## The GARDEN OF ALLAH ARIZONA

CALIFORNIA

When Nature had carefully moulded The West into highlands and plains, Had traced all the courses for rivers And linked up the mountains in chains, She turned to her palette and brushes And gaily she limned every scene, The mountains she mottled with purple, The prairies with yellow and green.

And, at length, when she came to the Desert, Where perfumes pervaded the air, She emptied her tubes on her palette— The hues of the rainbow were there; She lavished them all on the picture And gave a new tint to each flower, 'Twas thus that the Garden of Allah Became her most colorful bower.