

## CHAPTER VIII

### STANNA AND NAPOLEON

SOME very interesting things happened right straight along after that night. I found out lots of things about my master. He was a regular public benefactor and he had the name of being one of the stingiest men on the Drive.

He did everything anonymously. Rich people are horribly preyed upon in New York. Some of his friends who were known to be generous used to get a mail that staggered the postman. They were stung and bothered by their benefactions as if they had been noxious insects.

Master's beneficiaries couldn't sting him, for they didn't know who he was. He found many of them on the Drive, and at night. For such a quiet man, it was wonderful to see him make friends.

He would saunter along the Drive, stop to lean on the stone walls or bridge railings, or sit on one of the seats, and some other man would be pretty sure to engage him in conversation. It's mostly always the sad who loiter. The happy walk quickly. Master always wore an old coat, and a cap pulled pretty well over his face. Many a man did he save from despair, either by a word of comfort, or by some assistance in