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**THREE DAYS OF MAZIE'S
TRIAL MARRIAGE BARED.**

By Maizie Mitchell Ryerson.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 21.—I cannot fully describe the first three days of my marriage. If there had been any love in my heart for my aged husband, he would have killed it the first days of our marriage. I lived through unspeakable torture of mind and body. I learned things that were a terrible revelation of human nature, that there are men who can stoop to acts the beast would scorn.

The third evening was a time of torture. I can never forget it.

Ryerson became angry with me over some trivial matter. I believe I was reading a letter from a girl friend when he demanded that I drop it and talk to him. Without thinking of arousing his anger, I refused. Then he dragged me out of my chair and commenced to whip me. He beat me until I was black and blue and almost fainting. I screamed and screamed but it made no difference. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in my screams. Finally, I broke away from him and ran from the house. I didn't bother about where I was going. I ran under the porch, but like a cowering, whipped dog, and lay there shivering all night. I was sore and weak, every bone and muscle ached. Moreover, I was heartbroken. To think that a husband of but three days could thus treat his bride. Finally I sobbed myself to sleep and there Ryerson found me in the morning.

Of course, he was all humble, repentant, loving husband. He begged me to forgive him, to overlook his passion. Promising never again to lay a violent hand on me, he vowed he would be good and kind, and make me happy.

So believing, again I stayed.

For a day or so, he was kind to me and tried to make amends for what he had done. But he didn't seem to be able to control himself. The little trifles that married people must put

up with aroused every vile feeling in him. He would storm at me, rave and then beat me.

Once he whipped me so hard and long that I lost consciousness. The marks are yet on my body.

Gradually intimations of mysterious doings began to come to me. At first I could not believe them possible. Then one night, Ryerson produced a big book of clippings and told me of the O.T.O. These clippings related of the discovery of the O.T.O. cult in Detroit last year and Ryerson's connection as head of it. Most of the stories were false, he said. I cannot repeat what he told me about the O.T.O., but perhaps I shall relate some of them when my divorce case comes to trial. He never tried to make me a member of the cult, but I believe he intended to do so. He may have thought that by whipping and abusing me he could break my spirit and mould me to his will, but he couldn't. I was too obstinate.

Tomorrow Maizie Mitchell Ryerson will tell of wild O.T.O. parties at Ryerson's home, of mysterious Hindu visitors, and her final sensational break from bondage.