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**TRIAL MARRIAGE BRIDE WARNS OTHERS**

**Twenty-Nine Days With 'Old Man  
a Nightmare, Mazie Ryerson Says.**

*Mazie Mitchell Ryerson, eighteen-year-old artists' 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 for Cosmopolitan News Service the story of her twenty-nine day married life. Today in the first installment, she warns young girls against romances with old men.*

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 21.—I am trying to forget the nightmare experience of twenty-nine days as the trial bride of Albert W. Ryerson. But in the hope that my shattered romances 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.

Circumstances of my early life left me unsophisticated, and I easily fell for the apparently refined and gentle manners of Ryerson.

I had always been a demon for dancing, and, despite the protests of my parents, I determined to become a dancer. So, at fifteen, 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 seventeen-year-old girl can be.

It was by mere chance that I met Ryerson last June. A girl friend of mine wished to see me on business and asked me to accompany her to his office.

**Liked Him at First.**

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, reincarnation and various cults. I thought he was a very interesting and 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.

If I had but investigated a bit before I went to live at his home, how much trouble and sorrow I would have saved myself.

But what girl of seventeen wouldn't feel flattered if a rich middle aged man should want to make her his heiress. I knew little of the world despite my stage career. I had never been on wild parties, smoked cigarettes or tasted liquor.

### **Divorce After Marriage.**

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

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

"If you do not believe you would like to be my wife we can have a thirty-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 never could repay him.

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

From there we drove to his wonderful home, near Ford City, Ontario. 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 Mazie will tell of the strange life she led at Ryerson's 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.**