

If the Government **EMPLOY DIAZ.** of the United States determines to hang onto the Philippine Islands and to govern the people thereof, we recommend President Diaz, of Mexico, as a man thoroughly well experienced in governing mixed races of brown people, and recommend him for employment by our common Uncle Samuel as an autocrat of the Philippine archipelago. He could be paid a very large salary and thus a lot of money, life and trouble be saved. His experience in dealing with mixed races is far greater and much more satisfactory than that of any of the politicians who have been proposed by the American people for executive places in those islands.

CROKER NOMINATED. The industri-ous electric spark has flashed us the opinion of Rudyard Kipling, who advises America to intrust the work of subjugating the Filipinos to "some high-toned despot of unlimited powers." Will Richard the Tiger-Hearted, of Wantage, England, please assume an innocent expression? If Croker really aspires to rule the little brown men, why in the name of Great Tammany did he not voice his desires while yet an American, instead of crossing the sea to employ an English breech-clout politician to further his propaganda? Croker surely must have been in Kipling's mind when his facile pen traced that potent sentence, for of all the acts of high-toned depotism ever performed in America, his has been "the heart to resolve, the head to contrive and the hand to execute." Mr. Croker is nominated.

AN OPPORTUNITY. If a colony of young men who have been trained to technical callings could be organized here in the United States for the purpose of founding a settlement in the republic of Mexico, it seems to us that success could almost be assured. The colony should consist of a thoroughly trained mining engineer, an assayer, a steam fitter and general plumber, a good architect and builder, a geologist and irrigation engineer, a good pomologist and arboriculturist, a good blacksmith and machinist, a good miller and baker, a dairyman and a good all-around gardener. These men should be not to exceed 35 years of age nor under 25, and should all be married to ambitious and helpful women. A colony thus made up could plant itself in the states of Chihuahua or Durango in the republic of Mexico and achieve success and fortune beyond all question, in a very few years.

On February 18, 1902, it was the pleasure of the editor of **PRESIDENT DIAZ.** **THE CONSERVATIVE** to be presented to President Diaz by the American minister at the city of Mexico, Powell Clayton. President Diaz is 72 years of age, but remarkably well preserved and very vigorous in health, both physical and intellectual. He is said to be seven-eighths Indian and one-eighth Spanish. He is about five feet, nine inches in height, and of compact, muscular build, with great elasticity of movement of body and alertness of mind. He speaks very little English. His wife, who is an accomplished woman of about 40, is, however, a most excellent and tactful interpreter between her husband and those who visit him. She is a thoroughbred Spanish woman, whose maiden name was Rubio. She is of very attractive person and manners and would grace the best centers of society in any civilized country.

Porfirio Diaz is a man of remarkable record and unparalleled as to the length of his career in public service. On the day above named, in the course of the conversation, Madam Clayton, the wife of the American minister, asked President Diaz how old he was when he entered his first battle, and he replied that he was 21. Whereupon Madam Clayton, with true maternal instinct, declared that if she had been his mother she would not have permitted his presence in a battle at that age. Quickly President Diaz replied: "But my mother sent me to the battle and made me go."

For more than fifty years Diaz has been in public position in the republic of Mexico. There is no instance of a similar career among any of his contemporaries. In fact, **THE CONSERVATIVE** recalls no man in the present century who has stood for fifty years in the glare of public life with the eyes of all his countrymen turned upon him and yet defiantly challenging with success the criticisms of the whole world as to his patriotism and fidelity to duty.

In a curio cabinet in the room where our interview took place were two bullets which Madam Clayton pointed out as having been extracted by the surgeons from the body of President Diaz after a battle which was fought many years ago. We were all looking with eager eyes at these trophies of the surgeon's art, when Madam Diaz with a bright light in her eyes said: "It is better that they should be in the cabinet than in the president."

Our entire party, consisting of the editor, his son, Paul Morton, and Mr. Reynolds Morron, were delighted with the suavity and hospitality which characterized President Diaz and his accomplished and estimable wife. We were also exceedingly well pleased with the courtesies extended to us by Minister Clayton and family, who seem to be

among the best liked of all the diplomatic corps in the city of Mexico.

WHY? If Tillman is the eminent scholar, polished gentleman and all-around model of manhood that he is said to be, and if President Roosevelt is the uncouth, ill-bred, boorish, ignoramus described by Tillman's friends, why did the latter gentleman so far forget his dignity, and the good name of the sovereign state of South Carolina, as to consent to dine, in fact, insist upon dining, with the "cheap white trash" at the White House? Tillman's condescending to be entertained by Roosevelt is worse than Roosevelt's condescending to entertain Booker T. Washington—if South Carolina's lieutenant-governor correctly estimates his uncle's intellectual and moral qualifications, and does not exaggerate the defects of the president's mind and heart.

STOP THIEF! Colton says: "Imitation is the sincerest flattery." Emerson refers to imitation as "suicide." If the feelings of the editor who sees one of his articles appear in another publication without proper credit being given should be allowed to govern his actions, Emerson's definition would be the better. It would be sincere flattery to the editor from whom the credit was stolen; it would be literary suicide for the man who did the stealing. Borrowing other men's thoughts is not only thoroughly dishonest; it is a confession of the inability of the thought thief to write anything worthy of his readers' attention.

There is, however, very little "crabbing" done by the modern publicist, as the morale of the profession is extremely high, and for the further, and probably more potent reason that the editorial highwayman is invariably caught red-handed, and exposed to the ridicule and contempt of the profession and its clientele; but there are editors in existence who, when the muse deserts them, when sorrows oppress or torpid livers depress, open a favored exchange, select an editorial which pleases their fancy and is not inconsistent with the policy of their journal, proceed to credit the opening lines of the article, and then filch the remainder, forgetting the all-important quotation marks.

The Conservative has recently been robbed in this manner by the editor of a weekly journal of national scope, who very magnanimously credits the first paragraph of an editorial and then proceeds to filch the remainder, idea for idea and figure of speech after figure of speech, merely changing "precise" to "exact," and plugging in enough "packing" to prevent the revised article from being branded a plagiarism in toto.

We call this "sincerest flattery"; we also call it suicidal to the reputation of the offending paper and its editor.