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**Trial Bride of 29 Days
Tells 'Daddy' Romance.**

**Maizie Mitchell Ryerson
Writes of Hectic Married Life.**

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 20.—Maizie Mitchell Ryerson, 18-year-old artist's model and trial marriage bride of Albert W. Ryerson, who is suing the middle aged and wealthy head of the Detroit O.T.O. love cult for divorce, has written the story of her hectic 29-day married life. Today, in the first installment, she warns young girls against romances with old men.

By Maizie Mitchell Ryerson.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 20.—I am trying to forget the nightmare experience of 29 days as the trial bride of Albert W. Ryerson. But in the hope that my shattered romance will serve as a warning to other young girls who are wooed by wealthy old men, I will relate the results of my own rash haste in plunging blindly into a trial marriage with a man more than old enough to be my father.

At 14, I joined a musical show and for two years traveled over Canada and the United States.

A year ago I came to Detroit and soon found work posing for art schools. I was as happy as any 17-year-old girl can be.

I met Ryerson last June.

Strange Adventure

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. His manner was refined, his speech gentle.

He appeared interested in me at once. He asked me all about myself, and my art. Then after our acquaintance had progressed he talked about philosophy, theosophy, reincarna-

tion and various cults. I thought he was very interesting and an educated man.

Then he began visiting me at the studio. Two weeks later he told me he wanted to adopt me. I knew very little about him except he was divorced and living alone.

Well, I consented to living with him as his daughter.

After about two months and a half, he suggested that we be married. The notion was repulsive to me. Then he said:

Trial Marriage Proposed

"If you do not believe you would like to be my wife we can have a 30-day trial marriage. At the end of that time if you do not like me as a husband, you can get a divorce and I will not contest it."

Then he reminded me that he had spent a lot of money on me and that I could never repay him.

So, finally, I consented. On Sept. 6 we motored over to Mount Clemens, Mich., and were married. On the way home we stopped at an in and danced. Everybody was merry and happy—except me.

From there we drove to his wonderful home, near Ford City, Ont. He said it was mine. Everything was luxurious. There were Hindu servants everywhere. There was nothing for me to do but amuse myself—and Ryerson.

Tomorrow Maizie will tell of the strange life she led at the Ryerson home, the cruel treatment she received at the hands of the love cult leader and how after three days she revolted against the trial marriage and determined to leave her husband.