

**THE MINNESOTA DAILY STAR
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
26 DECEMBER 1922
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**TRIAL BRIDE DESCRIBES
ESCAPE FROM HUSBAND.**

**Flees After Wild Party at
Millionaire's Detroit Home.**

By Maizie Mitchell Ryerson.

Note: Warning girls to beware of trial marriage and cults, Maizie Mitchell Ryerson, 18-year-old trial bride of Albert W. Ryerson, leader of Detroit's O.T.O. love cult, today concludes her articles. She describes her sensational escape at night from her middle-aged husband. She also threatens to expose the cult.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 26.—The night before I fled, I returned home from a party of his friends carousing there. An Italian dancer was among the guests. He tried to force his attentions upon me. Then one of the Hindus, I dare not tell which one, warned me this dancer had been brought to the house for the purpose of compromising me and to keep me in my husband's power. When I heard this I was furious.

I believe Ryerson was not quite normal. He would talk for hours about reincarnation, telling me he was King Solomon and I was Cleopatra. He boasted he had a thousand wives. So when I learned he added insult to his nonsense, I determined to leave forever. I told him I couldn't endure the life any longer. He swore that he would kill me.

Flees Wild Party.

The wild party continued far into the dawn. Although Ryerson watched every move I made, I waited my opportunity and slipped away. I ran toward a street car, caught it and hastened to a refuge among my artist friends.

Now as I look back I can see my mistakes. But there was the man himself. If I had only investigated, how much trouble

and sorrow it would have saved me. Then there were the cults. There are thousands of members of such organizations in this country. Girls cannot be too careful in accepting the advances of men. Then the trial marriage. How fatal were his words:

"If you do not believe you would like to be my wife, we can have a 30-day trial marriage."

Believing in his promise, I consented. Now it is but a nightmare, the finish in the divorce court.

Of course, I didn't love him. But if I had, his treatment of me would have killed it all. The welts and bruises of my 29-day horror as the trial bride of the love cult leader.

Ryerson Fights Divorce.

But I am trying to forget, and am anxiously waiting until I can get my divorce. I am planning a career. He says he will fight until the end to keep me from being freed from him. He declares I eloped with Gim, my Hindu chauffeur, and kept up an apartment for him, even selling my diamonds to support us. Ryerson never gave me any jewelry; he was too wise for that. Once upon a time I did have a few stones, but they were all pawned or sold before I ever met him. Gim sued Ryerson for chauffeur wages. At the hearing Ryerson claimed Gim had stolen his beautiful young wife, and insisted he never expected any wages. He also said Gim hypnotized me and exercised an evil spell over me.

These are all falsehoods Ryerson is telling to prevent my getting a divorce. But I am going into court and tell all I know about Ryerson and his mysterious friends and cults. After that I will be free to pursue my art and be happy, as I never was as the young trial bride of a middle-aged man.