

date we shall be able to travel throughout Farther India by rail. At present a large part of the interior transportation has to be done upon elephants, the only beasts which are able to make their way through the thick jungle. The king speaks English fluently and reads it with ease. It is not etiquette, however, for him to use anything else than his own language during his audiences, and for this reason he will have an interpreter during his travels in this country.

The elephant is the royal beast of Siam. You see elephant pictures on all the flags. The old coins had an elephant printed on them, and the white elephant, in fact, forms what you would call the court-of-arms of the king. The Siamese are Buddhists. They believe in the transmigration of souls. They think that the souls of their heroes or greatest men go into elephants and of the very greatest into the white elephants. It was for this reason that white elephants were worshiped in times past. Today the king keeps a number of white elephants in his palace stables. I asked to be shown these beasts during my visit to the palace. I expected to find the animals decorated with gold and purple and fastened with golden chains. I was shown something far different. The stables were dirty wooden sheds, and the elephants were tied with rough ropes to wooden posts. The keepers in charge of them were dirty and there was no sign of royalty about them. The elephants themselves looked freckled. They were not pure white by any means and I have since learned that the white elephant is a diseased elephant. His whiteness is more like that of leprosy than nature, and he is the ugliest beast of the elephant kind.

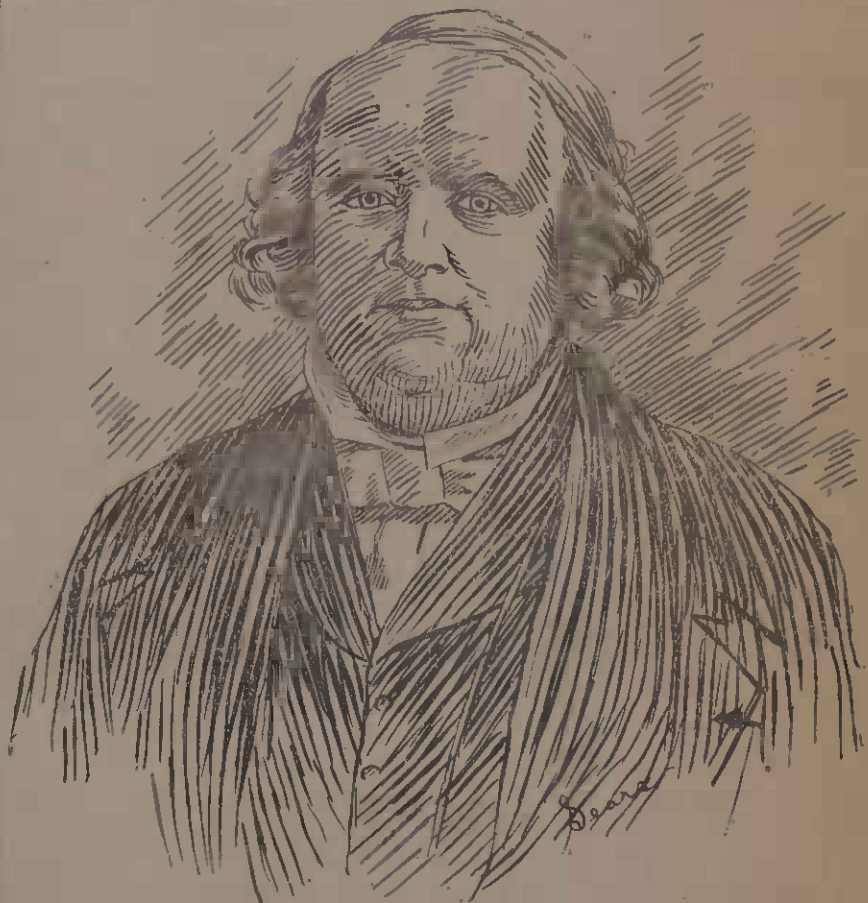
I spent some time in the wonderful Buddhist temples of Bangkok. There was one right next to the palace of the king, in which his majesty daily worships during his stay in his capital. This temple has a spire hundreds of feet high made of coil after coil of masonry plated with gold. There is, I was told, more than \$100,000 worth of gold upon it. It has doors of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and it is lighted with candles of all sizes, some as big around as your finger, others of the size of your waist. These candles are in candle icks plated with gold. They will burn for weeks and their flickering flames are supposed to dispose of a multitude of sins. In this temple there is one room the floor of which is covered with a carpet of woven silver wire. Its chief idol is the famed emerald god.

This god is about a foot high. It is made of pure gold, mixed with jewels. It is set with diamonds, topazes, sapphires and rubies, and it represents a vast amount of money. The idol is placed high up, above the floor of the temple, almost under the roof. It is so high that it is hard to appreciate its value, but so holy that the king bows before it every morning, and the hundred ladies of the harem come in now and then, and, bending their naked knees upon the cold floor, pray to it. Siam has hundreds of other temples. They are by all odds the finest buildings in Bangkok. The contributions to them and the priests do much to keep the people poor. There is no city of the world that has so many Buddhist priests as Bangkok. Siam is the home of Buddhism and Bangkok is the central station for its worship. There are 25,000 Buddhist priests in the city. These are

of all ages, from sixteen to eighty, and the religion is such that any man can be a priest if he chooses. Every Siamese man is expected to become a priest for a certain part of his life, and King Chulalongkorn has, I am told, served two terms in the priesthood. This being a priest changes a man's relations to his fellows for the time. He is then considered holy to his family as well as to others. I saw mothers bowing down to their boy's sons who were acting as priests. The priests shave their heads. They go about with nothing but yellow strips of cloth wound around them, rely-

ing upon the gifts of the people for food. They have certain times in the morning and evening during which they go from house to house for rice. The people bring out the rice in pots, ready cooked. When the priests come along they drop on their knees, and, folding their hands, as though praying, they ask the priest to accept their gifts. I was told that the priests never make direct requests for alms, and that the offerings to a large extent are voluntary.

Frank G. Carpenter



DR. WILLARD RICHARDS, FIRST EDITOR OF THE DESERET NEWS.

The DESERET NEWS made its advent in the newspaper field just forty-seven years ago today. Its editor at that time was Dr. Willard Richards, the Pioneer of Western Journalism. He was the son of Joseph and Rhoda Richards, and was born at Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, June 24, 1804. Mr. Richards was a cousin of President Brigham Young, a physician by profession, a man of scholarly attainments and a vigorous writer. He was ordained an Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints April 14, 1840, while on a mission to Great Britain. On October 30, 1841, he was elected a member of the Nauvoo city council. In December of that year he was appointed recorder for the Temple, private secretary to the Prophet Joseph Smith and general Church clerk. He kept all of the Prophet's private journals and was with him at the time of his martyrdom in Carthage jail, and made an entry just a few minutes before the awful tragedy. His "Two Minutes in Jail" is described as being one of the "most thrilling documents ever written." At the time of the expulsion from Nauvoo he acted as Church historian, a position to which he had been appointed December, 1842. Under President Young he assisted in planning the journey of the Pioneer Pathfinders across the continent and arrived in Salt Lake a second time as captain of a large company, in the fall of 1848. As civil officer he served as secretary of the provisional government of the State of Deseret, as a member of the Legislature, and postmaster of Great Salt Lake. He was also a member of the First Presidency of the Church and General Historian thereof. History says of him that "he chronicled events, dates, circumstances and incidents, with rare accuracy of judgment and great tenacity of memory. He possessed a calm and even mind, and yet was rather reserved, and naturally diffident of his own superior ability. On great and rare occasions his masterly energies came forth like a well disciplined and invincible troop that knew their place and prerogative to act in defense of the truth." He died in Great Salt Lake City, March 11, 1854, mourned and loved by all who knew him.