

advantage of her credulity and someone had written her a letter, purporting to be from a young man, asking her to come out for a sleigh ride, naming the place of meeting, some distance from her home. She made her escape from the house wearing the best clothes she had—her summer clothes as it happened, and when she had reached the place there was no one there and she had spent the night in the barn afraid of her father's rage. From this adventure she had caught cold and nearly died of pneumonia.

"I could manage her when she was younger," the mother said. "But now she goes into great rages and I'm afraid of what will happen to her. Her father has no patience with her and still thinks he can beat sense into her, but I know that she is torn by feelings and desires that she cannot control. And now there is another complication. There is a man ten years older than Katie, and he's not quite right either and he has been hanging around, and my husband seems to think it would be all right to let Katie marry him, but I know it would be awful, and I will never consent. I would rather see her dead. I think Katie has the mind of a six-year-old child, but no more and surely she deserves our protection. Things can't go on this way. She's on my mind night and day and sometimes I'm afraid I'll go crazy."

I got in touch with one of the Doctors in the Department of Health and a meeting was arranged the next day. We got the father there, too. The mother was quite willing to have the operation performed and Katie given institutional care until she had fully recovered, but the father, a powerfully-built Scandinavian, resented the whole matter and was angry at his wife for going outside the family to find help. It touched his pride and he declared that he was well able to look after his own child. We reasoned with him and pointed out that the mother's