Golden State Route... the way to the Garden of Allah and its Winter Playgrounds... gay resorts in continuous succession... sports-fields immersed in a flood of June sunshine!

El Paso-Jaarez, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, Indio, Palm Springs, Agua Caliente, Coronado, San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara!

In the Land of Romance... link between Past and Present, Old World and New!

Where broad rolling plains blend their radiant nectar with the ever-changing purples of high moun

Earth's masterpiece. Jagged peaks, massive domes, vast expanses of rock, great bronze mesas, and the ever-widening Ghost River. Deep chasms and canyons, the deepest where Apache and Carrizo Gorge dash their sinuous courses!

Sunny gardens of gold... orange and citron, everywhere fruit groves, olive...
Where broad rolling plains
blend their radiant colors
with the ever-changing
purples of high mountains!
Earth's masterpieces . . .
Jagged peaks, massive cones
of rock, great bronze cliffs!
Deep chasms and canyons . .
deepest where Apache Trail
and Carriso Gorge wind
their sinuous courses!
Sunny gardens of green and
gold . . . orange and grape-
fruit groves, olives and
date-palms, frequently circumscribed by hedges of roses!
Silver-gray desert stretches! Wax-like flowers! The towering forms of cactus giants... silent sentinels of the sandy wastes!
Fertile valleys below the level of the sea!
Fairylands in onyx, moulded by the waters under the earth! Carlsbad Caverns, largest in the world! Stalagmite-jeweled floors surpassing the
beauty and sublimity of the world's most superb canyons, with the added splendor of over-arching ceilings, glittering with the sparkle of their stalactite chandeliers! Indian villages... box huts with palm-thatched roofs... Apaches, Pimas, Yaquis, Papagos, Cahuillas... aborigines in their original clime, following the pursuits and preserving the customs of their fathers!
Old Spanish Missions, reflecting the zeal and courage of the Padres of three centuries ago! Mexican towns and suburbs, adobe houses, foreign customs and costumes, gay young Carmens in picture-book clothes, wrinkled old Juans and Miguel, recounting feats of their favorite Toreadors!
Cliff-dwellings and ruined temples, the sacred shrines of America’s first people! Buried pottery and other thousands of year-old handiwork—a fascinating lure for archeologists and excavators!
Aguas-Calientes, Monte Carlo of the Western Hemisphere...a series of Spanish palaces...salt-water na
tarium, hotel, casino, sult.

drace-track...a little utterly un-American, yet directly served by America’s most luxurious train!

Picturesque golf course...
pottery and other thousand-year-old handiwork—a fascinating lure for archaeologists and excavators!

Agua-Caliente, Monte Carlo of the Western Hemisphere... a series of Spanish palaces... salt-water natatorium, hotel, casino, superb race-track... a little city utterly un-American, yet directly served by America's most luxurious train!

Picturesque golf courses,
tennis courts, polo grounds, surrounded by desert flowers and shrubs, strange and exotic!

Mammoth hotels... modern Temples of Solomon in splendor and magnificence, home-like and hospitable! Modest inns... inexpensive... comfortable! Accommodations to suit every purse!

Guest ranches, saturated with the spirit and atmosphere of the old West, reminiscent of the days when every cattleman was a soldier

or a scout, half-fearing, half-challenging the follow Geronimo or the wild renegades and rustlers of mountain-hemmed range.

Indian fêtes! Mexican fêtes! Gay evenings across the Border, in the care-free world of Mañana! Hotel dance halls with noted orchestras, woods from floors whence devoted men lead their partners out into the velvet night... into halls filled with oleanders, other gorgeous flowers
or a scout, half-fearing, half-challenging the followers of Geronimo or the white rustlers and renegades of the mountain-hemmed ranges!

Indian fetes! Mexican fiestas! Gay evenings across the Border, in the care-free land of Mañana! Hotel dances... noted orchestras, polished floors whence devoted youths lead their partners out into the velvet night... into patios filled with oleanders and other gorgeous flowers or
into the perfume-laden air of the desert and beneath the mysterious expanse of its star-studded sky! Horseback jaunts over desert trails and through winding canyons of marvelous beauty! Real rodeos, with tenderfoot guests around the chuck-wagon! Polo and golf tournaments that attract world experts!

Such is the Garden of Allah, oasis-archipelago of the Southwestern desert-sea... where every hour is an hour
of delight amid surroundings new and different... where, day after day, a persistent winter sun, tinting the skies with a thousand hues of red and lavender and gold, extends a warm invitation to the broad out-of-doors... and where, at night, desert moon and stars swing like hanging-lamps... so near to the earth that they seem almost to touch the thorny fingers of the stately old Sahuaros, watchmen of the dunes.
Not all at once were these manifold attractions of the Golden State Route brought to light. Nor was it by original design or plan that the Golden State Route today provides the only main line service from Chicago to these new desert resorts of the Southwest. Exploration and development by irrigation have played an important part.

For many years, California
tourists have traveled to the Pacific Coast on the Golden State Limited... not because of the thousand desert miles traversed, for many of the attractions of the desert were undeveloped and, until very recently, little more than latent possibilities. But the Golden State Route was the short direct route from Chicago and Kansas City to Southern California; it was the low altitude warm winter way; and
there was only one train that provided Golden State Limited luxury in observation, club, dining and sleeping cars. Hence, service, comfort and expediency, as represented by these advantages, constituted the principal appeal of the desert route, and, for a time, travelers paid an extra fare in each direction to obtain them.

Now, however, the desert has an equally strong appeal of its own. That thousand-mile stretch, as has been noted in all America's variety of scene and interest, and the attractions of the route are more than doubled. The passenger train has been improved many features and its running time shortened by five hours, notwithstanding the fact that the extra fare has been discontinued.
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Golden State Limited

Air Conditioned

The train beyond compare—nothing finer anywhere! Only two days from Chicago to Los Angeles. Direct through service to Santa Barbara. Quickest by many hours to the resorts of the Southwest. The direct Carrizo Gorge route to Agua Caliente and San Diego. Through service from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Des Moines, with a car-to-car change from Memphis, Little Rock and Oklahoma City.

Leaves La Salle Street Station, Chicago, and Englewood Union Station (63rd Street) every evening on convenient schedule. Minimum daylight hours en route. From many parts of the East, fast trains make connections with the Golden State Limited at both these stations without transfer, and even where crosstown transfers are necessary, the central location of La Salle Street Station is a feature which appeals to through travelers. As a rule, tourists passing through America’s second city, enjoy a stroll between trains through the famous Loop District. La Salle Street Station is the only station on this Loop. It is located in the very heart of the city and is served by every elevated train in operation. The trip from Coast to Coast is made in only three days.

De luxe sleeping cars of the Golden State Limited . . . last word in the car builder’s art . . . provide every comfort in drawing-room, compartment or semi-enclosed section, with deep, coil-spring mattresses in every berth, perfect ventilation, large dressing rooms that offer every convenience. The Club Car, with men’s shower and barber-valet service, is an ideal spot for rest and entertainment. The unusually commodious dining car serves “meals—best on wheels.” And the new-type observation car, with drawing-rooms and compartments, lounge, smoking room and shower for feminine passengers, manicure service, library, correspondence corner and large observation-lounge-parlor, with telephone connection, market reports and sport news by wire, completes its comforts and attractions in a combination home-and-club-on-wheels.

Apache and other service—all the advantages afforded Golden State Limited passengers by reason of the short, direct, low altitude, warm winter route and excellent terminal facilities are enjoyed by patrons of the popular Apache and other Rock Island-Southern Pacific service Chicago and Kansas City to Southwestern Desert resorts and Southern California.

In the following pages the Garden of Allah, divided into four regions, is described in detail. Since each region differs from the others in special attractions, and all are on the same through-service route, a trip to the Pacific Coast may be planned to include the scenic beauty and varied color of one or all of them without additional travel expense.
El Paso, Texas
~
Juarez, Mexico
~
Carlsbad Caverns National Park

BACK in the early 80's, El Paso was little more than a 'dobe village. It occupied the lowest snow-free pass in the Rocky Mountains, and, as the center of a vast, unexplored region, it was the headquarters of mining prospectors and soldiers of fortune who straggled through that part of the world, and often attracted men whose presence lent spice to its early history.

From that village, it has grown to a city of 120,000 people, who point with pride to their business enterprises, parks and beautiful residence streets, churches and schools, and a more hospitable city it would be difficult to find. The delight the people take in entertaining at their golf and other clubs, those who stop over to visit their attractive surroundings, is unusual. This may be due to pride in their institutions, or it may be the result of long practice in the art of hospitality, but, whatever the cause, their success as hosts and hostesses is remarkable.

In and about the city are many places of interest, including Fort Bliss, the largest Cavalry Post in the United States; and some of the greatest scenic wonders in America are located within easy auto radius. A motor detour from Alamogordo, on the Golden State Route, passing through Sacramento and Guadalupe Mountains, and returning to the rails at El Paso, will include an unusual number of these—Cloudcroft in the Pines, one of the most delightful summer resorts in the Southwest, the Ruidoso
(Noisy River) Country, Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, the Billy the Kid Country and Carlsbad Caverns.

Northwest of El Paso are the Organ Mountains, their great pipes piercing the sky, Elephant Butte Dam, source of water supply for the entire Rio Grande Valley, and the Silver City copper and silver mining district—with the largest open pit copper mine in the world at Santa Rita.

In other directions are attractions of equal interest. To include them all would require a stopover of considerable length, but they are guaranteed to reward the visitor for the time devoted to them. If, however, his time is limited, it would be well to consider El Paso’s attractions in the order of their importance—which means, of course, that Juarez, only five minutes away, across the Rio Grande, and Carlsbad Caverns, the largest and most beautiful underground spectacle in the world, must come first.

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**Juarez, Mexico**

Quint old Spain of the 15th Century lies just across the Rio Grande river from El Paso, Texas, and a trip to Juarez in Old Mexico is, in every sense, a trip abroad. There is no spot in Europe more interesting—no place where people, manners and habits of thought and dress offer occasion for wider comparison.

To enjoy the real Juarez, the enthusiastic sightseer will get out into the suburbs and see how the poor live—in his adobe-walled, dirt-floored home. He will observe the family of dark-skinned children, the occasional bright-eyed senorita, exhibiting her fondness for brilliant colors, the sun-dried old grandfather, balancing his load of firewood on his burro’s back and transporting it to market just as the Egyptians did thousands of years ago. He will visit the Ball Ring, modern equivalent of the Roman Coliseum. He will pass through the intensely interesting Market Building, where Mexican merchandise of every description is on display—from home-spun dry goods to home-made pottery and strange varieties of home-grown vegetables. He will miss no part of Guadalupe Mission—more than 300 years old and still in service—whose solid mahogany beams were carved on the backs of Indians over the mountains from the southernmost part of Mexico. He will pass the yard where adobe blocks are made, will learn that adobe houses are cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and that they melt like sugar in a flood. He will note the many punctures in the walls of various

homes and public buildings where protection when the fires come will find even the walls of Francisco’s Chinitos, a pueblo, as quaint an example of a progressive American Indian town as the country offers.
homes and public buildings and appreciate the fact that adobe affords exceptional protection when the city is besieged and taken, as Villa took it several years ago. He will find even the walked-in slum district interesting—as interesting in its way as San Francisco’s Chinatown, and he will find it hard to realize that this city of 40,000 people, as quaint and un-American as Madrid or Barcelona, lies in the very shadow of a progressive American city’s skyscrapers—only five minutes away.

Carlsbad Caverns National Park

Let your imagination frame a composite picture of all the natural wonders you have ever seen—running the gamut of the mountain peaks, passes and canyons that have inspired you, including all the waterfalls, the seaside scenes and the charming little forest lakes that you have visited, and adding the reds, yellows and silvers of the most glorious sunsets that ever colored the western sky.

The result may give you some conception of the infinite beauty of the big cave in what is now Carlsbad Caverns National Park. For this cave seems to be the Museum wherein Nature exhibits the models, fashioned in oases, of all her greatest works. No trip, either to California or to the new winter resorts of the Great Southwest, can be complete, if it fails to include a stopover at El Paso and a visit to Carlsbad.

The “Eighth Wonder of the World” lies hidden beneath Guadalupe Mountains in New Mexico and is reached by daily motor service, operated over a smooth road and through a country of exceptional interest to visitors from the North and East. The round trip from El Paso may be made in one day, but the majority of tourists find it more enjoyable to plan for a stay of two days in the Guadalupe region, spending the night in the city of Carlsbad where high class hotels and restaurants offer every comfort and delicacy.

As the car glides between the vast desert stretches and cattle ranges which flank the road a few miles out of the “City of the Pass,” the distant mountains, topped by Signal Peak, seem to beckon with a promise of hidden mysteries, tucked away in the narrow valleys, which even now have never been fully explored, and when Signal Peak, which resembles an old castle fortress of feudal times, has been passed, the winding road through the mountains is one of the most picturesque in the entire Southwest. Other curiosities and beauties of Nature may be discovered in these heights and hollows. The cave itself may disclose new features, for, although it has been explored for a distance of twenty-one miles, many of its corridors and chasms are unknown and uncharted, and it may be years before its complete story is told.
Among the known curiosities which attract attention on the road, is a peculiar river of average width. This stream flows from the ground as from a spring, follows a surface course for a mile or more and returns to its underground channel, disappearing as suddenly and as mysteriously as it appeared.

Though the caverns—the largest in the world—were discovered less than thirty years ago, and a majority of the American people know little about them, the parties escorted through them by the guides, now number nearly a thousand a day. The first party starts at 10:30 every morning; the second at 12:30 p.m. The tour lasts five hours and includes most of the known splendors of the cave. It leads past Niagara of flowing rock and terrific conflagrations in colored crystal, out of which tongues of flame leap upward in a vain attempt to sweep away the overhanging icicles. There are King’s and Queen’s Palaces and Throne Rooms, protected by varicolored draperies. There are Chinese Temples, Ice Chambers, great glaciers sprinkled with powdery snow, Turquoise Pools, titanic Fairy Lands, with stalactite chandeliers and stalagmite pillars. A gorgeous Fountain of the Fairies, huge Lily-pads, a Cactus Patch, a Washington Monument and scores of Totem Poles and Crystal Spirea fill the beholder with constant wonder and amazement. And the outstanding feature of the tour is a visit to the “Big Room,” three quarters of a mile long, 1,125 feet wide, 350 feet high where it can be measured, and no one knows how high in that part of the room which is preempted by the Bottomless Pit. Suffice it to say that this “Big Room” has a volume twenty-five times as great as “The Temple,” the largest room in Kentucky’s famous Mammoth Cave, and Mammoth was recognized as the world’s greatest cavern prior to the discovery of Carlsbad. At one point on the tour a natural amphitheatre, with grandstand of solid rock, is reached, and a rest is suggested by the guides. As the spectators settle to comfortable positions, the size of the party is realized, though there seemed to be no more than a few stragglers while they were on the floor of the “Big Room.” Here, the lights are extinguished to give visitors an idea of the intense darkness of the place, and, to demonstrate the acoustics, a quartette sings that familiar old hymn “Rock of Ages,” the pillar known by that name being a feature of the amphitheatre chamber. As the clear round tones of the voices reach the ear through the darkness, one can’t help wishing that some of the great operas might be staged in the “Big Room,” with the world’s noted singers in the cast.

All who enter the caverns must be accompanied by guides, and a universal charge of $1.50 is made for maintenance and guide service (except children under 16 years of age, who are admitted free when accompanied by adults).

The temperature of the cavern is constant—56 degrees, whether the trip is made in July or January, and the clean, bracing air makes walking always a pleasure. Stairways have been installed where necessary, and the way is illuminated by thousands of flood lights, placed to bring out the rainbow coloring to best advantage. Lunch may be enjoyed in a cafeteria 765 feet below the earth’s surface.

Every afternoon across the sun, the only main line It has required but El Paso, Short from El Paso. Short copper centers... Three hours later, Phoenix, proceeding...

There are world-wide here in the heart of search by congenial all three of these be well... attractions... vivacious, sedate or... Down in the heart... is like velvet, and a smile to the visitor, due to thoughts... those who, a year ago... are smiles. And the golf in the morning, they visited the town... couldn’t watch a game on the same day. Here... prehistoric peoples...
The road, is a peculiar
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and a universal charge
children under 16 years

whether the trip is made
ays a pleasure. Stair-
minated by thousands
 advantage. Lunch

Every afternoon, a luxurious steam caravan from Chicago and St. Louis sweeps
across the sunny desert of Southern New Mexico and Arizona . . . over the
only main line route to the center of the Great Southwest's Garden of Allah.
It has required but 36 hours to reach this last leg of the journey, stretching westward
from El Paso. Shortly after midday, it passes through Douglas, one of America's great
ner centers . . . an exceedingly interesting little city on the border of Old Mexico.
Three hours later, it stops at Tucson, and, during the early evening, at Chandler and
Phoenix, proceeding thence to Los Angeles and San Diego, one night away.

There are world-travelers among the tourists whom it deposits every winter evening
here in the heart of the garden . . . men and women who have girdled the earth in
search of conglom clime, association and recreation, and who have found in one or
all three of these bowers of winter greenery the most complete and alluring surround-
ings . . . attractions that appeal to all the family, whether young or old, quiet or
vivacious, sedate or full of life.

Down in the heart of the Garden of Allah, early June comes in January. The air
is like velvet, and the mid-winter sun has a warming, stimulating touch that brings a
mile to the visitor's face when he looks at the calendar. As a rule, that smile
is due to thoughts of the icy blasts of last January, but not always. Even on the faces of
those who, a year ago, were on the Riviera or down on the banks of the Nile, there
are smiles. And there's a reason. Last year on the Riviera, they enjoyed a round of
golf in the morning, but they couldn't rule out over a desert that afternoon, in Egypt,
they visited the tomb of an almost-forgotten monarch in the morning, but they
couldn't watch a polo game or exclaim over the grandeur of some mountain vista
the same day. Here, however, sport fields, scenic wonders and romantic spots where
prehistoric peoples have lived, loved and passed away, are all included within a circle
of remarkably short radius. And many of the sports are unusual. Visitors are not confined to golf, tennis and like games, though the courses and courts are exceptionally attractive. There are polo fields. There are sports provided by Nature, such as fishing and hunting. And there are Indian fetes, Mexican fiascos and real rodeos. Fresh-water bathing may be enjoyed in local pools or in the lakes of Apache Trail, where motor-boating also is very popular. And salt water is not very far away. In the State of Sonora, on the west coast of Old Mexico, one may enjoy the Bohemian life of a 50,000-acre Mexican cattle ranch, with all its salt-water sports and its polo and big game hunting as well.

The desert sands of Arizona are full of the footprints of vanished men—some of these prints that have been erased altogether from the sands of time. They impart to the land the same color of antiquity and romance that is characteristic of Egypt and Asia Minor, and they provide a new kind of entertainment that, for many, is of never-failing interest.

More than a thousand years ago, the cliff-dwellers suspended their adobe abodes from the precipitous rocks of many of the adjacent mountains, and according to some theories, established their Capitol in what is now Casa Grande, down below Tucson. This famous old ruin rises two stories above the desert sands and marks the site of an ancient city, assigned to the eighth century. Its age and the ages of other ruins have been reckoned by comparing the rings of their timbers with the rings of living trees, the years being traced sometimes through the timber-rings of buildings more recently constructed, but nothing positive is known concerning them and their builders.

Hundreds of years later, the early Indians settled here, and, about three centuries ago, came the Spanish Padres to civilize them. The zeal of these brave old Christians is indicated by the Missions they left behind them. There are many of these Mission-hallowed old buildings in Arizona. San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, built 240 years ago, is one of the finest. Its belfry still summons the Papago Indians to worship and their children to the Mission school.

Though interrupted from time to time by the assaults of those whom they were trying to help, the Padres were never discouraged. And their successors have continued the good work to the present day, so that along with the very old Missions, there are some that have been built comparatively recently. St. John’s, for example, an exceptionally active Mission not far from Phoenix, was completed only thirty years ago.

The Indian villages scattered here and there over the terrain, are interesting to visitors hailing from states which have few or no red men. Arizona has more Indians than any other state except Oklahoma, and this particular part of the state is the home of the Apaches, Pimas, Yavcas and Papagos. Their huts and wickiups are crude and peculiarly lacking in comfort, if one judge from appearances. Store boxes, palm leaves, adobe, branches of trees, hides and fragments of cast-off canvas are apparently the materials from which they are constructed. Hence, they offer a decided contrast to the neatness of the little city’s population, deeply entrenched in the ideals of its people, careful in the treatment of the old, and having regained the spirit and physique of the Desert Sanatorium and the modern city and the successful and useful research and it has of the worship of sunlight to the health of the body.
Visitors are not unnerved by the aspects of the region that are frightening, such as the broken-down hay-barns and real rodeos. A ride through the ruins and relics of Apache Trail, however, is a bit far away. In the old mining towns, visitors enjoy the Bohemian atmosphere of the old transient sports and its men—some of them few years. They impart to the cities of Egypt and Asia their apes and dig—of which many, is of never to be their adobe abodes feelings—ordered according to some old Indian town below Tucson. The adobe stands and marks the site of the remains of the ruins of the high flags of living remnants of the time of buildings more recent than that and their builders. They are 200 years old. Old Christians and many of these time down to Tucson, built 240 years ago it was the Indians to worship as they did so, whom they were the descendants of the church. The very old Missions, Agua Caliente, for example, was completed only thirty three years ago.

Some, interesting to the visitor to Tucson, has more Indians than any other city of the state is the old Presidio. The wigwams are crude and in the appearance. Store boxes, in that era, and cast-off canvas are gone. They offer a decided

QUICKEST BY MANY HOURS—CHICAGO TO PHOENIX

contrast to the neat homes and orderly orchard and garden rows of their white neighbors. The Indians, however, seem to prefer them. A story is told, which may or may not reflect the humane spirit of the Apaches. It is said that when the United States Government built a number of bungalows for them, they promptly stabled their horses therein and clung to their accustomed box-palm-adobe-hide-canvas residences.

With so many sport, scenic, historic and anthropological attractions—in a land where desert cactus and irrigated orange groves compete for the attention and admiration of the visitor—it is not surprising that the Garden of Allah has come to be the place of all places in America where society forges between the winter months. And if the character of the Garden's accommodations be taken also into consideration, there is even less cause for wonder that it is the choice of men and women who can afford to spend their winters anywhere—this country or abroad.

There are two classes of "guest-homes" offering highest class service—city hotels and "hotel cities" or "winter outing establishments," the latter located beyond the boundaries of the cities and equipped to provide their own community interests and amusements.

Of the first class, the Pioneer, Santa Rita and El Presidio Hotels, Pepper Tree Inn and La Fonda at Tucson, the Westward Ho, Adams and San Carlos at Phoenix and El Portal at Mesa are leaders. They afford all the luxuries and are charmingly located in cities of beautiful homes, set in semi-tropical verdure, with streets and parks made perennially lovely by palms, shrubs and bright-colored flowers.

Chief among the "hotel cities" are Arizona Inn, El Conquistador at Tucson, the San Marcos at Chandler, the Arizona Biltmore, Jokake Inn and Ingleside Inn at Phoenix and The Wigwam at Litchfield. All occupy sites selected for their mountain views and their half-desert, half-cultivated surroundings.

In addition to their hotel functions, some maintain attractive bungalows for families as well as individuals, and, as complete winter outing establishments, they provide for the amusement, as well as the physical entertainment, of their guests. Facilities for golf, tennis and all other outdoor sports are available on their own grounds or nearby, and their sumptuous assembly rooms are the scenes of delightful social gatherings in the evenings. Nowhere does the lens of leisure record pleasures in more constantly recurring succession than in these "hotel cities."

As this region, because of its dry and bracing air and its outdoor life the year round, has been, for many years, a favorite health resort, many smaller hotels, boarding houses and cottages, furnished and unfurnished, are available at moderate rates.

Tucson is an exceptionally popular mecca for invalids. It is said that only half of the little city's population visited the Southwest originally in search of health, and, having regained their strength, remained from choice to live busy and happy lives. The Desert Sanatorium and Institute of Research, four miles east of town, is one of the most successful and useful institutions of its kind in the country. Its profits are expended on research and it has demonstrated many important facts in connection with the relationship of sunlight to the cure of disease.
Chandler and Phoenix cater more particularly to those who seek rest and recreation in the open air, and the energies of their citizens, as is evidenced by the wonderful gardens and groves of the Salt River Valley, are devoted to agricultural and horticultural, rather than to physical, development.

There need be no loss of time for the children of those who plan to spend the winter in Arizona. Children are admitted to the grammar and high schools at any time, and young men and women of college age, whom parents do not wish to leave behind them in the East, will find new physical well-being and increased ability at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

A number of high class private schools with competent tutors for boys and girls from elementary to and including high school grades are also available at or near Tucson and Phoenix. Such facilities are also offered by some of the guest ranches.

Guest Ranches

This is an automobile and an aeroplane age, but man has not forgotten, and he never will forget, his love for the horse. To that fact, principally, is the success of the modern guest ranch due. Older folk whose childhood days were associated with this faithful friend, enjoy a renewal of the acquaintanceship, and the young—those whose late birth cheated them out of a companionship that was dear to their fathers and mothers, are learning, through the medium of the guest ranch, what a strong tie it was.

And there is another of man’s old loves which the converted horse or cattle ranch seems particularly to foster—a love that fortunately has not been so completely over-shadowed and pushed aside by competition. That is the love of a book.

It is to the tastes of these two classes—the horse-lovers and the book-lovers—that the guest ranch and its surroundings are peculiarly adapted.

But it should not be understood that they are the only classes for whom the ranch holds an attraction. Life on the range is altogether what the visitor may wish to make it. He may desire to rest and, as James Whitcomb Riley expressed it, “not work at nothin’ else.” If so, there is no quiet comfort like the quiet comfort of the ranch. And if he wishes to diversify his recreation, he may play tennis, enjoy the swimming pool or target range, or practice on the putting greens. He may go picnicking or hunt bobcats, coyotes, quail, rabbits, ducks, mountain lions, bear, deer, lobo wolves or wild hogs; in short, he may engage in practically all of the sports offered by the great hotel “vacation plant.”

Some of these diversions may be enjoyed at one ranch, others at another. Hence, it is important that the prospective visitor choose his ranch with reference to his favorite pastime.

Complete information concerning hotels, guest ranches, and schools will be found in our pamphlet “Hotels and Guest Ranches in Arizona,” a copy of which will be mailed upon request or obtained at any Travel Service Bureau listed in this booklet.
ROUTE

The rest and recreation afforded by the wonderful agricultural and horticul-
tural regions of the United States is so great that it is possible to spend the winter months among the fruits and vegetables at any time, and there is no lack of pleasure and opportunity to leave behind them the cares of business and the drudgery of work at the University of California. The land offers a home for boys and girls of all ages, and the opportunity to learn is available at or near the guest ranches.

Apache Trail

Picture-Land

Southwest

In the Golden State Route offered no opportunity to see Mexico on the way to California, if there were no Carlsbad Cavern, no "Garden of Allah," no Imperial Valley, no Carryus Gorge, and if the route were not the low altitude, warm winter way to the Pacific Coast, the scenic attractions of Apache Trail alone would be sufficient to draw tourists in that direction.

In a land that was primeval a desert, 120 miles of mountain grandeur seem almost paradoxical, yet it is true that Apache Trail, with its horseshoe curves, its loops and hairpins, offers a continuous succession of breath-taking sights and scenes, that are not surpassed anywhere in the Rockies, and with its additional prehistoric and engineering features, there is little doubt but that it eclipses every highway of its length in all America.

The Trail connects the little copper-mining city of Globe, Arizona, with Phoenix, the State Capital, and, curiously enough, it was along its tortuous course that Arizona saw not only the end of Apache terrorism, but the beginning of industrial and agricultural development as a white man's country.

Here, more than a thousand years ago, some of America's first families established their homes. At least three hundred years before the Norman Conquest of England, these people had located their adobe-walled dwellings high up in the niches of the mountains and had installed crude irrigation systems which enabled them to cultivate the desert areas below them.

Centuries later, when the first Apaches picked out the zigzag route which is now known as Apache Trail, they must have wondered about these cautious cliff-fortified predecessors of theirs—whence they came and whither they went. But even the most studious white men, who crowded the red men out, have been unable to answer these questions. If one of the cliff-dwellers were to return to the scenes of his earthly
activities, he might be identified by the Bettillon record he left behind him, for the finger prints of these builders are still to be seen in the adobe walls. Here and there, too, are to be found rocks and wells containing a species of picture-writing similar to Egyptian hieroglyphics, but these have never been deciphered, and little is known concerning the vanished race. Nevertheless, the Tonto cliff-dwellings along the Apache Trail are exceedingly interesting.

It covering the Trail westbound—from Globe to Phoenix—Roosevelt Dam, one of the engineering marvels of the West, is reached about five miles beyond the first cliff-dwellings. Here, also, is Apache Lodge, the tourists’ lunch station, an exceptionally attractive place facing Roosevelt Lake, and offering accommodations that strongly tempt fishermen to stay there several days or weeks.

Roosevelt Dam is the first of three structures of the kind, utilizing the waters of Salt River for power and irrigation. Below are Horse Mesa Dam with Apache Lake, and Mormon Flat Dam with Canyon Lake. Thus, the natural scenic beauty of the Trail is enhanced by man-made lakes extending along its winding course a total distance of fifty-four miles.

The first half of the trip leads through a country by no means as rugged and precipitate as is to be seen at the Phoenix end, and the tourist’s attention is centered for a time in the strange vegetation, as well as in the Indians encamped here and there in the small canyons and ravines. The most striking individual plant is the Sahuaro or Giant Cactus. Felted like a Doric column, it appears sometimes in family-like groups, sometimes in solitary majesty, growing to the height of a forest tree. Scattered over the mountain slopes are many other varieties of cactus, and these, in common with practically every plant to be seen along the Trail, produce beautiful waxy blooms. The Sahuaro flower is white, the Cholla yellow, the Ocotillo bright red, the Barrel red and purple. In fact, all the colors of the rainbow are reproduced by the cactus family alone.

From Roosevelt Dam to Salt River Valley, the Trail winds in and out—up and down—mile after mile—now hugging the mountains, as it circles around them on shelf-like ramps, hundreds of feet above the valleys; now skirting lake shores at the foot of towering rock walls, whose dizzy heights only the eagles can test upon. Often the twistings and turnings of the highway open vistas of matchless grandeur up or down some tributary canyon, and occasionally a glance across the lake encompasses a valley cul-de-sac of fortress-like appearance, its battlements pointing upward in bold assurance, its rock escarpment defying every onslaught from the water. It was in a similar Southern Arizona valley that General Miles finally cornered and captured Geronimo and his raiding Apaches.

At one point on the Trail—just before the precipitous rocks of Fish Creek Canyon are presented to view—it is possible to turn the eyes to the right a full ninety degrees, past the famous “bronze cliffs” of the region, and see, high up in the heavens, like a motorist of the sky, an automobile which has followed the deviating roadway to a point on the mountain exactly ten miles in advance of the beholder.

And when that point arrives, look back through L’Enfant’s vanishing-point line, continuing to wind its road across the plains toward Tempe—between mesquites and walnuts, demarcating the plain through the Salt River Valley.

During the winter months, the water is drained from El Paso and Lake Pleasant, and as Globe, and the tourist’s journey west may be combined with a visit to Arizona, including the lunch at the Tonto, timed to connect with the service Phoenix to Globe.

Between Chicago and the Pacific, the journey intervenes—a fact to be remembered. Leaving Long Beach, the journey is a trip through the great plains—across the vast, green, treeless prairie stretches away from the first glimpse, the Kansas City “show” picture, till only the covered-wagon train trails, which now lie over in the North, appear on the horizon. Here the eye may catch the glimpse of a band of dauntless pioneers, who, for a moment for their sake, may remove the weariness of these broad plains to a degree.

But on the second day the traveler finds himself on the edge of the desert. Here you face the birthplace of a new civilization—new and strange, yet familiar. Across the valleys, green valleys of grain, wheat and hay field, stretch the adobe houses and barbed wire fences of Spanish life.

Beyond El Paso, the traveler sees the desert and the plains of California, with its direct low altitude line, which will lead him, by the end of the trail, to San Francisco, under the short scenic Ca...
And when that point is finally reached by circuitous climbing, it is possible to look back through Devil's Canyon and see a car ten miles in the rear, creeping along like an ant to its sand-hill home. From this last mountain top, the descent is gradual, continuing to wind in and out until the level of Salt River Valley is reached. Thence the road points straight away for Phoenix, passing through the Mormon towns of Mesa and Tempe—between flourishing green fields and groves of oranges, grapefruit, olives and walnuts, demonstrating conclusively the wonderful results that have been attained through the Salt River Irrigation Project.

During the winter months through daily Pullman sleeping car service is maintained from El Paso to Globe via Bowie. Tickets to points west are honored as far as Globe, and the auto fare from Globe to Phoenix is $10.00. From Phoenix, the journey west may be continued without delay. The auto drive from Globe to Phoenix, including the luncheon stop, requires about nine hours, the arrival at Phoenix being timed to connect with the Golden State Limited. Connecting eastbound motor service Phoenix to Globe also available.

Between Chicago and this land of everlasting sunshine, only one day of travel intervenes—a fact that you will appreciate when you open your eyes the second morning. Leaving La Salle Street Station in the evening, the first day on the Golden State Limited—across Kansas—is a revelation in extent of space. As the broad treeless prairie stretches away to the distant horizon, thousands of acres embraced in a single glance, the Kansas of sixty or seventy years ago is brought to mind. The imagination may picture, off to the West, a huge herd of buffaloes; out of the East may appear a covered-wagon train, wending its way slowly and cautiously across the plain; and over in the North, just above the line where earth and sky seem to meet, the mind's eye may catch the outline of three or four feathered-bedded beds, the advance guard of a band of doused and painted savages, awaiting in ambush the most promising moment for their attack. And you realize, as never before, what it meant to cross these broad plains in the old days.

But on the second morning, all Nature seems to have undergone a change, and, as you face the berth-windows to catch your first view of the morning sun, you see a new and strange world. During the night, the face of the earth has been altered completely. Green-grays of desert vegetation have supplanted the colors dominant in wheat and hay fields. Smoke trees, mesquite and cactus have taken their place and adobe houses and barns are more and more in evidence, as the miles glide past.

Before noon, El Paso is reached—a typical American city—directly across the Rio Grande river from Juarez, Mexico, which is as typical, in its way, of Mexican-Spanish life.

Beyond El Paso desert stretches alternate with cultivated areas all the way to Los Angeles and San Diego, except in the regions where the mountains thrust their huge shoulders into the heart of things.

Such is the course of the Rock Island-Southern Pacific Golden State Route—the direct low altitude warm winter way to Los Angeles, San Diego and Santa Barbara, and the main-line and quickest route by many hours to all the desert resorts. It is also the short scenic Carmel Gorge route to San Diego.
THE Golden State Route forks at Yuma, just before it crosses the Arizona-California boundary line, and the Golden State Limited is divided into two sections, one section taking its passengers via the South Fork or S.D & A.R.R., direct to San Diego, the other section following the North Fork or Southern Pacific to Los Angeles, whence its Santa Barbara patrons proceed immediately, without charge of cars, to their destination.

Soon after leaving Yuma, the Los Angeles and Santa Barbara passengers are speeding through Imperial Valley and beside the Salton Sea. This valley is more than two hundred feet below the level of the sea and is probably the most productive area, acre for acre, in all America. Its orange and olive trees, “fruited deep,” stretch away in seemingly endless rows, and its flourishing truck gardens spread their green patterns everywhere—a wonderful demonstration of the value of irrigation.

Beyond Imperial Valley, the desert again—continuing the same alternation which marked the trip across Arizona—areas of super-production sandwiched in between areas of desert vegetation, one enhancing the beauty of the other.

This is the last desert strip of the route—the desert that centers in those popular and world-famous winter resorts, Indio and Palm Springs. So broad is its scope that ever Mount San Jacinto, which towers above Palm Springs a sheer 10,500 feet, appears from a distance to be little more than a huge sand dune. By stretching the imagination to the extent of substituting a wandering band of Bedouins for its Calwilla Indians, one might easily locate such an expanse on the sands of Arabia or out on the billowy waves of the broad Sahara. Not that there is a suggestion of “Araby the Blest” when the beholder approaches San Jacinto on the railroad side and swings around the enormous circumference of its base, for there is nothing extraordinary to be seen at the railroad stations. But when a few miles have been covered by motor, and the fortunate visitor gets his first view of the delightful hotels and playgrounds, he realizes how happy was his choice of this desert oasis for his winter outing.

Eight miles out from Yuma is the Oasis; and two miles beyond, those fantastic courts—illuminated bocce courts—in service and cuisine. Ground space is not bungalows where almost life is abode,rimonious Spanish in interior.

The fact that the desert enchantment of the garden is to the handiest that they date from a fourmill. Within a four-mile region. Between Palm Springs and Whitewater, its weird formations. Garden, Whitewater, within a reasonable distance of each other, are transported to the little city of Banning.

Prospective visitors who are planning their winter in the vicinity of Palm Springs are transported to the little city of Banning.

On the outskirts of the village a prominent building is the daily stock reports.

Carriso Gap

Tourists who have proved the plain as the most point and travel in a line.

Route to San Diego.
Eight miles out from Indio Station is La Quinta Hotel; ten miles from Palm Springs Station, in the village of Palm Springs, El Mirador Hotel, The Desert Inn and The Oasis; and two miles beyond the village are Deep Well and Smoke Tree ranches.

These hotels are much more than hotels in the ordinary sense. They are really complete-rest-and-recreation plants, providing not only the luxuries of life, but the amusements as well. They maintain corrals of fine saddle horses, golf links, tennis courts—illuminated for night playing, and swimming pools with sun-tan beaches. In service and cuisine, they have few equals among the large city hotels, and, since ground space is not limited, their guests may be lodged in detached cottages or bungalows where absolute quiet may be guaranteed. Thus the main or Administration Buildings have dining rooms, lounges and rooms for social gatherings that are extraordinarily commodious. Styles of art in decoration vary. The Desert Inn, for example, is Spanish in interior design and coloring; El Mirador, Indian—Aztec, Ute and Navajo.

The fact that the desert and mountains meet at Indio and Palm Springs doubles the enchantment of the great out-of-doors, and the canyons where the mountains were riven asunder in some past age, present unique phenomena to horsemen and motorists who enjoy the caprices of Nature.

Palm Canyon, six miles south of Palm Springs, is one of the most interesting. Thousands of palm trees, the only palms indigenous to the United States, grow here to surprising heights. The origin of these trees is unknown, but scientists believe that they date from a prehistoric age.

Within a four-mile radius of Palm Springs are Murray, Chino and Andreas Canyons, favorite destinations on warm winter gallops. Tahquitz Canyon is the scene of the Annual Desert Play, based on the traditions and folklore of the Indians of the region. Between Palm Springs and Indio are Cathedral and Deep Canyons, whose characteristics are indicated by their names. In the Indio Mud Hills is Painted Canyon, its weird formations a mass of brilliant color, and Hidden Springs Canyon, Devil's Garden, Whitewater and Mission Canyons and Thousand Palms are other attractions within a reasonable radius.

Prospective visitors with children need not, on their account, feel a hesitancy in planning their winter outing in the desert. A modernly equipped grammar school at Palm Springs affords the younger pupils every advantage, and students of high school age are transported daily in a comfortable safety coach to Union High School in the little city of Banning. There is also a private school in the village.

On the outskirts of Palm Springs are two well-equipped air-ports, and in the village a prominent brokerage firm has established a private wire service, furnishing daily stock reports.

Carrizo Gorge, San Diego, Coronado, Agua Caliente

Tourists who have planned to see California systematically, starting at the southernmost point and traveling up the Coast, take the Southern Fouts of the Golden State Route to San Diego. They, too, pass through Imperial Valley, but the change of scene
after they have crossed that Valley of Miracles offers a contrast far greater than the mere transition from cultivated to desert area, such as occurs on the North Fork.

When the checkerboard of orchards and gardens has been left behind, the route leads up a gentle slope—the shore line of an ancient sea—and soon the passengers are gazing in rapt awe and wonder at superb heights above them and seas of depths below. They are passing through Carrizo Gorge. The train now threads its way among the mountains in zigzag curves and half-spirals, infinitesimally small in comparison to the colossal mountain masses that overtop it. Often it follows a notch or ledge half way up the mountain side, so near to the mighty ramparts that passengers, looking upward on one side hundreds of feet, are unable to see the summit—and looking downward from the opposite car window, find it equally impossible, because of the precipitate walls, to see the floor of the chasm yawning beneath them.

As the tremendous panorama unrolls—mountain after mountain, each seemingly higher and more massive than the last, each canyon deeper and more sensational—Nature's pan in putting them there is a cause for wonder. Certainly they must serve as an illustration of immensity, for, in all the West, there is no region where the stupendous magnitude of mountains and their gorges is more impressive. The beholder views them, considers his own insignificance in comparison, and there comes to his mind the old Biblical question, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Before reaching San Diego, the South Fork of the Golden State Route crosses the line into Old Mexico twice, and the train stops at Agua Caliente, the most beautiful village of its size on the Pacific Coast, if not indeed in all America.

Then San Diego! And a day of bright sunshine and balmy zephyrs! For such days are the rule in this warm southern city, where the Pacific's breezes are softened ere they cross her protecting peninsulas and the lake-like waters of her world-famous harbor.

Beyond the bay, at Coronado, the beaches are crowded, and for miles up and down the streets and roadways, motor cars stream along in interminable ranks of wanderlust. Here is the place "where California began," and it is particularly rich in historic associations. Its old mission, hundred-year-old palm, Presidio Hill and such romantic reminders as Ramona's Marriage Place, are examples of what it has to offer.

Balboa Park, comprising 1,400 acres, is in the center of the city. It was the site of the Panama-California Exposition held several years ago and many permanent buildings remain. Several of these are occupied by San Diego's Museum, but in one sense, the entire Park is a museum. Its shrubs, palms and other plants constitute one of the most extensive horticultural displays in the world.

North of Coronado, on the peninsula which helps to form the "Harbor of the Sun," is Point Loma, affording a beautiful view of the bay, city and mountain background. Off to the northwest is charming La Jolla . . . and beyond, Avalon, on Catalina Island, famous sport center . . . reached by regular steamers from Los Angeles.

In and about San Diego are facilities for every sport. There are many golf courses, tennis courts and grounds for that modern centaur, the polo player. Deep sea and pier fishing, motor-boat and yachting attract many. Bathers may choose between surf and warm salt-water plunge. Every horseman will find a mount to his liking and,
because of the splendid roads and the interesting places to visit, it is an ideal region for the motor enthusiast.

Among the most interesting motor tours is one which leads through Coronado and across the Mexican line to Tia Juana and Agua Caliente. After crossing the bay by ferry, the route leads through residence streets brightened by the colors of many flowers and shrubs unknown to northern climes, and brings the motorist at length to Hotel del Coronado, on the “Silver Strand,” one of the largest and most popular resort hotels and sports centers in Southern California. Convenient to golf, tennis, polo and water sports, built around a beautiful garden-patio between the sea and the bay, and surrounded by a profusion of rare flowers, its every prospect is suggestive of hospitality, comfort and delight.

Thence, down the “Silver Strand,” longest natural breakwater in the world, past Coronado’s tent-city and beach. Camp Pheare (Cavalry), Palm City, with its dune-plains, olive, acacia and eucalyptus tree-lined street, Nestor, Tia Juana Valley and San Ysidro to the International Border and in due time to Tia Juana and Agua Caliente.

The establishment of the latter resort as the “Monter Carlo of America” a few years ago, greatly enhanced the interest of a trip across the border, for Agua Caliente, only a short distance from Tia Juana, is exceedingly attractive. In fact, its buildings—especially the buildings in which its visitors are received, and its landscape gardening have been so perfectly planned that it is difficult to picture their beauty. It is a white city,
every public building a Spanish palace enclosing a large patio filled, with one exception, with oleanders and other semi-tropical flowers. The three principal buildings—bath-house, hotel and casino—occupy a semi-circle and face as assembly-court, from which the more distant race track grandstand and paddock may be seen. On entering this court, the bath-house is at the left. Here every conceivable kind of bath or massage may be obtained, and in the patio is a large salt-water pool—one of the building’s most popular features. The stately hotel, lazily echoing the deep notes of the romantic Tower of Chieves, has been exquisitely decorated and furnished, and affords every luxury obtainable in the best metropolitan hotelries. There is scarcely a minute in the day when some of its guests or visitors are not admiring its refined magnificence. Its artistically painted ceiling panels attract particular attention and occasion much favorable comment. The same good taste was displayed in the decoration of the casino. At one end of this building is the restaurant and cabaret; at the other, a cario shop offering souvenirs really worth while; and the gaming room, with cantina equipment at one end, occupies the center. Here, as in the European Monte Carlo, games of all kinds are in operation, wives often joining their husbands in the play. No one, however, is asked or expected to play, and frequently there is a majority among the crowds of American visitors, who enjoy the place as spectators rather than as players. Agua Caliente has a landing field and a golf course—the golf course a nationally popular feature. To its delightful fairways and perfect greens—beneath the shadows of the Mexican mountains and on the shores of the Blue Pacific—the experts of the world are attracted every winter by the liberality of its prizes.

An attractive pamphlet giving information concerning hotels in Southern California and adjacent Mexican points can be secured at any Travel Service Bureau shown in this booklet or will be mailed upon request.