

**WOMEN'S WILD OATS:
ESSAYS ON
THE RE-FIXING OF
MORAL STANDARDS**

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Women's wild oats: essays on the re-fixing of moral standards by C. Gasquoine Hartley

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C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY

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THE RE-FIXING OF
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WOMEN'S
WILD OATS



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMAN . . .

J. A. Hobson in *The Manchester Guardian*

The best written and the most profitable of the many books upon woman. It is distinguished alike by the scope of its learning, the skilful way in which evidence is marshalled, and above all by the independence of thought and temper brought to the interpretation of modern issues . . . an exceedingly important contribution to the most difficult problems of our, and every other time.

**MOTHERHOOD AND THE RELATION-
SHIPS OF THE SEXES . . .**

The Nation

Mrs Hartley's book excites in us a feeling of hopefulness in regard to the problems she attacks. . . . She has much insight in recognising the facts which the courageous and intelligent of all ages have faced; she has some of the enthusiasm of Mary Woolstonecraft, tempered by more wisdom; and some of the judicial Liberalism of Mill, tempered by more knowledge. She represents, in fact, the best Liberal opinion of our time.

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MORAL STANDARDS

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BY

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY

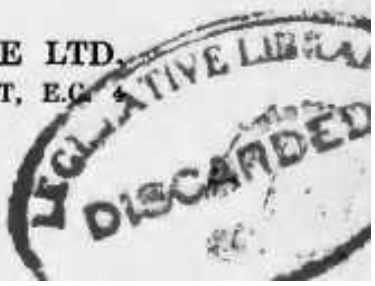
AUTHOR OF "THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMAN," "MOTHERHOOD
AND THE RELATIONSHIPS OF THE SEXES," ETC., ETC.

*"For her house inclineth unto death, and
her paths unto the dead."—PROV. ii. 18.*

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1919





DEDICATION
TO MY HUSBAND AND MY SON

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LONDON, 1919.

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INTRODUCTORY

WOMAN'S CARNIVAL

“To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.”

—Prov. xxvii. 7.

THE sudden collapse of the war left us in a daze. After the years of inhuman strain it was hard to ease off tension to the almost forgotten conditions of peace. I recall that ever to be remembered day, November 11th, 1918—Victory Day. In the early hours before noon I was in London, and my young son was with me. Everywhere was an atmosphere of anxiety, an unusual stillness. Men in little groups of two and three stood here and there, soldiers in larger numbers loitered or walked slowly along the pavements; girls and women waited at the doors of business houses and shops, where inside nobody seemed attending to the few customers. Everyone was waiting; there was an expectancy so great and so stirring that ordinary life had stopped. The last hour

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seemed endless in its slow passing. I do not remember ever to have experienced the same anxious tension, which was felt so strongly and by us all that, in a way I cannot explain, we seemed to gain liberation from ourselves, and, losing individuality, were brought to share a universal impulse. The colossal importance of that hour made itself felt.

Then at last the peace guns sounded. We knew the Armistice had been signed : Germany had accepted the terms offered by the Allies. The fear of utter misery was lifted : the War was over. The streets filled as if by magic, sellers of newspapers appeared, nobody knew from where, and were besieged. As the news spread, a delirium of enthusiasm caught the people. There never was such a day, and there never can be such a day again. From noon onwards in ever increasing numbers the streets were thronged with people. Strangers who had never set eyes on one another before rejoiced together as sisters and brothers. Heedless of rain, and mud, and slush, Londoners turned the city into a carnival of joy. Then as the hours advanced the fun grew wilder.