of the relationship of populism and progressivism to the rise of the university. How that relationship differed from the one in Wisconsin and other states is interesting but not sufficiently developed.

A major criticism of the book is that in cataloging facts, the author obscures many strong passages. The very human story of Professor James H. Canfield as he comes and goes through the narrative is obscured by hundreds of faceless characters, without any human dimension, who occupy roles as faculty, regents, students, and legislators. The story has an impersonal, monolithic feeling about it, as though the institution in the end triumphed over the individuals, and perhaps it did. Another major criticism is that the story of the University of Kansas is not related to the broader history of higher education. Griffin does better than most, but he ignores efforts over the past decade toward more comparative institutional histories. One regrets the absence of a bibliography in this handsome volume. The general tendency of faculty not to put their papers in archives is shown once again by the paucity of references to such records.

On balance, Griffin has written a very fine book, meticulous in its attention to fact, perhaps a good compromise for those who pay for institutional histories and those who try to make use of them.

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In the preface and first chapter the author tells the intent of his book: “to describe what went on in field, barn, house and rural neighborhood” during the years his father called his “golden years,” about 1900 to 1915; also to be “a sort of biography” of the author’s father, L. D. McMillen.

Ohio Farm is museum like in its faithful portrayal of method, machinery, and life pattern of those farm years. The author, later editor of Farm Journal, sometimes sets new ways beside ways of “the golden years,” but without lamentation or glorification. He simply shows them, and answers the
questions his book raises. Among modern advantages the author notes: “With postwar development of poisons a farm can be easily kept free of rats” (p. 46). But as one of the disadvantages, he observes that “people able today to buy seasonal foods the year around cannot imagine the delight these things, such as strawberries, rhubarb, mushrooms . . . gave a family that had them only in brief season” (p. 46).

Delightful are descriptions of churning as “cream being jostled into butter”; of hunting arrowheads and mushrooms; his father banking the house with strawy manure for winter warmth; his mother making maple syrup of corncobs and pies of ground cherries; the affectionate account of old Doc, the family driving horse, and the hired men who lived with the family; of building the house and barn; of Grange meetings and fishing vacations.

L. D. McMillen’s efficiency and good management are attested by his ability to buy a 125 acre farm at $35 an acre, and from its income to pay for it and make a good living; build a new house and barn; hire and house a fulltime assistant; take vacations; and help his son buy a newspaper—all, moreover, during an era to which history accords three periods of economic stagnation.

Each farm crop activity is minutely described, separately. A reader unacquainted with farming might get the impression that farming goes on an orderly schedule, no activity encroaching on another. Actually on most farms they collide, as the hay getting ready before the corn is laid by, to the distress of farmers. But whether acquainted or unacquainted with farming, a reader will feel he has lived and worked a full year on the McMillen farm, known its wearinesses and its family, and shared its richness which the author suggests is perhaps greater in retrospect than it seemed at the time.

The reader admires L. D. McMillen for many qualities: thrift; honesty; neighborliness; appreciation of leisure, land, and education. And yet the reader steadily feels something missing in the portrait. Is the father unimaginative? The picture lacks warmth. Perhaps the author’s conscientious effort to keep himself in the background is part of the reason. It creates a slight stiffness, an impression of self consciousness. But in the last paragraphs, with the author’s words, reprinted from Farm and Fireside, the missing piece of portrait is fitted into place. All the warmth and love flow
in, adding a vital last touch to a fine, honest book that succeeds in doing what the author set out to do. *Ohio Farm* deserves a place on the reference shelf, with the seed and machinery catalogs, and the almanacs.

*Bloomington, Indiana*  
Rachel Peden


This reprint of Dreiser's 1916 book is an expensive but appropriate way to revive a surprisingly vital minor work, retaining Franklin Booth's shadowy, expressive sketches, without editorial apparatus. *A Hoosier Holiday* was conceived by Booth and Dreiser as a joint pot boiler, and the book has suffered from this image as well as from the fact that it came in the backwash from Dreiser's first burst of creative effort—four large novels between 1911 and 1915. Booth shared the meager profits and his sketches have a genuine life of their own. The text is vintage Dreiser, full of his brooding over the tragedy and transience of life, full of his constant shuttling between bitterness and tenderness, vulgarity and delicacy, determinism and sentimental love of life sharp insight and bland commonplace. *Holiday* is thus mostly irony. The return to the scenes of his early life in Terre Haute, Warsaw, Sullivan, Evansville, and Bloomington, planned as a “working holiday,” was painful in all the predictable ways. A genial, popular account of travel and reminiscence was for Dreiser impossible. Nevertheless, as cranky and sometimes clumsy as Dreiser was, all the documents in his dogged search for the truth about himself and his world are still impressive. We are embarrassed for him when he seems to be as shaken by mooning over unrequited puppy love as by confronting social injustice or human delinquency, but part of the embarrassment is for ourselves. The principal change in the atmosphere of the book from 1916 to the present is that Dreiser's iconoclasm, pessimism, and outrage are no longer shocking, although the fact that they were shocking in 1916 and for a long time after is enlightening in itself.

Sixty years have added interesting dimensions to *A Hoosier Holiday* as a historical document. The first half of