

names have various forms, some more distinctive than others. Take the cases of *Andre*, *Friedrich* and *Lorentz*, and their variants.

Which of these forms are German and which are not: *Anders*, *Andre*, *Andres*, *Andrews*, *Andrieu*, *Enders*, *Endres*? *Friedrich* should be German, *Frederick* Scotch, and *Frederic* French, but who would rely on the distinctions? *Lorentz* is seemingly German, *Laurence* French and *Lawrence* English, but there is no certainty about it.

Even though each nationality has its nomenclatural traits few people have family names peculiar to their heritage. The nations share them, and families share them within the circle of nations. Consequently, the surnames which most of us bear have lost their meanings and their earmarks of origin, and are far from being family property. They are simply

identifying tags lent out by society at intervals great enough to serve the purpose of identification, but not so great as to make them unfamiliar.

Rare names are not particularly effective and may be disadvantageous. Only three kinds of people manage comfortably with them: those of celebrated parentage, those of supreme accomplishment, and foreigners who are so unfortunate as to be separated from their kin but are still among people of the same origin. To these we might add actors, but theirs is an artificial condition.

The average American could spend his lifetime looking up people of the same surname and then not meet them all. When he totaled up he would have to admit that his cherished appellation was much less indicative of his origin or character than the trademark on his hatband is of those qualities in his hat.

Obstetrics

THE COSTS OF HIGH OBSTETRICAL CARE

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

A REPORT by a distinguished committee made some years since indicated that the most striking development in human life of the last quarter century has been an amazing expansion of human desires and wants. For example, in 1895, the average American had approximately four breakfast foods from which to choose: oatmeal, farina, whole wheat and mush. In 1933 there are 187 well known breakfast foods from which a choice may be made. In general, they are all based on oats, wheat and corn, but the development of machinery has permitted remarkable changes in the nature of these cereals. They are shot from a cannon, shredded through shred-

ders or in other ways modified so as to appeal to certain special phases of the appetite, such as the feel of the food upon the tongue, its odor, its taste and, in the case of certain peculiarly crisp cereals, even to the sense of hearing.

In no field of medical practice has this expansion of human desires and wants with an associated alarming increase in the costs of medical care been so obviously manifest as in that of obstetrics. Toward the end of the Nineteenth Century a woman about to contribute numerically to posterity was likely to keep the fact a secret even from her husband until her physical contours began to make manifest her condition. Thereafter the subject was discussed to some extent with her mother or her sister, but the physician or the midwife was not likely to be informed until

well toward the end of the anticipatory period. Then, at the critical moment, the scientist responsible for a proper accouchement would be called posthaste and, arriving somewhat out of breath, would stand by until what was conceived to be a normal physiological function had proceeded to a logical conclusion. In the majority of cases the entire process took place in the home, the only cost involved including a payment to the attending medico or midwife, of from \$15 to \$50 in the majority of instances, and the necessary clothes for the infant.

What vast changes have taken place in this performance during the past thirty years! Under modern conditions the prospective candidate for maternity is likely to consult a physician well in advance of her entertainment of the idea of a numerical contribution to posterity. Having learned from this savant that the idea may be entertained with safety, she proceeds to put it into effect. Shortly thereafter she again visits the medico, who now indulges her in a complete physical, chemical, biological and immunological, as well as roentgenological examination.

Every secretion and excretion that can be extracted from her system is the subject of weird manipulations in laboratories. By modern methods of applied immunology it becomes possible to determine not only that pregnancy actually exists, but also fairly well along in the process the sex of the prospective contribution to society. From this time on the woman consults her physician at least once and in many instances twice weekly for a period of 270 days.

In the meantime, the matter has become a subject of interest not only to such relatives as may have been informed but also to the local health department, the State health department, the United States Pub-

lic Health Service, and the Maternal and Infants' Division of the Department of Labor. Immediately the postman begins to arrive day after day weighted down with heavy documents of a highly informative character outlining every step of the daily conduct of the prospective mother, and prescribing to the last calory and vitamin the nature of her diet. This notwithstanding the fact that nature, in many instances, creates in her such an aversion to food that merely reading about it brings about a physical revulsion.

Finally, at the critical moment, but in many instances from three to ten days beforehand, the family vehicle of transportation is summoned to carry her to the hospital. This is an institution formerly conceived wholly along scientific lines but now developed so as to compete more than successfully with the facilities of the best hotels. She is received by a reception clerk; a recorder carefully makes record of her genealogy and infantile experiences; she is ushered, with the assistance of a page boy, into higher quarters and deposited in a room hung with beautiful hangings and equipped with modernistic furniture.

The wall adjacent to her bed is fairly peppered with outlets for electrical devices. Hardly is she recumbent ere there enters an engineer to connect her telephone, a radio technician to attach one of these devices for making the night free from care, a librarian bringing her the latest contributions to fiction, history and biology. There she reclines while a constant procession of technicians again abstracts from her specimens, or wheels her merrily to special centers in which the position of the prospective Babbitt is determined by the use of the x -ray, a fact which in former times the physician or the midwife determined quite satisfac-

torily by the use of the eyes, ears and fingers.

Eventually, the process of birth itself takes place in a delivery-room where every item of furnishing or equipment has been completely sterilized and where only man is vile. The attendants include not only the obstetrician, but first and second assistants, first and second nurses, and anesthetists of special experience in the giving of ether, nitrous oxide, oxygen, ethylene, tribomethanol, or the barbitol derivatives. Now, returned to her commodious quarters she is visited by droves of relatives, each in his own motor-car, bringing fruit, flowers, books and jigsaw puzzles.

Obviously, this performance runs into money and it is not surprising that our periodicals of public opinion should have been deluged in recent years with contributions by young economists on the high costs of obstetrical care. Let us, however, reevaluate the essentials in this process in order to determine how much may be actually necessary and constitute a gain for the benefit of mankind and how much is merely a matter of keeping up with the Joneses.

It should be clear to anyone, even without a scientific training, that much of this performance represents the expansion of human desires and wants without any relationship whatever to the scientific necessities involved.

Moreover, there comes now evidence in the form of contributions by Drs. Joseph

B. DeLee and Heinz Siedentopf indicating that from the point of view of safety so far as puerperal fever is concerned, a woman is better off delivered in the home than in the maternity wards of many general hospitals.

No less an authority than Eden of Great Britain has recently indicated that from 60 to 75% of the women in Great Britain are now delivered by midwives, with rates so far as sepsis is concerned somewhat superior in many instances to what can be shown for inhabitants of the United States. Moreover, he prophesies eventually a period in which most normal deliveries will occur in the home and when operative deliveries only will be subjected to hospital environment and the associated costs of operative or mechanical deliveries.

No doubt the modern woman is a much more highly organized specimen from the point of view of her nervous system than was her sister of two generations ago. No doubt she requires much more interference in the successful accomplishment of what used to be a normal function than did her grandmother and great-grandmother. But nature is still a great adjuster of both the biologic and economic situations. The present economic predicament has resulted in far more births in the home, and it is remarkable how many of these unusual wants and desires can be successfully omitted when the wherewithal to pay for them is simply not available.

RED DAYS IN CHICAGO

BY SAMUEL PUTNAM

THE history of the Industrial Workers of the World is yet to be written. The human history, at any rate—the vivid, colorful story that is there. Professor Paul F. Brissenden's "The I. W. W.: a Study in American Syndicalism" covers the movement up to the beginning of the World War, while John S. Bambs' "Decline of the I. W. W." deals with the after-War period, picking up where the Brissenden volume leaves off. Both authors are no doubt painstaking and scholarly gentlemen; but that is just the trouble. They have produced works that are valuable to students of the labor movement, and that is about all. The real story of the Wobs—and what a story it is!—if it is ever told at all, must be gathered from their own lips before the last survivor passes to his pie in the sky.

For unfortunately, while practically every Wobbly imagined that he was a heaven-endowed poet, I myself have never known one whose effusions avoided that sentimental and unartistic sloppiness which is characteristic of most working revolutionists turned writers. Indeed, it was often an occasion for wonderment to me, how men who purported to be so hard in their political thinking could be so soft and oozy, so conservative and downright reactionary, when it came to literature. Ralph Chapman, the I. W. W. bard and one of the Leavenworth bunch, did not escape this defect, although, by reason of the sweetness of his character,

it was hard to separate the man from his work. I have even known I. W. W. poets who wrote interminable and god-awful blank verse plays in the right Shakespearian manner; one of them became my enemy when I refused to read his stuff.

No, I do not believe that the real history of the I. W. W. will ever come either from a university gent or from a Wob; for had there been an artist in the ranks, he would in all likelihood have emerged by now. The only thing to do would seem to be to put an artist, or at least a good reporter, some one who can write, on the job; let him round up and interview these G. A. R. of the class-struggle in America, assemble what archives are to be assembled, and see what comes of it all. John Dos Passos or one of the other deacons might be able to do it; but perhaps it would be better to have a non-communicant with a nose for what the feature-writers know as color. It is in the hope of adding my unbeliever's, or rather, renegade's mite to the record that I have undertaken this memoir. I simply hate to see my fellow-workers of the gorgeous old blind-pig days (we called them blind-pigs then) reduced to a doctor's thesis or a classroom text.

From the day that Big Bill Haywood's enormous paw clamped down on my knucklebones for the first time, Bill became an object of hero-worship to me. Not that I had any illusions about him; I hadn't, or didn't have for long; but that