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LOVE CULT BRIDE'S STORY.

**Artists' Model Tells of
29-Day Life With Ryerson.**

Mazie Mitchell Ryerson, artists' model and estranged wife of Albert W. Ryerson, wealthy realtor and book dealer and local head of the mysterious O.T.O. love cult, tells for readers of the DETROIT TIMES today the story of her hectic 29-day marriage.

She will sketch the beginning of the strange and mysterious events in her life, the simple life of a daughter of a Canadian citizen, the uneventful period of girlhood, the few months as a dancer in various musical shows and entertainments, the posing for artists in this city, the meeting with Ryerson, the [illegible] with him as his adopted daughter and finally the hurried marriage and the 29 days as his wife, her leaving him and suing for divorce.

By MAZIE MITCHELL.

I was born of ordinary parents over in Windsor and lived the life of an ordinary girl until I was 15, when I began to make my own living. From this very commonplace home, this very usual existence, I was thrown into the most mysterious set of circumstances that ever a girl could meet.

From the very usual joys and sorrows of the average girl of 17 I was cast into the midst of the most sensational, most frightful surroundings and happenings that one could picture. There are some things that can never be told; there are some actions and words that can never be explained until I tell them to a judge in the divorce court, and there are other things that I would not dare disclose for fear of my life.

PARENTS PURITANS.

Until I was 15 I lived with my parents and brothers and sisters. There were five of us, all one in spirit. We were a jolly

family and my mother was the one who inspired the family to be good, honest citizens. My father and mother were Puritans, devoutly religious and unworldly. There wasn't much foolishness in the house, but there was a great deal of happiness.

I had always been a demon for dancing. I enjoyed it as nothing else on earth and despite all the protests of my parents I determined to become a dancer. They tried to persuade me to do something else but there was nothing else that appealed to me. I had passed all of my girlhood in Canada between London and Sarnia and so at 15 I joined up with a musical show traveling through Canada. This pained my mother very much. I don't believe she ever got over it.

MOTHER DIES.

A short time afterward she was taken very ill suddenly and I had just time to reach home before she died.

When my mother died something went right out of my life that has never returned. She was so wonderful, loved us children so much that we adored her as a saint.

I don't want to say very much about my father. Perhaps he was not to blame for what he did. Two months after my mother's death he was engaged. That just broke up the family. Then I was compelled to go out and battle for a living and with the exception of the short time I lived with Ryerson, I have been doing it ever since.

For the next two years I traveled over Canada and the United States in musical comedy shows, in musical entertainments and fashion shows. I appeared in many of the large cities and became devoted to dancing. This led me into posing for artists. The parading and posing in the fashion shows attracted me and I craved to do posing for real art. Studio life, acquaintance with artists and the pursuit of all that is beautiful next entered into my career.

I came to Detroit over a year ago and soon found work posing for the many commercial art schools and artists in the city. At the time I met Ryerson I was posing at the Hayward Academy of Fine Arts, West Larned and Shelby streets.

My life was happy and care free. While my family had been broken up, my father remarried and living in the Canadian West, my brothers and sisters separated, yet there was beauty and innocent fun all about me, and I was as cheerful and happy as any 17-year-old girl can be.

But I was very unsophisticated and ignorant of many things in life, perhaps more so than many girls of that age living in big cities. I had never tasted liquor nor had I ever smoked a cigarette. I was just a carefree, foolish girl, enjoying the springtime of life, without responsibilities, without worries, without regrets.

And then on a bright June day of this year, I met the man who changed me from this innocent, ignorant girl, into a woman with knowledge of much that is evil, mysterious and horrible.

In a few short days I was initiated into the mysteries of the occult. I became acquainted with turbaned Hindus discussing theosophy, psychology, ancient cults, practicing hypnotism. I met men and women of the underworld, and learned for the first time that thousands of persons in the world today are practicing the secret rites of ancient cults and worshipping sex as their god.

It was by mere chance that I met Ryerson. A girl friend of mine, who is also an artists' model wished to see him on business and asked me to accompany her to his office. It was in the early part of June, a beautiful day. I entered his office, feeling so happy and planning my career. No one could have told me when I shook hands with the elderly, kindly appearing Ryerson that I was entering upon one of the strangest adventures that could happen to a girl.

(To be continued tomorrow.)