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**TRIAL MARRIAGE WIFE  
TELLS OF WILD PARTIES.**

**By Maizie Mitchell Ryerson.**

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 23.—Soon after we were married, strange people began to come to Ryerson's home. There were several Hindus, mysterious dark-skinned men from the far east. I soon learned they were intimate friends of my husband. They would sit for hours with Ryerson, discussing theosophy, religions and philosophy. I never understood much of what they said. My husband told me once they were instructing him in the old beliefs and rites of ancients, in the strange cults that existed years ago. I believe he wanted to know about them for his O.T.O. cult. Sometimes he would discuss that with me. From what I learned there are thousands of O.T.O. members throughout this country. He told me many of their beliefs and rituals, but never tried to initiate me into the cult. One evening I went to a show with a girlfriend. It was late when we returned. The house was ablaze with light and I discovered there was a party on. He had told me nothing of it and I was much surprised. When I entered here was a large gathering. There were Hindus, underworld characters and several of Ryerson's intimate friends. I was compelled to greet and treat them pleasantly. I was forced to be a member of the party. Before then I had never smoked cigarettes or tasted intoxicating liquor. I had never been on wild parties and never dreamed of such wild actions as I witnessed there. I can't tell you how much it revolted me.

Ryerson's cruel treatment continued intermittently. He would abuse me and then beg my forgiveness. When any friends were present, he would get down on his knees to me, clasp my hands, tell me of his love and say:

"Maizie, if I ever beat you again, or hurt your feelings, you must shoot me." Then he said he would buy me a gun. But I never saw it.

When 29 of the 30 days of our trial marriage were past, I gave up the attempt to live out the period with him. I fled. Early on October 6, while the household slept, I crept in fear and terror from my husband's house, and went back to a life of hard, but honest work. I didn't have a penny; I had no jewels, nothing to turn into ready cash.

But I wouldn't submit to his cruelties and live the life he, as an O.T.O. follower, would have me lead.

*Next Tuesday, in the concluding article of her series, Maizie tells of her sensational escape from the cult leader and warns girls against trial marriage.*