Some Feminine Types in Spanish American Novels

by

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Preface

It is the purpose of this study to consider the Spanish American woman in her many moods and conditions as she has been portrayed by the leading novelists in Mexico and South America.

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Introduction

To consider the novels of more than a continent is the task of a life time and impossible in a study of this sort. Therefore only the novels which are significant either from a historical, social, or literary point of view have been considered. Even then it is necessary to treat only those which hold within their pages interesting feminine characters. These characters fall into certain types, and it is these types with their particular individualistic characteristics which shall be discussed.

The women of Spanish America are traditionally charming and individual. The fire and dash of the European invaders have been softened by the warm indolence of the native Indians, and the result has been a woman who is gentle, gracious, often very lovely, and above all, loving and passive even to her own destruction. With women such as these on every hand it is no wonder that gallant authors flaunder in a morass of flattering adjectives and find themselves hard pressed when it is necessary to create a woman who is not admirable in every way.

It is true that the women in the Spanish-American novels under consideration are moved by the same passions of love and hate that move the hearts of women in Russian, English, and French novels. However, our Spanish

American heroine, with a few brilliant exceptions, lacks the universality of appeal which she should have, due, if to nothing else, to the heritage in which is mixed the blood of many nations. Environment, education, economic conditions, social caste systems with subtleties almost beyond understanding, a rigorous double standard of morals have all had a definite part in forming these women. An oriental humility and passiveness, combined curiously enough with a peculiar pride, has been bred into these women through centuries of training and has left an indelible stamp, upon their personality and character, which eludes an exact description but which is vividly stamped on every individual. There is a very typical quality in these women which shines softly but persistently through the delineation whether it be in a historical, romantic, or realistic novel. Strongly feminine, part of their charm lies in their helpless confiding weakness which betrays them only too often, for they can never be strong enough to seek their own advantages.

There is a psychological characteristic in the minds of all Spanish American people which naturally colors the characters portrayed by any author. The differences existing between the sexes are too great to be bridged even by the deepest love. Men look upon women as pretty fools who may be very charming and

therefore, even passionately loved, but there is never a real truce where they form a union of complete mutual trust and sympathy. Women, usually undeveloped, inexperienced and uneducated, lacking in judgement or detachment, are unable to disprove any of their attributed faults. Because of this, the novels show characters and situations entirely foreign to the American-minded reader. The emotional and mental response in the characters often fails to stir the sympathy of the reader.

It is certainly indicative of the passiveness of women to realize that there are so few [illegible] novels available which have been written by women. If any of these millions of women have exerted themselves and produced any written work it has been considered too negligible to remain before the public for long. The portrayal of women is left entirely in the hands of masculine authors who treat them gallantly enough but perhaps not always with understanding. Teodoro Guerrero, writing of their gallantry, says in an essay found in Mujeres Españolas, portuguesas y americanas: "It is said generally that men are not the most favorable painters to portray women; but who thinks that is mistaken, for if they portrayed themselves there would not be a word of truth in their work--such is their zeal in changing themselves that even those who best know them at one hour of the day, see them completely changed in the next."(1) If we accept this as

true, perhaps men succeed as near as possible in imprisoning a living woman within the limits of a printed page.

When there is a necessity to create an evil woman it is overdone with a naïvete hardly expected from a mature author. Women as evil as Louisa in Monja y casada, vírgen y mártir,(2) or Isabel in El Amor de las sirenas(3) are examples of these extraordinarily wicked women who are so evil the authors themselves know they are false.

Women do not change in the deeply rooted fundamental qualities of their mind and heart. Because of this, the women in the novels of the earliest colonial days and those found in the novels of several hundred years later are basically the same. Certain types of women are the same in any age and the personal differences of authors do not obliterate the type. Using novels as texts, the following study will deal with some of the more comprehensible types of Spanish American women.

I. Weak Types

To speak of a type as a "weak type" needs some explanation as to the sense in which this term will be used. There are many types of weakness of which a person may be the unfortunate possessor. He may be afflicted with a physical weakness, moral lapses, mental disturbances or general vagueness of personality. A character may have any one of these and still not justly be classified as a weak type. That a man may be a social or financial failure and not belong to a weak type need hardly be said. Often, when speaking of a person who dwells only in the pages of a book where he has been placed by an author, we say that such a character is "weak" meaning that the word portrayal has been inexpertly handled. A strong character through the author's lack of talent may appear untrue, fail to arouse, be vague and inartistic, but he remains a strong character for all of that. The limitations of a writer's talent do not in reality make a character strong or weak after the character has once been created. In his own mind, at least, the author knows what type he intends to portray, and if he cannot project this idea successfully the character is not to blame.

The qualities which make weakness or strength are always open to argument. Physical strength need not be

considered. Morality has always been considered as a sign of strength, but on further consideration it can hardly be a sure basis for judgement. Ruthless, sinful, immoral characters abound in the pages of literature, defying the reader to call them weak. It takes a certain strength, an ability to stand a target to the stones of an outraged society before one may be deliberately sinful. When a person is wickedly immoral, it may be that she is so through a studied choice, and it does not follow that she is weak. Therefore, when a character falls into immorality in a book she need not necessarily be a weak type. Morality is so largely a result of personalities and circumstances that strong people make their own codes, and weaker ones accept them since they can do nothing themselves.

A character who can go out into the world, and taking cognizance of the circumstances and possibilities, at least make an effort to shape the outcome, is a strong character. People cannot more than partly chose the events which occur in their lives, but their reactions to these circumstances determine whether they are of a strong or weak type. A woman who, even though only dimly realizing a situation, wrings her hands, melts into tears, and wilts supinely into a position where she may be more easily trampled upon by the rest

of the world is a weak creature and coincides with the type we call "weak". She may never have heard of the seven cardinal sins, what happens to her may be entirely beyond her control, but by her reactions she chooses the type to which she belongs.

Universal literature has no more striking example than that which is found in Thackery's Becky and Amelia.(4) Amelia is charming, completely virtuous and sweet, yet she cannot make her way among her fellowmen. She must begin to doubt the infallibility of the promise of reward made to the meek, for while she weeps and looks dowdy in her last year's gown, the wicked Becky goes to court and wears diamonds and point lace. Amelia is good, but she is weak; Becky is bad, but she is strong. Amelia weeps and does nothing. Were it not for Thackery's indulgence even Dobbin would have deserted her. Becky tires of her eternal smirking, but she draws upon her strength and fights for her life until her miserable end. As is too often true in real life neither the weak nor the strong find happiness. Amelia the insipid sentimental widow is unhappy, but Becky surrounded by the admiration and wealth she worshipped also has fierce gnawings of unhappiness from within which she must hide beneath a mask of smiles.

An aggregation of virtues cannot make a strong

character, nor an aggregation of vices make a weak one. By a process of contrasts and eliminations it would seem that a weak type is one who cannot struggle in her own defense. A weak type is incapable of a concentrated attack or defense. She stumbles dazedly down the wavering path of least resistance. Self discipline eludes the grasp of this type, and to lead or discipline others is beyond her wildest dreams.

This weak type, for all her lack of aggressiveness may, if she has any luck at all, enjoy her life well enough. Often she is very winning, very flattering, very pleasant as an associate. A gallant masculine world, if she is beautiful, hastens to dry her tears. Her lack of critical suspicious speculations makes her especially adept at the unquestioning adoration demanded by these Latin men who surround her. Stronger feminine types bent upon their own pursuits may not consider this sweet weeping creature a worthy enemy and fail to concern themselves over her. Too late the stronger ones will realize the effectiveness of their weaker sister who may conquer by her stooping fragility.

A. Young Girls

This weak type of woman naturally enfolds a great variety of personalities with their accompanying shades of weaknesses. As the years pass over their timid

heads there is a natural development and a maturing of interests and outlooks as may be expected. In spite of this growmth, fundamentally the type changes very little. Since novels are the texts wherein these types have been found it is only possible to begin where the authors begin. Childhood is sketchily presented and the earliest appearance of any type occurs when she is a young girl.

If we must believe that Juliet was enchanting at fourteen, we must believe it also when these Spanish American authors tell us of these so charming young girls of sixteen. Sixteen seems to be a favored age, and if it is necessary in the course of the story to progress considerably the age of this type is ignored as tactfully as possible. Sometimes when this type seems insipid it is well to remember that they are thrust into emotions and situations which would task the understanding of the most precocious of their age.

The general devotion to beauty makes the authors kindly present all young girls of this type with enough physical perfections to cover whatever else they may lack. The life they lived would actually have resulted in making them victims of tuberculosis or anemia, but doing nothing aside from weeping and praying seemed to result, for them at least, in health and beauty. All had beautiful figures with beautiful curves, yet main-

tained a girlish slenderness considered charming. Vicente Riva Palacio says his doña Blanca was "slender as the calyx of a lily",(5) and Juan A. Mateos tells us that Luz had "a waist like a wasp's."(6) This extreme slenderness was never made unattractive by the slightest awkwardness. Elastic and supple, these figures bent and swayed like a reed of grass in the breeze. Extremely young, the typical figure has lines that are soft and finely blended. The movements and walk are very graceful and light. Of this same doña Blanca the author says "she seemed to glide like a Naiad over the surface of the water."(7) No walk could be more graceful and light than that. The feet of this type almost rivalled the bound feet of the Chinese in smallness, but were beautiful in spite of their size. Mármol in describing Amalia's shoes says: "a pair of little shoes embroidered in white silk scarcely six inches long and correspondingly narrow."(8) Juan A. Mateos tells us of Luz "some microscopic boots could be seen at intervals beneath that cloud of gauze and flowers."(9)

Strangely enough, this slenderness permitted dimples. Dimpled hands, dimpled elbows and dimples playing around a smiling mouth abound. Isaacs in writing of María says "that dimpled smile"(10) and Riva Palacio tells us that doña Blanca had "in her chin one of those dimples which are bewitching".(11) Isaacs says of María's hands "her aristocratic hands sprinkled with dimples".(12) What these girls lack in vivacity they make up with sweetness,

and though these dimpled smiles appear seldom and are often tinged with sadness or even with tears, the expression found on the face of this type is sweet and winning.

The poise and tact which one would expect to be absent in one of such childish years and lack of experience, are pleasingly present. The type bows and smiles, dances, walks, and swoons with grace and composure. An erect carriage, the head gracefully drooping under the heavy hair, the only indication of disturbance appears in a series of becoming blushes.

The hands of this type are beautiful as one would expect. Very small, with skin like silk, rosy, oval nails, these lovely hands are cold or warm according to the effect desired. Amalia's hands are first shown to us in a poetic setting when the author writes "her hand of alabaster on the table of black marble",(13) and Isaacs' María we are told had "hands cared for like those of a queen"(14) in spite of her lack of vanity. When Luz dresses for the ball she wore "white gloves fitted on those hands of a child."(15) Going further C. O. Bunge in describing the lovely hands of another Blanca says "her abbatial hands at times appeared to be luminous".(16)

The face of this type almost defies description. Riva Palacio says himself that his heroine was "one of

those women which the imagination conceives but which neither the brush nor the pen can portray".(17) In spite of this authors do portray many of this type of girls. Generally the face to haunt the dreams of the men who love them so madly is fashioned along certain admired lines. The type has masses of silky curly or curled hair crowning her lovely head. This hair may be of any color although usually it is a lovely chestnut brown or black as a ravan's wing. It may be dressed in many ways. Mármol's Amalia had "curls of her light chestnut colored hair thrust behind her ears"(18) when she was at home, but when she appeared in society her coiffure was much more elaborate for we are told: "Her hair was curled, and her curls fine and shining fell to her alabaster neck, and among them on her right temple was placed a lovely white rose. The rest of her beautiful hair surrounded the back part of her head in a double braid which seemed to be held in place by one single gold pin at the end of which could be seen a beautiful pearl".(19) Vargas Vila writes of the hair of Celina "her hair knotted on the upper part of her head letting fall toward the back two small curls and a light fringe of hair cut over her forehead as was the style then".(20) Isaacs' María had "her long hair di-

vided into two braids which half hid her back."(21) Whatever the arrangement of the hair might be it is always beautiful, abundant, carefully cared for and indeed a crowning glory.

The favorite ornament for this type seems to be always composed of flowers. If it could be a flower that evoked sentimental thoughts or had romantic connotation so much the better. These sweet girls who fall into this type feel themselves in a close affinity with all flowers and try to always have fresh blossoms near them. The daughters of the rich pinned them on with jewelled pins; the daughters of the poor thrust the fresh flowers in their hair and felt just as adorned. In Altamirano's El Zarco Manuela and Pilar occupy themselves in adorning their black braids with fragrant flowers. The meek Pilar who had no trace of vanity busied herself by "placing in her black braids a garland of orange blossoms".(22) Manuela, naturally more fiery, indicated this in her choice, for she was "very entertained in winding in the black silky masses of her hair a garland of fragrant white roses and marigolds".(23) Isaacs' María appeared and her lover noticed that "at the base of one of her braids she wore a carnation".(24) Juan A. Mateos presents Luz dressed for a ball, attired in the height of fashion, but still to augment the

effect it could be seen that "among the gold of her hair she had pinned four roses."(25) So, rich and poor alike, this type has the charming habit of pinning fresh flowers on their dress, in their hair, or simply holding them in their hand.

The eyes of this type are indicative of their nature. They are the clear soft eyes of a brooding timid girl which do not know how to gleam with the fire of revenge or hatred. Long lashes shadow the pale rose cheeks when the lids are downcast, which is often. Frequent tears in the eyes of this type seem to make the eyes dazzle with their brightness, and the long lashes are only more appealing when wet with tears. The type weeps without effort and for the most far fetched reason. Tears flow beautifully from their eyes without the disfiguring facial contractions which normally accompany tears. Their tears slide like diamonds over their flower petal skins and only enhance their girlish helplessness and sweetness. Shadows around the eyes and languid preoccupied glances are to be expected. Mateos tells us of the eyes of Luz "the torment of her love had made her glance languid and given a melancholy shadow to those beautiful eyes".(26) V. F. López in La Novia del Hereje writes of María: "Her eyes were black, large and lively; the brightness of her glance was found enhanced by two of those melancholy and mysterious

shadows which give such a profound and burning tenderness to the eyes of a beautiful woman."(27) The eyes of this type may not shine with keen intelligence, but they are beautiful an d very appealing.

The appearance of this type always recalls the pictured or sculptured virgins seen in the gallery or in a church. There is seldom a rapid play of expression over the face. The features are softly beautiful, the eyes are pensive and have a far away look. The nose never shows a marked character and the full red lips are half open in a sad sweet smile. Even if not religious these comparisons to virgins are always very flattering because if it is not done by a pious person, it is usually made by an artistic one. Mateos writes that especially on account of her eyes Luz appeared "like the magdalenes of Correggio".(28) C. O. Bunge writes of Blanca: "He thought he had in front of him some old painting seen in the museums of Europe, perhaps the image of some angelical princess, who died a virgin and in the odor of sanctity".(29) Isaacs uses a similar comparison when he says María's face was "the face of a virgin by Raphael".(30) Federico Gamboa writes of Noeline "one of those Italian virgins which the great masters of the past century painted."(31)

This type of young girl is lovely and may be looked at indulgently for after all she is so very immature. Her beauty of face and figure is at its purest, freshest moment. Her sadness, her weeping, only add an appeal to her fragile beauty. To the eyes of those who love her at least she is:

> "A lovely being, scarcely formed or molded, (32)
> A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Young ladies of this type are ready for love and intrigue, marriage, and motherhood at such an early age that it only follows that their education can not have been very extensive. The indications that a girl is educated were very trivial. She reads but little because few books are considered suitable for one whose mental innocence must be preserved. Having few if any acquaintances or relatives away from her immediate reach this type has no need to write letters. To be able to trace a few lines to a sweetheart is all that is necessary. Discreetly she never signs more than her initial, being secretly pleased with the air of mystery and intrigue this lends. What these girls could know of any of the subjects studied in any of our public schools is evident. While the boys were sent to school, or at least studied with a priest, girls were usually not considered, and this type naturally developed in a happy contented ignorance. Even where the expense could have

been no object an education for these girls was considered of very secondary importance. Isaacs writes that María and Emma, grown young ladies, had the whim "to make some elementary studies"(33) This sudden thirst for knowledge cannot be taken seriously, for it was just an excuse to be with Efraín. The references to the education of this type are along other lines of learning.

Belonging to a naturally musical people these girls played and sang, perhaps not too intelligently nor too well, but the type usually plays the piano when necessary and sings with a sweet voice songs of a tender nature. The guitar is a popular instrument because it lends itself as an accompaniment to vocal music and permits pretty posing on the part of the player. Juanita in Hugo Wast's Corbata Celeste sings and plays with grace and poise, since she is singing to her lover who must leave her. In the midst of a ball we are told "They brought a guitar and Juanita begged the pianist to give her the piano bench, and seated on it she started to tune the instrument".(34) María and Emma could sing together pleasingly enough. Isaacs tells us that Emma played the guitar while "theyjoined their voices, untrained but fresh as the nature of which they sang."(35) They seemes to learn this music from each other or from mother teaching daughter, because formal music lessons and tiresome hours of practice are not mentioned.

Sewing and embroidering are ladylike occupations very suitable to the talents of this type. The nuns of those countries were adept at doing marvels of needlework and some girls were taught by them. Vargas Vila tells us that Celina only left her home "the four years that she had remained far from it in the boarding school of Ursuline nuns in the capital"(36), and as a result of this her critical aunt examining her embroidery had to exclaim, "It is well. There is no one like the nuns to teach this; what hands, they make beauties"(37). Since they had a great deal of time girls could sew a great deal and by practice teach themselves to be fairly expert.

Such a thing as domestic science in school was unheard of, even among the very few who attended a sister's school. However at home, these girls learned to cook little delicacies. They would not dream of attempting a complete meal, but they made a little candy, cooked fruits without knowing how to preserve them for any length of time, and the more enterprizing could bake some pastry.

The religous ideas and attitudes are as vague and unthinking as one would expect. From her earliest infancy she has seen a crucifix over her bed, she has been crossed with holy water, a rosary has been thrust in her hand, and she has lisped prayers in unison with the rest of the family or in church. Later, if she has

attended a sister's school she has been taught many prayers, the catechism, and listened while the lives of the saints were being read. If she has fixed her attention on the reading perhaps in a lonely moment she has longed to live a saintly life and considered the charms of the cloister. Usually the reaction is not long in coming for this girl cannot concentrate seriously on anything, and her attitude toward religion becomes more worldly. She still goes to church. She may, like Rina, (38) even sing in the choir or belong to one of those societies half social, half religious. Many times the church is only a becoming background for her little adventures. In the church she knows she appears more ethereal, more mystic and alluring than in any other light. She bows her head, crosses herself, and slips the rosary through her slender fingers quite automatically for her whole attention is centered in exchanging glances, smiles, and sighs with some young man who has come to the church for this very purpose. As she leaves the church she meets the young man of her fancy at the receptacle holding the holy water, and he dips his fingers in and their fingers touch. If this is not feasible he has hastened out to the door of the church. She knows that he is watching and as she comes into the sunlight, her eyes are dazzled after the darkness of the church, but she manages to cast a glance

or two in his direction. Feeling elated over this little byplay she also feels very pious and good because she has exerted herself to go and hear mass.

The occupations of this young girl could not be very important. The daughters of the poor might be shaken from their indolence and obliged to do a great deal, but certainly this work was not done from choice. Rina in Flor de durazno (39) was obliged to wash in the river, milk the cows, care for the chickens, clean the house, sew and cook for her father and brother, but such industry is not typical. The daughter of a rich or even moderately rich father did nothing which could not have been left undone or which someone could not have done better. She sewed on frocks for herself although often these were made by poorly paid seamstresses. Hugo Wast writes of Juanita in La Corbata Celeste: "She wore a frock she herself had made copied from Parisian models received by the ladies of fortune and which the poor girls worked to copy". (40) When not sewing on clothes she sewed on altar cloths or, if more ambitious, even on vestments for the priests of some favorite church. Some sewed with such indirection and lack of interest that they accomplished nothing. In El Hombre de hierro María passed a great deal of her time working on some useless task of embroidery or sewing, interrupted a hundred times, never finished." (41)

It was never customary for a girl to prepare a trousseau, but they embroidered on linens which they used at home or gave to friends who were already married.

Birds were unfortunate enough to be favored pets in these households. If these girls were not too lazy or if they cared enough for the birds, they made a ceremony of feeding and cleaning the bird cages every day. In the bed room of Amalia, Marmol says, could be found "four linnets in cages of gilt wire"(42) for which she cared with her own white hands. López Portillo writes of the industrious Ramona: "in the meantime Ramona cleaned the cages of the birds and gave the little animals their dinner".(43) Birds seem unresponsive to human affection, but this type likes them well enough because after all, once the birds were cared for they require no more attention until the next day. Since this type could not be called scholarly, they certainly devoted no time to study. Relatively few books were available for them to read even if they were anxious to do so. Lack of education, lack of experience, lack of judgement makes the taste of this girl rather sentimental. Books of a gothic style, sad tales of love please her. Raselda in La Maestra normal cries copiously over Isaacs' María and loses herself in reading, with bated breath and throbbing heart, the sickly

novels which come to her hand.[44] Blanco Fombona writes of María: "she passed entire days extended on a chaise longue, going through some sentimental novel".[45] These novels often had an unwholesome effect. The girl with very little in her head, occupying herself all day with day dreams and anxious for romantic adventures, swallows the most absurd love stories and hopes to live through similar adventures. The clandestine meetings, the burning kisses, the vows of eternal love, the manly charms she reads about fire her imagination and awaken in her desires for love affairs with dashing young men who have been poetically wicked in the past. She has no criteria by which she may judge, and since she actually knows no young men, these sickly novels she reads surreptiously, present love and life to her in an unnatural light.

To get married as quickly as possible is the paramount aim. Visions of herself dressed in white satin, with orange blossoms in her hair and hands, with a cloud of tulle enveloping her, haunt her dreams from the time she is thirteen or fourteen. Since every other girl has the same ambition, the one who actually gets married has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that she is envied by her friends. Since her ideas of love are sentimental and she is inclined to consider herself madly in love with anyone who pays her the slightest atten-

tion, her consent to most marriages is easily obtained. She hopes for a tempestuous love affair. She hopes for a highly romantic lover, for all the excitement she can possibly wring from a few meetings or merely opportunities of seeing her loved hero. She never doubts that someone talented, rich, and handsome will marry her, sweeping her from her feet by his wild love. If this fails to appear soon, she begins to lose her sang froid and begins to clutch at straws. She is terrified that she will be left to take care of the children of her more fortunate friends or relatives, or that the task of dressing the saints in the church will fall to her. In El Zarco Manuela says speaking of the Indian who loves her: "I prefer anything to marrying that man", (46) and then to show how desperate her resolution is she says: "I would rather be left to dress the saints". (47) Blanco-Fombona has María express a typical thought when she says: "It was necessary not to be left to dress images or for a nursemaid for my cousin's children". (48) Her ideas about what her position as a married woman will be are entirely favorable in spite of all the evidence which surrounds her on every hand. She wants to get married, she believes herself in love and is unreasonably confident as to the love her husband will feel for her. Her marriage will be different. Many other husbands are flagrantly unfaithful, there are

too many children, the wife loses her health and beauty, there is sickness, death, and the financial reverses ever present in society, but she firmly closes her eyes to this. Before marriage she thinks that once married she will lead a free unhampered life, that she will have dignity in society as a young matron, that she will be amused, entertained, happy. María in El Hombre de hierro speaks again: "I wished to make for myself an independent position--because women should marry". (49)

So these girls dream of love, or marriage as the happiness which fate has in store for them. Unthinkingly, they exaggerate every feeling, until they are beyond reason or control. Having once set their mind on one man, considering marriage as a likely outcome of this affair, their sorrow exceeds all reasonable bounds if her plans are frustrated. Even though, in her youth and childishness, she may not actually be deeply in love, she cannot reason nor console herself. Fainting at every mention of the lover's name, weeping floods of tears, losing her appetite, sighing even for death, this creature, when thwarted in love, can cause more commotion than anyone would imagine. Eventually, of course, another will appear, and then she rationalizes enough to forget her past emotions, because it is in keeping with her ideals to have only one great love in her life.

Her pastimes are those in which she may look pretty. Any physical exorcise which would leave her prespiring, with hair dishevelled and her dress disordered is absolutely out of the question. She dances lightly and gracefully under the watchful eyes of her mamma. Even so dancing is the joy of her life, and she is never so happy as when anticipating a dance of some sort. Picnics are sometimes arranged although these are not informal enough to be extremely popular. The daughters of the poor go for strolls through parks or walks while the daughters of the rich ride in open carriages or later open automobiles. They take these little excursions late in the afternoon, and even though they seek their sweethearts they don't dare do more than smile or bow to them because even though a mother is not watching them everyone else is. They attend the theater in proportion to the family income. Going to the church often should be considered only as a means of entertainment. Visits to friends and relatives serve as a pastime which disposes of many hours. While at home this type amuses herself curling her hair, looking out of the window, reading a little, playing the piano or the guitar if she is able, and often doing nothing but sitting with folded hands and losing herself in dreaming.

This girl has mannerisms and affectations which vary

according to her moods and change with the passing of the years. Timidity and modesty are considered genteel and the girls all take pride in being hypocritically timid and modest. She trembles at every noise, every sudden word. Every admiring glance makes her lower her dark lashes to her blushing cheeks. Thinking these gestures are charming naturally she avails herself to their use on every possible occasion. She thinks constantly of young men, yet when she finally converses with one, she will be apparently cruel, disdainful, and full of forced laughter, thinking this attitude will make her appear more valuable in his eyes. Her modesty is carried to extremes. Riva Palacio's doña Blanca shows her unnatural modesty when she is being tortured by saying: "Undress me, monsters! not that; martyrize me, kill me, but don't undress me. Not that, not that, I don't want them to uncover me, to undress me; better kill me, kill me!"(50) V. F. López shows the affected timidity of these girls when his María after deliberately looking for this young man, blushes, falters, and says: "I would be infinitly grateful to you if you would permit me to leave. Ah, sir! I wish to go down to the side of my dear mamma".(51) When the poor young man told her of his love, and though it sounded like heavenly music to her ears, she answered with an angelic look: "If you only knew what I suffer you would free

me from this martyrdom".(52)

The weak type of young girl is beautiful, very ignorant, and inexperienced; but full of sentimental romantic ideas. She has little to do, little to occupy her mind, so she is not to blame if she becomes unwholesomely sentimental and melodramatic. At this point in her life the opinion of the world, the admiration of her friends, and above all the attention and love of young men are things of prime importance to her. Considering that, she is fortunate, not examining her heart too carefully, and never once questioning the compatability of her husband, if she marries; and her next appearance is as a young matron.

B. Young Married Women

The young girl who longs for love and marriage hears and answers the marriage service with a thankful feeling in her heart. She may be in love, madly in love, but another feeling that enters is one of relief. She has escaped the terrifying prospect of being forced to fill the role of a woman who has been left unwanted and thereby proved undesirable. Whatever trials await her, she at least won't be humiliated by the pity of her friends.

She is too inexperienced and her knowledge of the experience of others is too narrow to permit her to evolve any ideas which might make her uncomfortable in the situation she has made for herself. She agrees whole heartedly with Solis in La Maestra normal when he says about marriage: "It was for women the only source of happiness. Men could find pleasure, or better said pleasures, through innumerable ways, but women had no other besides love". (53) She has believed this all her life and she has had no other aim since she first realized there was such a thing as marriage.

Marriage makes her position in society a secure and respected one. She is now a young matron, the feminine head of another household. Her own family may

miss her, but they are glad to see her established and feel that she has done what is to be expected of her. Even though the family might not have been too enthusiastic about the young man, they have given their consent or the marriage would not have taken place. They realize that he will probably be no better nor any worse than others she might marry and even if they see her unhappy with him, they will suggest nothing except humility, tact, and patience. His family feels that she must produce the heirs to the family name and fortune, so even though they might not be too fond of her they will be loyal and protective in their attitude.

If the marriage is a poor one the girl finds that she must work, and often she is overwhelmed by the responsibility. However she is usually willing, and since she comes from a poor home she knows what must be done. Being active she will have less time to long for social triumphs, for new love adventures, for money to spend, or to become moody and discontented. If she marries a well to do man she will have servants, and however inefficient they may be, they must manage to do the work as best they can for she can do nothing. She will try to direct the household and she will find herself loaded with advice from every relative. At first the novelty and the fact that she is in love with her husband will make this new phase in her life pleasant, and she will

feel pleasure in her new importance.

Very soon there are children. Often there are a great many, and the poor girl is at her wits end. She sees her health, youth, and beauty rapidly fading away. She is nervous and irritable, or perhaps dull and passive having given up her visions of herself as a social butterfly. The freedom she had hoped for as a married woman is of little use to her. Often ill, with a house full of poorly disciplined children her desires to go out into society a great deal are soon forgotten. Sometimes she is lucky enough to have a widowed aunt, or an old maid cousin who will come and live with her and take some of her duties upon herself. Edwardo Barrios in writing of Jacinta in Un Perdido says: "The husband had the good idea of taking with him, when he married a sainted older sister, a woman old, ugly, and passive, clean, dry, with transparent ears and feverish eyes, so good and as much in love with Anita as he was. Jacinta was so methodical and industrious that she was the only one who passed bad nights when the children cut teeth or had measles, and she put them to sleep, first with measured songs and later with murmured stories."(54) The young married woman is too affectionate, and her devotion to her children absorbs her too much for the good of either of them. She neglects any other interest she might have had--her appearance, her

husband--for them. She has poor control over the children. She has no sensible ideas about their food and sleeping, and the younger children are usually fretful and very troublesome as a result.

The husband who has raised her to a married state must come in for some consideration. So much of her happiness or the reverse depends on him. Taking it for granted that he is very much in love when they are married, this love will probably be severely tested in the years to come. Her greatest charms are physical attractions and a clinging flattering sweetness at first. Very likely this beauty fades quickly, she loses the sweet disposition fretting over her new duties. She is not usually intelligent, and she has not been encouraged to develope her mental resources. The husband who must make the living can't afford to go to sleep mentally as she has done, and they have very little to bind them closer together as the years go on except the children. As a wife she is protected by a certain code which makes the husband and others offer a sincere respect to the one whom he has made his wife. Whatever he may do she must be, like Caesar's wife, above reproach, so that she may be a worthy mother to his children--worthy of bearing the name he has given her. If she should show signs of suspicious ambitions any measures, however severe, which he may choose to

correct her are approved by society as perfectly deserved. He may be unreasonably jealous. Jealousy is flattering but when carried to extremes it becomes very trying. Poor María in El Hombre de hierro was scarcely home from the honeymoon when she had this jealousy to worry her. She thought, "He was jealous, so ridiculously jealous! already they had had scenes on returning from the theater--because she had looked, or had not looked at someone. For her to go out alone? He would never permit it."(55)

The woman ages much more quickly than the husband. Very often he is flagrantly, deliberately unfaithful to her. Not with women of their own circle but with paid mistresses whom he finds among theatrical people, poor young working girls or professional prostitutes. Even when the wife is fully aware of this she can do absolutely nothing. If she loves him, is jealous, and cannot control herself, there are scenes, tears, hysteria, threats--perhaps even promises of good behavior on his part; but she can't compete with the world and the established order of society in which she lives and soon he will do the same thing again. Perhaps she suffers deeply, and even though he may feel a little compassion he is not surprised because he expects his wife to love him. If she does not love him very much, or if this love is killed by his infidelity, she will

pretend to absolutely ignore his double life. It saves her dignity, prevents scenes over something she cannot remedy, and she gains the approval of society for her tactful behavior and eventually the appreciation of her husband. Husband and wife, knowing each other only slightly before marriage, often find themselves entirely incompatible. The suffering of Lupe in Metamórfosis by Gamboa is not an unusual case.(56)

Happy or unhappy the die has been cast. There is no divorce. If she is very unhappy she may think like Blanco-Fombona's María: "She thought of widowhood and liberty as a probable thing. In the intimacy of her soul something rejoiced and smiled at the idea of her future redemption".(57) As she lives her life and faces, however weakly, the situations which confront her she changes. Her sweetness and meekness becomes less saccharine. Her poise increases and experience gives her an insight which she has sadly lacked. The difficult years of adjustment, of child bearing, of harrowing jealousies are past; and she regains, tempered and true, the amiability of her disposition. Her children may still worry her, but they are past the age of croup and stomach ache and she hopes now to enjoy their love and fondly admire their little triumphs. The role of sweet young girl was exchanged for that of wife, and this in its turn gives way to that of mother.

C. Mothers

Before she has had time to do more than collect her thoughts and energies, this type finds that her own children have stepped into the lime light and thrust her into a secondary place. At fifteen or even before, her girls are ready to be taken everywhere and to assume the role she herself played a few short years ago. She must feel a sad forboding pang to see how her youth has fled, how, although she is probably not forty, the eye of the public has long ago found women much yõunger, more alert, more beautiful than she. From now on she is placed in the uncomfortable, unflattering, exasperating role of chaperon. She knows that from now on young people look upon her as a necessary evil. Her place is that of a spectator. She must stay in a chair by the wall and content herself with being part of a faded spiritless group while her daughter dances and flirts under her watchful eye until she too is married and the cycle begins again. Doña Canuta in El Cerro de las campanas is certainly an exception with her ambitions, for she hasn't lost hopes and says to her husband: "You are an insufferable man, you haven't brought me even one partner for a dance when you know the weakness I have for dancing".(58) But she and her friends are doomed to neglect, for later she complains again say-

ing: "These people ignore the customs of the royal courts. Efigenia and I haven't danced at all"[59] and her friend, more resigned than she, sighs: "These men, they are dying for the young girls".[60]

The mother realizes that her beauty has fled with her youth. She may be fortunate and have sweetness and charm, but she may be rather worn out and apathetic. The delicate charming lines of her figure have been erased by fat or lost by illness. There is a passive fatalistic attitude in the character of this typical woman which makes her bow her head to whatever comes to her, and with a shrug of her shoulders, pretend that it cannot be remedied. Occasionally, by a series of fortunate accidents, or because hers was a beauty which even time hesitates to mar, a woman preserves her beauty and pride into this period, but this is not usual. The more typical one is like doña Josefa in El Hombre de hierro whom the author describes as: "The mother, doña Josefa de Linares, little and chubby--one hundred and seventy five pounds of fat".[61] If this is not so the lines have been lost in ungracious stiffness like doña Canuta of whom the author says: "Fajardo's lady was an old lady, dry like a reed in the winter".[62]

The mother, once having acknowledged to herself that her days of being beautiful are past, usually resigns herself to her role almost unconsciously and de-

votes every thought to her children. Her anxious eyes follow them, and usually she is an unreasonably fond and proud mother. She attributes to them every virtue and charm. Doña Magdalena in El Gaucho de"Los Cerrillos" by Manual Gálvez is not an exaggeration when her attitude toward her son is expressed as follows: "Magdalena had a weakness for her oldest son. She complained that no one understood the poor little thing. If they took him to jail, it was because he was taking someone else's punishment. If they accused him of passing the afternoon at the cock fights--he had to amuse himself at something! She found it entirely natural that he should disappear from home for a week, --How could he fail to fly from such a house, with a father who did nothing but scold him and some preverse sisters who made fun of the innocent boy and even slandered him calling him a drunkard? !(63) Doña Magdalena, soft of character, only found energy when defending her son. An attitude like this makes the mother helpless in the hands of a strong willed son or daughter if she happens to have one. She cannot judge calmly and they take advantage of her at every opportunity. Knowing dimly her weakness, and the lack of logic in her arguments she falls back upon the conventional platitude that mothers know best. She falls back upon the false respect, which is really meaningless, that society grants her when she demands it by

the sole virtue of her motherhood. The law, the church, the custom of society grant her this filial respect and obedience. However, it often happens that she does not deserve it; and her children, being more alert than she, develop a hypocritical attitude toward her and deceive and disobey her at every opportunity. She has the love of her children and usually their respect even though the last may not be sincere. She is a very sweet, very loving mother even though she seldom is an understanding one. If her children are like her in character and disposition they may care very deeply for each other and the mother is very happy in the love of her children. If her children outrage her she knows she can do nothing, and her only hope lies in having a husband with a stronger hand than hers. Commonly she tries to coerce her children through pity for her and even goes as far as doña Antonia in El Zarco when she says: "I shall never see such a thing, I will die before from worry and from shame".(64) Her hold on her children is only one of love, and this sometimes fails her and leaves her helplessly wringing her hands as she did when she was sixteen.

It is a curious psychological fact that girls who are only conventionally religious, become aggressively so when they are older and have some one whom they feel called upon to guide. The mother makes her daughters conform with the religious duties which she feels are

necessary. The children are baptized, sent to communion, confession, and made to attend church as often as it is at all practical. Many mothers feel that it would give them the greatest joy to give a son to God as a priest or a daughter as a nun. This woman seems to have wiped from her mind her feeling toward the rituals of the church at her children's age. She forgets that she went to church to see her sweetheart as her daughter probably is doing behind her back, and that her son is someone's sweetheart now. She fails to comprehend that their interest in church may be anything but a Godly one. She places a religious interpretation on things that happen in her favor. When doña Magdalena in El Gaucho de "Los Cerillos" is happy over the falsehoods her son tells her. She says that "She was going to have some masses said to Nuestra Señora de Luján to thank her for the miracle; because it was a miracle".(65) Her religion affects the entire household. In La Novia del hereje the daughter María notices with relief that her mother doña Mencia Manrique "became seasick which prevented her from carrying out those long and repeated prayers with which she occupied her family for so many hours".(66)

This typical woman turned to religion in all her troubles. She spent hours and often considerable money bribing some saint to do something for her which she

could not do herself. Doña Paz in La Parcela is acting true to form when as a solution to their difficulties, she repeatedly tells her daughter: "Let's ask the Virgin very earnestly--Thus these difficulties will be ended, and we will avoid many disturbances and perhaps real misfortunes".(67) Then, fearing that this was not enough to get what she wanted, she went to church and "The good woman finished by begging him (the priest) that there should be triduum to solicit the grace from God and she ordered twenty masses for the same intention".(68) This religion is not feigned nor insincere but it is used as a prop, as an alley, by this type of woman. Having no control over worldly events and feelings, they lean on religion as something which, though it may not immediately do what they wish, it is a spiritual support which encourages them to hope.

The husband has been in the background all this time. In her absorbing concern over her children she has forgotten him a little. He is no longer her entire world. If he has made her happy, he no longer makes her as happy as her children, and if he has kept her in jealous misery, she no longer cares because there are children to console her. As the head of the household the husband sometimes imposes his will upon the children not without reason. His efforts to discipline are often handicapped by the secret opposition of the

wife who thinks her child can do no wrong. On the other hand she is often sadly in need of his support when she realizes the falseness of her authority.

In spite of the sorrows and disappointments which may come to her this typical mother enjoys her children. She adores them; just to be near them--useful to them--is a great joy for her. No sacrifice is too great for her to make, and she takes positive pleasure in doing for her children things which they should do for themselves. This quality of abnegation, this whole hearted devotion to their welfare, this boundless love for her children gives her a worthiness and dignity this weak type has never reached before.

D. Grandmothers

This weak type makes a very charming grandmother. If she has preserved her health, her disposition is better than ever. Unless she is very unfortunate or insists on suffering vicariously for her children, her troubled years have been left behind. Futile pointless ambitions have been forgotten, domestic difficulties have been ironed out, she sees her children established in homes of their own, and even if they are not too blissful, the old lady knows by now that life isn't one long draught of happiness. She is a staunch devoted admirer of everything they do or say and is proverbially indulgent with her grandchildren.

The old lady finds many pleasant little tasks for herself. She has never been especially industrious. Never in her life has she undertaken serious work, and it is too late to do so now; but she has little responsibility now and need not hesitate to occupy her time as she wishes. She does needle work if her eyes permit and takes much pleasure in supplying baby clothes for all the newly arrived children. She takes care of the birds and loves them very much. There are a great many plants in flower pots in the patio or in the windows. These are her special delight. She has

great success with her plants and attaches much importance to them. The flowers are gathered with care and given to friends or taken to adorn the altar of some saint either at church or at home. (69) Misia Gertrudis in Un Perdido is a perfect example of such a busy loving grandmother.

She knows that she cannot remain much longer in this world and her thoughts turn more and more to religion. When she goes to church, she bends her creaking joints with real devotion, and her eyes are fixed upon the Redeemer's cross rather than on some foppish youth half hidden behind the dark columns. She gives money if she has any--if not, she urges her children to support the churches as much as they can afford. She draws closer to the religion because she has time for introspection and she can accept the credos of the church with a sincere child-like faith. Hers has been the sheltered conventional life. She has stepped down the path outlined for her by society. She may have suffered, she may have been bored or boring, she may have known occasional pangs of curiosity as to how the rest of the world lives, but it has never gone beyond a curiosity. She has been sheltered, and her life has progressed along an even way. She has reached the end of her life and it is time now to leave this sweet harmless creature and consider those who have not been so fortunately protected.

E. Unmarried Women

The fate of a woman who fails to find herself a husband is sad. She knows that in the eyes of everyone who knows her she has failed in a woman's first duty. She knows that they pity her when they think of her. They feel at liberty to patronize her, to impose upon her and to regard with derisive indulgence any expression she may make. She herself feels insecure, superfluous and self conscious. Her pride and self assurance have suffered a severe blow which may be softened only by time. When she is younger her hopes have not been entirely extinguished, and for several years she humiliates herself and embarasses her associates by her obvious efforts to attract a husband. As the years go on these efforts become more frantic and therefore more pitiable. Gradually the girl is no longer a girl in years and society makes no effort to conceal from her the fact that they consider her beyond all hope. She must reconcile herself as best she may and fill her years with the tasks belonging to others or else work out a miserable living for herself if this is necessary. She is not at all self sufficient nor self reliant. She cannot convince herself, let alone anyone else, that her life need not necessarily be a vale of tears be-

cause she was unable to entice a man to the altar. With this weight of self reproach upon her mind any personal charm she may have had soon is crushed out of existance. She feels that she has proved herself undesirable and this humiliation colors every work or deed for the rest of her life.

Considering that she is not poor and may be independent enough, the woman of this weak type does not have the energy to be so. She is not intelligent enough to amuse herself extensively in reading or study. She has no ambitions to perfect herself in any line. Feeling that other women do not do so, she fails to realize that her position is entirely different and take advantage of it. She lacks the courage and energy to travel. Usually she has few, if any, companions in a similar situation, and she dares not venture to let people think what they will and travel alone. In society she is usually uncomfortable and self conscious because she feels herself out of place and unwanted. If she lives alone her life is very lonely. She does not have intelligence nor initiative sufficient to attract an interesting circle of friends. Her relatives feel that, after all since she is an old maid, she needs but little and have no qualms about getting anything from her that is possible.

She is probably unnatural in her dealings with her

nieces and nephews because she is unaccustomed to children. It is often better for her if she lives in a household of some married relative. Here she may often be annoyed and hurt, but at least she feels nearer the center of living and not so completely left out. Habit familiarizes her with the children, and loving them very much in her loneliness she becomes their trusted friend and indispensible nurse. Jacinta[70] in Un Perdido is a very good example. Charito[71] in the same book belongs to this unfortunate type. Early she realized that she would never marry, and she found shelter in the home of an aunt where she took care of the children and did all the odd jobs no one else cared to do. Her brother saw that after doing this for a while she was "with black circles under her eyes and not improved. She inspired a certain pity for a frustrated girl".[72] Later Charito sees a salvation offered her which seems too good to be true. She is to go as a companion to a rich cousin, and this causes her to exclaim happily: "I think--I don't know why--that she wants me in her house as a companion. Just imagine!"[73] She asks but little to be happy in her humility.

If she is really poor her situation as a woman who has no man to protect her is infinitely worse. She must venture into the world which has no place for her and endeavor to earn her daily bread by whatever poor

means are open to her. Her inconfidence her inability and her lack of training make her very undesirable in a business world where gallantry is an unknown quality. The men who have ignored her as a companion value her no higher as an employee, and the wages that she may earn in a store are pitifully meager. Nacha (74) in the book Nacha Regules by Manuel Galvez, unable to live honorably on the salary paid her as a clerk is a typical example. Women of this type are frankly unable to succeed in a business world, and their anxiety to find a husband is excusable in them since they must know what awaits them if they cannot find someone to support them.

Many of them try to make a living by sewing. A woman of this type feels that it is a shameful fact that they must battle for money with which to eat and hide it as much as possible. To sew in their own home, or even in the homes of others, seems to them not quite so shameful as to actually seek a job in some business establishment. Sewing appeals to her because it brings her in contact with desirable people in an informal intimate manner which her position would otherwise make impossible. Often she actually enjoys the days she spends working in the homes of her employers. She feels a part of the complex family life she misses. She en-

joys the varied plentiful meals, and her curious,starved, resentful mind treasures the gossip she hears, the situations she discovers or imagines. On the other hand, the pay is poor and the income from this work likely to be unreliable and subject to seasons and social whims. She half blinds herself by this work which taxes her eyes so severely. She must cater to the likes and dislikes of every woman who employes her. What little self respect and pride she has left are soon annihilated as day by day she must woo and flatter women more fortunate than she. Juanita Perez in El Hombre de hierro is one of these unhappy seamstresses. Blanco-Fombona tells us "Juanita Perez has to sew for the friends of her childhood--prosperous school mates--and she sweats blood to gather together the twenty dollars for the monthly rent of the little house". (75)

If as a girl this type was poor and doubted her matrimonial chances, she may have prepared herself for the teaching profession. Although she feels trained for a profession, and it is to her credit that she has at least tried to fit herself for some sort of work, she has not chosen a very lucrative field. The educational systems in these countries being in deplorable financial condition she finds that here too the hours are long and the pay miserable. It seems almost impossible to obtain a position in the more desirable schools where

appointments are not always made on merit. Poor Matilde in Los Ojos vendados by Hugo Wast learned of this, for the author writes: "She went a thousand times to the Education Office, and she heard a thousand times the excuse with which they turned her away until another time---'There are so many teachers!'".(76)

Many of this type of girls have no talent for teaching and made a very poor job of it. They lack the initiative and leadership so necessary in a good teacher. This typical girl finds herself unable to place a strong hand on the situations which she must meet, and soon the confusion caused by her lack of decision is entirely out of her weak control. Raselda in La Maestra normal was a sweet dreamy loving girl, but as a teacher she was a complete failure. In describing her at work the author writes: "From the beginning of the courses her class was a disaster. She was very forgetful, and she showed herself as unable to direct the class as a pupil in the second grade. She became confused, lost. Sometimes she was inexplicably distracted and said things that were not coherent."(77) Later in thinking over her situation she says to herself: "She on the other hand was never a good pupil and what she learned in school she had forgotten".(78)

A girl of this weak type, when she is beautiful, richly dressed, and fortunate appeals by her fragility

and sweetness to a certain artistic sense. But when she is poor and unattractive her helplessness and weakness only arouse pity in the kind and angry impatience in those who do not feel for the sorrows of others. There are still much lower social depths. The modest dress maker, the poor clerk, the teacher have not openly outraged the moral laws of church and society. While they may be poor, humiliated and unhappy, they are still proud possessors of their valued honor; and they gather their skirts closely about them and pass with a righteous air their sisters who have fallen and are now prostitutes.

F. Social Outcasts

No countries in the world enforce the double standard of morals more rigorously than do the Spanish American countries. This merciless condemnation of the erring woman is vividly reflected in the novels studied. The girl who falls finds that the old verse:

> "When lovely woman stoops to folly
> And finds too late that men betray,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy?
> What art can wash her guilt away? (79)

echoes the sentiment of society in general and that she is indeed ruined. The exaggerated watchfulness of the mothers seems not to be unwarranted for these daughters of a weak type are seduced with surprising ease. Knowing the horrors that await them, knowing that the man will desert them--laugh at them, that society will ostracize them; they still, when they love a man and have an opportunity, let their yielding natures betray them every time. The love sick girl is completely at the mercy of her lover, and he considers it a sign of his virility as a man to take every advantage of this girl who adores him. Like Rina in Flor de durazno she feels it to be a definite proof of her love that she will never deny him anything. (80)

This weak type of girl is pitiful in her lack of

ability to reason and to think when circumstances are such that temptation comes her way. She has had such a romantic longing for love, her imagination has been fired by such fantastic tales of romantic heroes that she thinks her great adventure has come, and she must welcome it with open arms. The dishonorable cowardly character of the man who so miserably fails her trust in him cannot be discussed here. The girl consoles herself with all sort of senseless rationalizations. She tells herself that he adores her, that he will marry her because he loves, respects, and honors her more than anyone in the world. She assures herself that the delays he causes are unavoidable and he suffers as much as she. There being none so blind as those who will not see, the experiences of other unfortunate girls fail to intimidate her greatly, and she is in a mental state where no word of advice or warning will reach her. Doña Crispula speaking of Raselda told her: "It is necessary to be discreet--to be distrusting". (81) She was speaking to deaf ears. This girl knows she should be distrusting, but she has not the power to be so. Later--when it is too late--this girl cries, wrings her hands, and humiliates herself in every way; but she never finds the energy to make the man marry her even though this is the one thing which might console her.

Raselda in La Maestra normal is typical in her reasoning when "She thought with that fatalism of the land and of the race, that it would be useless to attempt to struggle against her misfortune. Without doubt it was God's will that she should fall. With this she excused her sin and even justified its inevitable reoccurance."(82) Then as a further sop to her troubled conscience she thought of the excusing series of circumstances, and then "But her supreme justification was that she had within herself the excuse for her error, she had inherited it from her mother--she was only a victim of heredity and in giving herself to the man she adored she only fulfilled her destiny--fulfilled that invincible fatality of her being".(83) With such a character and disposition which are about as firm as quicksand, the mistakes of such a girl should be looked upon with charity but alas this is not so.

The weak girl who makes a mistake is almost always betrayed by her own physical reaction, or by appearances, or by the man himself. When her plight is known, she can expect no mercy, nor it there any regaining of the honor she has lost. In Los Parientes Ricos(84) the family shields the unfortunate blind girl with their love and care,(85) but this is not the usual story. Rina fled to the city fearing her father and brother would

kill her. Amalia told her story thus: "After her misfortune she had been sent away from home".(86) She returned later and "She only went out at night. Her mother had ordered it thus."(86) The mother felt that she could never hold her head high again because her daughter had thrown away her honor. Santa, bathed in tears, crouching in the dust at her mother's feet heard her say: "When a bad daughter dishonors the gray hair of her mother, when a girl dishonors the brothers who work to support her, then she who is no longer a virgin, soils everything that surrounds her; and it is necessary to cast her out--to suppose her dead--to pray for her".(87) How the man is excused even by the women themselves is shown in Tierra del sol amada by José Rafael Pocaterra when Armando's aunts spoke of him and Carmen whom he had seduced: "He is the man, he isn't to blame, everyone knows how men are--a little mistake--but the girl!--the girl!"(88)

Women are proverbially cruel in their mutual condemnation, but the men here are even more so. The girls know this, but it does not prevent them from making their own case an exception. Once a girl yields, the man feels that by her own error she excuses him from any obligations. He may love her; but the situation is too dangerous, too demanding; and since she is timid,

weeping,and reproachful he knows that soon boredom will kill what love he had; and he will leave her. She knows this too--but still she clings to false hopes and prays her case will be different. Amelia calmly typifies the attitude of men when in telling of her guilty loves she says: "The lieutenant was a splendid man and wanted to marry her. But she told him the truth, and then he was satisfied to make her his mistress".(89) Poor Santa sees the regiment marching away, and the author writes: "On being convinced of the cowardly and eternal abandonment, Santa leaned against the wall, which being made of rock seemed to her softer than the heart of her betrayer, and lifting her apron to her eyes wept bitterly for her heart and body so barbarously destroyed by the wretch who was escaping her."(90) When Raselda realizes her condition and thinks that now Solis must marry her Amelia tells her frankly: "Men don't marry any but honest women. They have a sort of vanity in this."(91) Solis proves this himself, and Raselda must bear alone all the terrible punishment for their illicit love.

Stoned by a righteous society, humiliated, laughed at and deserted by the man who promised her love and marriage,cast aside by her family, this miserable girl who has loved not wisely but too well is driven to desperate steps. Seldom having the valor to kill them-

selves as they often long to do a great many of these girls, having closed the doors of society by one false step, become prostitutes--these social lepers so numerous in these Spanish American novels.

Once having lost her grasp upon respectability this girl sinks into a mire from which she can never hope to rise. It is difficult to generalize upon the path down which they have stumbled to come at last to be that most miserable of women--a prostitute. Sometimes this unhappy girl has been the mistress of several men one after the other until losing her former qualms she goes into this life whole heartedly. Other times, in a frenzied despair she deliberately throws herself into this life which will never again let her go. Since she is young, inexperienced, and often beautiful she soon finds an organized establishment where she may hide her shame from the righteous and live and work with other women like her. It is with a breaking heart, an infinite sense of desolation that a girl enters a place like this knowing that she is now a professional prostitute and never again may she take her place among the innocent and good. Santa voices the despair and heartbreak of this typical girl when she says: "I come because there is no room for me any longer in my home; because my mother and my brothers have thrown me out; because I don't know how to work, and especially because--because I swore that I would end in this, and they did did not believe me."(92) Nacha, Manuel Gálvez's heroine of this type has a similar story. "The story of Nacha

is that, in the boarding house, she fell in love with a student. She eloped with him from the house. A terrible mistake. This fellow kept her for two years but abandoned her. Her child was born dead. On coming out of the hospital she worked in a store. But you know what they pay in those stores. In short--with these troubles and the bad example of some companions, she ended up by going to houses where she earned ten times more than in the store and with work relatively easy and agreeable."(93)

The story of this weak girl is always the same. Never in her most daring moments would she have chosen this life, lacking the valor and the cynicism which would support her in such a dangerous bold venture. She has loved a man, and he has betrayed her. This betrayal has become known, and now outcast from a society which was unable to defend her yet ventures to judge her, the terrified girlish victim takes up a life which she hardly comprehends at first. Separated from everyone she knows, frightened, confused, often longing even for death, the reaction sometimes is slow in coming. In her relative innocence the girl is often exploited, and in her ignorance cannot take care of herself in the situations which arise.

Once definitely established, the girl begins to

be aware of her surroundings and of the really complicated system of which she is a part. Docile, submissive, crushed--she is indifferent for some time; but gradually her youth, her vigor, her health, make themselves felt and she becomes more normal. Since she is young and beautiful she is in a house which pays well. Here she is employed by wealthy men who often have respected daughters as old as she. In time, if her nature is indolent and her conscience easily appeased she comes to enjoy this life which is relatively luxurious. She dresses very well, and since it is now a business with her, she takes every possible care of her beauty.

It would be false to write that she is constantly miserable with remorse and regret. It is not in keeping with her weakness and vacillation to be strongly grieving over something which she can no longer control nor change. At first there are pangs of remorse, moments of nausea over the vice and immorality which surge around her like a flood, but as she learns to rise and ride excitingly on the rising waves, these moments come more seldom. When Santa entered a fashionable brothel she said in despair: "It's the same to me if these houses and this life are as bad as they say they are --or worse--the sooner my life is ended the better it will be--fortunately I don't love anyone any more". (94)

But later this typical girl cannot fail to take pleasure in her beauty and her popularity, and she makes an effort to live as is only natural. She realizes that men who come to her are not there for sentimental reasons and that they demand entertainment by a good-natured, laughing, gay creature. This hilarity which begins as a pose becomes a habit and the quiet timid young girl is transformed into a brazen, bold, painted woman who has but a short time before she must pay the terrible reckoning which she cannot escape.

This girl still has a heart although her employers do not ask this of her. Some times she has a peculiar honor within her own confused sense of values to which she clings. She may still love again; and sometimes, since she is still beautiful and young, some man wishes to take her away from the public and keep her as his own mistress. It is a matter of pride with him then to give her as much as he can afford; and while this lasts she may rest in the peaceful seclusion which always proves only temporary. Nacha says of this arrangement: "Yes, I am content. How can I fail to be? I have a house, I live happily. I no longer go from pillar to post rolling around as before--now I know what tranquility is after suffering so much. After--" (95)
But she knows that her castle is built upon the shift-

ing sands. She knows that the slightest whim, a prettier face, a change of interest, and her master will throw her out into the street again. The man, knowing her past weakness, cannot trust her. His jealousy and suspicions are unreasonable and merciless. Sometimes they are not without good grounds. Santa, sweet and pure in the beginning, ends up by finding life with one man as unendurably boring. At last, when the sweet pure girl she had been has degenerated, and she has lost all ideas of shame Gamboa writes of her: "And because of habit, because she was alcoholic, and sick, and misfortunate she deceived Rubio with positive zest--without stopping --wherever she could. And before and after the frequent event she drank and drank".(96) Santa was not alone in this feeling. The frenzied festive life once entered becomes a habit, and the solitude of a solitary house where every move is closely watched drives a weak girl of this type to fresh indiscretions. Alexandre Dumas, fils, in writing of his famous Marguerite Gautier under similar circumstances says: "It seemed to her--accustomed to a life of dissipation, of balls, of orgies--as if the solitude, only interruped by the duke's stated visits would kill her with boredom; and the hot breath of her old life came back across her head and heart."(97) Separated by generations and half the world these two

girls, Santa and Marguerite, both born poor but beautiful suffer and react in the same manner.

This retirement from the public to live with one man is inevitably only for a short while. Sooner or later, finding herself in the street the woman returns to a brothel, probably each time to a worse one. Nacha's weak fatalistic words are typical. Often she says: "It was inevitable that I should fall",(98) and later when offered a chance to live differently she says: "I want to, but I cannot. My destiny is to be a bad woman".(99) This softness which betrayed her in her sheltered life ruins her in this one too. She cannot defend herself from the vice and corruption. Whatever she may have been she becomes coarse, hard, defiant; and after a brief period of beauty she becomes a drunken diseased wreck sinking lower into the mud which she had once thought could have no depth. Posthumously Santa tells her story; and in her opening words, with a typical feminine gesture, tries to make herself better than she is. "Don't believe me a saint because I was called Santa. Neither must you consider me a lost woman like the Lescauts or the Gauthiers because of my way of living. Imagine!--in the health department I was a number, in the brothel something for hire, in the street a wild animal which anyone could pursue, and

everywhere I have been unfortunate. Not even in death did I find rest, for some doctors tore my body to pieces. You will see how you will pardon me. Oh I'm sure of it! as sure as I am that God has pardoned me!"(100)

So the girl who was beautiful and good but weak comes to a miserable end full of suffering. A victim to men and to circumstances, no one has kept her from killing her youth and her sensibilities in this chaos of misery and vice. For a brief period her beauty has brought her money and comparative ease, but this period has been but a fleeting moment. Gradually she has fallen lower and lower and her misery has only been ended by death. Of all the weak types she has been the most miserable. Never able to defend herself, lacking stability and strength she has been ill-suited to struggle with the world in the profession where chance and her own weakness have placed her. Men have found her an unworthy enemy over which they have trampled with scorn and mockery rather than stopping to lift her with the pity she deserves because in this type her fall is due to weakness rather than to deliberate viciousness.

II. Strong Types

A. Young Girls

The quality of strength which might separate this type of girl from her weaker sister can usually be discerned by a casual glance. The self reliance and clear outlook, the knowledge which she has known how to assimilate give her a poise that is deeply rooted. She recognizes the pitfalls in her path, but she does not seek refuge in illusions and tears and this attitude may be reflected in her assurance and give her a more lasting appeal. She may have the beauty and physical charms of others, but they are invested with an air and a grace which are emanations of the strong personality she possesses. Her beautiful eyes speak rather than weep, her lovely lips occasionally do something other than sigh, and she has originality and conversational wit to enchant her listeners. In describing such a girl Blanco-Fombona says of Rosalia: "The dark beauty of Rosalia was charm rather than beauty, and that charm resided above all in the head put on the shoulders with the grace of a flower on its stem, and which she inclined with a typical gesture toward the left winking her black eyes and making a movement with her roguish mouth of lips full and fresh."(101) The beauty of these girls always has an individuality which cannot be denied.

In describing Marilala, Pocaterra writes: "She had dark eyes of a chestnut which approached the color of honey, a large mouth, a light expression. She was not beautiful, she was rare".(102) This "rare" quality made her the center of all glances, made her intrigue and fascinate even those who were fairly sincere misogynists. She had a charm which was more penetrating and captivating than beauty. Marcela in Desierto de piedra has an appearance unlike the other young girls. Wast writes: "Green were the eyes of Marcela like the young shoots of the cherry tree and they had never looked seriously at the things of the world".(103) But those green eyes could look with courage at the trials that fall to her share, and the slim swift feet which fascinate Roque Carpio take her far on adventures a timid girl would never have remotely imagined. This type of girl does not seek refuge in the picturesque which weaker girls do almost by pure instinct. Strong and serene in her intimate being she meets people on a more natural level and scorns to endeavor to enhance her appearance by the romantic tears, a fragile slenderness caused more often than not by anemia and lack of exercise, nor does she swoon to touch the heart of beholders. If she is not beautiful she does not consider herself a social nonenity, but knows that beauty appeals only to the eye while she may

appeal to other senses by her personality, her wit, her talents, and understandings.

Education in the world in which she finds herself is, in the case of a woman, purely accidental. Her intelligence is left to lie fallow because no one offers her any encouragement to develop in that line. She has probably gone through the same superficial educational steps as her less intelligent sister. The difference in the use and interpretation of what has been learned reveal the character of the student. Often a girl of this type has been greatly aided by the companionship of some older sophisticated relative who has known how to guide the natural curiosity of the girl. A note of skepticism toward what she is told and a mental comparison with that and what she sees, give her an outlook which separates her from her companions. What she lacks in academic knowledge is more than compensated by her alertness, her open heart and mind which remains maleable refusing to conform precisely with the accepted conventions.

A girl of this type is more self sufficient than one of a weaker nature. However she seldom has occasion to profit by this self sufficiency, because people flock around her drawn by the magnetism of her personality and vigor. She is not content to be as delicately inactive and has usually developed her abilities and makes

much use of them. Blanco-Fombona writes of Rosalia: "She sang, played the piano and the guitar beautifully, and her chatter, her mobility of body and spirit, and her irrepressible gaity succeeded in always surrounding her with friends, with rivals and admirers, and the social pardon fell with paternal benevolence on her caprices".(104) She is perfectly poised because she has taken intelligent inventory of her possibilities and acts accordingly. This vivacity developed early and stayed with her until the end. Still there is nothing discordant or aggressive in the bearing of a girl like this, because she has too much tact and good taste not to make the most of every contact.

If circumstances demand unusual things the girl of this type meets it sanely and works out any possible solution. Marcela, faced with poverty and isolation, was not long in throwing aside her girlish dreams, and Wast writes of her: "She thought that their exile there would last many years and that perhaps her family would not be saved from the degradation which came behind ruin, except by the resources she would find in her heart and will. This thought gave her a tranquil and sad resolve and she came to believe that not only her heart of a girl was transformed but her way and her figure also".(105) She took upon herself with firm resolve farm task she had not known existed and seeing

how much depended upon her never wavered in her efforts. Soon, in times of stress: "The grandmother and children and the old servant looked on her in silence, tranquilized by her presence, as if she were worth more than all of them".(106) The strength of this girl is often made beautiful by understanding, kindness and unselfishness. Then she is indeed a support and comfort to her family, her friends, and herself.

Marilala in Tierra del sol amada was educated in a convent like other girls, but even though she loved the sisters and found happiness in the religion they taught her she came out of there with a determination and individuality which came from within her rather than from her surroundings. Living alone with an indulgent uncle she was allowed extraordinary freedom and discarded suitors as her fancy changed, giving as her only explanation: "How do I know why--he is very good and whatever else you say, but he isn't for my character".(107) While at home alone she read: "Thirst to read, to read all without method at first, later selecting, then understanding to the very end the truth of some existences in the turbulent depths of the novels, that very keen intelligence to interpret it all".(108) Later a man speaking of her says: "very intelligent for a woman--too intelligent perhaps".(109) and in saying this recognizes the great difference between her and the girls who

surround her.

A girl of this type, active and intelligent, finds a great deal to occupy her. She turns her energies and intelligence to any task which might appear and is glad to have an object in living. She wastes little time in idle dreaming and even though she undertakes a great deal more than her weaker sister, she does it with such deftness that there is no unsightly scurrying about as she moves from one task to another. Wast writes of Marcela taking upon herself the work of the house: "From that moment Marcela was everywhere, in the fields examining the sacks of harvested corn, in the mountain putting bells on the three milk cows, and in the dovecote figuring the day when she would be able to offer her grandmother a pair of squabs."(110) This girl, true to her type, even though she came from the city reacted quickly and made the best of their exile on this ruined farm. The young Marilala was not long in assuming authority in her uncle's home when she returned: "Managing the house with that lively practical sense which was a virtue of her class".(111) This type eventually marries and here her determined character clashes with that of her husband, but her reactions are usually sensible and logical.

B. Married Women and Mothers

The natural submerging of the woman's personal individuality and independence which follows the average marriage is not always pleasant to a strong type of woman. When she marries she does so with great expectations because she hopes to be a real companion to her husband. Having a clear understanding of his position and his demands she plans logically how she may be of help to him. Realizing that he is human she does not build too fantastic conceptions of his talents and of his love for her. She has a fairer more gallant attitude than a weaker type. Her kindness is diluted by common sense and her tolerance is deliberate and not merely passive acceptance of what she cannot control. Her position as a married woman adds to her poise and calmness and gives authority to her words which before may have been listened to only indulgently as the theories of a clever young person.

Her relations to her husband are clearly defined. They may be no happier than those of more passive women but at least she permits no doubt as to her own feelings and opinions. Rosalia in El Hombre de hierro found herself happy with a dissolute cynic because he

matched her own coldness, and each respected the other's wishes and managed to keep love and happiness in a marriage which had been expected to be a very miserable one. Others not so happy in their marriage acted with equal firmness. Merceditas in La Que no perdonó, knowing of her adored husband's infidelity acted with a bold decision which left everyone gasping and entirely out of sympathy with her. Leaving him she wrote: "I never wish to see you again; I do not wish that my daughter should ever see you again. I wish to free her of the vileness of having a father such as you. I am going to my farm where I command and from where they will hunt you like a thief if you attempt to approach". (112) Years failed to soften her anger and stubborn resolve. She may have been entirely wrong instead of undoubtedly right as she believed, but at least she had the courage to maintain her convictions.

Secure in the position her husband has given her as his wife she acts with honor and resolve in her position in society. Self reliant, intelligent, and alert she makes friends, forms a social circle for herself in society, and occupies her time in whichever way she finds more pleasant.

As a mother she is firm and more demanding than the average mother. She loved and continues to love her

children as they grow older, but she is not exaggerated in it. She refuses to sink her individuality completely in the role of mother. She is not blinded by her love to the faults of her children. While they were children she has known how to discipline them and has demanded from them complete respect and obedience. If later they have failed her in any way her condemnation has been cruel and unwavering. Doña Agustina, mother of the dictator Rosas, was a woman of firmness and pride. Angry with her powerful son, she had sent him the message: "His grandfather died through fault of his, saddened by the death of Maza. She wished to get up so that she could take a dagger and thrust it in his breast because he shamed the ashes of his father and the honor of his mother".(113) The mother of Santa, loving her tenderly, still had the cruel strength to send her from her home to the certain ruin that awaited her in the outside world.(114) The strength this type of woman has had all of her life stays with her in her relations with everyone until the end. She is very much in the minority because Spanish American women through heritage and breeding are submissive, sweet, and yielding to the force of first their parents, then their husbands, and in the end their children.

C. Unmarried Women

This strong type does not always marry. Having more stability, being more self reliant and self sufficient than the weaker sister she need not be unhappy nor feel herself a burden on society. Able to work, to direct and manage others, to amuse and entertain by her wit and intelligence she is often the most valued member of some household which feel fortunate in having her with them. Often the unmarried state in which she finds herself has been of her own choice and this adds inmeasurably to her poise because after all she is human enough to be glad to know that she has been loved and sought after. If she is wealthy she lives alone or in the home of some favorite relative and busies herself to whatever degree she finds pleasant or desirable. Tía Zenobia in Corbata Celeste is a good example. Living with her widowed brother she managed the house with efficiency, made matches for all the neighborhood, had her own friends, and beautifully dressed, appeared in society where she was warmly welcomed. Wast says of her "God had preserved her in excellent health ten or fifteen years more than she admitted. The fresh color of her round face, the dimple in the chin, so sparkling her eyes either wise or tender according to the occasion, and so black were the

curls of her hair that her sentimental cares and inoffensive coqueteries did not become her at all badly".(115) Later speaking of her at work "with a house dress on, an immaculate apron tied to her robust waist, her sleeves gathered up so as to show the dimples in her elbows, her head wrapped in a rich cloth of lace, her face animated and her eyes sparkling, my aunt was like a picture".(116)

If the unmarried woman was poor and was obliged to make her living, she did so with her characteristic vigor. Pepa Osuña in La que no perdonó made a comfortable living for herself and her illegitimate son by her candy making which made her known all over her country. "From the most remote parts of the republic there arrived letters to this candy maker, who guarded under seven keys her recipes and gave value to her nugget by only answering the orders which she pleased".(117) This office of candy making seems to be a lucrative one in the right hands. In Heriberto Frias' Aguila o sol the Tías Cajetas for fifty years had: "Dedicated themselves to making moles, tamales, pies, cookies, and all sort of candies and candied or preserved fruits".(118) Then in speaking of their position "Furthermore they were so popular and their wares were so famous, that they were admired by even the better class of people".(119) By her calmness in her acceptance of her unmarried state and the fact that it is necessary for her to work she

has robbed the situation of most of its horror. Sensible and healthful in her outlook and reactions she is not handicapped by a supersensitiveness which makes the older unmarried woman of a weak type, very difficult since they are eternally being hurt.

There are times when love comes to a woman of this type and when marriage is inadvisable or impossible. She has had the misfortune to love a man who is not as strong nor perhaps as sincere as she. The age situation, always so infinitely difficult for a woman arises, and the world hardly knows which way to look in the face of her incomprehensible behavior. She casts aside conventions, and, considering that her actions may be entirely of her own choosing, does what her heart dictates. The weak type of girl has been known to do this, but with an entirely different attitude. A girl of a strong nature realizes clearly what awaits her, evaluates the chances of holding the man's love, considers what her position will be, but still proceeds resolutely. She does not seek to excuse her conduct, considering that she cannot explain clearly enough her own feelings. Amelia in "La Maestra normal felt that her conduct was entirely logical and reasonable when she went away with the man she loved. She says: "He loved me, we couldn't get married because he had no position

and I gave myself to him. What was there in this that was bad? They had lived, they had loved--without fear without scruples. Life was very short and very sad, and it was necessary to live this life. It wasn't worth the trouble to sacrifice ones' self for what they would say. She had fallen and nevertheless she did not repent". (120) Her attitude alone gives her strength to scorn the censure of others and she struggles in her own way for what happiness she can get.

Marilala in Tierra del sol amada acts with a resolution that brings admiration. Defending the man she loves to her heartbroken uncle she says: "Mutually, fatally to tell the whole truth, I would not be able to know which of the two of us is more responsible". (121) Then when the uncle speaks of forcing him to marry her she says with great pride: "If he should do this as a 'sacrifice' for me, I who loved him--who adore him, do you understand?--who adore him--am not going to permit it--don't you understand?" and over and over again she repeats: "He didn't deceive me--nor did I allow myself to be deceived". (122) By her own words she absolves him from at least part of the guilt and refuses to ask for the pity or for the approval of society.

She acts with courage and boldness; yet she is always natural and normal in her loving relations with

those near her. Not being inclined to hysteria she has too much composure and self respect to arouse the entire town with her moaning and weeping over her misfortunes. She grieves over the sorrow her actions may cause others but her love for the man is much stronger than any other love she may have. If in time her love should betray her she does not completely lose her mental balance nor her sense of values. She does not feel that she is hopelessly lost and fling herself into prostitution. She looks for means to build back her life and while prostitution may be one of the choices it is not the only way open.

There are many women of this stronger type who are prostitutes. They have become so with an entirely different background than the weaker type. A woman of this type is seldom driven to anything. She has known exactly what awaits her as a prostitute, and has chosen to go into it with her eyes open. She does not feel that she is a victim of fate. She hopes to enjoy life more than ever before, and she stretches out her hands to grasp the worldly returns of her profession rather than putting them before her face to hide her shame. Her gaity far from being forced is natural and spontaneous. She considers the freedom and contacts which her life affords ample recompense for the loss of any social position she may have had. Her beauty and charm are a constant plea-

sure and care to her. She dresses with deliberate perfection and spares no pains in making the most of every attraction she possesses.

This type has in common only the quality of determination which is derived from a strength which supports her if she is right or wrong. Because of this individuality the life history of these women is often different. On the whole, however there is some similarity in their lives. Many have entered this work by way of the stage. The necessarily irregular life lived by a dancer or singer, and the stigma attached to stage life has excluded from it any except bold adventurous women who acknowledge no ties of family or society. The glamor which the theater gives such a woman brings to her many men often elderly, but of means. She receives them cordially and enters into relations with them as a highly profitable side line to augment the poor pay of an artist who is often second rate. In time she may give up the pretense of occupying herself with the stage. These Nanas find that these public performances require time and preparation and pay relatively little, so often they are thrown aside altogether. If fortunate and beautiful, she has built for herself a following or found one wealthy man who is willing to ruin himself for her.

She is often selfish, cruel, and completely self

centered. Seldom capable of real love, she has enough duplicity to pretend love with great success when it suits her plans. Paquita, a dancer in Tierra del sol amada is very typical when Pocaterra writes "'Life', she would say, throwing herself in her lover's arms, with her imagination fixed on a certain gown at Muscani or that chain at Gathmann".(123) When he had ruined himself, going as far as to steal for her, she amuses herself with him a little and ends by deceiving him with everyone she meets although she had sworn to be his slave. So universally are stage women prostitutes that to say actress implies another profession in every case. In Un Perdido when Bernales tells his wife Rosarito that he had stayed in town to have supper with "some actresses", she knew the worst without a doubt.(124)

Another variation of this type is found in the woman who often married, or securely, yet conventionally placed, has wanted to be a prostitute and has entered into this deliberately and calmly. She has longed for the freedom she does not have. She has longed for the easy acquaintances and friendships she will form. She has yearned for the excitement of many loves and for the intrigues and escapades which have been impossible while she has been cloaked in respectability. Perhaps she is married and has a husband whom she has exasperated and

who has bored her until she no longer cares how she may hurt and shame him by the choice she makes. Poor Kalis in Un Perdido was desperate and heartbroken when he discovered that his dear wife Ines "Didn't play the piano at a movie like she said but in a house of ill fame. I never suspected. How was I going to suspect when I believed her good".(125) Tired of bothering with loving, gentle, though boring husband, she left him heartlessly and went to amuse herself with all the men who could pay her.

C. O. Bunge in Los Envenenados has created Lina Frasconi, a good example of this type! She left her loving husband and with her beauty became very fashionable. She succeeded financially for the author writes: "If she had saved even a fourth of the money taken from her lovers she would be not only rich but a millionairess".(126) In speaking of her past she told no heart rending stories, but said simply of her husband: "I hated him. Exactly because he loved me too much and was too good".(127) So she became a prostitute and "her heart remained always cold and indifferent toward whatever was not exhibition and vanity".(128) Her calculating, cynical cold outlook fit her especially for this life. She has no remorse, no sudden attacks of tears and self pity. She is in every way "la mujer alegre" who is

hard enough to play with fire and wise enough to take care of herself in such a way that while others may be ruined through her she continues on her heartless way.

Conclusion

The women portrayed in Spanish American novels are typical of their race. They are the direct result of the customs and the conventional ideas of the society in which they live. The forces which have molded their lives have been too powerful to allow many exceptions in the general quality of their characters and dispositions. These forces are so universal that only a rare, strong character escapes their crushing power.

The place occupied by these feminine types is of such a nature that any latent initiative or forcefulness in a woman's makeup is atrophied early and may eventually disappear. She has no opportunities for the exercise of her discrimination or discretion. Her place in society is so clearly defined for her that she has no need to exert herself in any way. She cannot better herself, and since she can take only a very passive part in the events of her world she is gentle and meek until she may lose all color and individuality.

She is entirely dependent upon the men of her

world for any happiness she may enjoy. It is only as a dutiful daughter, as a loved wife, or as an honored mother that she may enjoy a man's love and protection. She cannot hope to create a position for herself as a single individual; for a woman cannot stand alone. If once she loses the respect of men her position is infinitely worse. She cannot hope to find any peace or tranquility unless she is one of those practically non-existant women who can face the cruel condemnation of society.

Since an education can be of little practical value to women who lead such sheltered lives it has been very casual. The idea of preparing a girl to earn a living has been only a last resort. The economic world has no place for women who feel as apologetic and unwanted as these women do. Their complete lack of self confidence, their sensitiveness, and their tendency to be hysterical can be of no help to them. Their interest in cultural studies is usually superficial. They lack the spur of competition; for to be more intelligent--more highly educated--than their friends is to be deplored rather than desired. To be more beautiful--or at least prettier--, to be pleasing, and to attract a husband is of infinitely more value.

the hesitancy displayed in their decisions and the lack of force and determination in their character shows only too fatally in their relations with men. Knowing the social ostracism which awaits them, and knowing from every case they have ever known that the first ones to condemn them will be the men they love these women allow themselves to be seduced at the first opportunity. This weakness betrays them with disastrous results, and the development of these tragedies makes up the lives of many women who are not fortunate enough to find a haven in marriage. With the fatalism so common to them they believe that their lives are beyond their personal control. By their very conviction they convince the reader until he too feels sympathy for them and hesitates to judge them. He believes that their lives are governed by events and circumstances for which there is no remedy. He feels he cannot "impute their fall (or their failings) to sin."

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17. Gálvez, Manuel: Nacha Regules, Novela Argentina, Buenos Aires; Agencia general de librería y publicaciones; 1573 Rivadavia.

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21. Gamboa, Federico: Suprema Ley,

22. Isaacs, Jorge: María, Novela Americana, Nueva edición. París. Casa editorial Garnier Hermanos 6, Rue des Saints-Pères 6.

23. Isaacs, Jorge: Poesías, Recopiladas por D. Angel Pola, Prólogo de D. Enrique Pérez Valencia, Mexico, Angel Pola, Editor. Calle de Tacuba, núm. 25.

24. Larreta, Enrique: Zagoibi. Buenos Aires, Juan Roldán y Cía., Editores.

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35. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir, Historia de los tiempos de la inquisición en Mexico. Los Angeles, California, 1920. Fué escrita en 1868.

36. Vargas Vila, J. M. : Cachorro de León, Novela de almas rústicas. Edición definitiva. Barcelona. Ramón Sopena, Editor, Provenza, 93 a 97.

37. Wast, Hugo: Ciudad turbulenta, ciudad alegre-- Novela Argentina. 66 millar. Agencia general de librería y publicaciones, 1573 Rivadavia, Buenos Aires.

38. Wast, Hugo: La Corbata Celeste, Novela histórica Argentina. Editorial Bayardo Sarmiento 865. 290 Millar. Agencia general de librerías y publicaciones, Rivadavia 1571-73, Buenos Aires, 1922. Pseudo: Martínez Zuviría, G. A.

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41. Wast, Hugo: Los Ojos vendados, Novela Argentina. 90º millar. Agencia general de librería, Maipú 49, Buenos Aires.

42. Wast, Hugo: La Que no perdonó, Novela Argentina. 13º Millar. Agencia general de librería, Buenos Aires.

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44. Wast, Hugo: El Vengador, Novela Argentina. 7ª millar. Edición Libertad, Buenos Aires, 1922.

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Footnotes

1. Guerrero, Teodoro: Mujeres Españolas, portuguesas y americanas, Tomo III, P. 4:

   "Dícese generalmente que no son los hombres los pintores más favorables para retratar a las mujeres; pero se equivocan los que tal piensan, pues si ellas mismas se retrataran, no habría una palabra de verdad en esta obra; ¡tanto es su afan de desfigurarse, que áun los que mejor las conocen a una hora del día, las ven completamente cambiadas en otra."

2. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir.

3. Frías, Heriberto: El Amor de las sirenas.

4. Thackery, William Makepeace: Vanity Fair.

5. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir, P. 38:

   "era esbelta como el talle de una azucena."

6. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas, P. 16:

   "la cintura de abeja."

7. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir, P. 38:

   "parecía deslizarse como las náyades en la superficie de los lagos."

8. Mármol, José: Amalia, Vol. I, P. 30:

   "un par de zapatitos bordados de seda blanca, de seis pulgadas de largo apenas, y de una estrechez proporcionada."

9. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas, Vol. I, P. 221:

"Unos botines microscópicos se dejaban ver por intervales tras aquella nube de gasas y flores."

10. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 16:

"esa sonrisa hoyuelada."

11. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir, P. 38:

"en su barba uno de esos hoyos que son siempre un hechizo."

12. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 44:

"sus manos aristocráticas sembradas de hoyuelos."

13. Mármol, José: Amalia, Vol. I, P. 27:

"su mano de alabrastro sobre la mesa de mármol negro."

14. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 14:

"sus manos cuidadas como las de una reina."

15. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas, Vol. I, P. 221:

"Unos guantes blancos ajustaban aquellas manos de criatura."

16. Bunge, C. O.: La Novela de la sangre, P. 39:

"sus abaciales manos se dirían luminosas."

17. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir, P. 38:

"era de esas mujeres que la imaginación concibe pero que ni el pincel ni la pluma pueden retratar."

18. Mármol, José: Amalia, Vol. I, P. 21:

> "rizos de su cabello castaño claro, echados atras de la oreja."

19. Mármol, José: Amalia, P. 219, Vol. I:

> "Sus cabellos estaban rizados, y sus rizos finos y lucientes caían hasta su cuellos de alabastro; y entre ellos, en su sien derecha, estaba colocada una linda rosa blanca. El resto de sus hermosos cabellos castaños circundaban la parte posterior de su cabeza, en una doble trenza que parecía sujetada solamente por un alfiler de oro a cuya extremidad se veía una magnífica perla."

20. Vargas Vila, J. M.: Cachorro de león, P. 70:

> "anudaba su cabellera tumultuosa en la parte superior de la cabeza, dejando caer dos pequeños bucles hacia atrás, y una ligera orla de cabellos cortados sobre la frente, como era de moda entonces."

21. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 17:

> "su larga cabellera dividida en dos crenchas, le ocultaba a medias parte de la espalda."

22. Altamirano, Ignacio Manuel: El Zarco, P. 5:

> "Colocaba en sus negras trenzas una guirnalda de azahares."

23. Altamirano, Ignacio Manuel: El Zarco, P. 5:

> "muy entretenida en enredar en las negras y sedosas madejas de sus cabellos una guirnalda de rosas blancas y caléndulas rojas."

24. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 14:

> "(trenzas) sobre el nacimiento de una de las cuales se veía un clavel encarnado."

25. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas,

Vol. I, P. 221:

"Entre el oro de sus cabellos llevaban prendidas cuatro rosas, del centro al lado derecho."

26. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas,

Vol. I, P. 222:

"La tormenta de sus amores había languidecido su mirada y dado una sombra melancólica a aquellos ojos soberanos."

27. Lopez, V. F. La Novia del hereje, P. 51:

"Sus ojos eran negros, grandes y vivos; el brillo de su mirada se hallaba realzado por dos de esas melancólicas y misteriosas sombras que llamamos ojeras y que tan profunda y tan ardiente ternura dan al ojo de la mujer bella."

28. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas,

Vol. I, P. 222:

"como las Magdalenas de Correggio."

29. Bunge, C. O.: La Novela de la sangre, P. 40:

"pensó tener ante sí algún retrato antiguo, visto en los museos de Europa, acaso la imagen de alguna angelical princesa, muerta virgen y en olor de santidad."

30. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 16:

"el rostro de una virgen de Rafael."

31. Gamboa, Federico: Metamórfasis, P. 285:

"una de esas vírgenes italianas que los grandes maestros de pasados siglos pintaron."

32. Byron, George Gordon, Lord: Don Juan, Canto XV, Stanza 43.

33. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 43:

"hacer algunos estudios elementales."

34. Wast, Hugo: La Corbata Celeste, P. 257:

"Trajeron una guitarra y Juanita, rogó al pianista que le cediera el taburete, y sentada en él apoyado el pie en el, se puso a templar el instrumento."

35. Isaacs, Jorge: María, P. 124:

"concertaron ellas sus voces incultas pero vírgenes como la naturaleza que cantaba."

36. Vargas Vila, J. M.: Cachorro de león, P. 32:

"los cuatro años que había permanecido lejos de él, en el Colegio de monjas Ursulinas de la capital."

37. Vargas Vila, J. M.: Cachorro de león, P. 62:

"Está bien. No hay como las monjas para enseñar esto; ¡qué manos! hacen primores."

38. Wast, Hugo: Rina, heroine in Flor de durazno.

39. Ibid.

40. Wast, Hugo: La Corbata Celeste, P. 255:

"llevaba un traje confeccionado por ella misma, sobre figurines parisienses, que recibían las damas de fortuna, y que las niñas pobres se industriaban para copiar."

41. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro, P. 15:

"empeñándose en cualquier inútil labor de bordado o costura, cien veces interrumpida, no terminada nunca."

42. Mármol, José: Amalia, Vol. I, P. 31:

"Cuatro jilgueros dentro jaulas de alambre dorado."

43. Portillo y Rojas, José López: La Parcela,

P. 41:

"Ramona aseaba entretanto las jaulas de los pájaros y les servía la comida a los animalitos."

44. Gálvez, Manuel: Raselda in La Maestra normal.

45. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 14:

"se pasaba días enteros tendida en la chaise-longue, hojeando alguna sentimental novela."

46. Altamirano, Ignacio Manuel: El Zarco, P. 10:

"Prefiero cualquier cosa a juntarme con ese hombre---"

47. Ibid.

"mejor me quedaré para vestir santos.

48. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 19:

"era menester no quedarme para vestir imágenes o para niñera de los chicos de mi prima."

49. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 19:

"deseaba labrarme una posición independiente--porque las mujeres deben casarse."

50. Riva Palacio, Vicente: Monja y casada, virgen y mártir, P. 425:

"¡Desnudarme, monstruos! Eso no; martirizadme, matadme, pero no me desnudéis; ¡oh, no! ¡no, eso no! Yo no quiero que me desnuden; ¡matadme mejor! ¡matadme!"

51. López, V. F.: La Novia del hereje, P. 131:

> "Le agradecería a usted infinito que me dejase retirarme. ¡Ah, señor!--yo quiero bajarme al lado de mi mamita----"

52. Ibid.:

> "Si usted supiera lo que sufro!"

53. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 123:

> "Era para la mujer la única fuente de felicidad. Los hombres hallaban la felicidad, o mejor dicho las felicidades por innumerables caminos; pero la mujer no tenía otro sino el amor."

54. Barrios, Eduardo: Un Perdido, P. 22:

> "Y es que el marido tuvo la buena ocurrencia de llevar consigo, al casarse, una santa hermana mayor, mujer fea y abnegada, limpia, seca, de orejas transparentes y ojos de fiebre, tan buena y tan enamorada como él de Anita. Jacinta era tan hacendosa y trabajadora que sola pasó las malas noches cuando las criaturas echaron los dientes o tuvieron la alfombrilla, y ella las durmió primero con mecidas canciones y luego al susurro de cuentos y consejos."

55. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 83:

> "¡Era tan celoso, tan ridiculamente celoso! Ya habían tenido escenas, al volver del teatro, por si ella miraba o no miraba a éste o al otro. ¡Salir sola ella, cuándo!"

56. Gamboa, Federico: Metamórfosis, P. 50-75.

57. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 213-214:

"Pensó en la viudez y en la libertad como cosa probable. En lo íntimo de su alma algo se alegraba y sonreía ante la idea de la futura redención.

58. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas,

"Eres un hombre insufrible, no me has traído aún un compañero para una pieza, cuando sabes la predilección que tengo por el baile."

59. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas:

P. 316:

"Esta gente aun ignora la práctica de las cortes: Efigenia y yo nada hemos bailado."

60. Ibid:

"Estos hombres se mueren por las pollas."

61. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 13:

"La madre, doña Josefa de Linares, pequeñuela y regordeta--siete arrobas de carne grasa."

62. Mateos, Juan A.: El Cerro de las campanas,

P. 15:

"La señora de Fajardo era una vieja enjuta como una caña en invierno."

63. Gálvez, Manuel: El Gaucho de "Los Cerrillos",

P. 48-49:

"Magdalena tenía debilidad por su hijo mayor. Se quejaba de que nadie comprendiera al pobrecito. Si lo llevaban preso, el pagaba culpas ajenas. Si lo acusaban de pasarse las tardes en los reñideros de gallos, ¡en algo se había de divertir! Encontraba natural que

desapareciera del hogar por una semana: ¡cómo no había de huir de semejante casa, con un padre que no hacía sino retarlo y unas hermanas perversas que se burlaban del inocente y hasta lo calumniaban llamándole borracho! Doña Magdalena, blanducha de carácter, sólo encontraba energías para defender a su hijo."

64. Altamirano, Ignacio Manuel: El Zarco, P. 11:

"Yo no veré semejante cosa; yo me moriré antes de pesadumbre y de verguenza."

65. Gálvez, Manuel: El Gaucho de "Los Cerrillos", P. 53:

"Iba a mandar decir unas misas a Nuestra Señora de Luján para agradecerle el milagro; porque era un milagro."

66. López, V. F.: La Novia del hereje, P. 55:

"Doña Mencia Manrique se mareó al momento, por lo que no pudo practicar aquellas largas y repetidas oraciones con que tanto ocupaba las horas de toda su familia."

67. Portillo y Rojas, José López: La Parcela, P. 93:

"Vamos pidiéndole mucho a la Virgen---"

68. Portillo y Rojas, José López: La Parcela, P. 96:

"La buena señora acabó por rogarle se hiciese un triduo para solicitar de Dios aquella gracia y mandó decir veinte misas por la misma intención."

69. Barrios, Eduardo: Doña Gertrudis in Un Perdido.

70. Ibid.: Jacinta in Un Perdido.

71. Ibid: Charito in Un Perdido.

72. Barrios, Eduardo: Un Perdido, Vol. II, P. 19:

"Encontrábala ojerosa y desmejorada--
Inspiraba cierta compasión de muchacha
fracasada."

73. Barrios, Eduardo: Un Perdido, P. 121:

"Se me ocurre--no sé por qué que me
desea como compañera en su casa. ¡Figú-
rate!"

74. Gálvez, Manuel: Raselda in La Maestra normal.

75. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 165:

"Juanita Pérez tiene que coser para las
amigas de la infancia condiscípulas pros-
peras, y que suda la gota gorda por reunir
los veinte pesos mensuales alquiler de la
casita."

76. Wast, Hugo: Los Ojos vendados, P. 21:

"Fué mil veces al ministerio y oyó mil
veces la excusa con que la despedían pa-
ra otra oportunidad. ¡Hay tantas maes-
tras!"

77. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 165:

"Desde el comienzo de los cursos su clase
fué un fracaso. Estaba olvidadísima; y
se mostraba tan inhábil en 'llevar la cla-
se' que parecía una alumna de segundo año.
Se confundía, se enredaba. A veces tenía
distracciones inexplicables y decía cosas
desatinadas."

78. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 105:

"Ella en cambio, no fué jamás una buena
alumna, no ejerció nunca la profesión y
cuanto aprendió en la escuela lo había
olvidado."

79. Goldsmith, Oliver: The Hermit. On Women,

Chapt. XXIV.

80. Wast, Hugo: Rina in Flor de durazno.

81. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 177:

"Era preciso ser discreta, desconfiada."

82. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal: P. 255:

"Pensaba, con aquel fatalismo de la tierra y de la raza, que sería inútil pretender combatir contra la desgracia. Sin duda 'estaba de Dios' que ella caería. Con esto excusaba su falta y hasta justificaba su inevitable reincidencia."

83. Galvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 256:

"Pero su suprema justificación era que ella llevaba en si misma la razón de su falta; la había heredado de su madre. Ella no era sino una víctima de la herencia, y, entregándose al hombre que adoraba, no hacía sino cumplir su destino, realizar aquella invencible fatalidad de su ser."

84. Delgado, Rafael: Los Parientes Ricos

85. Wast, Hugo: Rina in Flor de durazno.

86. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 247:

"Después de 'su desgracia' la mandaron a Buenos Aires.----no salía sino de noche. Su madre asi lo había ordenado."

87. Gamboa, Federico: Santa, P. 63:

"---cuando una mala hija mancilla las canas de su madre, cuando una doncella enloda a los hermanos que por sostenerla trabajan, entonces, la que ha cesado de ser virgen, la mala hija y la doncella olvidadiza, apesta cuanto la rodia y hay que rechazarla, que suponerla muerta y que rezar por ella."

88. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada, P. 6:

"El es el hombre, él no tiene la culpa; ya se sabe cómo son los hombres----¡Un desvío--Pero ésta--ésta!"

89. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 248:

"El teniente era un hombre espléndido y se quería casar con ella. Pero ella le dijo la verdad y entonces él 'se contentó' con hacerla su amante."

90. Gamboa, Federico: Santa, P. 61:

"Al convencerse Santa del cobarde y eterno abandono, pegóse a una tapia, que con ser de piedra fabricada, parcióle menos dura que las entrañas del fugitivo y llevándose el delantal a los ojos ¡cómo lloró, Virgen Santísima, cómo lloró! por su corazón y su cuerpo bárbaramente destrozados, por el ingrato que se le escapaba."

91. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 296:

"Los hombres no se casaban sino con mujeres honestas. Tenían en eso una especie de vanidad."

92. Gamboa, Federico: Santa, P. 10:

"Vengo, porque ya no quepo en mi casa; porque me han echado mi madre y mis hermanos; porque no sé trabajar, y sobre todo, porque--porque juré que pararía en esto y no lo creyeron."

93. Gálvez, Manuel: Nacha Regules, P. 27:

"El caso es que Nacha, en la pensión, se enamoró de un estudiante. Huyó con él de la casa. Una barbaridad. El tipo la usó por dos años. Después la abandonó. El hijo nació muerto. Al salir del hospital entró ella en una tienda. Pero

usted sabe lo que pagan en las tiendas. Total que con estas cosas y el mal ejemplo de algunas compañeras, acabó por frequentar ciertas casas donde ganaba diez veces más que en la tienda y con un trabajo relativamente fácil y agradable."

94. Gamboa, Federico: Santa, P. 10:

"Me da lo mismo que estas casas y esta vida sean como se cuenta o que sean peores--mientras más pronto concluya una será mejor--por suerte ya no quiero a nadie--------"

95. Gálvez, Manuel: Nacha Regules, P. 14:

"sí, estoy contenta. ¿Cómo no estarlo? Tengo una casa, vivo feliz---ya no ando de aquí para allí rodando como antes. Ahora sé lo que es la tranquilidad, después de tanto sufrir----Después-----"

96. Gamboa, Federico: Santa, P. 277:

"Y por arraigado hábito, por alcohólica, por enferma y por desgraciada engaño a Rubio con frenesí positivo, sin parar, donde se podía. Y antes y después del engaño reincidente, bebía, bebía-----"

97. Dumas, Alexandre, Fils: The Lady of the Camilles, P. 14:

"It seemed to her, accustomed to a life of dissipation, of balls, of orgies, as if the solitude, only interrupted by the Duke's stated visits would kill her with boredom, and the hot breath of her old life came back across her head and heart."

98. Gálvez, Manuel: Nacha Regules, P. 46:

"Era inevitable que yo me perdiese."

99. Gálvez, Manuel: Nacha Regules, P. 48:

"Quiero, pero no puedo. Mi destino es ser una mala mujer."

100. Gamboa, Federico: Santa, P. 1-2:

"No vayas a creerme santa, por que así me llamé. Tampoco me creas una perdida emparentada con las Lescaut o las Gauthier, por mi manera de vivir----¡Imagínate! en la inspección de sanidad, fuí un número; en el prostíbulo, un trasto de alquiler; en la calle un animal rabioso el que cualquiera perseguía, y en todas partes, una desgraciada.

Ni en la muerte hallé descanso: Unos médicos despedazaron mi cuerpo. Ya verás cómo me perdonas ¡oh estoy segura, lo mismo que lo estoy de que me ha perdonado Dios!"

101. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 12:

"La hermosura morena de Rosalía, más bien que hermosura era gracia; y esa gracia residía sobre todo en la cabeza, puesta sobre los hombros con la gentileza de una flor en su tallo, y que ella inclinaba en típico gesto hacia la izquierda guiñando sus ojos negros y haciendo un mohín con la picaruela boca, de labios gordos y frescos."

102. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada,

P. 135:

"Tenía los ojos obscuros de un castaño que tiraba a miel; la boca grande una expresión ligera. No era bonita; era rara."

103. Wast, Hugo: Desierto de Piedra, P. 36:

"Verdes como los renuevos de los guindos eran los ojos de Marcela, y no habían mirado nunca seriamente las cosas del mundo."

104. Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: El Hombre de hierro,

P. 13:

"Cantaba, tocaba el piano y la vihuela con primor, y su cháchara, su movilidad de cuerpo y de espíritu, y su alegría inmarcesible contribuyeron siempre a rodearla de amigas, de rivales y de admiradores, y a que el perdón social cayera benevolente y paternal sobre sus locuras."

105. Wast, Hugo: El Desierto de piedra, P. 44:

"Pensó que su destierro allí duraría muchos años, y que tal vez su familia no se salvaría de la degradación que venía tras la ruina, sino por los recursos que ella encontrara en su corazón y en su voluntad. Este pensamiento le infundió un vigor tranquilo y triste; llegó a creer que no sólo su corazón de niña se transformaba, sino también sus modales y su figura."

106. Wast, Hugo: El Desierto de piedra, P. 70:

"La abuela y los niños y la vieja criada la miraban en silencio tranquilizados con su presencia, como si ella sola valiese más que todos."

107. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada,

P. 183:

"--Qué sé yo, es muy bueno y todo lo que usted quiera pero--no es de mi carácter-------."

108. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada,

P. 183:

"la sed de leer, de leerlo todo sin método primero, luego seleccionando, después comprendiendo hasta el fondo la verdad de algunas existencias en el turbio fondo de las novelas; aquella vivísima inteligencia para interpretarlo todo."

109. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada, P. 208:

"Muy inteligente para mujer--demasiado inteligente."

110. Wast, Hugo: El Desierto de piedra, P. 47:

"Desde ese momento Marcela estuvo en todas partes, en las chacras examinando las bolsas de maíz cosechado, en el monte campeando las tres vacas lecheras, en el palomar calculando el día en que ofrecería a la abuela un par de pichones dorados a la parrilla."

111. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada, P. 183:

"Manejando la casa con el sentido vivaz, práctico que era virtud de su casta."

112. Wast, Hugo: La Que no perdonó, P. 41:

"No quiero verte más; no quiero que mi hija te vea más. Quiero librarla del envilecimiento de tener un padre como tú. Me voy a mi estancia, donde yo mando y de donde te arrojarían como un ladrón si intentaras llegar."

113. Wast, Hugo: La Corbata celeste, P. 228:

"--que por su culpa murió abuelito, entristecido por el asesinato del doctor Maza. Quèrría levantarse para agarrar un puñal y clavárselo en el pecho, porque infama las cenizas de su padre, y el honor de su madre."

114. Gamboa, Federico: The mother in Santa.

115. Wast, Hugo: La Corbata celeste, P. 6:

"A mi tía Zenobia, Dios ya la había conservado en buena salud bastantes años, diez a quince más de los que ella confesaba; pero tenía tan buenas carnes, eran

tan frescos los colores de su cara redonda, tan ingenuo el oyuelo del mentón, tan chispeantes los ojos sagaces o tiernos, según las cosas, y tan negros los tirabuzones de su cabellera, que sus afanes sentimentales y sus inofensivas coqueterías no le sentaban del todo mal."

116. Wast, Hugo: La Corbata celeste, P. 53:

"Con vestidos caseros, un delantal inmaculado ceñido a la robusta cintura, recogidas las mangas en forma que se apreciaban los oyuelos de los codos y envuelta la cabeza con un rico pañuelo de espumilla, animada la tez y los ojos chispeantes, mi tía estaba para pintarla."

117. Wast, Hugo: La Que no perdonó, P. 14:

"Desde los más remotos sitios de la República llegaban cartas a la alfajorera, que guardaba con siete llaves su receta y acreditaba sus alfajores no atendiendo sino los pedidos que se le antojaba."

118. Frías, Heriberto: ¿Aguila o sol?, P. 26:

"habíanse dedicado a la función de elaborar moles, tamales, pasteles, bizcochos y todo género de dulces y de frutas cubiertas o en conserva."

119. Frías, Heriberto: ¿Aguila o sol?, P. 27:

"éstas eran tan populares, eran tan famosos sus delicados dulces, que eran admiradas hasta por la gente decente."

120. Gálvez, Manuel: La Maestra normal, P. 247:

"El me quería, no podíamos casarnos porque él no tenía una posición y yo me le entregué. ¿Qué había en eso de malo? Habían vivido, se habían amado sin miedo, sin escrúpulos.

P. 249:

"La vida era muy corta y muy triste y había que vivir la vida. No valía la

pena sacrificarse por el qué dirán. Había caído y sin embargo no se arrepentía."

121. Pocaterra, José Rafael: Tierra del sol amada, P.

"Mutuamente, fatalmente, para decir toda la verdad, yo no podría saber cuál de los dos es más responsable--------".

122. Ibid., P. 261:

"--si él debía hacer eso como un 'sacrificio' por mí, yo que lo amaba--que lo adoro ¿sabes? que lo adoro--no iba a permitírselo, ¿no lo entiendes?-------"

P. 259:

"ni me engañó, ni yo me dejé engañar."

123. Ibid., P. 73:

"'¡La vida!' decíale arrojándose en sus brazos con la imaginación en cierto tailleur de Muscani o la cadena aquella de Gathman."

124. Barrios, Eduardo: Un Perdido, P. 19, Vol. I:

"unas cómicas de zarzuela."

125. Barrios, Eduardo: Un Perdido, Vol. II, P. 254:

"La Inés, no tocaba el piano en ningún cine, como ella me hacía consentir, sino en una casa de diversión. Nunca sospeché. ¡Qué iba yo a sospechar si la creía buena!"

126. Bunge, C. O. : Los Envenenados, P. 119:

"¡Lina, que con haber ahorrado sólo la cuarta parte del dinero arrancado a sus amantes sería, no sólo rica, sino millionaria!"

127. Bunge. C. O.: Los Envenenados, P. 74:

"Lo odiaba. Precisamente, porque me quería demasiado y era demasiado bueno."

128. Bunge, C. O.: Los Envenenados, P. 117:

"Mientras su corazón permanecía siempre frío e indiferente para cuanto no fuese exhibición y vanidad."