

The Pinehurst Outlook

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AMERICANS IN SPAIN.

The Tourist from "North America" is Made Welcome Everywhere On the Peninsula.

REVOLUTION IMMINENT.

There comes from Spain, in letters of travelers and from other sources, the report that no tourists are so welcome there as are Americans—or North Americans, as the term goes there, in order to distinguish between citizens of the United States and those of the Latin-American republics south of the Rio Grande and the isthmus. This is a pleasant report. That it is true is shown by private letters as well as by published correspondence. One of a party of tourists who have recently finished a friendly and instructive invasion of Spain declares to me through the mail: "Never, in any part of Europe, have we Americans met more charming courtesy. Every want seemed to be anticipated, and there was a ready reply to every inquiry. It seemed that the Spaniard, of every degree, from noble to servant, could not do too much for us."

This may well be in part the welcome that the people of all the countries of Europe—hoi polloi and couriers and the hotel people—extend to the omnipotent dollar whether the coin be of the realm or extracted from a letter of credit. In that sense, all tourists are welcomed, especially in the show places of the Old World. But it is now pleasant to think that the Spanish mind has the essence of the chivalry that admires a former antagonist, whether victor or vanquished, provided that courage and honor have been displayed. We may all remember the greeting that Admiral Cervera and his surviving fellow prisoners received in this country. We may recall the impulse that moved Capt. Philip, of the Texas, to cry to his crew, off the southern coast of Cuba, "Don't cheer; those Spaniards are dying." It is possible that these incidents, and others like them, have been spread through Spain by some of the tens of thousands of soldiers who were sent back from the Antilles to the peninsula by the United States after the war of 1898.

Truly, Spain should be a theatre of instruction to visitors from this continent, whether the tourists be from North or South America. Spain is a land of almost infinite lesson, in history, in social custom, in politics, in art, in literature. It is a land of wondrous memories. Its atmosphere is that of centuries of yesterdays, of many successions of races. Its soil has been trod by Phoenician sailors, Carthaginian invad-

ers, Roman conquerors, Goths and Visigoths, Vandals, Saracens and Christians. The sword of Islam and the church militant of the Saviour confronted each other in its crags and plains through seven centuries. It is the land of Murillo and Velasquez, of Cervantes and Columbus. Hannibal advanced through its defiles upon Italy, and Cæsar bore into its territory the Roman eagles. It is the land where one may see Moorish castles transformed into modern homes; where medievalism survives by the side of the railway; where the mosque has been converted into the church.

The people of Spain may be in part known to the tourist from the United States who has observed their descendants in Latin-America. But the race of the Peninsula has characteristics peculiar to itself, that have been variously



CHAMBER OF THE CAROLINA.

modified this side of the Atlantic. The Spanish courtesy is proverbial. Much of it is exaggerated in expression. The Spaniard's gift of his house to a guest, or of anything it contains that excites admiration, has become a by-word. At the same time, the host who will share his wine and bread with any wayfarer, will stab his friend with a poinard for a wrong that may be only fancied. The whole gamut of love and hatred, of hospitality and vengeance, runs through the subtle, virile, sensitive, passionate Spanish nature.

To an American observer the domestic politics of Spain must appeal as of throbbing interest. The whole country is on the verge of revolution. It is as if its home impulse toward overthrow of dynasties were the forbear of the feverish temper of the factions that make puny, though sometimes tragic, civil wars in the republics of South America. All testimony goes to show that in Spain

parliamentary divisions in the Cortes are of less real importance than the cleavage between aristocrat and peasant, between merchant and noble, that runs throughout the kingdom. It would appear that in Spain the hour is ready to strike whenever the man may appear. The man has not displayed himself. The man is not Don Carlos, idling in Venice; he is not Weyler, chief of the army and professed adherent of the boy King; it has not appeared that the man is the young Alfonso, or that he will show the personal capacity to maintain his seat upon the throne. It is only certain that Spain, once mistress of nearly all the civilized world, is face to face with its time of adversity. It has lost its last hold in the New World; it has surrendered its outpost in the Orient. It trembles on the brink of industrial and commercial collapse and financial ruin. It is one of the

the mountainous interior, where he can journey only on muleback, amid discomforts for which only the picturesque can atone.

It is pleasing to see that our government has appointed a special envoy, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, to represent the United States at the ceremony of the coming of age of the young King. It is also good to know that tourists from the United States are welcome in old Spain. That land of many memories, of many civilizations, of many alliances, of many hatreds, may well welcome the curious, the sympathetic, the friendly inquiries of visitors from the country to which, through France, it yielded the Louisiana purchase, and to which it has bequeathed further problems of expansion yet unsolved. Surely one may forget Weyler, the "butcher," recall brave Cervera, ignore the Inquisition, remember Don Quixote, share the enthusiasm of Washington Irving and pledge the renaissance of Spain in Amontillado!—*E. C. Howland, in New York Mail and Express.*

A Letter from Rev. Samuel F. Upham, D. D., LL.D.

MADISON, N. J., Jan. 14, 1902.

*Mr. James W. Tufts,
Pinehurst, N. C.:*

DEAR SIR:—My wife and I speak every day of the delightful visit we had at Pinehurst and regret that our stay could not have been longer.

Pinehurst is a marvel, the most restful place I ever saw. It is not surprising that thousands find it every year. The Carolina is absolutely perfect in its appointments, while the courteous, refined guests whom we met made our stay a perpetual joy. It is a wonder that so much has been done in so short a time to make the place what it is and shows what Yankee thrift and enterprise can accomplish. I am sounding the praises of Pinehurst wherever I go, for it is a place that once seen can never be forgotten. The fine roads, elegant hotels, cosy cottages, varied shubbery and plants, the convenient golf links, the genial atmosphere,—these and other characteristics which might be named, make Pinehurst a most delightful winter residence.

Our stay was made very pleasant by the kindness and courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Priest, the hospitable host and hostess who made us feel at home at once. Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL F. UPHAM.

Announcement.

Services will be held at the Village Hall, Sunday, Jan. 26, as follows:

UNION—Services at 11 a. m. Bible class and Sunday school at 12 M., Rev. D. W. Fox, pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Services at 4 p. m., Rev. H. T. Gregory, pastor.