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**MAZIE MITCHELL WANTED
TO BE A "GREAT LADY."**

**Now She "Tells the World" that the Small-Town
Boy is the Best and Better Looking, Too.**

London, Ont., March 20—When Mazie Mitchell was a little girl in London, her home town, she dreamed of the day when she would grow up and become a great lady. Some time she would marry a prince or a millionaire, and wear costly diamonds, furs and silks. Her automobile would be bigger than the bank manager's, who lived across the street, and the widowed mother would have a bungalow of her own, with a flower garden, and servants, and a man to cut the grass, and—

Mazie, who was back in London, paused to wonder how she should make the dream come true. As she grew toward womanhood, she found entertainment in the movie houses, and there she got her first inspiration. One night she saw a young girl posing in an artist's studio, and later the artist married the model. Mazie went home and took stock of her physical gifts. Tall, not too slender, and decidedly shapely, she felt she had nothing to fear from comparison with the girl that had posed as an artist's model in the picture.

Takes Job as Model.

Shortly afterward she went to Detroit, and got work as a model. Within a year she had posed for some of the most famous painters in America, and had also studied classic dancing. Then she met Winslow Ryerson, aged 53, wealthy, a bachelor, and head of the famous "Love Cult," an organization which has received much notoriety of late, through Mazie seeking a divorce from her husband.

Mazie, who claims to be the "Queen of the Chalet d'Arts," confesses that after her husband had nursed her through a serious illness, her love for him returned, and she is now willing to live with him again. But she is full of warnings to the young,

and especially to young girls. She is only 18 herself, but she has had much experience, and she declares young girls who have rich and old bachelor friends must watch their step. The older they get the more insidious anglers they become.

Refuses Husband's Love.

Reminded that she had told a Detroit judge she would not again live with Ryerson "for all the jewels of the Queen of Sheba," she replied:

"In spite of everything I love that man, though he is 34 years my senior. He nursed me through a terrible attack of the flu, and I have come to the conclusion that my place is with him.

"But I have told him that he must cut out the love cult stuff. He has a library of ten thousand books on theosophy and he is crazy over Buddhism. He claims to have established a new religion, and hundreds of Detroit society people believe him to be a second Mahomet. He is called the high priest, because he used to rule over the Temple of Love. But I know all about that 'Temple of Love.' It was only a blind for the most outrageous affairs. If he does as I want him, we will be happy again."

Then Mazie paused and gazed afar into the dim and misty past of her school days and school girl dreams—all four or five years ago! Tears coursed down her rounded cheeks, and traced little rivulets through daintily applied powder and an artistic, shading of rouge.

Suddenly she became animated with the zeal and ardor of a crusader.

Made "Mess" of Life.

"Let me give you a message for young girls," she said. I regret the hash I have made of my life. I recommend young girls to avoid the company of rich, old bachelors. True love only arrives when youth meets youth."

The thought increased the flow of tears:

"The American papers said I was the 'goddess of free love,' but this is untrue. I think marriage is the greatest bulwark of society. It's the only protection women have and without it women would become mere slaves. I'm only 19, but I've had enough experience to last me through life. Although I again love my husband for the kindness he showed me when I was so ill, I wish I had married some good, clean boy in a small town. It's foolish for young girls to deny themselves the call of youth.

“No girl should marry until she is 20 or more. And let me give some advice to young men on this matter—some advice contained in the words of an old song:

Young men, go a-courting, but never act mean,
Or flirt with a girl that is scarce in her teens,
Be upright and honest if never before—
Engage her and wait till she’s twenty or more.

Knocks Screen Idol.

“You can tell all girls to beware of falling in love with screen idols. I’ve seen all of them, and met many of them, and believe me, they’re sights when you get close to them. The average young man you see around any small town is better-looking than the average male vampire of the movies. And as a usual thing, they are more intelligent.”

Mrs. Ryerson spent most of her time here at the grave of her mother, who died recently, placing fresh flowers on the tomb every day.