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**O.T.O. HEAD TOLD HE WAS
SOLOMON BORN AGAIN, WIFE SAYS.**

BOASTED OF THOUSAND LOVES IN U.S.

**Bride of 29 Days Completes
Story of Life With Cult Leader.**

In the sixth and last article of her series for The Times, Mazie Mitchell, "queen of the Chalet d'arts," and trial-marriage wife of Albert W. Ryerson, former bookstore owner and head of the mystic O.T.O. love cult, tells how she finally left Ryerson. She writes of the sensational party leading up to her escape from Ryerson's house and bondage.

BY MAZIE MITCHELL

When Ryerson asked me to marry him he proposed that we try a 30-day marriage, a trial affair, which could be easily annulled if I found I did not like him.

Just 29 days after we were married at the minister's house in Mt. Clemens I fled from his home. Early on Oct. 6, while my husband lay sleeping I crept in fear and terror from Ryerson's beautiful \$100,000 home and went back to a life of hard, but honest work. I didn't have a penny: I had no jewels, nothing I could turn into ready cash. But I determined I would live somehow, anyway, rather than remain longer under Ryerson's roof. I wouldn't submit to his cruelties. I wouldn't do as he wanted me to do. I wouldn't live the life that Ryerson as an O.T.O. follower would have me to lead.

PARTY IN HOME.

The night before Oct. 6 I returned home from the theater to find a party of his friends there carousing. There was an Italian dancer among the guests who tried to pay me a great deal of attention. He insisted on being with me everywhere, making

himself generally disagreeable. Then one of the Hindus, I dare not say which one, warned me that this Italian dancer had been brought to the house for the purpose of compromising me in order to keep me in my husband's power. When I heard that I was furious.

I used to believe that Ryerson was not quite normal. He would talk to me for hours about reincarnation, telling me he was King Solomon and I was Cleopatra. He boasted that he had 1,000 wives scattered throughout the United States and that he was as great a lover as was the ancient king. All this bored me. I was just a normal, average girl, not a bit interested in this mystic stuff and I didn't want to be anybody but myself.

DEATH THREAT.

So when I learned he had added an insult to his nonsense I determined to leave his home forever. I told him I couldn't and wouldn't endure the life any longer. He swore then he would kill me, that he would keep me there at any cost. The wild party continued all night far into dawn. I waited and watched for an opportunity to slip away. But he seemed to know that I was planning to leave him that day, because he watched every movement I made.

Ryerson has said that I eloped with the Hindu chauffeur, Gim. There is not a bit of truth in the statement. We did leave his house the same day, but Gim did not drive me in the car nor accompany me.

When the household was asleep about 6 a.m. I slipped out and down to the street car. I didn't take anything that he had bought me, just a few of my old dresses in a bag, the barest of necessities. I thought every minute he would be following me, trying to force me to come back. I came to Detroit to some of my friends, glad, thankful to be away. If I had stayed in his home much longer I should have been insane. Now I have gone back to the old life, posing for artists, interesting myself in art and the beautiful.

PLANS CAREER.

I am trying to forget the nightmare experience of 29 days with Ryerson. 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 and kept up an apartment for him, even selling my diamonds to

support us. Ryerson never gave me any jewels 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 in Canada, at which hearing Ryerson charged that Gim had stolen his beautiful young wife from him. Ryerson insisted Gim never expected any wages. He also said Gim hypnotized me and exercised an evil spell over me.

These are all falsehoods which Ryerson is telling in order to prevent me getting a divorce. But I am going into court and relate all I know about Ryerson and his mysterious friends and cults. After which I will be free to pursue my art and be happy.