

stockholders while the Wallingford flits on to the nest of new friends to fleece and new suckers to hook. It's an every-day story, and it's well told, and there is an added charm in the fact that there is not a week or two of halt, as in the serial form, between the exciting chapters of this appreciation of a phase of American business; a phase of that life that will in five or ten years have entirely disappeared.

George Randolph Chester has opened a mine in this line of romancing, and he is fully equal to its development. He has a great future before him. The dedication is almost as good as the story, and the business men to whom it is dedicated will relish the prefatory paragraph with a grim smile. It is as follows: "To the live business men of America—those who have been 'stung' and those who have yet to undergo that painful experience, this little tale is sympathetically dedicated."

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"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" is so well known a story that it scarcely calls for a mention by the reviewer of books. It is a simply-told, subtle story of sinuous business twists, and very true to life, and it reminds every reader of this or that one of his successful friends, but in a way it is harmful, as there are some people who may be charmed with its truth to such an extent that they will believe that it really typifies a whole class, and not the isolated individuals in the world of finance and promotion. Of course, we all of us have known the Wallingfords of daily life. They are the brilliant friends we shake before the jail takes them from us. You have met the man who asks you to act as secretary, president or vice-president of this or that corporation, "as a matter of form," fills all the offices with his friends, and then fills his pockets with the profits of nefarious deals, leaving the accommodating friends to face the clamors of the