

wise direction of Dr. Richard Garnett, C. B., one of the greatest living specialists in bibliography and library building. Dr. Garnett was lately interviewed and what he said is published in the *London Bookman* for March. In the matter of newspapers here is what Dr. Garnett said:

What to do with the newspapers is still a serious problem. We tried the expedient of tying them up in bundles, but that did not answer, and we have had to revert to the system of binding them.

In view of the vast number of these publications it seems almost beyond belief that it is still found practicable to preserve in the library of the British Museum every book, pamphlet, periodical and newspaper published in the United Kingdom, saying nothing of hundreds or thousands from abroad. But says Dr. Garnett:

We have destroyed a considerable number of imperfect duplicates, and given away a large number of valuable ones, *but at least one copy of everything that issues from the press is kept. Every provincial newspaper will be worth five hundred times its present value five hundred years hence.*

The italics are ours.

"THE SONG OF IOWA."

The following poem which is sung to the air "Der Tannenbaum"* ("My Maryland"), was written in 1897 by Major S. H. M. Byers of Des Moines, author of the well known war-time song, "Sherman's March to the Sea." It requires time to settle the fact whether such a song possesses the mysterious elements of permanence—whether it shall be accepted by the people as the highest expression of their tastes and patriotic feeling. Upon this we cannot venture a prediction. Suffice it to say, that its reception thus far has been most cordial. It is sung in hundreds of schools and drawing-rooms throughout the State, and has been repeated at public meetings and other occasions times innumerable. The author may be heartily congratulated upon its general acceptance up to this time. He may also indulge a very rea-

*"Der Tannenbaum," the old air to which this song is sung, was a popular German students' song as early as 1819. It had been a Volks song long before that, even. During our Civil War, the Southerners adapted it to the song, "My Maryland."

sonable hope that it is one of those things which his State
"will not willingly let die."

I.

You ask what land I love the best,
Iowa, 't is Iowa.
The fairest State of all the west.
Iowa, O! Iowa.
From yonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O! fair it is as poet's dream.
Iowa, our Iowa.

II.

See yonder fields of tasselled corn,
Iowa, in Iowa.
Where plenty fills her golden horn,
Iowa, in Iowa.
See how her wondrous prairies shine
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
O! happy land, O! land of mine,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

III.

And she has maids whose laughing eyes,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
To him who loves were Paradise,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
O! happiest fate that e'er was known,
Such eyes to shine for one alone,
To call such beauty all his own,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

IV.

Go read the story of thy past,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
Iowa, O! Iowa.
So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou 'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

PROFESSOR JESSE MACY'S article which is printed in this issue of THE ANNALS will be found very interesting and valuable to all who desire information relating to the early history of our State. It appeared some years ago in "The Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science," and is copied here by the kind permission of the editor of those publications as well as of Prof. Macy. Very few copies have hitherto been circulated in Iowa, but it will now go to our public libraries, where it will at all times be accessible to readers and students.

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