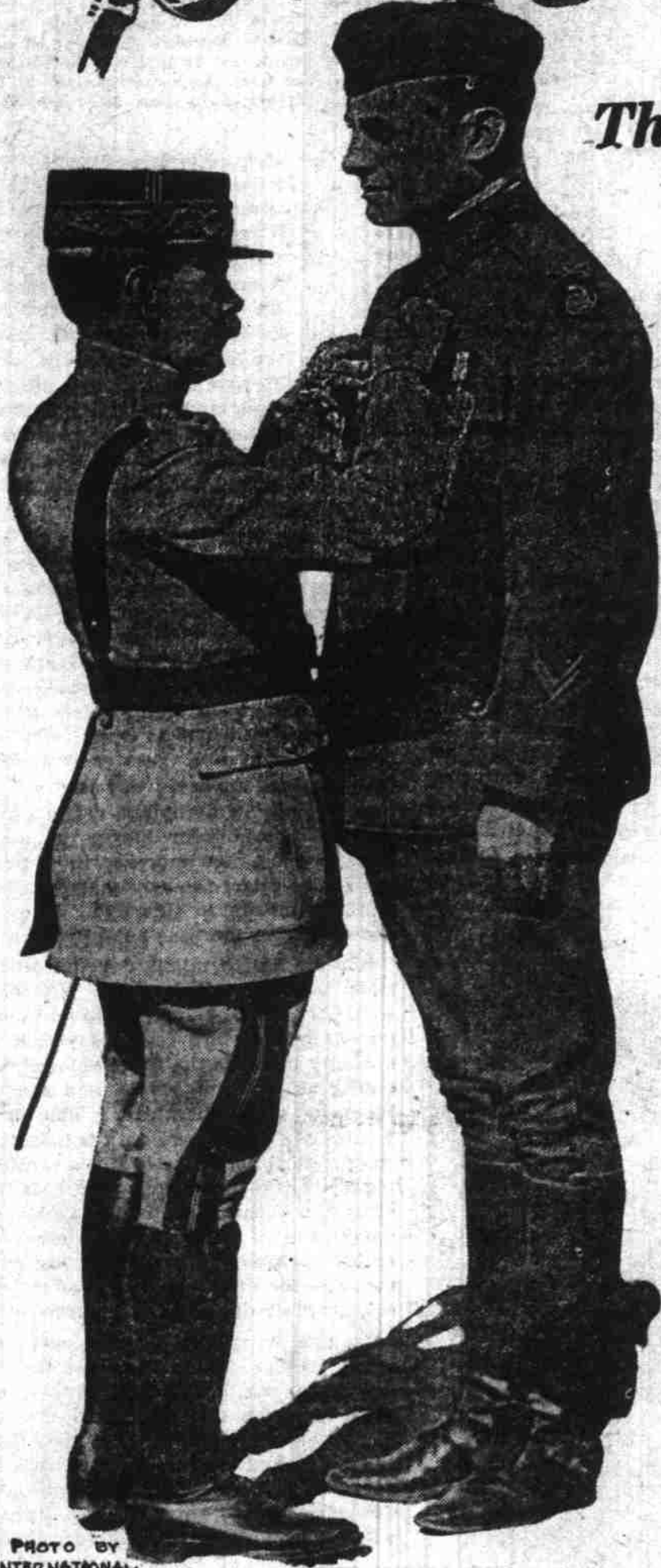


How Col. Hayward Won His "Big Objective"



When Colonel Hayward Was Officially Recognized as a Great Hero—Receiving His Croix de Guerre After the Battle of Belleau Wood

WHEN Colonel "Bill" Hayward, the picturesque and indomitable soldier who led the black Fifteenth Regiment of the New York National Guard to undying fame and honor, married, comparatively a few days ago, Mrs. Sarah Plant, a gracious and extremely wealthy widow, he ended a campaign in which he had shown all the dash and fire that had secured for him other decorations in Europe. War does teach its lessons—or is it that Colonel "Bill" was always just that way and it needed the war to bring him out? At any rate the successful soldier has been notable for ages as a successful wooer; Cupid and Mars go hand in hand and the qualities which apparently are needed to overthrow strongholds and armies are just the ones to make a woman's heart capitulate. Woman is, after all, what they call in warfare "the big objective."

Colonel "Bill" won his big objective in matrimony just as he won it in battle-torn France. Not only that, but he had two very active and unusual sub-officers advising and working for him—his own son and the son of the present Mrs. Hayward, for Colonel Hayward has been married once and Mrs. Plant has acquired and lost two husbands.

Colonel Hayward's qualities in battle won him from his admiring colored troops the title of "The Holl Man." One of the black tigers was first to predict the match. It was when there came to the regiment in camp, chickens, ice cream and hot-house watermelons in wholesale quantities, "Some rich lady do love our Cunnel," said a top sergeant. They had been sent by Mrs. Plant right after her first meeting with the Colonel upon his return.

When Colonel Hayward came back he bore a wound chevron on his right arm and a lame leg acquired in Belleau Wood. Also he wore on his breast the Croix de Guerre and other medals.

In addition, now he wears there the heart of the lady of his love, widow of Commodore Morton F. Plant, who made her a wedding gift of \$5,000,000, and when he died bequeathed to her a life income on \$10,000,000 more.

Difficulties were sown as thickly about his wooing as the German front he

He arrived. He manoeuvred. He captured. The Colonel's record was his first aid in the matrimonial dash. Every woman loves a hero. From across seas had come the news that the Colonel of what the foe called the "bloodthirsty black tigers" had defied a French commander who ordered him to retire.

"I don't understand you," the American Colonel had answered.

"Come back!" shouted the French commander.

"My men don't come back!" shouted "Bill" Hayward. "They will go through hell, but they won't come back." And he led them forward. He had been cited and decorated. He had won the Croix de Guerre.

Lives there a woman, no matter how feminine, whose heart does not beat faster at such a story of fearlessness? Mrs. Plant heard the story. She read the newspaper accounts of the feats of the fighting lawyer. She read what one of his sergeants said:

"The other colonels stood back and commanded their men. He led his. At Belleau Wood we met the most awful attack, a counter attack to ours. I myself saw the Colonel tear the eagles off his insignia, pick up a gun that had been dropped by a dying soldier and rush out ahead of his men. He didn't watch us go over the top. He led us."

Remembering these incidents, she read with interest the story of his return. Four thousand negro troops returned, and with them was their commander, Colonel William Hayward. They call it the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Infantry now, but the crowds cheered it as "the old Fifteenth."

Of course the Colonel who wouldn't go back received plaudits. From her rooms in the Plaza she watched him march past, albeit with a limp, up Fifth avenue. She saw the crowds throw up their hats. She heard the shouted praise for "Colonel Bill." Had he looked toward a high window of the Plaza instead of straight ahead, he would have seen a scrap of lace fluttering toward him. It was the tribute from Commodore Plant's widow to the man who knew no fear.

The Dashing Romance of the Hero Leader of New York's "Black Tigers," Who Wooed with All the Speed and Fire That Won Him War Fame and Brought to His Breast, Beside His Medals, the Heart of Commodore Plant's Multi-Millionaire Widow

broke was with barbed wire entanglements. First there was Mrs. Sarah May Cadwell Plant's enormous wealth as against that of a lawyer, and one whose fortune had been diminished by the fact of his long absence at the war front. Second, there was her very recent widowhood. Mr. Plant, the multi-millionaire, died in November. It is contrary to precedent and the etiquette of mourning to marry before a year of sorrowing has passed. It was an objective not easily to be taken. But Colonel "Bill," chief of the black tigers, took it, and with what an admiring onlooker said was zero-hour quickness. Perhaps he feared rival attacks.

Colonel "Bill" returned from the war zone on February 12. On June 21 he wedded the lovely widow.

He was an immensely popular man. He knew every stratum of New York society. In all these strata he had friends. There was the Gubernatorial set. Governor Whitman had appointed him his counsel. There was the Public Service Commission. He had been appointed a Commissioner. There was New York's most exclusive set. He had dined at its tables, paid compliments to its fair ones. The Rialto knew him, for he was a generous first-nighter at plays. Beautiful actresses sent him cards to their days at home and invitations to house parties at their country places. All the nation knew him. It had been but a few years before that Nebraska, the State of corn and hogs, had called him her "handsomest man," had made him the youngest of her county judges and had nearly elected him Governor.

His fame spread across all of America and all of Europe. For wherever war news had reached there was known the fighting colonel of the "black tigers."

Whenever he set out for a walk or started for a drive, wherever he dined or made a speech, cheers greeted him. Truth to tell, he grew a little tired of it. For, like most brave men and great, he was modest.

"Let's turn in here for a cup of tea," said a woman relative one day as they skirted the fountain at the Plaza.

"It would be pleasant to have a quiet moment somewhere," he admitted.

As they crossed the foyer the elevator door clanged back. Out of the lift stepped a woman, tall, fair haired, with the gentlest face and the softest smile he had ever seen save one. Where he had seen that combination of dignity and gentleness, that reserve of a woman who knew her world and the frank smile of a girl? She enlightened him. As the relative began her introductions the woman of gracious presence said:

"We have met before. May I greet the hero as an acquaintance of other days?"

The Colonel bowed low.

"It was at New London," she prompted, smiling.

"Ten years ago," she went on.

"I attended the Yale races there," he agreed.

"We met aboard a yacht."

"But, Mrs. Plant—"

"I was Mrs. Selden Manwaring then," she said simply.

"I remember," he said. "Won't you join us at tea and renew acquaintance?"

She dismissed her waiting chauffeur and at one of the little round tables they chatted of the races, of the war, of her small son, whom he remembered.

"Philip is seventeen now," she said.

"I have a boy a year older," he said. "His name is Leland."

"Philip is at St. Paul School," she said.

"Leland is at Pomfret."

"Philip wants to enter upon a diplomatic career."

"Leland thinks he will follow Dad into a law office."

They talked of war. She urged him to tell of holding the trenches for ninety-one days and of going over the top at Belleau Woods. She said little. She is one of those rare women who are of few words.

But her silence was eloquent. She paid him the subtle compliment of listening with unwavering attention. When the tea and the chat were over she said:

"I have apartments here. I shall be glad if you will call."

"Let me see. This is February. It was three months ago. Yes. He died in November. M—m," said Colonel "Bill" to himself. It is an exclamation that may mean much or little.

"She isn't going out, of course. But I think she meant her invitation to call."

He fell easily into the habit of calling at the tea hour. Her gentleness appealed deeply to him following the rigors of war. In times of long continued peace perhaps the vivacious woman has the supreme charm. But to the war-weary man with the slight limp the charm of the soft-voiced woman whose face was aureoled by sunny hair, was immeasurable.

In Easter Week he found Philip, a tall, deep-voiced youth of seventeen, beside his mother. "I'll bring Leland to-morrow, if I may?" he said.

Instantly the lads became friends. One of them now says that while the week was still at its beginning they pledged each other that they would help along the match they saw was impending.

"We'll have such fun when we're brothers," he said.

Both kept their word. When they returned to school each wrote his respective parent expressing his views about the suitability of the match.

The Colonel had the aid of two invincible young lieutenants.

One evening Colonel Hayward, sitting beside Commodore Plant's widow, and looking down at the white swans in the lake, hinted that it might be well to plan their campaign.

"But it is too soon. I have only been a widow seven months."

"I'm sure the Commodore would have wished you to be happy. He married you when he had been a widower ten months." It was a hazardous dash, but he remembered that women like daring.

It must be admitted that the first sortie was unsuccessful.

There was no surrender. A panic-stricken flight may not be considered surrender. There's a proverb threadbare from use concerning the wisdom of running away, that another day one may stand and fight.

It was unprecedented to marry so early in one's widowhood.

The Commodore had been very kind, very generous. Of course, there was a great difference in their ages. She had been thirty-one when she married him and he had been sixty-two.

He had been more a father than a husband.

"But between us there are only three years," the Colonel reminded.

Colonel Bill had the powerful ally of a woman's longing for happiness. What woman who is less than forty but hopes for further happiness? When she had been a youthful school teacher at Waterford she had met the school committee man, who was a hotel proprietor. They married, but the marriage had not long been a happy one. She had divorced the hotelkeeper. He kept the restaurants in the Grand Central Station. She had married first because it is the usual thing to marry. The second time she had married it was because the protecting kindness of a man of great power in her world, a railroad and steamship magnate, had stirred her imagination and her gratitude. The third



Mrs. "Colonel Bill"—Formerly Mrs. Plant—the Very Attractive and Very Rich Widow Who Was So Speedily Won by the Famous Soldier's Dashing Wooing

time! Should there be a third time? Perhaps she should live for her son, Philip, to guide his future.

Colonel Hayward believed this was a time for a charge. He recalled the warning of the French officer. "Come back," he had said. But he had not come back. "We will die," he had shouted back, "but we won't retire."

What was to be done but to make love, ardently, boyishly, determinedly? He argued with the skill that he had used at the bar. He was judicial as when he sat upon the bench in Nebraska. But, more than lawyer or judge, he was the gallant officer, commanding all his forces of eloquence.

On June 21 a limousine sped rapidly from the Plaza to the Municipal Building. Colonel Hayward, of the old Fifteenth, and the widow of Commodore Plant announced their intention to marry. They secured their license, and the automobile whirled back to the Plaza. There half a dozen rela-

tives and a few friends awaited them.

Philip Morgan Plant, who had dropped his father's name and taken his first stepfather's, gave his mother away to a second stepfather. Leland Hayward attended his father. Major and Mrs. Eugene Hayward, the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, and Mrs. Martha Lowe, his sister, kissed the bride. A Protestant clergyman performed the ceremony. A Roman Catholic priest whose charities the bride had assisted munificently was a witness.

One of the group warned the gallant Colonel that he had married the descendant of an old campaigner, General Benjamin Butler. "So she may outmanoeuvre you." And she is the daughter of State Senator Cadwell. "She may outargue you." But the terms were amply satisfactory to both of the contracting parties. They left that afternoon for the Plant Summer home at Bar Harbor.

The Colonel of the negro fighters had won. He had taken his biggest objective.