

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD GEORGIA MINISTER KILLS HIS WIFE AND HER MOTHER "TO SAVE THEIR SOULS FROM THE DEVIL"

BOY SLAYER SAYS MODERN FASHIONS MENACE SALVATION Elliott Padrick Calmly Tells How He Shot to Prevent Mother-in-Law From Leading His Wife Into Life of Immorality—Describes Killing and Thinks God Will Grant Him Forgiveness.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 22.—Calmly confessing to double murder over the dead bodies of his girl wife and her mother, Elliott Padrick, a twenty-year-old Methodist minister, said:

"I went to prayer and pleaded with God to restrain me from this foul act, but I fear that I sinned against the light!"

The youth, whose father and two brothers are also ministers of the same faith as he preaches, appeared completely unconcerned over the dual crime. He even indicated that he does not believe he will swing on the gallows for the deed.

And the young man's dramatic defense is that he killed May, his wife, because he loved her and to save her soul while there was yet a chance for its salvation. She was untrue to him, he asserted, and she had admitted promiscuous infidelity. He bore with her, he explained, while God gave him grace to do so, but ultimately, the burden of grief and shame and humiliation became too strong and he took the only way that he could reason out to solve the problem.

The death of his mother-in-law, he insisted, was "purely accidental" because she got in the way of a bullet intended for the girl wife, but he showed no regret that she, too, had been killed, for he held her responsible for his wife's waywardness.

The killing was planned and executed with a cold-blooded caution that nearly permitted the slayer to escape. Young Padrick, who had been preaching in another part of the State, sent a letter asking his wife to meet him in the family automobile and promising her a little surprise.

He met her and her mother, Mrs. Bryon Dixon, who is still youthful in appearance and handsome, at Clito and drove with them toward Dover. After the car had crossed the Ogeechee river, he killed Mrs. Dixon, who was driving, and then slew his wife, who was sitting beside him on the rear seat.

Then the young slayer fled. When a passing automobile party discovered the abandoned sedan, Mrs. Padrick was still breathing and managed before she expired to tell the name of the killer and some of the facts that led to the shooting. Mrs. Dixon was dead.

FEARED MOB VIOLENCE. Sheriff Griffin arrested the youth at Dover, while he was preparing to take a train. He still carried the deadly revolver, but he offered no resistance. He only suggested:

"You'd better rush me to the Richmond county jail at once, unless you want a mob after us. My wife and mother-in-law have many kin in these parts!"

While the car streaked over the country roads the slayer deliberately told the story of the killing.

But he did not tell all. It was not until the bodies were examined that the lurid letter was discovered.

The note, addressed to his wife, read: "Dearest One—Your sweet letter to hand. Wish I, too, could have been with you in Oliver. Say, little girlie, I have a pleasant surprise for you. Meet me sure at Clito, Monday afternoon, in the sedan. I would love to meet you there alone, as you know we haven't been together much. Won't you come and prove your love? Trust me and love me. Yours, "ELLIOTT."

"P. S.—I will bring you something good if you will come to me. Tell daddy and mamma that I love them lots and to treat me kindly. "ELLIOTT."

STRANGE STATE OF BODY. When Mrs. Padrick's body was discovered most of the clothing was torn off, her hair was down, and her arm broken. The calm-faced, soft-spoken slayer said he could not explain this, denying that he touched the bodies after he fired the shots, and he explained:

"I had intended to throw them into the river and drive away, but I did not dare to do so."

So collected in thought, so smooth in speech is he that the guards in the jail are already professing the belief that he is insane. But the youth makes no such pretense. He declares that he only did what he had to do and is ready to rest his case on the judgment of God and the community.

In his cell he dictated the following statement before he even consulted counsel or notified his family of his plight:

"I shot my wife because of her admitted infidelity to me. She stated to me, that she had been running around with the boys during my absence and had been having a good time.

"While working on her father's farm she threatened my life on several occasions. She kept a gun in the corner and a knife stuck in the door facing, and this was because of her unhappiness, for which she thought I was to blame.

"Shortly after I married her she asked me what I would do if I found that she had been untrue to

SLAYED TO SAVE SOULS!



Elliott Padrick, 20, whose father and two brothers are like him, ministers, and whose dramatic defense for a double slaying he has confessed, is that he wanted to save his victims' souls.

me. I told her that I would kill them both, her and the man.

"I pleaded with her to give her heart to God and live a pure life in thought and deed, and if she would, I said, I would be a great success as a minister.

"From that time on I struggled with her and tried in vain to live

right together with her. But instead of helping her to a higher level, she and her family succeeded in dragging me into the mud—and this deed is the result of it—it all preyed on my mind constantly.

"A short time ago I received a letter from my father, who had attended the conference at States-

boro, Ga., stating that my wife's conduct, according to report, was unbecoming, and I should look into the matter. That is, I should go to her and try to assist her.

"In the same mail I received a letter from my wife asking me to go to see her. As a result of this, I left my work at another town and arrived at Clito, Ga., Monday, where she and her mother met me. I was all worked up over the fresh reports. I had been brooding over the matter for some time."

STORY QUESTIONED. Right here it may be said that witnesses have asserted that the young minister greeted his wife affectionately and kissed her and her mother as well as he climbed into the sedan, which Mrs. Dixon was then driving. But his own story puts it this way:

"On my arrival I found that she and her mother were dressed in clothes that neither Mr. Dixon nor myself could afford to buy for them. I knew that they did not get them as they should have—that is, buy them with their own money.

"The dress and hosiery of my wife was the most immodest I had seen in some time.

"It seemed that they had only one desire, and that was to accumulate wealth, and they had an uncontrollable passion for fine clothes and display. Fashion was their all-consuming desire. Circumstances had proven that they had started on the wrong road to gain their desired ends.

"I discovered after my marriage that my mother-in-law had urged her daughter to marry me believing that I had money, and in this way she expected to get some of the things of life that she most craved.

"As soon as she discovered that I was a poor boy that whole family turned on me and caused my wife to hate me. I was as helpless as David before Saul. It was at this time that the difficulty reached the point where my wife threatened my life, and I pleaded with her to give her heart to God and to help me in my life's work. This appeal fell on deaf ears!

"It was a laughing joke and a half-way boast of Norton Mitchell,

the deputy sheriff of Statesboro, that I was a fool for permitting my mother-in-law and Ida Mae Dixon, my wife's aunt, to trap me into such a marriage. Things of this kind preyed on my mind to the breaking point.

"I know now that my marriage was the mistake of my life. I realized this some time ago, but through it all I loved her and believed that God would make her my ideal. But all the persuasion of a husband seemed to be in vain.

"We parted several times, but would go back together. We would have the same kind of disputes, but I held to God and believed all the time that things would come out all right.

"She seemed bent on having the world and the devil's playthings. "Through all of my troubles, my love was deeper than my grace.

"I could not get the consent of my mind to leave her to the cruelty of her mother. I am convinced that Mrs. Dixon wanted to push her daughter into an indecent business.

"I had been away four months, having worked one month, making \$30 and my board, \$5 of which I sent to my wife. The three months while I was idle I spent in prayer.

"I delivered six sermons in the churches of my father and brother.

"I wrote to my wife on several occasions and received no answer until she heard that I had decided to go to Oklahoma. She wrote me and entreated me to come and get her and take her away. I could not understand why she waited so long to write unless her mother was at the bottom of it.

HEARS FROM PARENTS.

"I suspected that her mother wanted to get us back together in order for her to be looked upon by the people of her community as a respectable wife.

"In the meantime, I heard from my parents that she had been running around Statesboro with Norton Mitchell, who my wife declared to me had ruined her aunt, Ida Mae Dixon, and as a result of this my exhorter's license had been revoked by an overwhelming majority.

"I went to prayer at once and pleaded with God to restrain me from any murderous act, but I fear I have sinned against the light.

"When I received the letter from my wife asking me to come to see her, I did not know whether to accept it in good faith or not, for before leaving my home I was in the kitchen when I overheard my father-in-law say as he raised an object from off the refrigerator—sounded very much like a knife:

"Here's something you can get rid of him with!"

"I believe that my father-in-law did that to please his witch wife. My sin is black enough to make hell dirty, but in the eyes of the just and mighty God, who will render to me judgment according to my deed, and to his merciful care, and to that of a law-abiding citizenship I commit my life and spirit.

"Why all this has happened at the start of my youthful career I do not know.

DESCRIBES KILLING. "I do believe that the same God who forgave David for murder for gives me and will aid me in my trial, and that the light of heaven and peaceful joy of full salvation will at some time be my constant privilege and enjoyment.

"When the shooting took place the car was at a standstill. I was on the ground. I did not intend to kill my mother-in-law. It was an accident that she was shot.

"I do not understand how my wife's clothing was torn, or her hair down. Why her arm should be broken I do not understand, as I was on the ground when the shooting occurred and did not put my hands on either of them.

"I intended to go to Oklahoma after the shooting. I arrived on the train to Clito with a pistol in my pocket, the one I used to do the shooting with."

When asked what part Mrs. Dixon took in the difficulty previous to the shooting and what direct incident led up to the shooting, Padrick declined to reveal, saying slowly:

"I guess that I have said enough for this time."

The boyish slayer was formerly pastor of the Greencut Methodist church, but was suspended at the last South Georgia conference. Mrs. Dixon, his mother-in-law, was a daughter of D. J. Dixon and a sister of Fully Dixon, of Sylvania.

BRADLEY PARTY BIDS FAREWELL TO JUNGLELAND OF CONGO

THE Ruindi plains had been reported so hot and feverish that we had left Alice and Miss Hall at Ruhuru, but as soon as we saw the Ruindi we realized that its reputation had merely suffered like so many other reputations in Africa and succumbed to slander, and that it was no more unhealthy, at least our particular place in it, than a Colorado plateau.

Hot it certainly was, hunting at noon under the downpouring rays of the sun a few miles from the equator, hot with a dry, burning, brazen heat that made the dream of tinkling ice in a glass of grape juice—at least I thought of grape juice—an irresistible mockery, and the mention of it a criminal offense, but one could always be comfortable in our tents or grass houses, even at noon, so as Christmas approached and our departure was postponed, we sent a runner in to Commissioner Van de Ghinste asking him to try to find a white escort to send out with Miss Hall and Alice, to reunite the family.

He had a hope the agent territorial or the chef de poste might be abstracted from his duties, but it was not a strong hope, even for the honorarium we were only too glad to offer, so we were tremendously exhilarated when a runner brought news that "la petite" and Priscilla Hall would be sent out to us with a white escort unspecified.

Made the Journey in Fast Time of Two Days.

It was a three-day march, and we did not expect them until the 22d, but on the first the boys' cry of "Tote hapa!"—"Baby here!" brought me out of my tent, and there across the plain flashed the green and scarlet of the machila—the hammock—of the littlest explorer.

Through the glasses we caught the dark line of the porters and then the gleam of a robe—and there came the white father, the father superior, gallantly walking in new shoes, too, it developed—with Priscilla mounted upon his donkey—and a donkey is the most priceless animal in the Congo.

In this wise they had made the journey in two days, the only difficulty having been to keep Alice in her hammock. She loved to walk with the rest, though her small legs could not keep up a hurried pace, and as fast as we changed porters and languages she learned the new words for "Put me down," and used them vigorously.

But, though Alice made Christmas for us, the problem remained

of how to make Christmas for Alice.

We were a month behind our plans. We had expected to reach Nairobi in British East Africa by the holidays, and now in Nairobi there were Christmas letters and Christmas packages and stores and shops—and here in the heart of Africa we had only two trifling toys, long cherished for emergencies—and a six-year-old's unflinching trust in Santa Claus.

Little Girl Would Take No Vague Hints.

Laboriously she spelled out her letters to him, detailing the things she longed for, and dismayed they read them to each other. Then diplomatically we began to explain. Santa was so far away. . . . Africa had no snow for his sleight. . . . He could get only to Nairobi. . . . We would find things there. . . . Later But Alice would have none of that. "He'll get as far as he can and then send a runner," she announced, and as our explanations grew more pessimistic her trust grew more passionately clinging.

"O, Mummie, let's hang up stockings anyway, and see what he can do!"

We hung up the stockings and Santa did a great deal. It was the most exciting Christmas the small girl remembered. There was a tree on the breakfast table in the grass house, that the boys had lined with jungle green, a tree with tallow candles trimmed with scarlet kindergarten paper shining away among piles of packages—and the stocking was bulging.

There was father's long-hidden candy, and there was some of Martha's own gold chain and locket, and mother's sacred pastels, and home-made painting books, and picture books, and story books, and ivory bracelets, an elephant's hair bracelet made by Uncle Akeley, and there were native stools and baskets from Priscilla, who had been preparing a bountiful Christmas for every one—and we all managed to produce and exchange a great many surprising and charming gifts.

Rare Gifts Brought By Another Santa.

And later another runner came from Santa Claus—this time by way of Luofu, where the father superior was now with Monsieur Flamand, the administrator of the Ruindi—bringing gifts from them both to all of us—rare spears and unusual ornaments, feathers, baskets and bells.

The boys entered heartily into the occasion. Each one of them, down to the cook and the last

Little Alice Bradley Hangs Up Her Stocking in Wilderness and Santa Claus Does Best He Can With Limited Facilities. Akeley Party Says Good-by to Land of Fierce Gorilla.

grinning little helper in a dirty towel, presented himself at each tent on the first call for hot water, each with an offering, a cluster of the red gold flowers of the place thrust in a can or bottle.

By the time we were through dressing every tent looked like a flower show, and the boys were expectantly awaiting the returns.

Previous counsel had decided upon a lump sum to each boy from us all. It was given, and the explanation that it was from us all was pounded in, but the boys promptly pursued every individual of us, yearning volubly for tokens.

It was our continual experience that a personal gift, however slight, was much more appreciated by the native than any collective generosity.

Three days later, the 28th of December, we broke camp at dawn and started to march across the plains, taking our last look at the shadowy herbs whose horns were glinting in the level rays of morning.

Two Days Kept Busy Packing for Return.

Three days brought us back the familiar way through Mal Ja Moto, the streams of boiling water, and along the Ruhuru river to Ruhuru, where our porters were already ordered to take us out of the Congo.

For two days camp was a furious activity of packing, casing the gorilla skins in waxed cloth, and winding the skeletons with straw, listing trophies and ivory for the obliging customs, and seeing to the sealing of the guns, for we were going east into British territory, where we had no license to hunt.

The Belgian officials were more than kind in helping us off; they were amused at our lack of time, the commodity which is so universal in Africa, but their hospitality did everything in their power.

We were much impressed by the fine type of official we found; their sense of responsibility toward the native and the seriousness of their colonization.

Far from perpetrating "atrocities," the Belgian government is now considered to err on the side of leniency, favoring the black against the white.

the sort that would have put the early days of the open-hearted West to shame, and never in any dealing, official or business, was there the slightest attempt to profit by us.

Restitution Made By Government Officials.

We have an instance of the scrupulousness of their attitude at Kivu. There we had been allowed the government boat for an excursion to the lava fields if we would pay the price of the gasoline. We paid the presented bill without remark, for the gasoline cost did not seem excessive for the heat of Africa.

Nearly two months later a black runner brought out to us on the Ruindi a packet of francs from Kivu—the chef de poste had discovered that the gasoline had been billed to them at a less price and sent on to us the benefit of the reduction. Our next experience with gasoline, in Uganda, was less heartening.

New Year morning we started to march out of the Congo leading our two hundred porters east on a way that could only be vaguely outlined by the Belgians into the British protectorate of Uganda.

Some time that day, high on the interminable mountains, we crossed the eastern frontier of the Congo, and our first night's camp, by a water hole in a plain, could be designated only as somewhere in Uganda.

In Uganda, for the first time, water was both scarce and bad. We always boiled it, and that night we put in alum in addition, and carried several jars of it with us in case the conditions were worse ahead.

Second Night's Camp Made on Mountain Peak.

The roads in Uganda were superb, old native roads, improved by white man's oversight, and the bicycles would have been tremendously useful if the roads had not insisted upon a continual climb.

Our second night's camp was on a mountain peak—Behungi, 8,000 feet up, space swimming about us and the solitude of Africa streaming out from every side.

Down went the wide road the next morning, and then up again, winding along the mountain sides, through marshes of papyrus—a

marvelously beautiful country. And then we came to Lake Bunyoni.

I still think that Kivu is the most beautiful lake in the world, but if there were another lake more beautiful than Kivu, Bunyoni would be that one. It is a fairy of a lake, with indented shores fringed with papyrus and bamboo and lotus—the only place in Africa where those, three meet.

In and out the papyrus flashed birds that seemed a thousand colors, blue and purple, gold and scarlet, black and orange; white ducks drifted in flocks upon the water like white clouds, and all along the shore ran the purple line of the lotus of the Nile, sweet with a heady sweetness.

Flotilla Collected for the Return in Short Order.

It was the southern shore of this lake that had been depopulated by the pygmy raids, and no natives lived there now, but here, in the middle of it, were little clusters of grass huts, perched so picturesquely on the highlands that it was hard not to believe in the artistic feeling of the builders.

But inaccessibility in case of war counted for a great deal in those high locations.

We had sent out for canoes and the men paddled along the shores, sending our ringing calls until a flotilla of twenty-seven was assembled. The canoes were dug-out logs and the paddles had long straight handles and heart-shaped blades.

We sent most of our goods over that afternoon and the next morning we got the rest of them and the two hundred porters over, and then we had a desperately hard time getting a tribe whose knowledge of money was of rupees to accept francs in payment. Finally a chief mediated for us and the francs became quite popular.

All we could learn of the way was that somewhere after Bunyoni, two days or two hours, according to differing informants, we would come to Kabale, the English outpost. It was after two hours of the wide road that we saw on a high hill a cluster of roofs against the sky and the flutter of red and blue bunting—the Union Jack.

On one hill was the Church of England mission and on another that of the white fathers, and on

the middle hill the government boma and the bungalows of the officials.

Commissioner Adams and Capt. Perasse divided our party for luncheon, and in dusty khaki and mud-stained boots we lunched among the roses of California and chintz and china and silver of old England, then scurried for our tents and hot baths and the white raiment in the airtights.

The porters for whom we had sent a runner ahead were ready for us, and next morning after the customs formalities were solemn ones here, listing every bit of foodstuff we were bringing into the country—we sent them on ahead, following at 1 o'clock after more sociability.

After the first downward plunge of the road we could ride our wheels, and the fact that our first day's march was estimated at twenty-six miles did not daunt us.

Water Was Scarce In Beautiful Country.

For six days we journeyed through a beautiful country, mountainous, though with none of the great single peaks that we had grown accustomed to in the M'Pumbiro volcanoes, but a continual succession of ranges and ridges and valleys.

Water continued scarce, and we guarded our precious pails of it in our tents, as the boys used it with the same prodigality as if the land were flowing with it. Their unconcern, when they knew the facts in the case as well as we did, was a marvelous application of the "Take no thought for the morrow" admonition.

At Lubando, where water was scarce, I saw a little black tent boy, the "boy" of one of our boys, calmly empty out one of the two pails of jealously hoarded water, in order to use the pail to stand on to arrange the bed nets.

We had heard that there was water five miles away, and we thrust that empty pail into his hand and sent him forth to verify the rumor.

Natives everywhere had been sager for "dower" (medicine, that is), but on this march they were simply clamorous, and we could never get settled in camp an afternoon before the procession of chiefs would begin to trickle in

and come to attention before the tents.

"Natake dower, mama" ("want medicine, mother") was the invariable request, accompanied by illustrative showings of scratches and ulcers and rubbings of the stomach and various seats of pain.

For really serious cases we consulted the medicine book and Mr. Akeley's experience, but in general our remedies did not vary much and our prescription rule was simple—we gave a chief three times as much of anything as we gave a minion.

I drew the line at wives. When they began on the ailments of the dear ones at home I said, "Quaher!" (good-by), for the dear ones were limited.

Wealth Was Estimated By Cattle and Wives.

Cattle and wives were a man's wealth—the cattle were a luxury and the wives an asset, for the wives worked.

A private citizen, if he was sadly impecunious, could only afford one or two wives and those perhaps in succession, but a really thriving chief would have a lot of them scattered about his village.

Old Rhakadiga informed me he had sixty-five. He wanted to know how many Herbert had, and I, knowing my husband's caste would live or die in my words, made answer—and I have never yet revealed, to Herbert or another, just how many wives I told that Chief Herbert possessed!

In Uganda you do not shake hands, even with a chief. The natives greet you with a ceremonial clapping, squatting down for greater respect.

White gowns were prevalent among the natives, signs of the Arab influence, and we saw a good many Arab and Indian traders marching along the highways, with their goods on the heads of native carriers. We had seen few Arabs in the Congo, and no Indians are allowed to enter.

January 10 we reached Mbarara, a British post, where we had arranged for automobiles to come out and meet us and carry us and our 200 loads the 180 miles to Kampala and Victoria Nyanza.

Our walk was over. We had walked a thousand miles in all. And there were perpendicular miles that I felt ought to be counted as two.

We did the next 180 miles in two days, and then we waited two weeks for the last car, which

had broken down, to be found and brought in.

It was, of course, the car with the gorilla skins and all the things without which we could not leave.

At our former pace of fifteen miles a day we could have marched the goods in less time—and those seven cars for two days cost us \$2,400.

Kampala is built on seven lower hills than Rome; a thriving place of about 200 whites and thousands of Indians and native in the teeming bazaar streets.

At Kampala our safari was really over. Here were shops and hotels and clubs and telephones and ice tinkling in tall glasses—that ice we had dreamed about on the Ruindi—here were movie and private dramatics, and dance and everything.

Ahead of us now the tourist trail stretched again—across Victoria Nyanza, that lovely inland sea, up to Jinja, where from the Nyanza flashes down a cataract that is the very birth of the Nile to Kisumu, where twenty-four hours on a most comfortable train through a wonderful country brings one to the flat tin roofs of Nairobi—Nairobi, whose wide streets of shops and rich shaws add so foreign a flavor to us, but where the old-timer gather at the Norfolk bar and "Them days is gone forever!" (The burden of their song!) Nairobi where a motor's ride away lions are roaring and the glistering Kikuyus, naked but for leaves and paint, are dancing beneath their sacred tree.

Down from Nairobi the tourist trail stretches on to the sea—through a game preserve where giraffe and zebra, and antelope stare in your compartment windows or gallop past, and there from Mombasa, that island of native quarters and Portuguese ruins, of English country clubs and golf, of long rows of coconut palms and beaches, where the Indian ocean rolls lazily in and painted junk rock in the tide and the cattle bellow in the holds—from Mombasa the trail streams out across the seas to home.

Africa had been so worth while. All of it—or almost all of it—had been worth the price. And no after years can take the memories from us—the black outline of a lion against the moonlight. . . . the sheen of the golden-crowned crane . . . women with water-jars crossing the opal sands of Tanganyika . . . the throbbing of drums through the night . . . gorillas slouching through their sun-flooded meadows.

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