

# The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

## CHAPTER I.

### A Call in the Night.

There are few things darker than a country road at night, particularly if one does not know the lay of the land. It is not difficult to traverse a known path; no matter how dark it is, one is able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or widens? You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, in the days when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to limbo, a carriage went forward cautiously. From time to time it careened like a blunderbuss in a beam sea. The wheels and springs veined their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and bumps.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.  
"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the horse's heads, sir, let alone the road. I've blown out the lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way." It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."  
The coachman stared in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving Pecksnuff's coach in the bottomless pit. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of solid blackness.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the



"Why, You Cherub!" Cried the Old Maid.

carriage lurched on two wheels. The man in the carriage balanced himself carefully, so that the bundle in his arms should not be unduly disturbed. His arms ached. He stuck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "And when you drive up make as little noise as you can."

"Yes, sir," called down the driver. When the carriage drew up at its journey's end the man inside jumped out and listened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place: MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL.

The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He seized the silent knocker and struck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage, into which he stepped.

"Oh, with you!"

"That's a good word, sir. Maybe we can make your train."

"Do you think you could find this place again?"

"You couldn't get me on this pike again, sir, for a thousand; not me!"

The door slammed and the unknown sank back against the cushions. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the damp perspiration from his forehead. The big bundle was of his size. Whatever happened in the future, they would never be able to get him through his head. So much for the

of the upper halls to see if all her charges were in bed, where the rules of the school confined them after 9:30. It was at this moment that she heard the thunderous knocking at the door. The old maid felt her heart stop beating for a moment. Who could it be, at this time of night? Then the thought came swiftly that perhaps the parent of some one of her charges was ill and this was the summons. Still, her fears, she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Who is it?" she called.

No one answered. She cupped her hand to her ear. She could hear the clatter of horses dimly.

"Well!" she exclaimed; rather angrily, too.

She was in the act of closing the door when the light from the hall discovered to her the bundle on the steps. She stooped and touched it.

"Good heavens, it's a child!"

She picked the bundle up. A whimper came from it, a lifted little whimper of protest. She ran back to the reception room. A fountaining! And on her doorstep! It was incredible. What in the world should she do? It would create a scandal and hurt the prestige of the school. Some one had mistaken her select private school for a farmhouse. It was frightful.

Then she unwrapped the child. It was about a year old, dimpled and golden haired. A thumb was in its rosy mouth and its blue eyes looked up trustfully into her own.

"Why, you cherub!" cried the old maid, a strange turmoil in her heart. She caught the child to her breast, and then for the first time noticed the thick envelope pinned to the child's cloak. She put the baby into a chair and broke open the envelope.

"Name this child Florence Gray. I will send annually a liberal sum for her support and reclaim her on her eighteenth birthday. The other half of the enclosed bracelet will identify me. Treat the girl well, for I shall watch over her in secret."

Into the fixed routine of her humdrum life had come a mystery, a tantalizing, fascinating mystery. She had read of foundlings left on doorsteps—from paper covered novels confiscated from her pupils—but that one should be placed upon her own respectable doorstep! Suddenly she remembered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

Some time before Hargrave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigot, Norton. You're in a hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked partly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was ancient, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thin coat of hair and copper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on politics and the uses of radio, and he was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He had well, but unfortunately.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eyes became child over the amount of his cigarette. He was looking into the hall directly. He saw a young man with a bundle on his back and a woman with a bundle on her arm.

"There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigot, Norton. You're in a hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."

"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."

Hargrave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some thought which was not altogether to his liking. He had sent an order for his car, but had immediately countermanded it. He would walk till he grew tired, half a taxicab, and take a run up and down Broadway. The wonderful illumination might prove diverting. For 15 years nearly; and now it was as natural for him to throw a glance over his shoulder whenever he left the house as it was for him to breathe. The average man would have grown careless during all these years; but Hargrave was not an average man; he was, rather, an extraordinary individual. It was his life in exchange for eternal vigilance, and he knew and accepted the fact.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle. The bewildering display of lights, however, in no wise served to lift the sense of oppression that had weighed upon him all day. South of Forty-second street he dismissed the taxicab and stared undecidedly at the brilliant sign of a famous restaurant. He was neither hungry nor thirsty; but there would be strange faces to study and music.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He

belonged to no clubs. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the disposal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his club. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargrave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigot, Norton. You're in a hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked partly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was ancient, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thin coat of hair and copper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on politics and the uses of radio, and he was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He had well, but unfortunately.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eyes became child over the amount of his cigarette. He was looking into the hall directly. He saw a young man with a bundle on his back and a woman with a bundle on her arm.

"There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigot, Norton. You're in a hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked partly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was ancient, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thin coat of hair and copper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on politics and the uses of radio, and he was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He had well, but unfortunately.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eyes became child over the amount of his cigarette. He was looking into the hall directly. He saw a young man with a bundle on his back and a woman with a bundle on her arm.

"There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigot, Norton. You're in a hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked partly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was ancient, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thin coat of hair and copper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on politics and the uses of radio, and he was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He had well, but unfortunately.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eyes became child over the amount of his cigarette. He was looking into the hall directly. He saw a young man with a bundle on his back and a woman with a bundle on her arm.

"There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigot, Norton. You're in a hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked partly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was ancient, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thin coat of hair and copper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on politics and the uses of radio, and he was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He had well, but unfortunately.

wave his hand; saw also the open wonder on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?"

Braine asked indifferently, his head still unturned.

"Stanley Hargrave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some powwows over some rare books. Queer old cook; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."

"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princess.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."

He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargrave. The two shook hands cordially, for the elder man was rather fond of this middle of information known as Jim Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been wanting to talk to tonight."

"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"

"I'm an old man."

"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

"I do not usually care to meet strangers."

"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had seen Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargrave in the mirror had brought about that metallic gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once. My fault; I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great financiers, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life and to keep these people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"

"New you're making fun of me. For one thing there are always twenty thick brogans ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."

Hargrave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with."

The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were fake alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nine entailed for the sake of the tenth.

At length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princess nodded. Adieu were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audible sigh.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The luck of the devil's own," he said. "Child of the Steppes, for years I've flown about seas and continents, through valleys and over mountains—for what? For the sight of the face of that man we have just left. At first glance I wasn't sure; but the sound of his voice was enough. Oja, the next time you see that reporter, throw your arms around his neck and kiss him. What did I tell you? Without Norton's help I would not have been sure. I'm going to leave you at your apartment."

"The man of the Black Hundred?" she whispered.

"The man who deserted and defied the Black Hundred, who broke his vows, and never paid a kopeck for the privilege; the man who had been appointed for the supreme work and who ran away. In those days we needed men of his stamp, and to accomplish this end."

There was a woman, she interrupted, with a touch of bitterness.

"Always the woman. And she was an clever and handsome as you are."

"Thank you, Stanley."

"Ah, yes! Ironically. Sometimes you wish you could settle down, marry and have a family. Your domesticity would last about a month."

She made no retort because she recognized the truth of this statement.

"There's an emerald I know of," he said ominously. "It's quite possible that you may be wearing it within a few days."

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any love. She knew him to be a great and daring man, a man of letters, a man of action. She had seen him in that moment of his death when a German machine gunner's bullet had passed through the collar of his coat, and he had looked at her with a smile that she could never forget. The very name he had chosen was an insidious suggestion of society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A light of stars carried him into a dimly lit hall, smelling of the perfume of a woman. He opened a door and stepped into a room. He saw a woman sitting at a table, and he went to her. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it. She looked up at him and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it.

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were oriental. Here we are. It'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night!"

Braine looked like. He alone remained unknown save to the man designated as the chief, who was only Braine's lieutenant. The mark was the insignia of the Black Hundred, an organization with all the ramifications of the Camorra without their abiding stupidity. From the assassination of a king, down to the robbery of a country post office, nothing was too great or too small for their nets. Their god dwells in the hearts of all men and is called greed.

The ordinary business over, the chief dismissed the men, and he and Braine alone remained.

"Vron, I have found him," said Braine.

"There are but few; which one?"

"Eighteen years ago, in St. Petersburg."

"I remember. The millionaire's son. Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know. Probably he did. But he always had good nerves. He is being followed at this moment. We shall strike quick; for if he recognized me he will act quick. He is cool and brave. You remember how he braved that night in Russia. Jumped boldly through the window at the risk of breaking his neck. He landed safely; that is the only reason he ended us. Millions—and they slipped through our fingers.