MRS. HOOKER'S LIFE DRAMA ECLIPSES ROLE OF HEROINE NAMED AFTER HER IN "ARIZONA"

Woman Who Didn't Know What Fear Was Puts True Story of West Into Book

BROKE WHIP ON FACE OF STEER AND SWORE

Daughter of General Famous in Indian Wars Married Son of Cattle King

667 WONDER, ma'am, if you would be so kind as to let me sleep in your bunkhouse for the night?"

It was sunset in Arizona. The peaks that were stained with the viclet and orange of countless other setting sups stood out in gauntness against the sky. The man was gaunt, too, as he stood on the path in front of the litchen cloor of the little ranch house. The woman-she was only a slip of a girl-looked back at him. Then her eyes wandered slowly to his hand. There were two fingers missing,

Through the fading light of the range dusk was stealing. The mountains stood out in their tremendous leneliness. For all of their oil nee there might have been no towns, no cities in the world. As it was, the nearest neighbor was thirty-five miles away,

Birdie Hooker raised her eyes slowly from the man's maimed hand to his waiting eyes. With him she traded a long, even glance.

Then she answered:

"Why, yes, of course, you may Come right in now for sup-

The other day-last Saturday to be exact - Mrs. Forrestine C. Hooker sat in the living room of the home of her cousin. Mrs. E. E. Moyer, in Chestnut Hill, and reached back through the years for this little piece of true story.

"The man," she continued, "was Three-Fingered Jack,' a notorious bandit of the West. I knew it as soon as I spied his hand and I was all alone-with my husband and the babies up at the big ranch house, But I let him stay. Why not? He was a very proper sort of guest. He helped get supper and then washed the dishes and insisted on poking around to put them in their proper places. He slept in the bunkhouse that night, as he suggested, and the next marning when I came into the kitchen he had the and his only apology was that he couldn't cook the eggs because he didn't know how I liked them."

Three months later, Mrs. Honker added, her gentleman bandit was shot and killed in his spectacular attempt to hold up the Southern Pa-

"Weren't you afraid to have-to have a man like that around?" was the question that filled in the pause following this rather amazing declaration.

The smart-hooking weman in the blue point twill does loured back reflectively. She shock her head.

"Do you know," she said impulsively, "I never knew what fear was all through the years until I came back to civilization? I have gone out on all-night round-ups with the cowboys-I have ridden the unbroken trails with only an old colored soldier for my guide. I've broken a whip over the face of a steer. I cried that time because I was mad." A still beautiful pair of brown eyes laughed at the memory.

Known as Heroine

in Play "Arizona" "But I was never afraid-until I came back to the heart of civilization."

It is a little but difficult to begin to identify Mrs. For estine Hower, Augustus Thomas, the playwright, log cabin these walls were papered approach adopted for his heroine. Bonta with newspring she was had it at Ride Long Trail Again

her, it is true. She started by being inspector the United States has open plains, near San Antonio, Texas. I was in California. born in Philadelphia. But events ever known. Thus her story goes began to happen very shortly. At with its endless thrills.

The age of one year, as the daughter almost inevitable that the age of a farmers for happen were almost inevitable that the age of the year almost inevitable that the property for the pro

so many are her claims to fame, erals of the United States Army show over roofs. She makes her She is perhaps best known as the amore the hark of the Indian r bels home in Washington. young girl of the West whom her. From the broken windows of a Expects Some Day to

Canby, in his play "Arizona" As The years that standard before such her name has at some time and came after John 11ch with currence living required at the property of the form of a resident of the form of the residence of the form. tongues of half the population of stranger than decion. "filedic the United States. But if Mr. Chappes of the Touth's neveral the 11 is hard to be Thomas crammed two tense hours of non-of a cattle king. As I stated in Thomas are the former to the control of the cont drama around his Bonita Cardly she rode the pances with the sone Senia Bonita ritter hereine caughter of a runch, this tops and was a partner with her Aseems almost tame in communisch husbandun to management fither with the life drama of the real aftern ranches and Iso, one cond of Things began culmly enough for having been the only official cattle-

the age of the year, as the daught it seems almost movitable that of lifteen deal to envelopment, arms. I told him it was a day for ter of a famous father, Brigadier with her two relidient, now grown "The Tendy, and been deal heroes, but that I wanted to pay General C. L. Cooper, she was learn up and married, and herself the Hooker passed to say, the composed tribute to a loging one, ing to walk in the tender care of an grammother of a little boy of ten, chiral collection with the road with his roses, his toothless and solding at Foot Sill. In.

Mes. Hooker finall should decide to this particular along after a few with his roses, his toothless below. old colored soldier at Fort Sill, indian Territory. At six she was playwrite the fullness of her life into
ing with Indian children. At seventeen she was no longer playing with
them because her father was in the
thick of fighting these red men in the
last great Chirachuachua Apache
cutbreak. It was in that famous

ing to walk in the tender care of an grandmother of a lattle boy of ten.

Ciark looked out escentally for us. Ch.
The last great Chirachuachua Apache
in open spaces dwelling in her brown
last great Chirachuachua Apache
eyes. She lives, however, in open
where Major General
spaces no longer. The cycle of life

Ciark looked out escentally for us.
Ciark looked out escents of us

"Some that," she said by somethis The ser of the Fant treorge, There was allowed the dwell at Soldiers with guy ropes.

They were sent to the Federal enttle. She holds the distinction of the womenhood of the father's prison in the morning after my father's having been the only official caret.

This mother of the plains put her little ones to bed under buffulo robes. The night winds of Texas howled without. out everything seemed safe and shoul within, and everybody went to sleep. Birdle was six, though, and now able to awaken easily. This she did when she felt her mother stir suddenly from her warm little looks. Then she saw her crawling neross

A scene on the Nevada ranch where Mrs. Hooker

lived in the old days

aren at one with her two arms. In a she heard her mother calling in persified horrestess; "Clark, Clark, are we in danger "Not us long as I'm alive, Mrs.

Then are entered the soldier's "I'll shout and I'll shoot to ki the first been that comes in pace of

The lifteen white envelopmen, drunk horse | new in the absence of their commander. The still Texas plains or head sharply with a rapid exchange of shots. Five hullets passed through the top of tent. The Negro soldier won, though, He was solver. At hour later he and z after frame. Mrs. Cooper were tying the drunken

"I saw George Clark the last time

George of can see him now walking down

on log cabin that was papered espaper, og the fulls I used to go for with my bodygnard, named by the late of the miles through anthrodon a traits. But the late a negative tum to the military present in thus bringing to an ent the

and hardship that studied of lighting the listers of fighting the list of the rewhen this solder's faully on unbroken trails, placing a the side of a erag-bound river the stream was high and tents

they unhitched the house tropes to the back wheel of dalance to let it down into real to the front in order to up the other side. As mother children were in the ambuilding ing this performance, we were worse for wear. atol a half days of great sad- 11

when it was positively too --

nd unutterable anxiety came into when the father was lost for period of time on the desert. It ricel of time on the desert.

ressary to cut the thronts of Succession & Succession from thirst. shared the last drop of water b that with canteen with the faithful

ting this period Mrs. Cooper's the word arred completely white. of Arizona, and was married to him.

It was as young Mrs. Hooper in the letter for hours and its played;

"For Augustus Thomas" "Bonita."

Of Arizona, and was married to him.

We distinct to her for hours to the form hours are the letter for hours.

Playwright Chose Heroine

the moved against for fittle Birdle by, it was a the little town of Williams, of the Tenth. For some years was sent back to Philadelphia to be attended and spent several terms at Starbia and spent and the first beauty several houses in the town to long after she returned to the town of them but. There was that she met young Hooker, that she met young Hooker, tan-becoming from it. That will always father was the great cattle king transmit my memory, the way that

its entirely the other day. Mrs. Hooker

as well. To it also came cattlemer from other States, ranchers, cowber, and many who later were involved cuttle rustling hold-ups. Here, deed, was the center of the second par of Birdie Cooper's life, matching thrills those years of the first par As young Hooker was official catt inspector at Willcox and the front roo of the bungslow was the office. My Hooker assisted in all his official we

son A. Miles, General Crook and men other notables. It was from this house that Mr. Thomas waited for his cent.

bound train after visiting Fort Gran and the Hooker ranch for data for

The cabin had other claims to fan

and gained the experience and working knowledge that a little later encoun-aged the United States Government dub her as its only official woman con

Arizona—the last great stand of a bad man of the West!

It was significant to sit in the qui and "effete" civilization of Cheeta Hill and listen to Mrs. Hooker's in pression of him.

"The knickers of the girls of took

"The knickers of the airls of took wouldn't go far with him." she re marked. "One thing that the supposed wild man of the West required of his women was that they be womanly, have yet to ride a horse astride. I red all over the plains of the West but rode side-saddle, and I never thrown! I didn't wear knickers, just skirt.

eleven at night trying to round up a be cleven at night trying to round up a here
of cattle. I was concentrating my attention on one particular steer. He
seemed to know what I was trying to
do. He'd wink his eye at me and which
his tail and then shy off sidewise. I
made me so mad I broke the handle of
my whip slashing him over the face
Then I cried through sheer vexation.
"Mr. Hocker said. "Crying west." 'Mr. Hooker said. 'Crying won

'I answered, 'Well, maybe swear 'And it did. I assembled all the bla words I had ever heard or imagined as do you know that steer respected a and came like a lamb—or almost it a lamb. After that I said to the boy Go nhead, boys, you can't handle (unless you swear.

That night I had to ride back the ranch for help. It was so dark

couldn't see my horse's cars and vont knowing it I lost the trail. my pony would have none of my indirectness. He fought my rein until i made me understand I was not got he right way. That was when I almo bumped into the barndoor and realisthat, fighting, he had brought me safe The music which "Bonita" made out in those wild Western ranges run through the pattern of her rugged life like a fine gold thread. Time and that again with a loving fondness in voice she referred to it.

Mrs. Hooker, present-day novelis and modern woman, smiled. Then she said, again: "Some day I'm going to get a horse and a gun and I'm going back!" extensive social service work. retary-manager of the humane sock

recent photograph Mrs. Hooker

such brain work and they used their bunds! children. Despite the number of cases are not "At Her Springs aften in the night only eight complaints were filed, the recent when I was above and practicing, a other cases being adjusted in the office about the canyon in front of my home, or har the canyon in front of my home, or coveres would be velong in the hill. the third and an expect of the canyon in Dond of my home, or homan being. She has also used to the longer of the hills prominently in the politics of Los Armon the range of the mass back of the house. It was a golos, helping in campaigns for the canyon and such classic fine in a tray series of the lines and such classic.

The Hacker reach was the natural Although she has written many short.

The Hooker ranch was the actual Although she has written many shot background that Mr. Thomas chose for stories, it was only in 1020 that she play "Arizona" Henry Carby, booked back across the vista of the year the rancher in the play, was none other and decided to write the story of her than picturesque old Henry Hooker early life into novels. than picturesque old Henry Hooker binnedf, father the how of Forrestine, I limbeds of the bines given to the character were actually flooker's own words, chosen by the playwright because of their picturesque quality and verat simplicity and directors.

Many Notable Guests

Hooker admits that the years as Bonita of the Western leavend still live despity within

at Little Bungalow

The little frame of which both Mr. "Well, I did live to play," she Thomas and Mrs. Hooker speak was a all the gold in the world," is her was

Western legend still live deeply

her. mpaign where Major General spaces no longer. The cycle of life our very life's food on this escort teen. Mother and I lived through the spaces no longer. The cycle of life our very life's food on this escort teen. Mother and I lived through the owned up, "and I tuned that plane my small bungalow in which the young the owned up, "and I tuned that plane my small bungalow in which the young self, and in the beginning I had to get there—and we spent a good bit of our teen. Mother and I lived through the wagon.

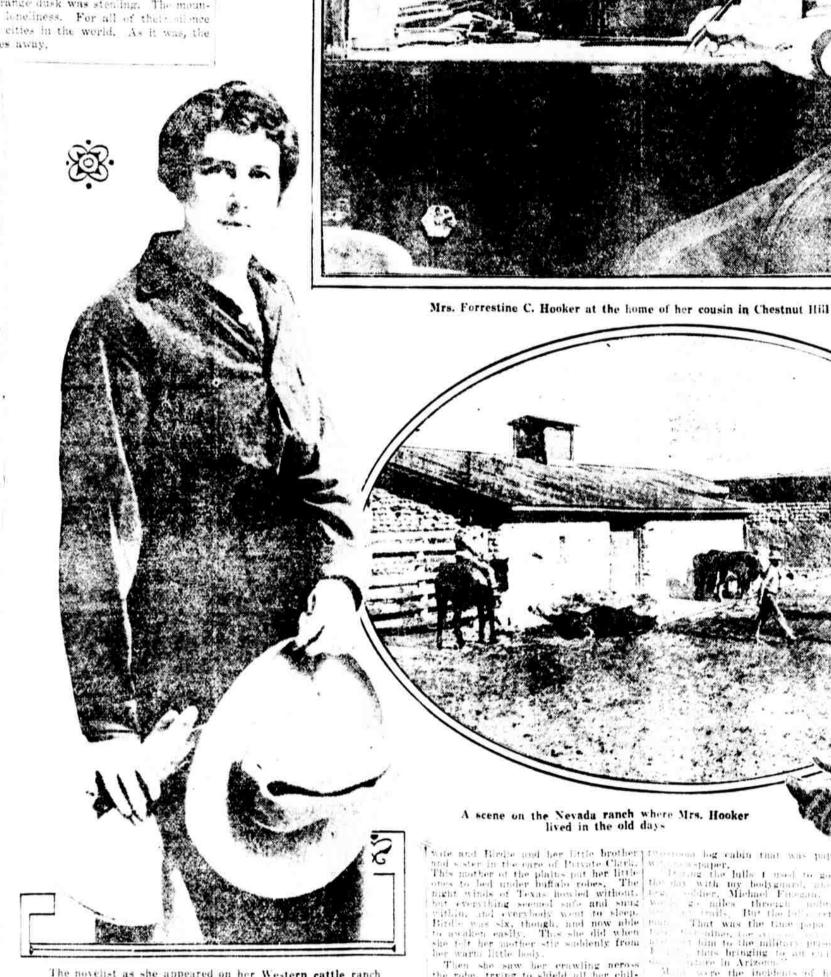
General Cooper then turned back, his self, and in the beginning I had to get there. The unbroken trails and the control our very life's food on this escort teen. Mother and I lived through the wagon.

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General Cooper then turned back, his self, and in the beginning I had to get there. The unbroken trails and the course of the wagon.

The other day in New York, dissent the course of the c



The "Bonita

mous by

Augustus

T homas' play. "Ari-

The novelist as she appeared on her Western cattle ranch