

"ONE ROOM AND A KITCHEN."

The following *J'eux d'esprit* is copied from the United States Army and Navy Journal is a good and humorous hit at the way Uncle Sam treats his defenders, and we are sorry to say he is not singular in that respect.—ED. VOL. REV.

Perhaps it is grand!

But I fail to see it,

To live at a post, as an officer's wife;

Unless you have rank above a lieutenant,

'Tis one room and a kitchen

The rest of your life.

'Tis all very well,

To flirt with brass-buttons;

But that's very different from being a wife;

With children annoying,

Your comfort destroying,

In one room and a kitchen,

To drag out your life.

Now, girls! all take warning,

In life's early morning;

Don't marry at least till your twenty or more

Then try for the rank—

A major or colonel!

For then you'll be sure

Of three rooms or four!

I know "Uncle Sam"

Must be an old bachelor,

For he made no provision for an officers wife;

And the very worst fate

That I ever can wish him,

Is one room and a kitchen

The rest of his life.

FORT SILL.

Great Britain and the Coming Struggle in Europe.

The gloomy vaticinations of the London *Times*, which have been sent by Cable, have set people a talking and thinking about the early possibility of war in Europe. There seems to be no reason why the situation should be considered as more critical now than it was several months ago, and it will probably be found when the full text of the *Times*' article comes to hand, and that it is simply a comment on a state of things which must lead to war some day, but whose potency to bring on an early quarrel is not asserted. The causes for alarm to be found in the relations of the leading powers of continental Europe are not far to seek. In a time of peace there are, at least, three millions of soldiers kept under arms, and a military organization and equipment are maintained on a scale sufficient to enable that number to be doubled in case of actual war. The warlike expenditures of continental Europe are considerably over five hundred millions of dollars a year; and the singular position of Great Britain does not save her from spending an unusually large sum on her army, while the continued security of that position demands a naval expenditure nearly equal to that of all the other great powers.

It is tolerably obvious that the military nations of the continent cannot long persist in their present policy of bloated armaments without coming to blows. The very position of a highly finished and ingeniously constructed military machine involves a strong temptation to use it. And as to the relations between France and Germany, there is this additional reason to urge the latter to war, that while its own military development is in a high state of perfection that of its neighbor is only gradually in course of improvement. The present unsettled condition of Europe lies undoubtedly at the door of France. She has declared in the most unmistakable terms, her resolve to enter upon a war of revenge when the opportunity favors, and Germany feels naturally desirous to have the struggle fought out before her vanquished foe has regained more than her former strength. But Germany cannot go to war without some decent pretext, and France will not furnish

that pretext unless she can make some powerful alliance. Hence, the combinations of European diplomacy are discussed with a perpetual reference to the bearing upon the next great war, and the conviction has become settled in the public mind that when the struggle comes, it will convert the continent into one vast battlefield.

In spite of the grumblers who talk about the decay of the military prestige of Great Britain, there can be no question that her position is such as to give her enormous weight in preserving the peace of Europe. There are a number of treaty guarantees to which Great Britain is a party, and which she could not see disregarded without making some strong protest. But the only two cases in which she would probably be forced into war, is the invasion of Belgium, and the attempt to seat a hostile power at Constantinople. The one would shut to her the high way to the East, and the other would bring an enemy within easy sail of her eastern coast. Apart from the solemn obligations to which she stands committed in regard to these two extremities of Europe, her existence as an oriental power would be menaced by the wresting of Constantinople from the Turks, and her existence as a first class power under any form would be assailed by an unchallenged breach of the neutrality of Belgium.

Unless in such extreme cases as the two to which we have referred, the position of Great Britain in any European conflict ought to, and would be, a purely mediatorial one. She has neither territorial ambition to gratify, nor national humiliation to wipe out. All her interests lie in the direction of preserving peace, and the sincerity of her devotion to that end would be questioned by no class of combatants. Her army is hardly sufficient for defensive operations in the event of any great disaster happening to her fleet, and though her citizen soldiery are numerous and well trained, they could not to any large extent replace her regular troops if these were withdrawn for foreign service. It is conceivable that Great Britain might be forced to emerge from this purely defensive position, but it would only be by the shock of such a struggle as would change the face of Europe, and give a new direction to the course of modern history.—*Scottish American Journal*.

The Soko.

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN MAN MONKEY DESCRIBED BY DR. LIVINGSTONE.

[From Dr. Livingstone's Diary]

The Soko, which Livingstone speaks of interchangeably with the gorilla, seems after all to be an entirely new species of chimpanzee, and as such is entitled to the distinction of having his portrait reproduced at length, just as the explorer graphically sketches it. In the Manyema country under date of Aug. 14, 1870, he writes:

"Four gorillas, or Sokos, were killed yesterday; an extensive grass burning forced them out of their usual haunts, and coming on the plain they were speared. They often go erect, but place the hand on the head as if to steady the body. When seen thus the soko is an ungainly beast. The most sentimental young lady would not call him a 'dear,' but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals, especially the antelopes, are graceful and it is pleasant to see them, either at rest or in motion; the natives, also are well

made, lithe and comely to behold, but the soko, if large, would do well to stand for a picture of the devil. He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead villainously low, with ears, is well in the background of the great dog mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which Manyema devours it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals. They say the flesh is delicious.

The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking men and women while at their work, kidnapping children and running up trees with them—he seems to be amused by the sight of the young natives in his arms—but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bannas, and as he lifts that, drops the child. The young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him: then let him go. Another man was hunting and missed his attempt to stab a soko. It seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions: "Soko has caught me." The soko bit off the ends of his fingers and escaped unharmed. Both men are now living at Bombarre. The soko is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes that no one can stalk him in front without being seen, hence, when shot, it is always in the back. When surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back, too. Otherwise he is not a very formidable beast. He is nothing as compared in power of damaging his assailant to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Numbers of them come down in the forest, within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox hounds. This is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko and seized. He roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned and left him, as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched and let fall.

The soko kills the leopard occasionally by seizing both paws and biting them so as to disable them. He then goes up a tree, groans over his wounds and sometimes recovers, while the leopard dies. The lion kills him at once, and sometimes tears his limbs off, but does not eat him. The soko brings forth at times twins. A very large soko was seen by Mohamed's hunters sitting picking his nails. They tried to stalk him, but he vanished. Some Manyemas think that their buried dead rise up as sokos; and one was killed with holes in his ears as if he had been a man. He is very strong, and fears guns but not spears. He never catches women. He draws out a spear, but never uses it, and takes out some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch the blood: he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm, and never molests them; a man without a spear is nearly safe for him. They live in communities of about ten, each having his own female, as an intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another he