

Tamar Stone – “...but didn't sleep much.” © 2013 - 2017

[travel, away from home doll bed]

Spec/Text Sheet

Hand and machine stitched bed coverings. Machine embroidered text.

Antique folding wood doll bed

10 1/2" (W) x 22" (L) x 15" (H) at headboard, 10"(H) at footboard

Pillow Case (*Floral cotton fabric*)

8" (W) x 4 1/2" (L)

Pillow (*vintage cotton striped mattress ticking, stuffed with cotton batting*)

7" (W) x 4" (L) x 3/4"(H)

Comforter (*hand tied floral cotton fabric, stuffed with feathers and enclosed in mattress ticking*)

22" (W) x 27 1/2" (L)

Blanket on end of bed (*vintage two-sided pink Esmond wool blanket, with sewn floral cotton edge*)

18 1/2" (W) x 22" (L)

Blanket (*vintage tan wool blanket, hand blanket-stitched edge*)

23" (W) x 29" (L)

Top sheet (*vintage white cotton Consolidated Laundries bed sheet*)

19" (W) x 28" (L)

Bottom sheet (*vintage white cotton mattress cover*)

18" (W) x 27" (L)

Mattress Topper (*hand tied vintage cotton striped mattress ticking, stuffed with cotton batting*)

10 1/2" (W) x 22" (L) x 1/2" (H)

Mattress (*vintage cotton striped mattress ticking, stuffed with natural sheep wool and dried corn husks*)

12" (W) x 22" (L) x 3 1/2" (H)

Bibliography

Alcott, Louisa May, (1832 - 1888). During the civil war served as a nurse for six weeks before becoming ill, at the Union Hospital in Georgetown. Her letters home became the book, *Hospital Sketches*, 1863

Brittain, Vera, (1893 - 1970) British writer, feminist, pacifist, and author of best-selling memoir, *Testament of Youth: An Autobiographical Study of the Years 1900-1925*, recounting her experiences as a nurse during World War I, and the beginning of her journey towards pacifism.

Ellis, Anne, (1875 - 1938). Local Colorado politician in the, when she becomes sick with asthma. She spends years searching for a cure, going in and out of sanitariums as she tried various remedies. She wrote about her experiences in *Sunshine Preferred*, 1934.

Gilman, Charlotte Perkins (1860 - 1935)

- *The Abridged Diaries of Charlotte Perkins Gilman*, edited by Denise Knight, 1998 [1860-1935, great-niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe]
- *The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, an autobiography by Charlotte Perkins Gilman*, 1935

Jones, Mary Harris, (1830 - 1930)

Autobiography of Mother Jones, edited by Mary Field Parton, 1925

“Mother” Mary Harris Jones, was over fifty years old before she began her career as a labor organizer. She had lost her husband, an iron moulder, and 4 kids to scarlet fever. Four years later in 1871, she lost her dressmaking business in the Great Chicago fire. She cofounded the Industrial Workers of the World and was known to be ideologically separated from many of the other female activists of the pre-Nineteenth Amendment days due to her aversion to female suffrage. She was quoted as saying that “*You don't need the vote to raise hell!*”

Shaw, Ann Howard (1847 - 1919)

Ann Howard Shaw was a leader of the women's suffrage movement in the United States. She was also a physician and one of the first ordained female Methodist ministers in the United States.

Stanton, Elizabeth Cady (1815 - 1902)

- *Elizabeth Cady Stanton as Revealed in Her Letters, Diary and Reminiscences*, Theodore Stanton and Harriet Stanton Blatch, 1922
- *Eighty Years and More: Reminiscences, 1815-1897, Elizabeth Cady Stanton*, Ellen Carol Dubois, 1993

Young, Ann Eliza, (1844 - 1917)

“*Wife no. 19, or the story of a life in bondage: being a complete exposé of Mormonism, and revealing the sorrows, sacrifices and sufferings of women in polygamy,*” 1876

Ann Eliza Young (Ann Eliza Webb Dee Young Denning) was one of Brigham Young's fifty-five wives and later a critic of polygamy. She spoke out against the suppression of women and was an advocate for women's rights during the 19th century.

Pillowcase front

[march] Friday 19

Go to Jersey City ... speak to a Mrs. Philbrooks—parlor meeting. Very dull and difficult. Sleep ill there after—Also for the first time in my life I rise and slay bedbugs—four fat conspicuous tame bedbugs!

Pillowcase back

*Long residence and acquaintance in New York in later years taught me more charity....
One New York lady, with a studio in an unfashionable quarter, calls them “Crimson Ramblers.”*

CPG c. 1896

Charolotte Perkins Gilman

Pillow front

Fri. Aug. 31st. 1883

...we are off to Maine at 7p.m. Had stateroom in sleeping car! My first experience of berths. —Don't like em. Had upper one & open ventilators, but didn't sleep much.

CPG

Pillow back

Sun. Mar. 1905

Go to Hamburg. Wrote letters. Thin bed. Cotton quilt. No fires. Hotel del Europe. Very poor.

CPG

Charolotte Perkins Gilman

Charolotte Perkins Gilman, age 23

Comforter top side

Joplin, March 26, 1879

Dear Julius,

*...down in a little mining town in southern Missouri...
I have been wandering, wandering, ever since we
parted; up early and late; sleepy and disgusted with my
profession, as there is no rest from the time the season
begins until it ends. Two months more, containing sixty-
one days, still stretch their long length before me.
I must pack and unpack my trunk sixty-one times;
...puff my hair and pin on the illusion ruffling round
my spacious throat, ...eat 183 more miserable meals;
sleep between cotton sheets under these detestable
things called “comforters”—tormentors would be a
more fitting name—sixty-one more nights; ...smile,
try to look intelligent and interested in everyone who
approaches me, while I feel like a squeezed sponge;
and endeavor to affect a little spring and briskness in
my gait on landing in each town in order to avoid
giving an impression that I am 70, when in reality
I feel more like crawling than walking.
But, with her best foot forward, I am always,
Your own... ECS*

Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Comforter back side

Having worked diligently through nearly two years on the second volume of “*The History of Woman Suffrage*,” I looked forward with pleasure to a rest....

On May 27, 1882, I sailed with my daughter Harriot on the *Château Léoville* for Bordeaux. ...

I slept but little, that night, as two cats kept running in and out of my stateroom, and my berth was so narrow that I could only lie in one position—as straight as if already in my coffin. Under such circumstances I spent the night, thinking over everything that was painful in my whole life, and imagining all the different calamities that might befall my family in my absence.

It was a night of severe introspection and intense dissatisfaction. I was glad when the morning dawned and I could go on deck. During the day my couch was widened one foot, and, at night, the cats relegated to other quarters.

ECS

Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Pink Blanket throw at end of bed top side

(light pink side of double sided blanket)

So I sought the only place of refuge open to me
with untold fear and dread.

I laid awake all night wishing for the day to dawn,
yet fearing that I should never see it, and when
the first ray of light came through my windows
I was relieved and hopeful.

With morning came a new excitement. The news of
my flight from home had gone abroad, and the morning
papers were full of it, —the Mormon journals abusing,
the Gentile journals praising and congratulating me.
This part of the experience had never suggested itself to
me. It had never occurred to me that it would be made a
public matter, and I shrank from the very thought. I felt
myself a marked object. Reporters called on me, seeking
interviews for the California, Chicago, and New York
papers, and questioned me until I was fairly bewildered.
I had gone to bed a poor, defenceless, outraged woman,
trying to find my way out of a false life into something
truer and better, and I arose to find that my name had gone
the length and breadth of the country, and
that I was everywhere known as
Brigham Young's rebellious wife.

People who were curious to see one of the wives of the
Prophet, swarmed into the hotel. I could not leave my
room, nor did I dare to do so, nor to allow my children
out of my sight for nearly two months.

AEY 1876

Ann Eliza Young

Pink Blanket throw at end of bed back side

(dark pink side of double sided blanket)

Father preceded us to the Michigan woods, and... there,
with his oldest son, James, took up claim...

A few months later my mother, and two sisters,
Eleanor and Mary, my youngest brother, Henry,
eight years of age, and I, then twelve,
went to Michigan to work on and
hold down the claim...

Every detail of our journey through the wilderness is
clear in my mind. At the time the railroad terminated at
Grand Rapids, Michigan, and we covered the remaining
distance—by wagon... riding through a dense and
often trackless forest...

At night we stopped at a place called Thomas's Inn,
only to be told by the woman who kept it that there was
nothing in the house to eat... but she added that we could
spend the night, if we chose, and enjoy the shelter,
if not food. We had provisions in our wagon,
so we wearily entered...

When the meal was eaten she broke the
further news that there were no beds.

*“The old woman can sleep with me,” she suggested,
“and the girls can sleep on the floor.
The boys will have to go to the barn.”*

She and her bed were not especially attractive, and
mother decided to lie on the floor with us.

We had taken our bedding from the wagon,
and we slept very well; but though she was usually
superior to small annoyances, I think my mother
resented being called an “old woman.”

She must have felt like one that night,
but she was only about forty-eight years of age.

At dawn the next morning we resumed our journey...

AHS 1859

Anna Howard Shaw

Tan colored Blanket top side

In Arnot, Pennsylvania, a strike had been going on four or five months. The men were becoming discouraged.

I started Sunday at daybreak... We drove sixteen miles over rough mountain roads. It was biting cold.

In the afternoon I held a meeting. “*You’ve got to take the pledge,*” I said. “*Rise and pledge to stick to your brothers and the union till the strike’s won! The meeting stands adjourned till ten o’clock tomorrow morning...*”

I returned to my room at the hotel. It was the only one in town, and owned by the coal company.

At eleven o’clock that night the housekeeper knocked at my door and told me that I had to give up my room; that she was told it belonged to a teacher.

“*It’s a shame, Mother,*” she whispered, as she helped me into my coat...

A cold wind almost blew the bonnet from my head.

At the miner’s shack I knocked.

A light came in the tiny window.

The door opened, “*And did they put out, Mother?*”

“*They did that.*”

The miner held the oil lamp... His face was young but his body was bents over.

He insisted on my sleeping in the only bed, with his wife. He slept with his head on his arms on the kitchen table. Early in the morning the wife rose to keep the children quiet, so that I might sleep a little later as I was very tired.

Tan colored Blanket back side

As eight o’clock she came into my room, crying. “*You must get up, Mother. The sheriff is here to put us out for keeping you. This house belongs to the company.*”

The family gathered up all their earthly belongings, which weren’t much, took down the holy pictures, and put them in a wagon, and they with all their neighbors went to the meeting. The sight of that wagon with the sticks of furniture and the holy pictures and the children, with the father and mother and myself walking along through the streets, turned the tide.

It made the men so angry that they decided not to go back that morning to the mines...

The winds whistled down the mountains and drove the snow and sleet in our faces. My hands and feet were often numb. We were living on dry bread and black coffee. I slept in a room that never had a fire in it, and I often woke in the morning to find snow covering the outside covers of the bed.

After months of terrible hardships the strike was about won. ...

Those were the days before the extensive use of gun men, of military, of jails, of police clubs. There had been no bloodshed. There had been no riots. And the victory was due to the army of women with their mops and brooms.

MHJ 1899

Mother Mary Harris Jones, as she organized coal workers during the 1899 United Mine Workers Strike

Top sheet top side

Eleven P.M. In the boat "City of Boston"...

Trying to look as if the greater portion of my life had been passed on board boats, but painfully conscious that I don't know the first thing; so sit bolt upright, and stare about me till I hear one lady say to another—

"We must secure our berths at once"

whereupon I dart at one, and, while leisurely taking off my cloak, wait to discover what the second move may be. Several ladies draw the curtains that hang in a semi-circle before each nest—instantly I whisk mine smartly together, and then peep out to see what next. Gradually, on hooks above the blue and yellow drapery, appear the coats and bonnets of my neighbors, while their boots and shoes, in every imaginable attitude, assert themselves below, as if their owners had committed suicide in a body. A violent creaking, scrambling, and fussing, causes the fact that people are going regularly to bed to dawn upon my mind. Of course they are; and so am I — but pause at the seventh

pin, remembering that, as I was born to be drowned, an eligible opportunity, itself; and,

having twice escaped a watery grave, the third immersion will certainly extinguish my vital spark.

The boat is new, but if it ever intends to blow up, spring a leak, catch afire, or be run into, it will do the deed to-night, because I'm here to fulfill my destiny. With tragic calmness I resign myself, replace my pins, lash my purse and papers together, with my handkerchief, examine the saving circumference of my hoop, and look about me for any means of deliverance when the moist moment shall arrive; for I've no intention of folding my hands and bubbling to death without an energetic splashing first.

Top sheet back side

Sleep got the better of fear to such an extent that my boots appeared to gape, and my bonnet nodded on its peg, before I gave in. Having piled my cloak, bag, rubbers, books and umbrella on the lower shelf, I drowsily swarmed onto the upper one, tumbling down a few times, and excoriating the knobby portions of my frame in the act. A very brief nap on the upper roost was enough to set me gasping as if a dozen feather beds and the whole boat were laid over me.

Out I turned; and after a series of convulsions, which caused my neighbor to ask if I wanted the stewardess, I managed to get my luggage up and myself down. But even in the lower berth, my rest was not unbroken, for various articles kept dropping off the little shelf at the bottom of the bed, and every time I flew up, thinking my hour had come, I bumped my head severely against the little shelf at the top, evidently put there for that express purpose.

At last, after listening to the swash of the waves outside, wondering if the machinery usually creaked in that way, and watching a knot-hole in the side of my berth, sure that death would creep in there as soon as took my eye from it, I dropped asleep, and dreamed of muffins.

LMA 1863

Louisa May Alcott

Bottom sheet top side

By one of the characteristic wartime muddles of officialdom, the *Galeka* had been ordered to take many more passengers than she was able to accommodate, with the result that a hundred V.A.D.s were obliged to occupy two big “wards” in the hold, which all too recently had been used by convalescent Tommies suffering dysentery and kindred ailments. These quarters, whether for me or for women, were singularly ill-suited to a semi-tropical, submarine-infested sea.

Apart from tiny portholes high above our heads and one or two electric fans, there was no method of changing or moving the hot, fetid air, and only a narrow, ladder-like stair case, difficult to negotiate except in calm weather, provided a means of exit to the upper decks.

Our “beds” at night were swinging iron cots, made up with the same blankets and mattresses as the sick men had used. Sleep, owing to the stuffy heat and the persistent flies, was almost impossible. Privacy, however great our need of it – and a few of us had begun inexplicably to suffer from headaches and acute diarrhoea – proved equally inaccessible, for each ward had only one washhouse.... To young women delicately brought up in fastidious homes, it was a perturbing demonstration of life as lived in the publicity of the slums.

Several girls solved the ablution problem by not washing at all.

...On the third morning in the new ship, a feverish discomfort that I had endured for two days turned suddenly to shivering fits and stiffening of the limbs.

Shamefaced but rather alarmed, I reported sick, and was greeted with the words: “What? Another!” and sent to my cot in the sweltering hold.

Sixteen V.A.D.s altogether retired there that day, smitten by a mysterious disease...

Bottom sheet back side

Indescribably hot, aching in every limb and semi-delirious I was hardly conscious of anxious visits from the Matron and the chief Medical Officer, but lay listening to the groans of my fellow sufferers, and watching the legions of indeterminate insects crawling along the wooden flooring above my head, until I fell feverishly asleep.

Throughout our journey from Mudros to Malt, an enemy submarine which no boat could locate lurked unmolested in the Mediterranean; it sank the Cunarder *Franconia* on October 4th, and the same day torpedoed a French transport, the *Gallia*, quite close to us, with the a loss of six hundred lives.

Altogether, the situation seemed a curious comment on my father's fear, two or three years earlier, that if I went to a finishing school in Paris I might develop appendicitis.

When the *Galeka* at last docked in the Grand Harbour at Valleta on October 7th, I awoke to find the Principal Matron of Malta standing by my side, looking down at me. A handsome women of classic proportions, she seemed somehow to restore their lost heroic quality to our vicissitudes, and I grinned apologetically at her from my lowly cot.

“*This* one can smile, at any rate!” I heard her remark in a singularly gracious voice to the Matron of the *Galeka*.

In the afternoon I was carried off the boat on a stretcher, and pushed into one of the ambulances which were taking the convoy of sick nurses to Imtarfa Hospital, seven miles away in the center of the island.

VB, 1916

Vera Brittain, while sick on the hospital ship, The Galeka, going to Malta, Oct. 7, 1916

Matress Topper (ontop of bed frame) top side

... we stopped another night with a family of two bachelor brothers and two spinster sisters. The home consisted of one large room, not yet lathed and plastered. The furniture included a cooking stove, two double beds in remote corners, a table, a bureau, a washstand, and six wooden chairs. As it was late, there was no fire in the stove and no suggestion of supper, so the governor and I ate apples and chewed slippery elm before retiring to dream of comfortable bed and well-spread tables in the near future.

The brothers resigned their bed to me, just as it was. I had noticed that there was no ceremonious changing of the bed linen under such circumstances, so I had learned to nip all fastidious notions of individual cleanliness in the bud, and to accept the inevitable. When the time arrived for retiring, the governor and the brothers went out to make astronomical observations or smoke, as the case might be, while the sisters and I made our evening toilet, and disposed ourselves in the allotted corners.

That done, the stalwart sons of Adam made their beds with skins and blankets on the floor.

When all was still and darkness reigned, I reviewed the situation with a heavy heart, seeing that I was bound to remain a prisoner in the corner all night, come what might.

I had just congratulated myself on my power of adaptability to circumstances, when I suddenly started with an emphatic “*What is that?*”

Matress Topper (ontop of bed frame) back side

A voice from the corner asked,

“*Is your bed comfortable?*”

“*Oh, yes,*” I replied,

“*but I thought I felt a mouse run over my head.*”

“*Well,*” said the voice from the corner,

“*I should not wonder. I have heard such squeaking from that corner during the past week that I told sister there must be a mouse nest in that bed.*”

This announcement was greeted with suppressed laughter from the floor. But it was no laughing matter to me. Alas! What a prospect—to have mice running over one all night. But there was no escape. The sisters did not offer to make any explorations, and, in my fatigue costume, I could not light a candle and make any on my own account. The house did not afford an armchair in which I could sit up. I could not lie on the floor, and the other bed was occupied. Fortunately, I was very tired and soon fell asleep. What the mice did the remainder of the night I never knew, so deep were my slumbers. But, as my features were intact, and my facial expression as benign as usual next morning, I inferred that their gambols had been most innocently and decorously conducted. These are samples of many similar experiences which we encountered during the three months of those eventful travels.

ECS 1867

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, written letter of December 28, 1867 describing her July road trip, “Proposition to extend suffrage to women and colored men in Kansas,” through Kansas.

Mattress top side

When I started to campaign for my 3rd term as Treasurer, I was tired, half sick, and politically disillusioned; but I threw myself heart and soul into the electioneering. It takes more morale than I have to work half-heartedly at any job.

There were long, cold trips over the entire county; stops at towns, ranches... Trying to sell oneself to the voting public is a grueling strain. Between trips I would rush home to do my housekeeping, rush to the office to do some of the work which piled up in my absence...

Weeks of this high pressure brought me up to the night before the election, when, after attending a dance, I tried to sleep in a hotel bed the covers of which were literally frozen together from recent snow and rain.

This performance left me with a heavy cold, but I went on electioneering up to the last minute and won the election.

This gave me two years more in office

After this you might think I would have rested, but I didn't. I'm a fool. The next morning in a snowstorm I pulled out for Denver...

AE 1934

*Anne Ellis, during her campaign for
Treasurer of Saguache County, Colorado*

Mattress back side

My philosophy was efficacious to a degree.
One very hot night in the boarding-house at Ogunquit,
sleeping was difficult.

The mattress was stuffed with corn-leaves,
but some of the cobs or stalks seemed to be included,
and stuck out determinedly.

There were mosquitoes many and persistent,
and I was freshly sunburned—
the real burn that smarts.

These conditions I calmly considered one by one.
“Heat? Cannot be helped, window and door both open.

Mosquitoes? Can't avoid them, nothing to shut them out,
nothing to use as a deterrent.

Sunburn? Nothing to put on that either, at present.

The bed? It's pretty bad, but there's no choice except
the floor, and that would be worse.”

So, having dismissed each difficulty as irremediable
at the time, I went to sleep.

CPG 1935

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Mattress edge

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