

long tiers of tables and upon them were spread many kinds of meats and poultry, hot and cold, and as to cakes, pies and pastry these were too numerous for a Bird to guess at number or name.

The following program was rendered: Master of ceremonies, Joshua Greenwood.

Music by the brass band. Prayer by Patriarch J. D. Smith. Song, Mutual Choir. Address of welcome by President Alma Greenwood, replied to by Elder F. M. Lyman in which he facetiously announced himself as a probable "dark horse" in the race for the prize to be given to the first settler in Fillmore. Then the aged knife and fork band, 130 strong, struck up a platter tune of demolition until their gray locks shook over faces of contented gladitude.

Prizes were given to the oldest gentleman, Jacob Croft, aged, 90 years; to the oldest lady, Mrs. Luella Robison, mother of State Senator Robison, 89 years; to the oldest parent of the largest family (this was a sharp contest and two prizes were given), first to Mrs. Mary Payne, the mother of 15 children, aged 55 years; second, Mrs. Carllog, 15 children, aged 52 years.

The oldest married couple who got the prize were Brother Isaac Mitchell and wife. They had jogged along together for 61 years.

The prize for the oldest inhabitant of Fillmore had three competitors. They were Mrs. D. K. Olsen, Bro. D. B. Warner and Elder Lyman. Brother Warner and Sister Olsen, it transpired, came at the same time, but as Brother Warner was driving stock on ahead of the wagons, he claimed to be here first. Elder Lyman claimed to have arrived here in 1851, one year before the other two, but he owned up to have been driving stock also, and did not then make this his home; and as he has not stayed with us always, the judge did not let him carry off the nice silk neck wrap, but by age discrimination awarded it to D. B. Warner, he being 59 years old, and Sister Olsen 55.

Mrs. Joe E. Ray came in for honorable mention as being the first baby born in Fillmore. She is now an honored grandma.

The program continued: Song, America, mutual choir; recitation, "Who was responsible for the death," James A. Melville; quartette, Bishop T. C. Callister and company; reading, Mrs. Mellisa Olsen; music, brass band; recitation, George Crane, who gave first an old Methodist hymn of fearful import, then as a contrast Butler's "There is no death," song, six little girls; recitation, Raymond Ray; sentiment, "Our old folk," Daniel Stevens; song, John Jackson.

Stake President I. N. Hinckley feelingly expressed his satisfaction at what he had seen and heard this day, and the benediction was offered by Bishop Callister; closing, as was expressed by one veteran, the most pleasant time ever spent in Fillmore, the tendency of which is a reverence for the aged, a unity of purpose in life, and an increase of faith in Him whose promises never fail to the obedient.

A. BIRD.

## CHOKED TO DEATH.

A deliberate, cold-blooded murder was perpetrated in this city about 8 o'clock last evening, the victim being Fred Beutler, a native of Switzerland, and aged about 55 years. Beutler lived in a little adobe cabin off South Temple street on the north side and between West Temple and First West streets. He was a married man but for some time past had lived alone, owing to having had trouble with his wife whom he married last July. Alone in the room at the time mentioned he was summoned to the door thereof by a loud knock and in a few minutes after, the callers, two in number, had fled, leaving behind them a corpse, the throat bearing marks of violence and giving evidence of strangulation, while in the mouth as a gag was a piece of white rag which had been stuffed down into the man's windpipe.

About 8:15 o'clock word came to the police station over the phone that a man was being murdered at 148 W. South Temple street, and requesting officers to be sent down immediately. Desk Sergeant Livingstone was on duty at the time and he conveyed the word to Captain Esslinger and Officer Shannon, both of whom ran out of the station post-haste and down to the scene of the murder. A dark alleyway leads to the apartments in question and along this the officers went, reaching Beutler's room before many minutes had fled.

The first to reach the door was Officer Shannon. He pushed the door and discovered that it wouldn't open far. There was a light in the room, a lamp being on a sewing machine close to the door. As soon as he got the door open far enough, he poked his head in and saw a man lying on the floor. The man's head was against the door. "He's dead, Cap," exclaimed Shannon to Esslinger. The former then pushed the door open by force and squeezed in. As the door swung back shut, the body fell back in its first position. The first thing he noticed was a white rag sticking out of the man's mouth. Shannon reached over and found that this had been stuffed down his throat as a gag. He pulled it out and tried to see whether or not there was any life in the man's body. He could recognize no heart action, and turning around he told Capt. Esslinger that the man was dead. When the officers first entered the alley they saw three men standing on the corner. One of them was Joe Morris, the other two were the Holt brothers, who live next door to the Butler room on the south. They followed the officers in and informed them that the door was locked and they couldn't get in. Shannon went over to the door and found it locked, with the key still in it.

Undertaker Joseph William Taylor was sent for and arrived in a few minutes. He found several marks around the throat which was discolored, and also bruises about the body. Considerable blood had flowed from the mouth, and the features were distorted to a marked degree. Mr. Taylor thrust his hand into the right-hand watch pocket and found there \$12 in bills and coins. There was also a knife, several pencils and other knock-knacks

and several papers. One of these was a receipt, signed by Thomas E. Taylor, the owner of the house in which he lived, for room rent up to March 13th of this year. Mr. Taylor took the body at once to his morgue, and the officers made a hasty search of the room and surroundings, while the police station had notified every available officer and put each to work on the case.

Joseph Morris a bill poster who lives next door to Butler's tells the following story of what he saw and heard: "About 8 o'clock," says Mr. Morris, "I was sitting at the table eating my supper, when I heard a knock at Butler's door. The partitions between the cabins are very frail, so that most every sound can be distinctly heard. Now they must have walked very softly on that board, for I never heard a sound until they knocked. Then I heard Butler walk across the floor, turn the latch and almost the same instant boller 'murder' two or three times. Then I heard a scuffle. I was a trifle afraid to go out the front door, so I just pushed up the back window and jumped out, intending to raise an alarm. I ran around on to South Temple and struck the Holt boys out in front. We stood there for about a minute talking about the trouble, supposing it was a row between Butler and his wife. As we stood there, two persons came out. One of them was about three or four inches taller than the other, and both were dressed in dark clothes. The smallest one looked like a, like—a—farmer, as near as I could see. Their faces were turned away from us, and we couldn't see who they were. A rig had just driven into the alley to deliver some stuff at one of the houses, and in about a minute or less these two came out."

One of the Holt boys followed the men, whom, he says, turned east on South Temple. When near the corner of West Temple they cut across the street toward the Valley house, and walked rapidly down the street. Evidently discovering that they were followed, they quickened their steps and were almost running when they reached the path that turns into the old Natatorium. Down this they turned and were soon lost to view among the buildings.

The murdered man has had domestic troubles and to this the officers feel to attach some little significance. From his present wife he was to have soon obtained a divorce, she being a woman whom he could not get along with, because of her intemperate habits. The two when living together were quarreling almost incessantly and the officers have strong reasons for believing that Mrs. Butler knows more about her husband's demise than she cares to tell. It is said by the officers that she has been associating with strange men, and one theory is that one of her lovers sought to get Butler out of the way. This belief is strengthened by the fact that, according to Morris's story, Butler no sooner beheld his nightly visitors than he shrieked "murder" at the top of his voice. Had the callers been strangers with no apparent intention of killing or doing some harm to the man, he would not, it is reasonably certain, have made any such demonstration.