

"Yes," she acceded, while the little dealer, as antique as his shop, expatiated over the bargain he had just let go, 'yes, I know they're a bargain—only what on earth am I to do with them while we go tripping around? I can't pack them in my trunk.'

"Post them," suggested the little man, nonchalantly.

"Post—*these!*" repeated the Lady.

"These' were a shovel, poker and tongs, accompanied by a lovely brass fender, all guaranteed to be seventeenth-century junk.

"Certainly. Post them to Liverpool. The steamship people will keep them till you sail.'

"Post them!" repeated the Lady. "That's preposterous! They've got to be expressed.'

"The little antique man stared in perplexity. 'What's expressed?'

"Why, expressed is—expressed. It's sending bundles by express—through an express office. Don't you understand?" The Extravagant Lady looked at him as if he ought to be expressed to an imbecile asylum.

"I'm sorry," he confessed humbly; 'it must be something American; I never heard of it before. We have nothing but the post in England!'

This was the startling experience of a trio of travelers in England, related by a writer in the "Good Housekeeping Magazine" for July. Having discovered that, while there was "nothing but the post in England," the post was a very accommodating and economical agency of transportation, the travelers began to take full advantage of it. They had had the usual experience of European travelers of finding their trunks grow heavier and heavier as the souvenirs and mementoes and special bargains of place after place had been added to them; but now they set about to make the post the scapegoat of their extravagances. "We bought twopence worth of strong brown paper, five yards of black calico to sew things in which would not wrap, a penny's worth of stout twine, then we went at lightening our trunks. The hotel clerk sent up a set of scales, and we did as fine calculation over our merchandise as if it had cost the cent an ounce it does here, instead of two cents a pound charged by liberal Britain. . . . Here are the contents of one bundle: Three wooden dolls, a lace robe, two pewter plates, one pewter teapot, a hair brush and mirror, a brass inkstand, three tartan photograph frames, six tablecloths, fourteen towels, a camera and two rubber hot bottles, all wrapped and stitched into a steamer rug which weighed four pounds. That was only one parcel—we sent a dozen through the Hereford post office: a Merry Widow hat in gigantic box, the postage on it was twopence; and all the helter-skelter pick-ups from London shopping—shoes, gloves, a set of furs, a winter suit, two raincoats, an old clock, brass, copper and pewter, bric-a-brac and baskets, a Sheffield tray,

ancient candle-sticks and a mahogany footstool." They soon found that they had posted to the steamship company, to be held until they were ready to sail, fifteen bundles of all sizes, on which they had spent only \$1.25 in postage. When they reached the home port with their purchases, says the writer, "the Custom-House men were heartless, but they did not approach the express company in that regard. The latter charged \$26.50 to transport from the dock to our home things which the generous British post office took off our hands for \$1.25." That is the sort of thing that the British parcels post will do for the prodigal traveler from across the water; for the native Briton it forms an almost indispensable accessory of his daily life. The famous short bread of Lhanbryde, the wonderful Harris tweeds spun by the crofters in the Western Highlands, the soft, fleecy goods of the Shetlanders, the haddies of the fisher-folk of Finnan and the jams and jellies of tiny out-of-the-way villages are all marketed throughout the United Kingdom by post. "Everywhere," says the writer, "the British parcels post brings a market to the door of any British subject in the most out-of-the-world spot, if he has anything worth selling and knows how to sell it." "Where we went visiting," she continues, "our hostess wished to rent a vacuum cleaner for a few days. It came from London, with twenty cents of postage on it, and the rent began from the moment a postman handed it in at the door. I saw crated dogs, cats and pigeons in the post office, cans of milk, pots and pans, perambulators, guns, carpets, memorial wreaths, rubber boots, bundles of sheep wool, fiddles, hams, blankets and whiskey. If you could buy an eleven-pound gravestone, I fancy that would go through the mail, for eleven pounds is the stopping point." The poor Briton living in blissful ignorance of the wonderful inventions of the new world—like the express company—has "only the post." But perhaps if we had a post like his, and enjoyed such service as has just been described, we might be almost willing to see the express companies go out of business, unless they could—and would—go and do likewise.

BOOKS

"THE PARLIAMENT OF THE WORLD."

World Organization, As Affected by the Nature of the Modern State. By David Jayne Hill. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1911. Price \$1.50.

A greater public service than experts in international law yet realize, probably greater than Columbia University appreciates, was that of this

University when, on the Carpentier Foundation, it provided for the delivery and publication of the eight lectures comprising this volume. They have the qualities of an elemental book.

When the experiential mists that usually envelop a new social order in its beginnings shall have passed away, this book may not improbably be placed on the same level and in direct line of succession with the earlier elemental books on international law that are now called classic. There is nothing new in it, which is a point in its favor in that respect. What was there new in Vattel? There is nothing pretentious about it, and that also is in its favor. It raises the banner of Right at a time when the experts are still swinging censures at the altars of Might, which testifies for it. The experts view it indifferently or contemptuously, which is in itself a tribute to its greatness. And, considered simply upon its own merits, it is a book which, welding the best thoughts on world organization into one great thought, endows that thought with the power and clothes it in the beauty of simple and lucid literary expression. Of his work for his own period, it may be said distinctively, as Mr. Hill says distinctively of Vattel's work for Vattel's period, that it combines "a clear grasp of controlling principles and an ample practical knowledge of the facts, methods and conditions of actual statesmanship as pursued at the time."

Students of international law, whether already fairly familiar with its character and history or not, will doubtless read Mr. Hill's book from beginning to end in the order in which the lectures or chapters are arranged; but partisans for peace, also those for war, may find it better to read the seventh first, so as to get the author's view on warfare, and then to read the lectures consecutively. Although the fact of future warfare is acknowledged as probable, and the possible justice of war is not wholly discarded, the right to make war is treated as "a limited right," which "does not exist unless it is necessary to employ force in order to obtain the recognition of a right denied or to redress a wrong inflicted." The object of the book throughout is to bring the light of reason to bear upon the law of right between sovereign powers, with a view to world organization on the basis of justice and regardless of mere might.

Proceeding from the common sense hypothesis that "rights and duties are only opposite sides of the same relation," the author finds that therefore there is moral law wherever there is society, and that the state is self-justified by its progressive translations of moral law into jural forms. Progressively the state has thus become "the embodiment and protagonist of jural law as the security for human rights"—"the jural expression of Man the species as distinguished from man the individual"; and by contemplation of the

nature of the state there is created within us "a conviction that, through its agency, there may be found a solution to the problem of world organization." That the idea of force is involved in this solution is evident, and Mr. Hill makes no concealment of that fact nor of its dangers. But he traces the real peril beyond mere force to the pretensions of the state, as it has existed, that it may employ force justly or unjustly at discretion.

This opens up the old controversy over the nature of states, as to whether they are in their nature unlimited and irresponsible or based on inherent rights. Mr. Hill takes the latter ground, against Machiavelli, Bodin, Hobbes and Austin, and with Althusius, Suarez, Grotius, Pufendorf, Locke, Vattel and Bentham. It is this moral attitude, and his superb championship at a period of world-change in that direction, which may easily rank Mr. Hill in the line of leadership to which Grotius and Vattel lent distinction. If, as Hill writes, "Grotius entered upon the endless road of human progress and set the thought of his race upon an ever ascending highway," Hill himself has landmarked that highway with a further record of ascent.

In principle and tone democratic, this book affords a highly probable explanation, inferentially, of why Mr. Hill's presence at Berlin as American ambassador was unwelcome. Tested by his book, it would be difficult to find in any diplomatic service a better representative of American ideals in spirit and ability than David Jayne Hill.

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SENATOR CULLOM'S POLITICAL CAREER.

Fifty Years of Public Service. Personal Recollections of Shelby M. Cullom, Senior United States Senator from Illinois. With portraits. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911. Price \$3 net.

Near the conclusion of his fifth term as United States Senator and on the threshold of a contest for the sixth, Senator Cullom of Illinois would have much of general interest to tell even if his memory as a public official did not extend back into the period of Lincoln and Douglas. He was city attorney of Springfield in 1855, member of Congress in 1865, Governor of Illinois in 1877, and has been United States Senator since 1883. But his recollections of this long period of stirring events and profound controversies are those of a politician rather than a statesman. For their personalities they are of passing interest and perhaps that is all that was intended. At any rate they add little to accumulated political knowledge and nothing to political wisdom—except as inferences may be drawn from the author's delightful candor.