCE



ROOSEVELT—A \$125-A-WORD MAN

### NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, RECENTLY INSTALLED



SIR JOHN KNILL

**NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—(Special.)**—The new Lord Mayor of London, installed last week, dispensed with the pomp and circumstance of former inaugurations and substituted for the ancient ceremonial a military and naval parade. He rode, however, in the wonderful gilded chariot which has been used for many years in the Lord Mayor's procession. Sir John Knill is the second of his title. He has been a master of the Plumbers' Company and has served as Sheriff, and Alderman of the City of London.

### How Writers' Rates Have Grown.

Indeed, for any man with something big to say, and with a big way of saying it, this is the age of generous honoraria. That master genius, the Maupassant, was satisfied to write for 2 or 3 cents a word, whereas Conan Doyle now estimates that his last Sherlock Holmes series has been worth \$2 a word to him. Indeed, to date, Sherlock has put into his creator's pocket no less than \$100,000, which is 50 times as much as Henry Edmond was worth to Humphrey Ward for the same series of 100 more or less than Scott did for his—and Scott once held the record for "best sellers" in the world. Charles Dickens, too, was paid for his "Paradise Lost" for £2, while Tennyson, shortly before his death, received \$10 a line for a lullaby printed in an American juvenile monthly. Kipling was glad to sell his best India tales for 50 a piece, when he first came to America, but today our big 3-cent magazines pay unknown writers from \$100 to \$125 for 2000-word stories. And one of our 10-cent magazines is now offering 10 cents a word for "the best obtainable stories about prominent people, without a claim, clever, terse and very short fiction," all of which again recalls poor De Maupassant turning out classics at 2 and 3 cents a word. One of our 5-cent weeklies today pays 5 cents to the unknown beginner.

### More for Night Than for Season Then.

The musician, too, is receiving immediate reward for his genius. It is said that Leopold Mozart went breathless when the prodigies, Wolfgang and Nannerl, drew 30 guineas at one concert. And he would doubtless fall lifeless were he to see Paderewski receive his regular \$5000 for one performance. And Paderewski gets this at 50 concerts within four months. No wonder he can afford his private car, his chief, valet, secretary and personal manager. When Frederick the Great wanted to be lavish in his generosity to the noted prima donna, Mara, he appointed her court singer at \$2500 per year; and of Katherine Toffs—the favorite English prima donna of the early 18th century—it was written that "her salary was some \$5000 per season, over \$100 per night." Her great rival, Margherita de L'Epine, received per season

## SKIN OF NEGRESS TURNING FROM BLACK TO WHITE

Mrs. Dave Strader, of Martinsdale, Mont., Victim of "Vitiligo," Rare Disease That Baffles Physicians.

**B**UTTE, Mont., Nov. 20.—(Special.)—His Jeremiah, the wise man of the scriptures, seen the strange affliction of Mrs. Dave Strader, a negress living at Martinsdale, Mont., he never would have pronounced the query "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" when he wished to assure his hearers that something in this world are impossible. If in the case of Mrs. Strader this remarkable and mystifying change of color continues as rapidly in the next 12 months as it has the past four years she will be a white woman. Mrs. Strader recently visited in Anacostia, where her husband formerly was the proprietor of a colored men's club, and many friends failed to recognize their old acquaintance. Her complexion had changed from a coffee color to an almost pure white. She is of comely features, and all there is about her to show that she ever was a colored woman are small rings of brown about her eyes, and her fingers to the knuckles are brown. Elsewhere the skin is of milky white, the tissue transparent through which the blue blood shows as plainly as it does on any Caucasian. She is 36 years of age and has had no serious illness of any character, her health in fact having been remarkably good. Mrs. Strader's affliction is one of the rarest known in the history of medicine, and science today is absolutely at a loss even to suggest a remedy. Scientists are powerless to offer any explanation for the disease which by them has been termed "vitiligo." The disease attacks the pigment that imparts color to the skin, the black to the negro, yellow to the Oriental and the white and pink to the Caucasian. It is not a fatal ailment, nor, so far as known, contagious. It has been known by some scientists to envelop the entire body, but such cases are extremely rare, and the case of Mrs. Strader is as great a mystery to medical men as is the case of Charles Price, of Phillipsburg, Mont., who on a certain day every year sheds his entire skin. "The change of color began four years ago this month," said Mrs. Strader in speaking of her case, "with a small white spot on the back of my right

hand, and it has been spreading constantly, slowly but surely until you can see, my face is almost entirely white, as is my body. "My face is clear with the exception of these spots around each eye and a small area on my chin, and on my hands there is only the original color on my fingers tips, which makes some people think I am wearing gloves. There is a slight itching on the edges of the spots but aside from this I suffer no inconvenience. Again, there is no sensation at all. "I am not proud of this change. I assure you, I am a colored woman and proud of my color as it was, and I never did anything to bring about this change, although there are lots of folks of our race whom I meet that would like to make their color change. Some of the more ignorant believe that I am a conjure woman or a priestess, but I do not need to tell you there is nothing to that sort of a tale. "I do not wish for notoriety and am no freak. I have never exhibited myself and never intend to. I was born in St. Louis and my mother's name is Mrs. Priscilla Watts. We were on our way home from a visit to St. Louis when the spots first were noticed. Specialists we consulted could do nothing for me. "The possibilities of future investigation into this strange disease are startling, involving as it does the chance that the vitiligo germ or bacillus, if such there be, and it can be isolated, will be harnessed by the man with the microscope and in some serum set to work. What a field he will have! Then no longer will the colored man hopelessly sing, "I wish my color would fade." He can bid himself to some specialist, he can inoculate and in due course of time be as white as any of his neighbors. The Mongolian may no longer be yellow, and the last of the red men may yet be white.

### Decorations for an Artistic Table.

Harper's Bazar. Candelsticks for the table may be of silver, cut glass, Bohemian glass or brass. Here, again, the simpler designs are the more graceful. There are some very beautiful shapes in the Bohemian style.

### IRISH GENTLEMAN-SPORTSMAN WHO MAY TRY AGAIN TO LIFT AMERICA'S CUP.



TWO SNAPSHOTS OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON, MADE SINCE HE ARRIVED IN AMERICA.