

The Stock Exchange in caricature : a private collection of caricatures, cartoons and character sketches of members of the New York Stock Exchange, humorously portraying their fads and foibles, and conveying the jovial spirit and good fellowship underlying the serious side of everyday life "on 'change" / issued under the direction of a committee of members.

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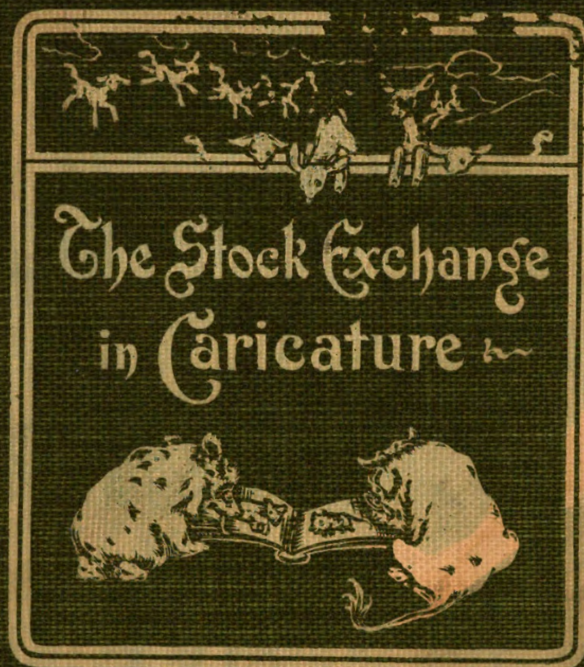


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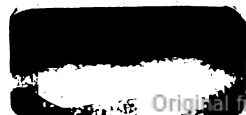
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The Stock Exchange in Caricature

The Stock Exchange in Caricature

A Private Collection of Caricatures, Cartoons and Character Sketches of members of the New York Stock Exchange, humorously portraying their fads and foibles, and conveying the jovial spirit and good fellowship underlying the serious side of everyday life "on 'change."

*Issued under the Direction of a
Committee of Members*

PART TWO

NEW YORK
ABRAM STONE *Publisher*

1904

Of this publication
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Part Two

1870 to 1880

William S. Alley	John S. James
Légrand L. Benedict	Richard King
Charles P. Britton	Theodore W. Myers
Washington E. Connor	Charles E. Quincey
William H. Granbery	George H. Schinzel
Charles I. Hudson	William R. White

1880 to 1890

Robert S. Barclay	Louis C. Clark
Walter A. Bass	William Fahnestock
James S. Bearns	Jacques S. Halle
James F. A. Clark	Charles W. Maury
Edward F. Slayback	

1890 to 1900

Allen Arnold	Ernest H. DeCoppet
Stewart Barr	William B. DeHaven
Charles E. Berner	Jacob Field
Adolph H. Borman	Andrew B. Graves
Henry H. Cone	Albert H. Gross
Frank A. Day	E. Sanford Hatch

Part Two — continued

1890 to 1900—continued

G. Trowbridge Hollister	William B. Reilly
Edward H. Hough	Frank Russak
Edward H. Jewett	Walter M. Scheftel
Philip Kearney	Sidney Schieffelin Schuyler
Charles E. Knoblauch	G. Lee Stout, Jr.
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Charles W. MacQuoid	Henry W. Warner
George B. Magoun	Henry Weisl
John Muir	Henri P. Wertheim
William E. Pearl	J. Lorimer Worden

1900 to 1904

Henry G. Campbell, Jr.	John H. McCullough
Joseph Connah	Monson Morris
Clarence DeWitt	Leopold Newborg
Frank W. Duryea	Robert C. Nicholas
Charles G. Gates	Henry H. Oltman
Henry G. Hahlo	H. Archie Pell
Hugo H. Hahlo	Frederic S. Rook
William D. Hutton	Herbert A. Scheftel
Louis M. Josephthal	Sidney M. Sternbach
Ira A. Kip, Jr.	Louis A. Sussdorff
Edward S. Knapp	William C. Van Antwerp
Edward DeWitt Walsh	



GOOD "all 'round fellows" through the world there are,
Afloat, ashore, in ball room, at the bar,
And here stalks one. Ah, Bill! thou'dst richer be
Had thy good traits not rounded out so far.

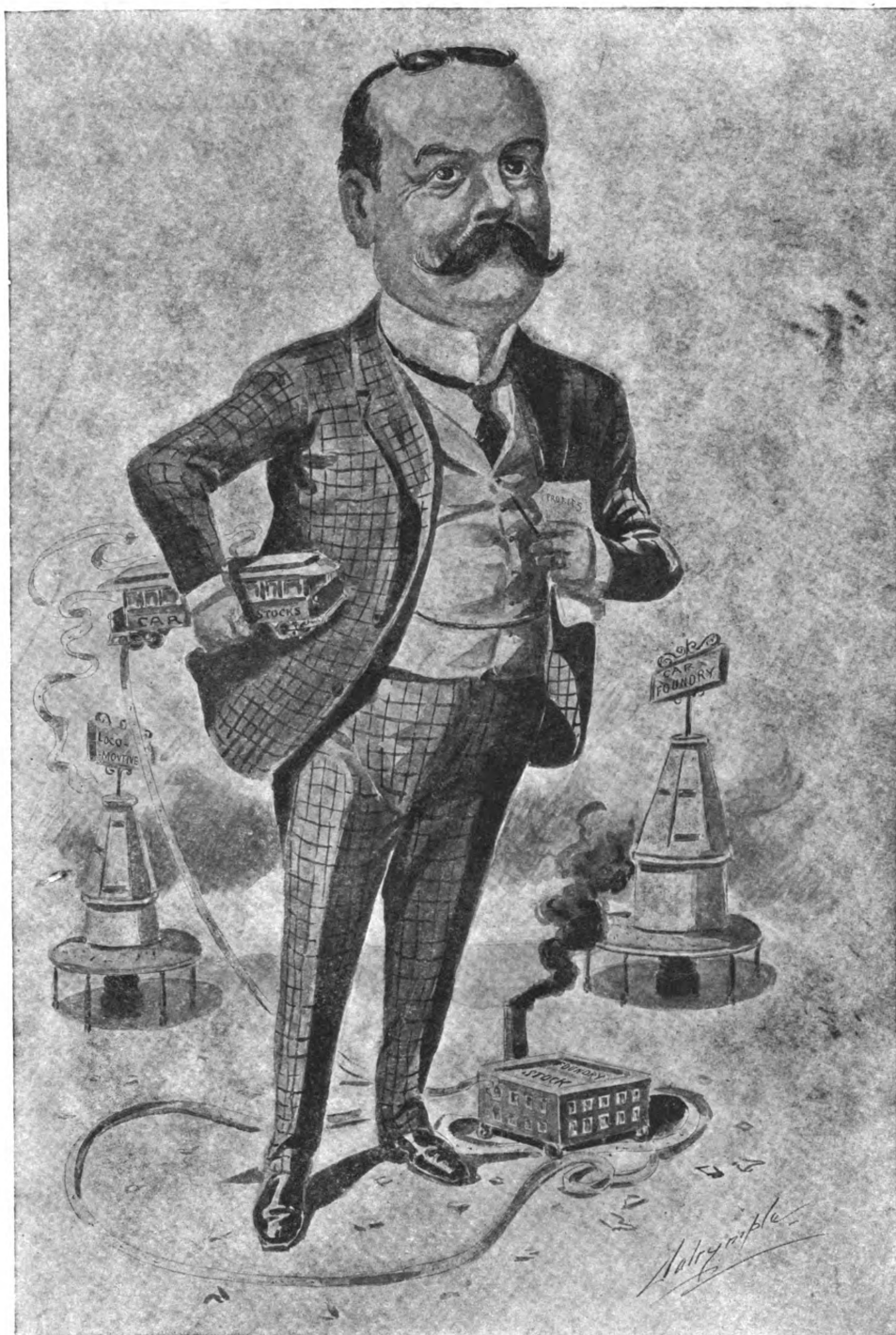
WILLIAM S. ALLEY.





*ARK where the man of iron stalketh now,
With supreme confidence athwart his brow;
His pockets bulging out with profits won,—
Ah Croseus! Warm thy heart and tell us how.*

LEGRAND L. BENEDICT





*AIL Broad Street's Medallist! Who can retire
Proud of success that action could inspire,
Bear well thy glittering burden and affright
All sinners with thy Methodistic fire.*

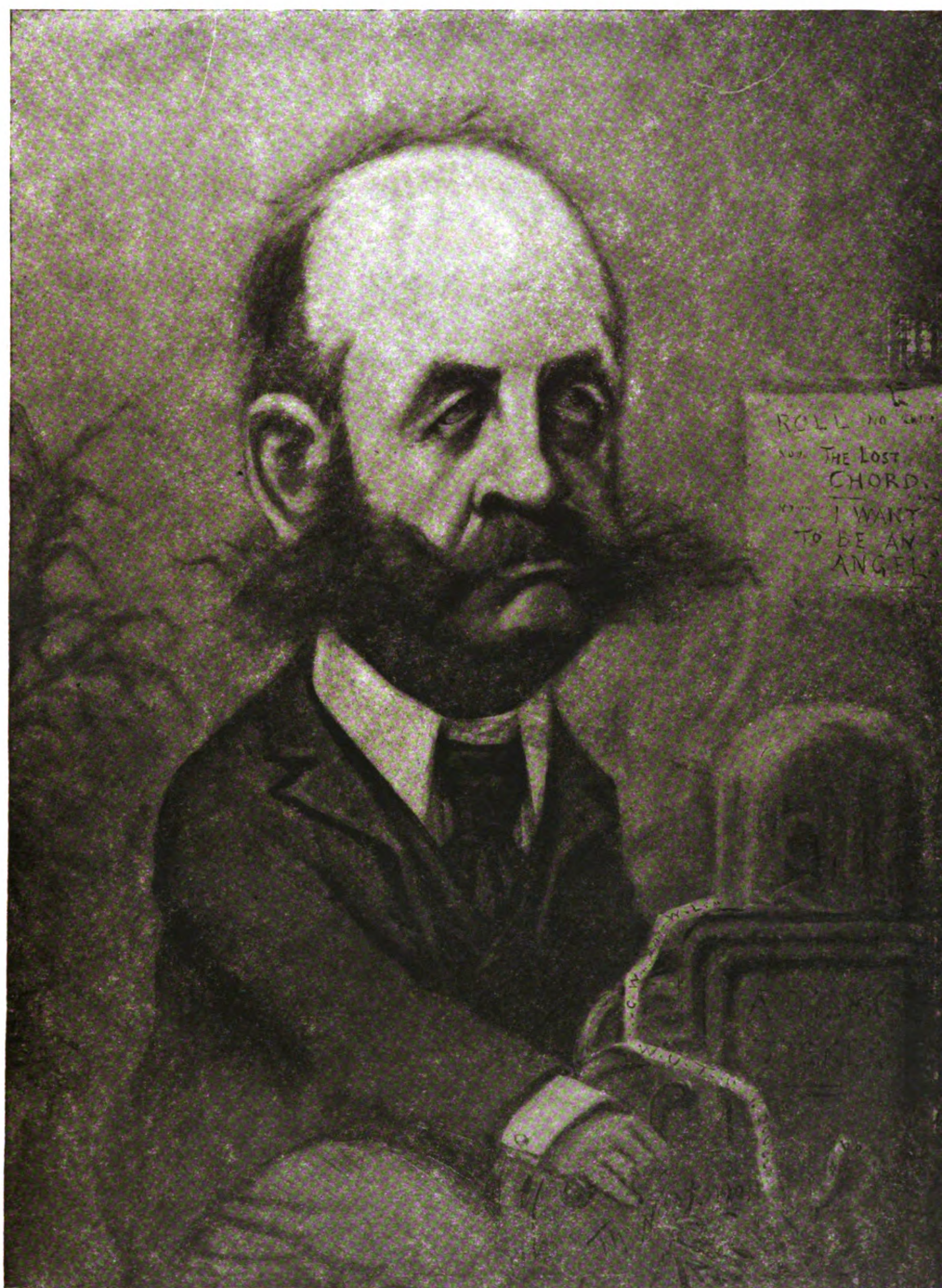
CHARLES P. BRITTON





“*LD WASH?” Back number? Legend lies forsooth!
Age cannot stale his prehistoric youth,
Who can grind music from the shades of woe,
And juggle idle rumor into truth.*

WASHINGTON E. CONNOR





*SOME fill the cup! Drink to the reckless be
Whose daring rests not even on the sea;
Who steers his shallop thro' his watered stocks
And glides by danger signals fearlessly.*

WILLIAM H. GRANBERY





*HAT HO! Some rare chef d'oeuvre of old Faience!
Some vases, crackle-glazed in blue and brown!
News o'er the wire that stocks are going down,
And he will boom ceramics and finance.*

CHARLES I. HUDSON





*O be a Sugar-King, a Raphael too,
Is something far beyond all hope to do,
And yet the shade of one's before me now,
Whose one art symphony from hat to shoe.*

JOHN S. JAMES





*HY he can can juggle golf balls, billiards too,
And make his raiment seem forever new,
As easily as when with cunning smile,
He rules the earnings of C. B. & Q.*

RICHARD KING





*H party strife! How inconsistent thou!
That once endorsed, and doth deny it now.
Perhaps this small comptroller was so great
That votes could not defeat him anyhow.*

THEODORE W. MYERS





*EMOSTHENES was eloquent 'tis said,
But fable never drew him finely fed.
How different from this expert gourmet
Who thrills the festive board from foot to head.*

CHARLES E. QUINCEY





*BOVE this brow divine afflatus burns
His muse letters and music sways by turns;
A dilletante in the world of art,
Cæsar in that where pluck a fortune earns.*

GEORGE H. SCHINZEL





*F figures do not lie, here's that of wealth
Iron turned to Gold with long continued health,
And trolley cars that teach him charity;—
Else this exterior were got by stealth.*

WILLIAM R. WHITE





*AIT not the ticker's reel with mawkish qualms,
And hope to land the unsuspecting Lambs,
For danger often springs from innocence,
And many a bite lurks in the shells of clams.*

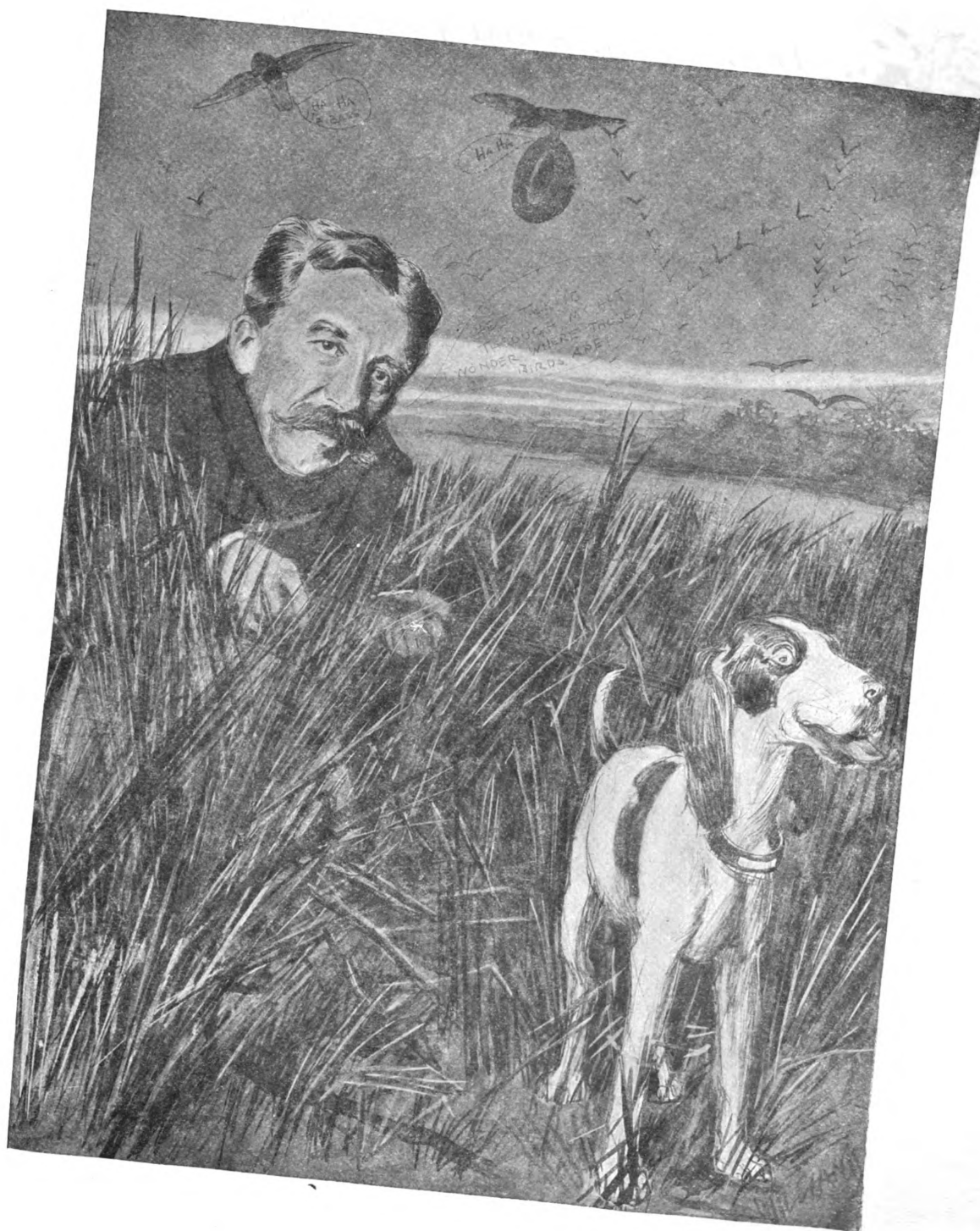
ROBERT S. BARCLAY





*DOG! A gun! A hand of magic touch!
His prey is on a bier or else a crutch.
Laurelled in every fight for "Steel Preferred"
Save when the Lambs' prefer it not so much.*

WALTER A. BASS





*H inconsistent man! I heard somewhere
The tale of one who more than fought his share
'Gainst droves of maddened Bulls, and yet one day
He fled in terror from a captive Bear.*

JAMES S. BEARNS





*ELL me no speedful tales of auto-cars,
Malodorous and murderous. For lo!
I'll make four steeds in graceful tangles go,
And find as many ways of seeing stars.*

JAMES F. A. CLARK





*HE child of Nimrod never ducking shuns,
Nor halts, tho' tide and weather dim his luck.
He doth admire and praise all kinds of duck,
But ne'er is cruel save to feathered ones.*

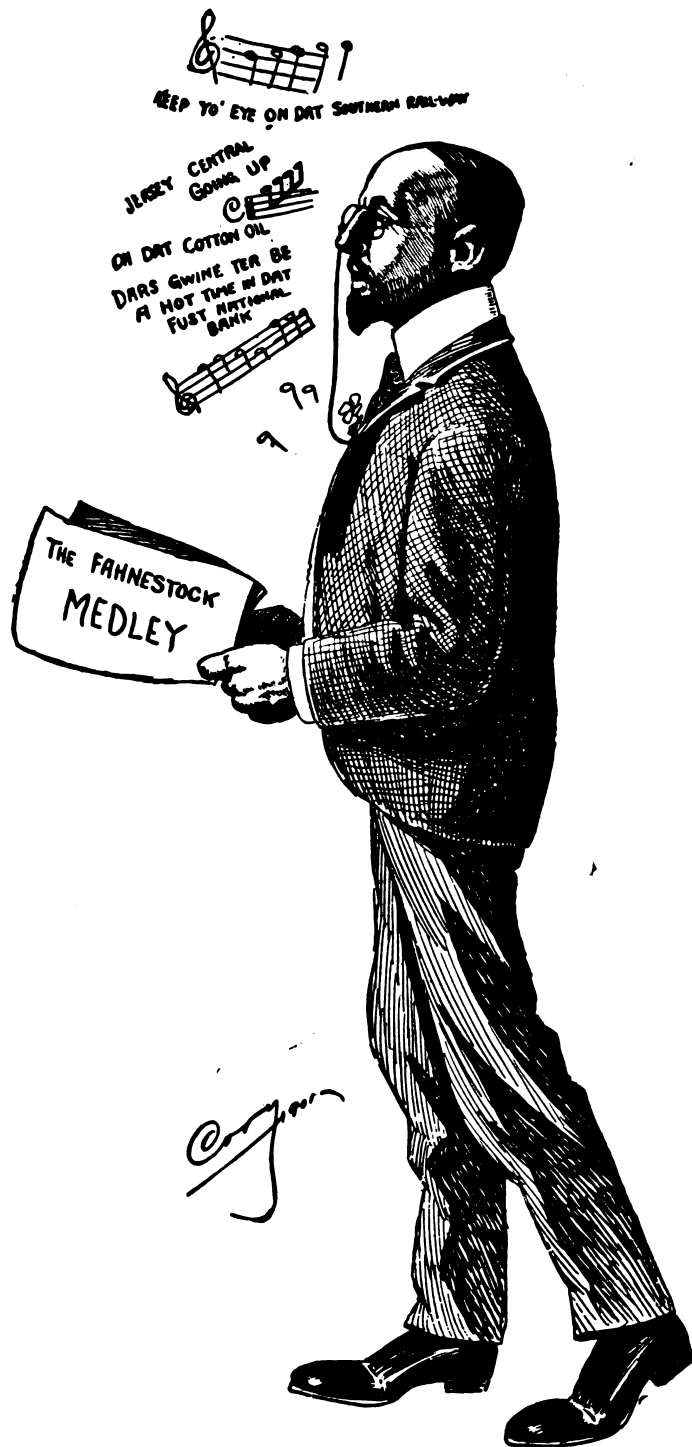
LOUIS C. CLARK





PRICE bless'd be who through the whole day long
Can wed the roar of trade to soothing song;
In accents deaconesque or otherwise,
Dependent on a market weak or strong.

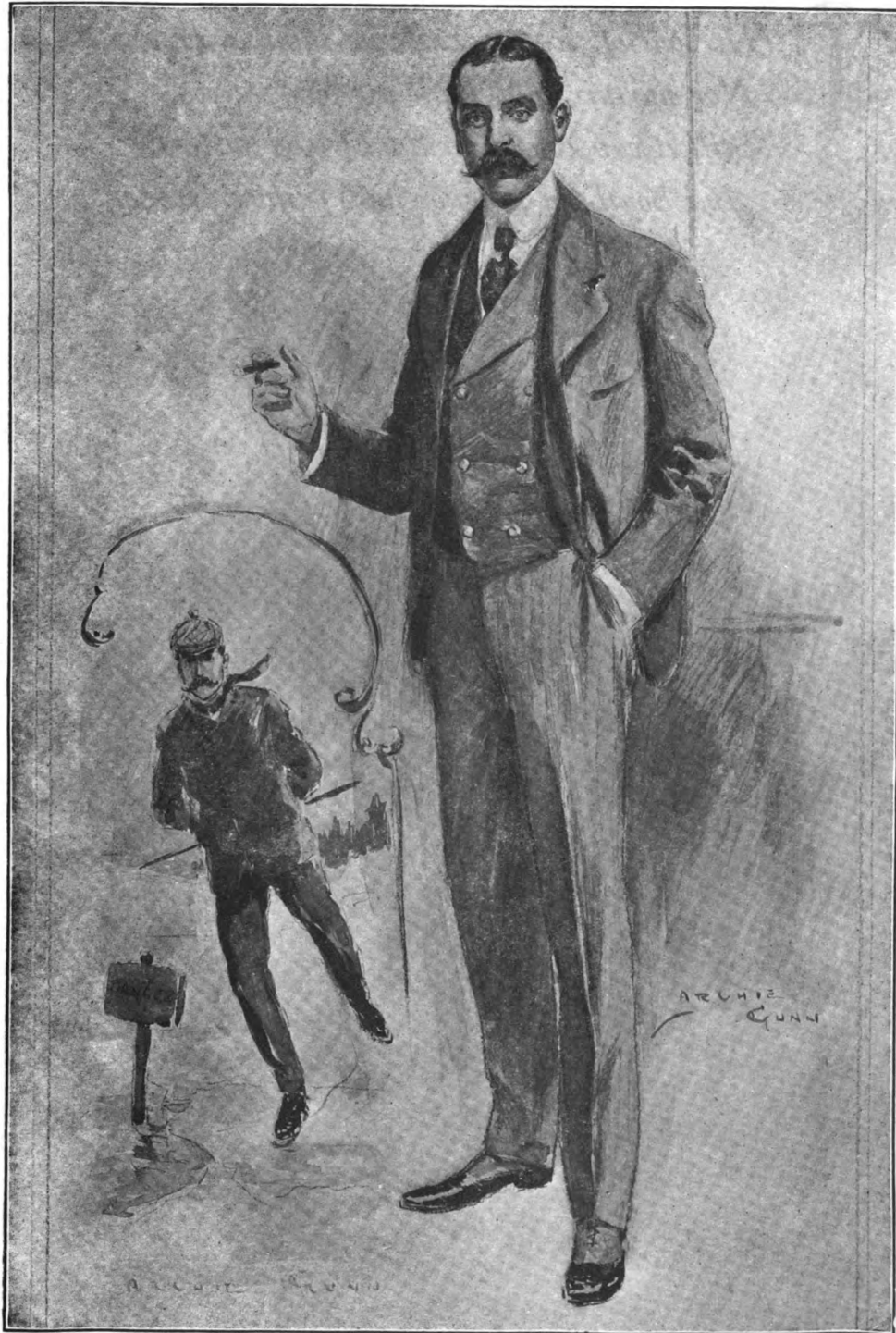
WILLIAM FAHNESTOCK





*THE soul of ice can waft no summer breeze,
Nor nurture into fruit a tropic's trees,
Still it can coldly mould its own success,
And Southern languor into failure freeze.*

JACQUES S. HALL





*ARK now trade's Engineer! His firm clenched hand
Is on the throttles of machines that rule,
Exchange Committees hail him as their school;
Fights for Chicago Terminal he planned.*

CHARLES W. MAURY





*HO makes his daily deal and drives away,
Returns to the attack with stronger sway,
Whilst he who scores and greedy cries for more,
Finds victims wary, playing for delay.*

EDWARD F. SLAYBACK





*NE page of martial lore is rudely torn ;
Another Grant is of ambition shorn ;
For Mammon willed that Mars should store away
A score of uniforms he's never worn.*

ALLEN ARNOLD





*ORE wine to him who banisheth all ills
Stalking ozone from valley unto hills!
Pauseth he not in running for his goal,
Although his be the deadly pace that kills.*

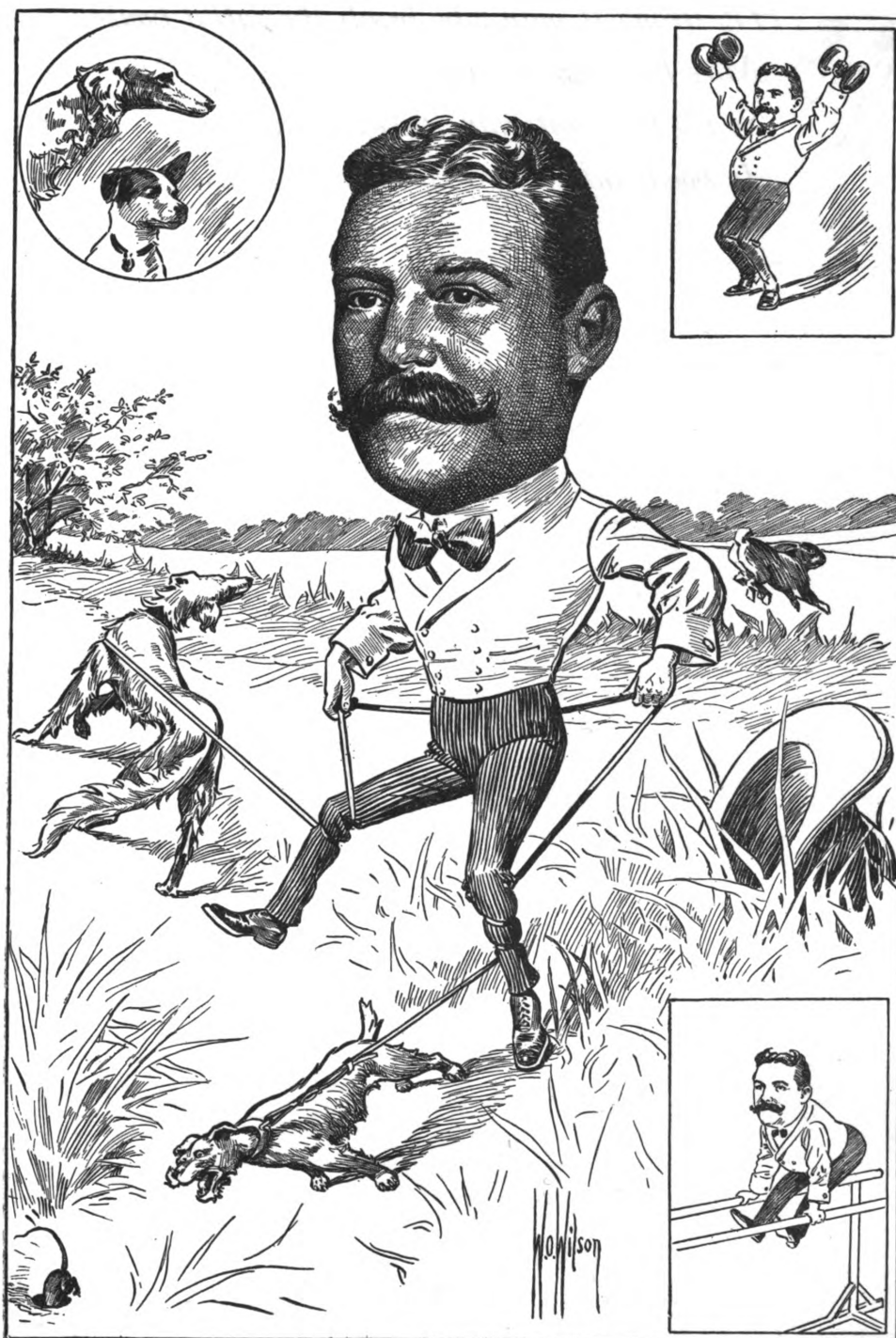
STEWART BARR





*HE strongest man who heads the safest house,
May fall beneath the alcoholic "souse";
So too the huntsman, taken unawares,
Is hoodwinked by a rabbit or a mouse.*

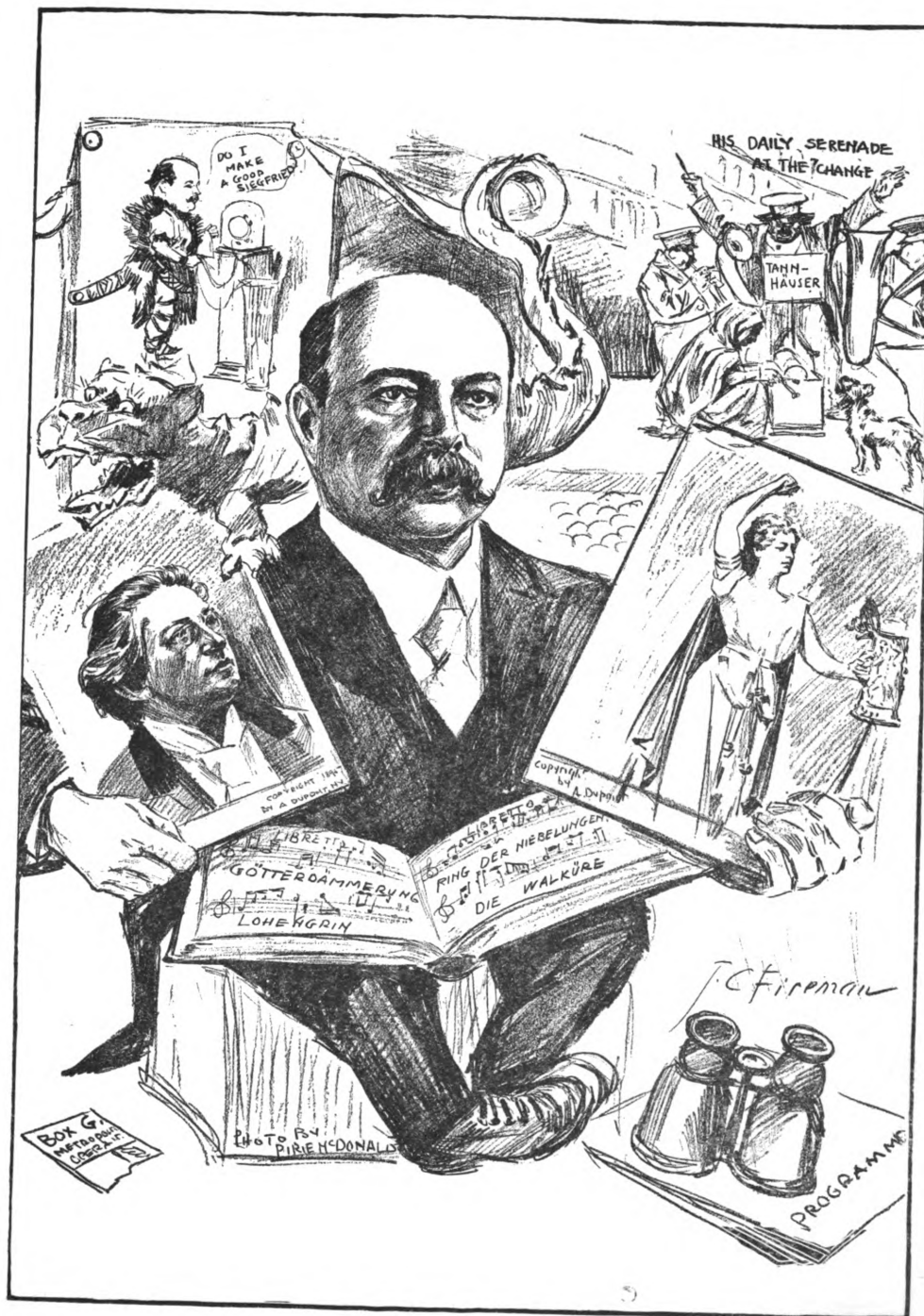
CHAS. E. BERNER





*HY sing "Tannhauser" midst the tuneless roar
Of maddened speculators on the "floor"
When 'Self and kin wed to melodic art,
Might make all time one Wageresque encore.*

A. H. BORMAN





*USIC and fishing! Fellows most unruly!
Yet here is one who follows both unduly.
Music is fact controlled by written law,
While fishing fact is fiction told untruly.*

HENRY H. CONE





*O walk, to read, to limn the cult of both:
These are my leaven for the loaves of dross;
And, lose or win, I'm never at a loss,
In choicest Bostonese to preach their growth.*

FRANK A. DAY





*HY danger tempt and blasphemy unreel,
Over an ever wrecked automobile,
When tennis courts bemoan a shining star
Whose "fifteen loves" swayed many a woman's weal.*

ERNEST H. DECOPPET





*HY fly to Nature on a summer's day,
And waste one's time on canine Jack and Tray,
When there are dumb "goats" haunting the Exchange,
Who thirst and hunger to be led astray.*

WILLIAM B. DeHAVEN





*STRANGE that the smallest men are often found
Whose giant strides to fame are never finished!
And Gallic neck-ties flaunt no power diminished,
Nor tastes sartorial prove his ken unsound.*

JACOB FIELD





*H, lucky man, that bath a speed of wit
As well as foot, and here or there can flit!
Who jollies Harvard, any land may lure
And chain the British Lion fast to it.*

ANDREW B. GRAVES





*FISHERS of men, who bait with lures of gold
Can find in deep sea fishing joys untold
For here as on the land all fish are fools,
And by the flimsiest promises are sold.*

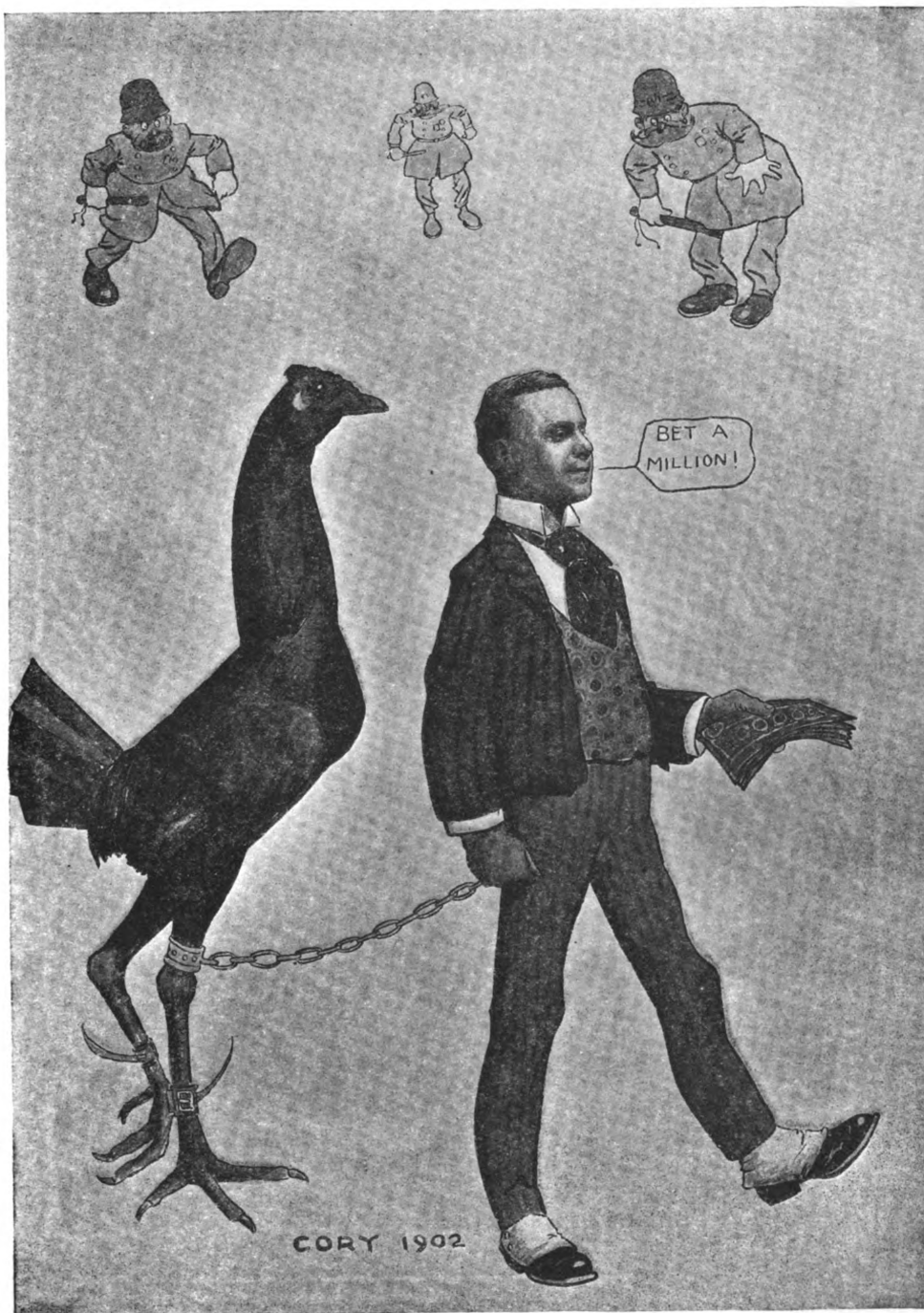
ALBERT H. GROSS





*WAY with laws that chase o'er field and fen
The fighter of the husband of the hen!
Tales must have heroes, heroes spring from gore,
And gore flies not save through the minds of men.*

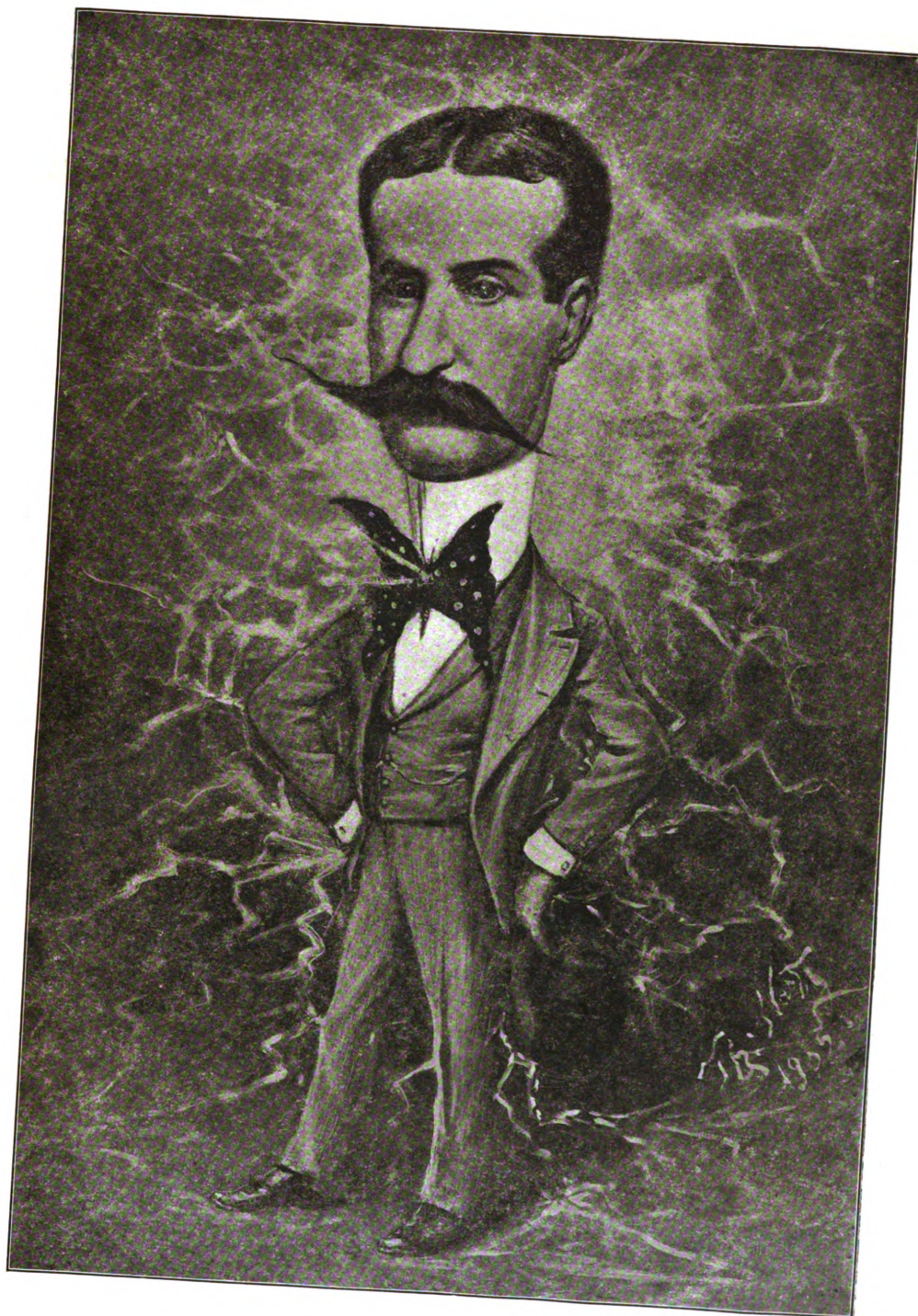
E. SANFORD HATCH





*RE radium was, no light so bright as thou,
And with thy racing laurels on thy brow,
Thy fascination, elevation too,
Took speed from thee for thou couldst show them how.*

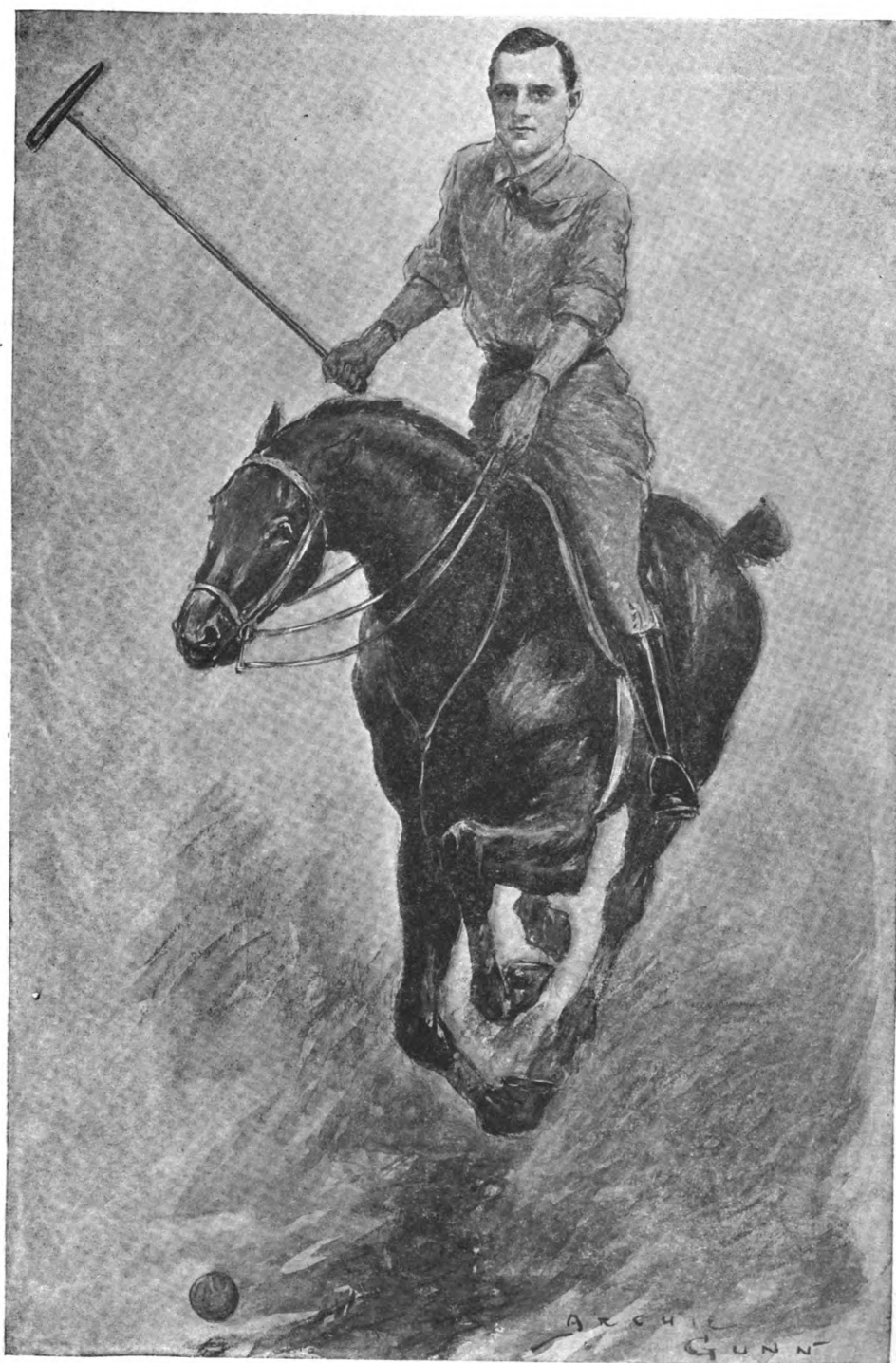
G. TROWBRIDGE HOLLISTER





*UCEPHALUS! Ah, thing of dainty grace,
With "Adonisia" stamped upon his face!
The polo ball afeard, flies from his stroke,
Because his skill shows everything its place.*

EDWARD H. HOUGH





*AIL, thou who scorned the laws as blue ones classed,
And fought for Nature's! Blest thy clanking chains!
For thou didst brave a dungeon's aches and pains
That golf on Sunday might forever last!*

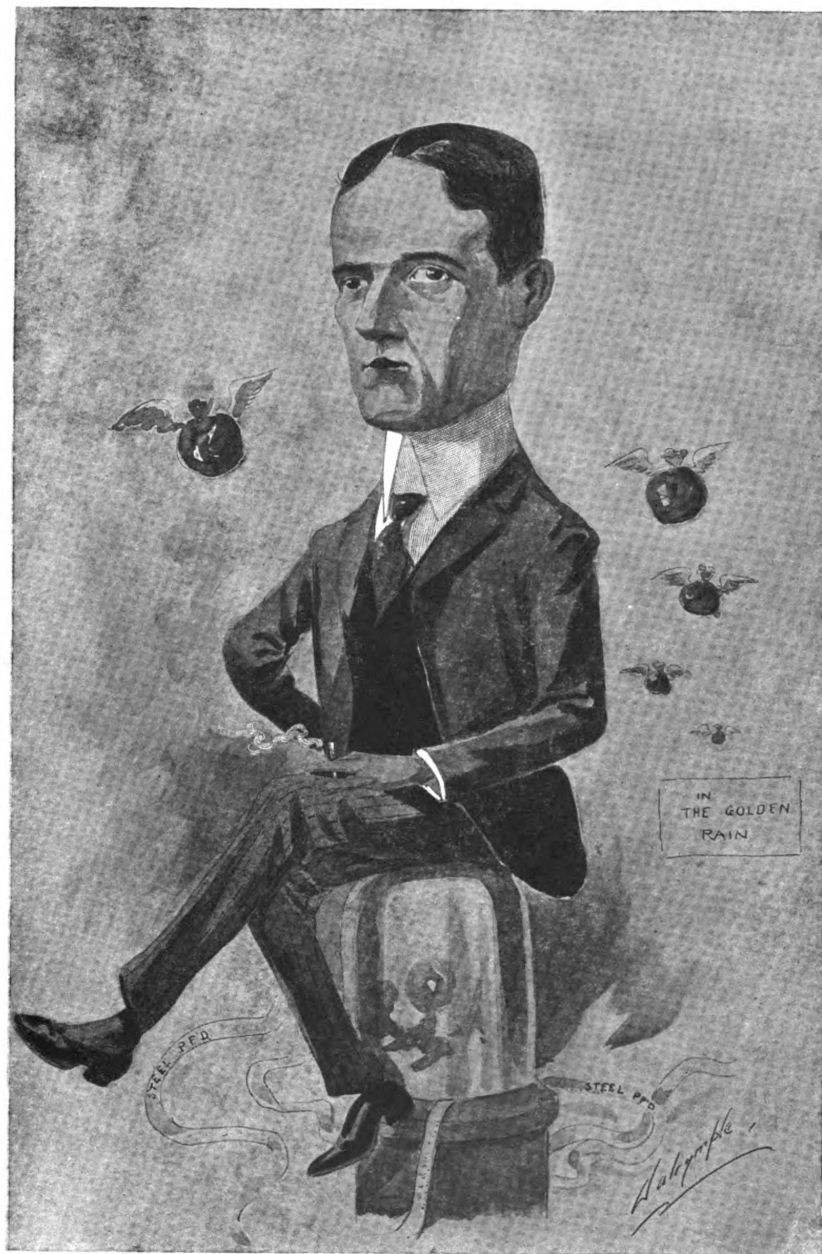
EDWARD H. JEWETT





*HAT'S in a name! Ask that and tell me how
Once famed in history and greater now,
Twin steel clad heroes grace the Hall of Fame.
Sure one of them were in Paradise enow!*

PHILIP KEARNEY





*HOU bled'st with Roosevelt down at dank Caney,
And swam to victory in many a fray;
Who lives to learn, who learns to live aright,
Must live thy life that's one long holiday.*

CHARLES E. KNOBLAUCH





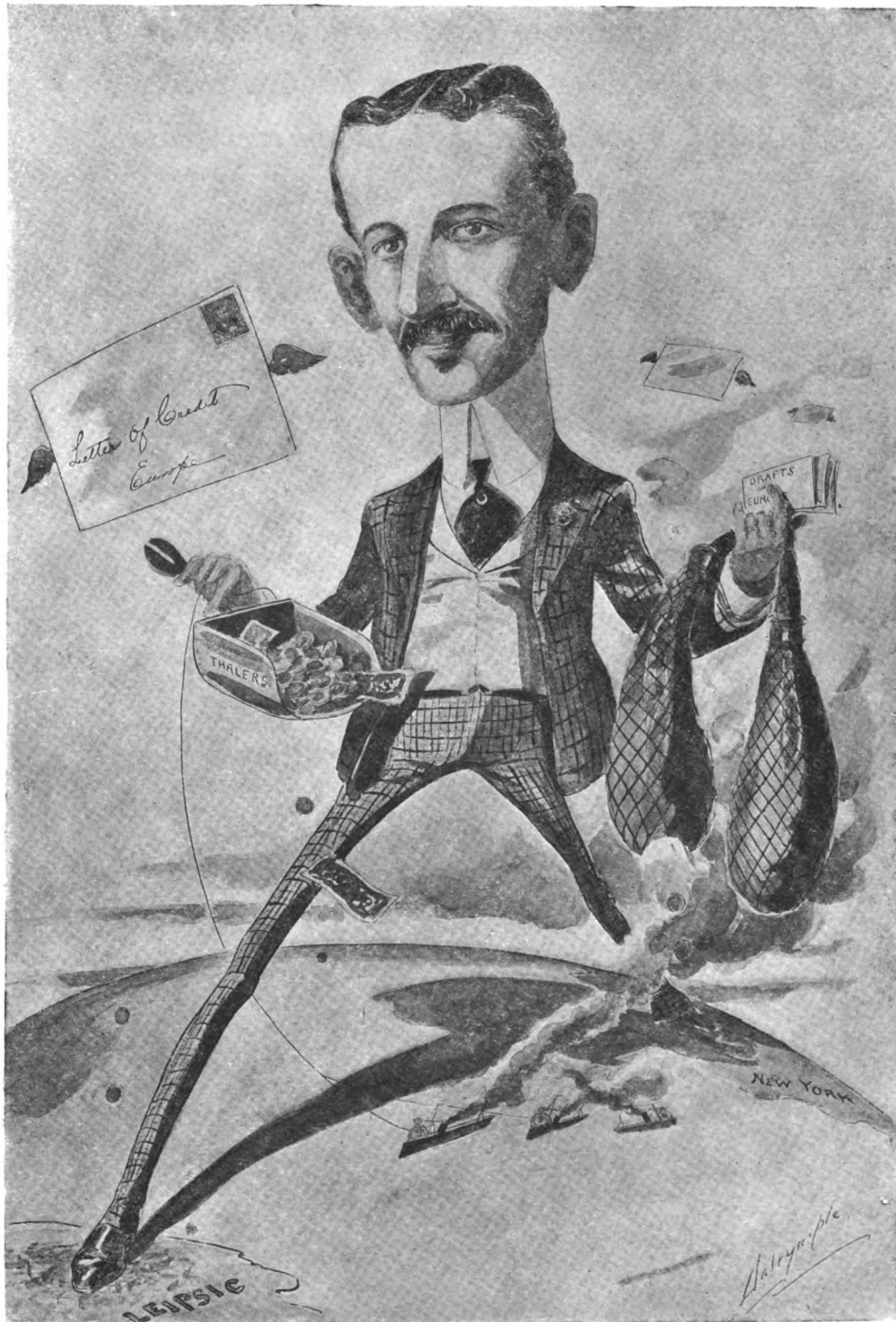
OW many earn a dollar with a dime!

How many more Good Fortune link with Time!

But few there be who can devise a check,

Good in the marts of Trade in every clime.

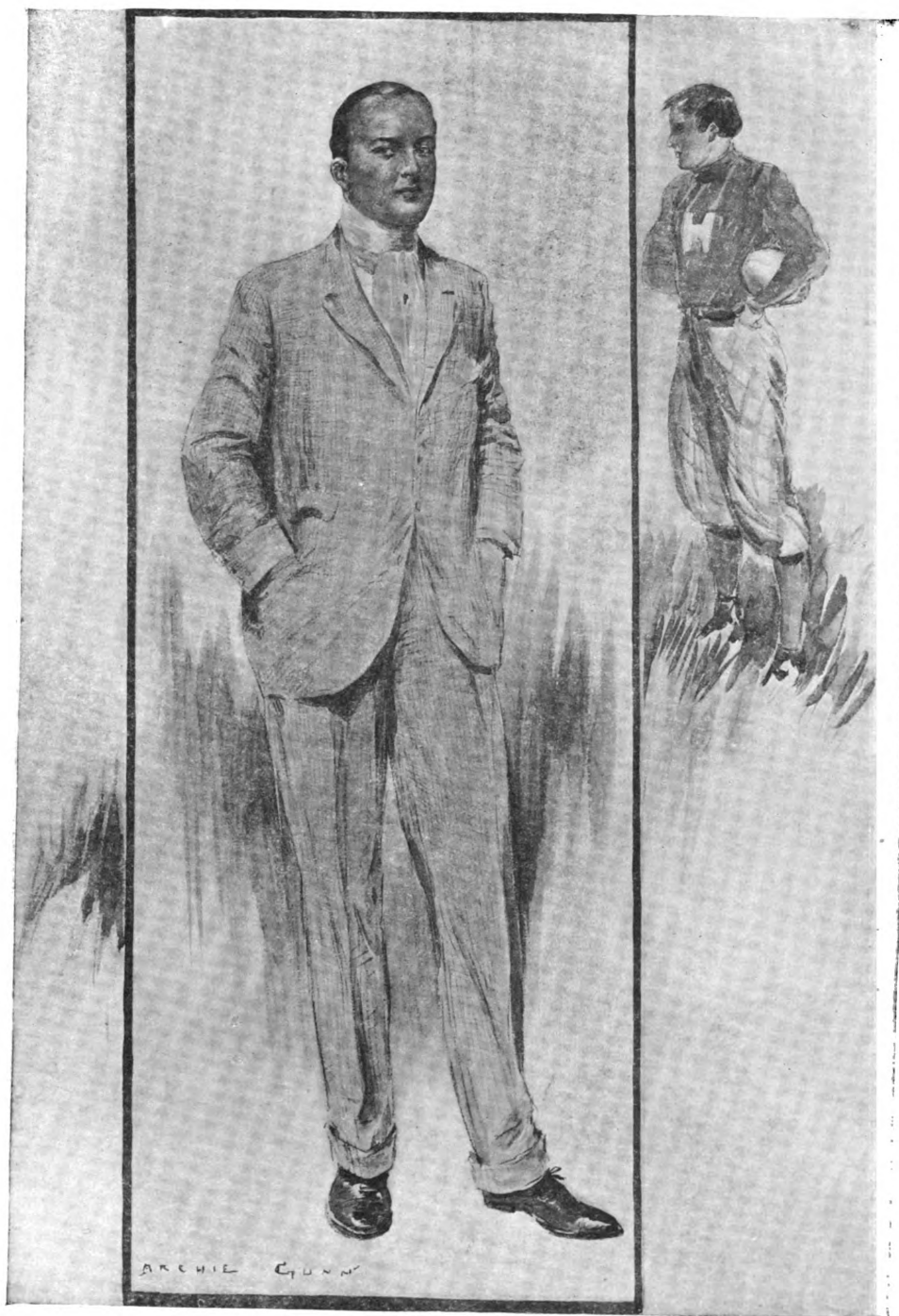
PERCIVAL KUHNE





*HE dilletante sport can fire and thrill
Without athletic sweat, and dirt, and "Spill."
'Tis quite inspiring now and then to find
A true athlete that's neither Jack nor Fill.*

WILLIAM LAIMBEER





*F*ORTUNATE soul whom music hath enthralled!
Who hath in mimic galleons sailed and brawled!
And yet who's all suffused with strenuous might
And stirred to action when his number's called.

LBO LEVY





*LOCHINVAR! Come hither from the West
To waken Gotham from her slumbrous rest;
To make the Club drones dance to merry tunes,
And women cheer his golfolthic zest.*

CHARLES B. MACDONALD





*APPY the head that any hat can fit
According to its plunges in the pit!
Who tandem drives today, tomorrow bails
A trolley car and gets along with it.*

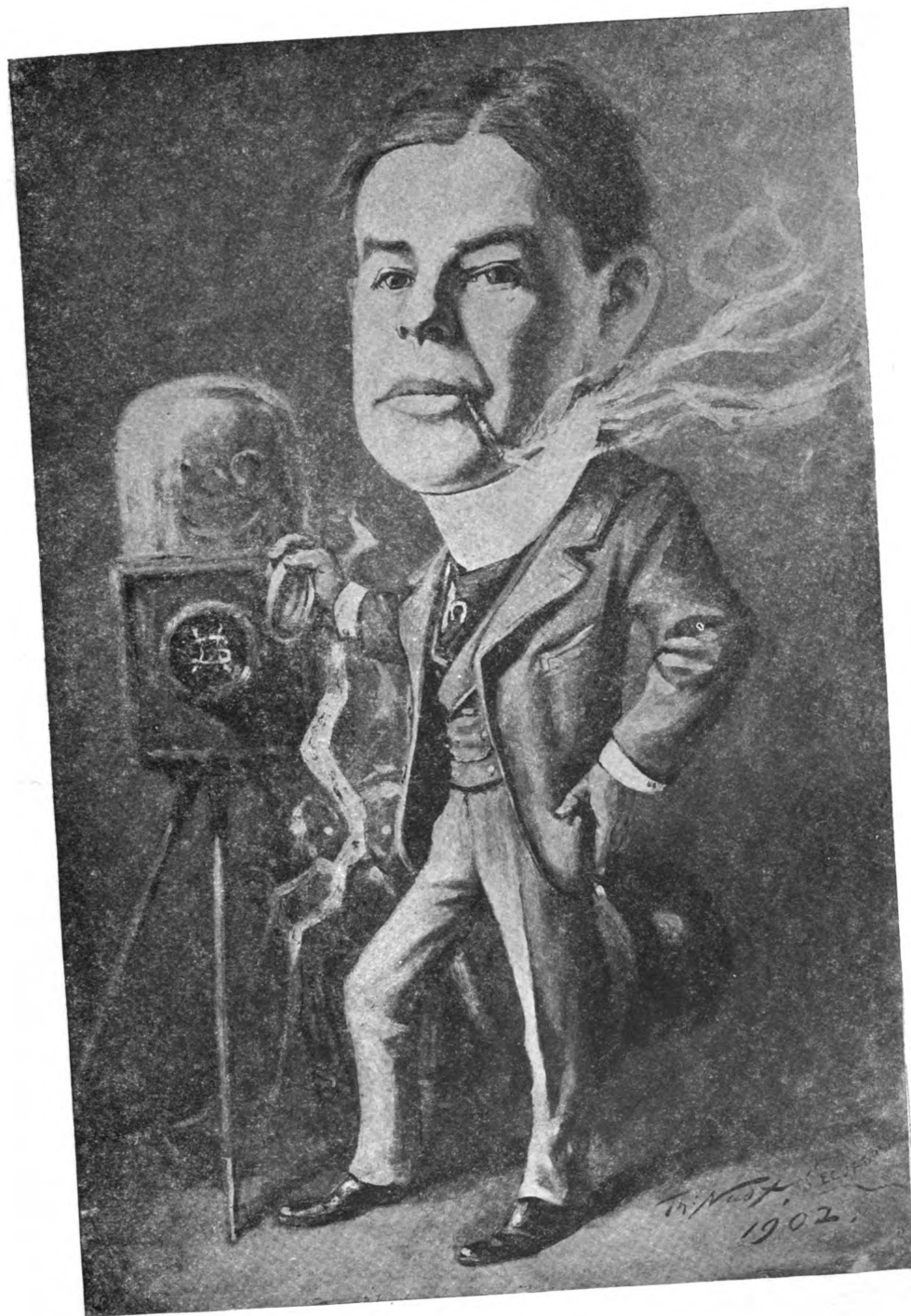
CHARLES W. MACQUOID





*HE shade of one away and epitaphed,
This truth upon my musings photographed;
“Who knows is wisdom’s self; my problem’s solved,
You grovel in the dark.” Then fading laughed.*

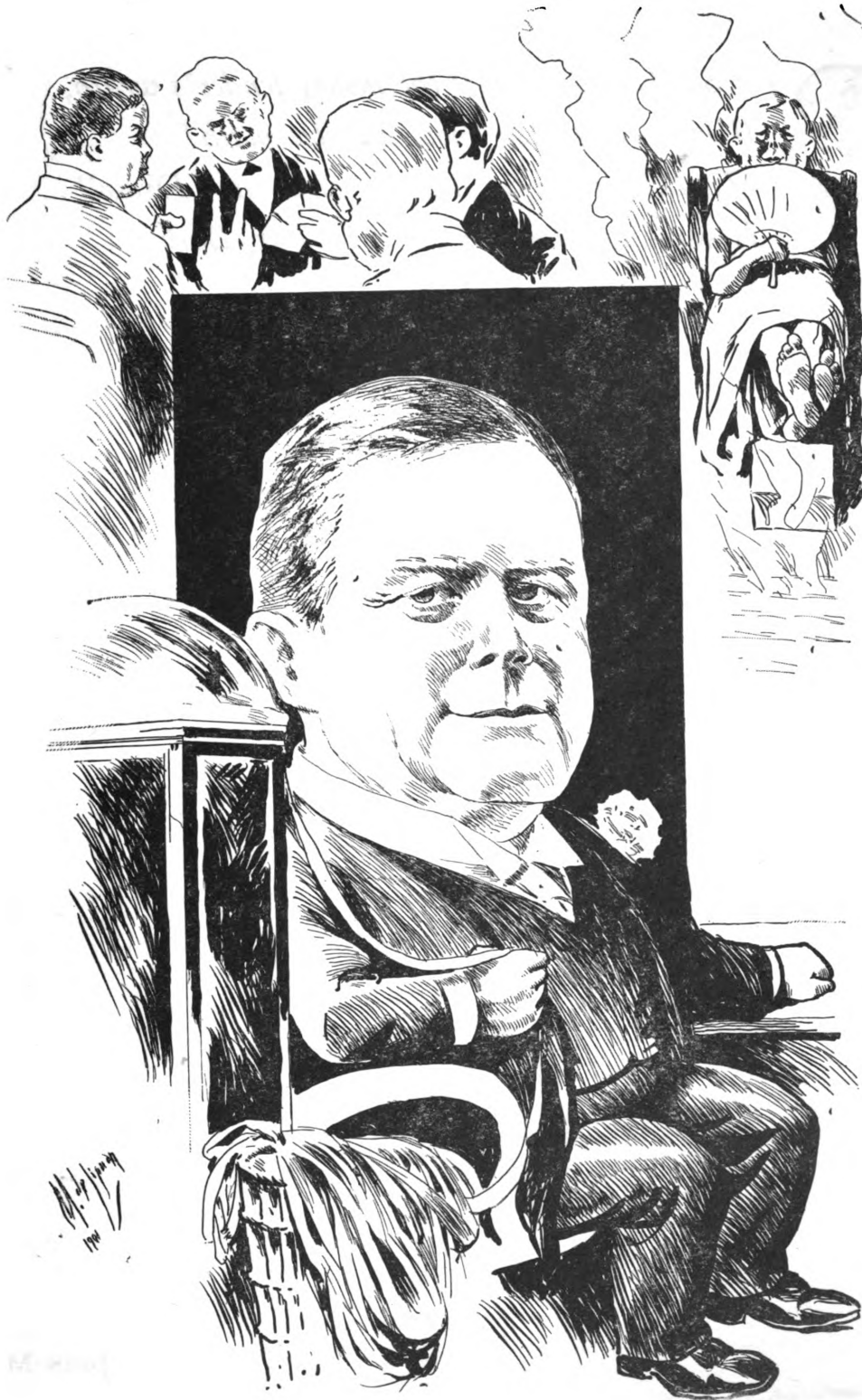
GEORGE B. MAGOUN





*LEST he who 'scapes the money lender's wrath,
Whose dissipation knows no aftermath!
'Tis easy done, for a whole night at "Draw"
Is made soft slumber by a Turkish Bath.*

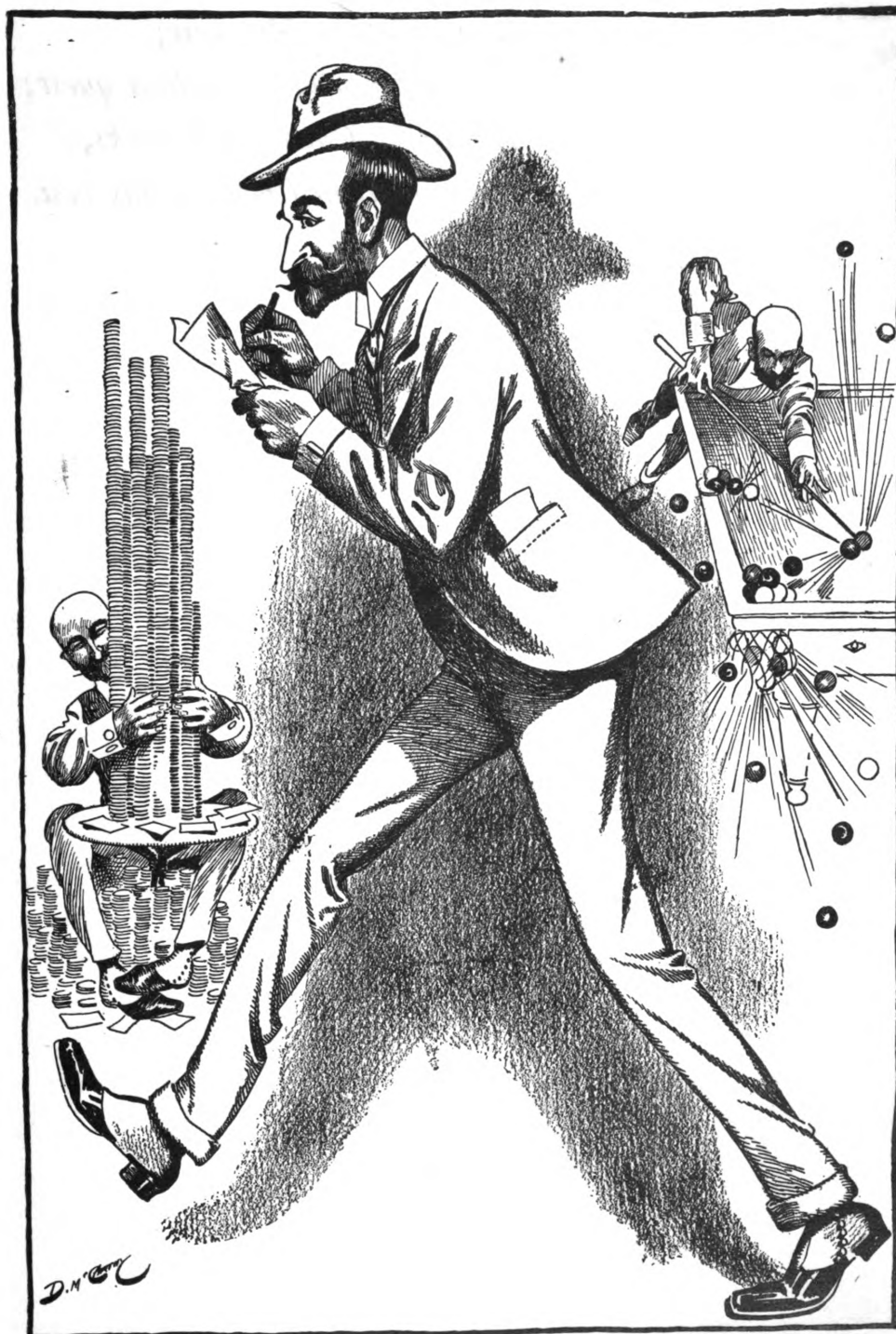
JOHN MUIR





*HE truly strenuous life lets nothing rest;
Morn, noon and night for gold an endless quest;
Intemperate at Billiards, Cards and Stocks,
And something that's concealed beneath his vest.*

WILLIAM E. PEARL.





*H, not the Reilly that once did so well!
That song was comic, this one is—ah, well!
Perhaps the other might have careless been
Had he all Brooklyn's sore complaints to quell.*

WILLIAM B. REILLY.





*AIL to the King of Melody and blondes!
Whose realm is builded upon blocks of bonds.
Deprecatory vultures fright him not,
For he's been tapped by scores of magic wands!*

FRANK RUSSAK





*STRING of horses, High Ball at the head;
A string of friends discriminately "fed;"
A string of facts and fictions en brochette,
Thou art a man to artful "stringing" bred.*

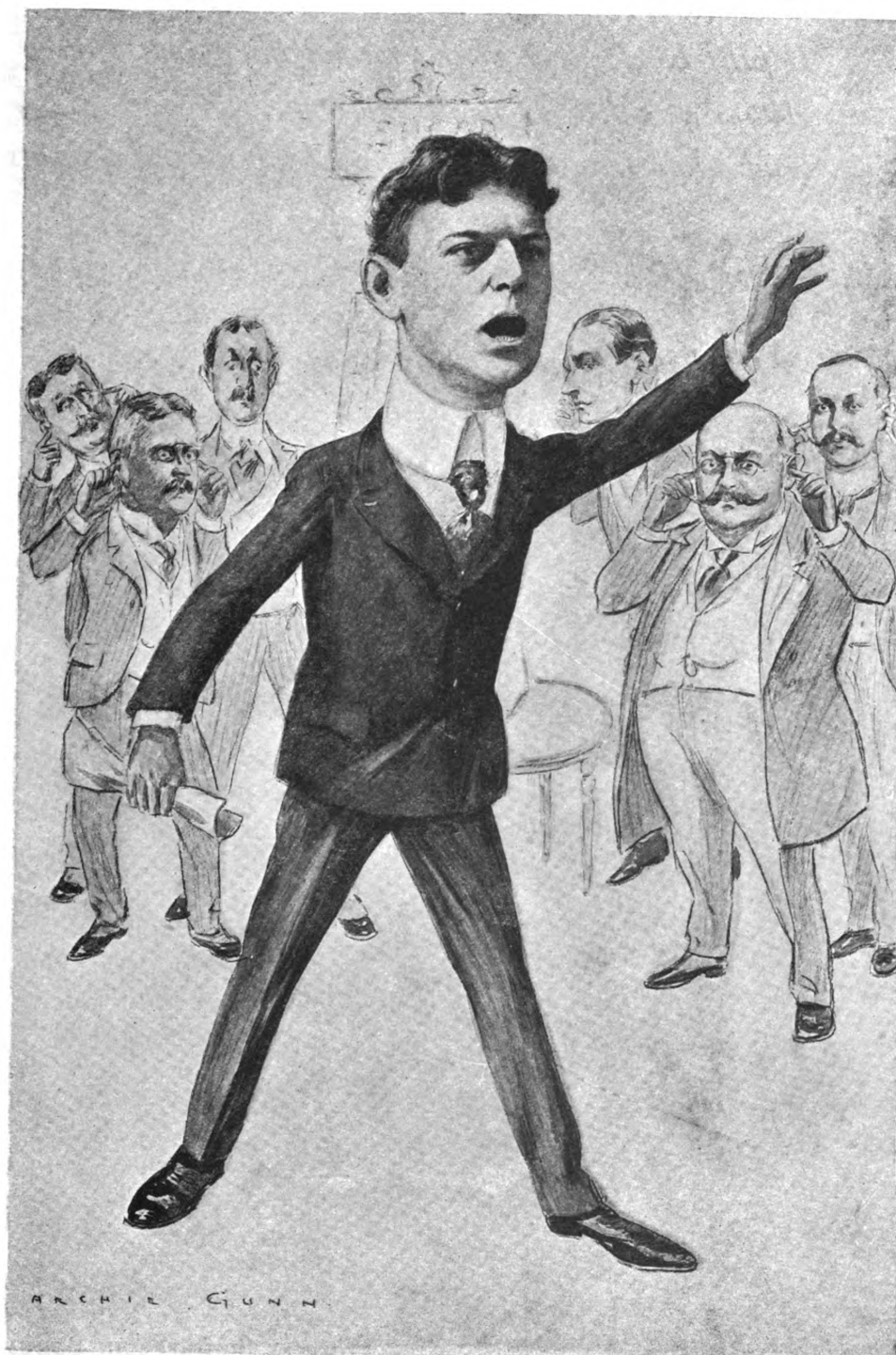
WALTER M. SCHEFTEL





*LUSH deep, all ye forensic roustabouts,
Whilst he of silver voice your mightiest routs!
Attune ye all to Demosthenic tone,
And stand transfixed with thrall when e'er he shouts.*

SIDNEY SCHIEFFELIN SCHUYLER





*O! Wine Cups full to him whose endless drive
Deadens the dullard and keeps life alive;
Cupid, Finance, and Horse obey his rein,
And yet this striver doth not often strive.*

G. LEE STOUT, JR.





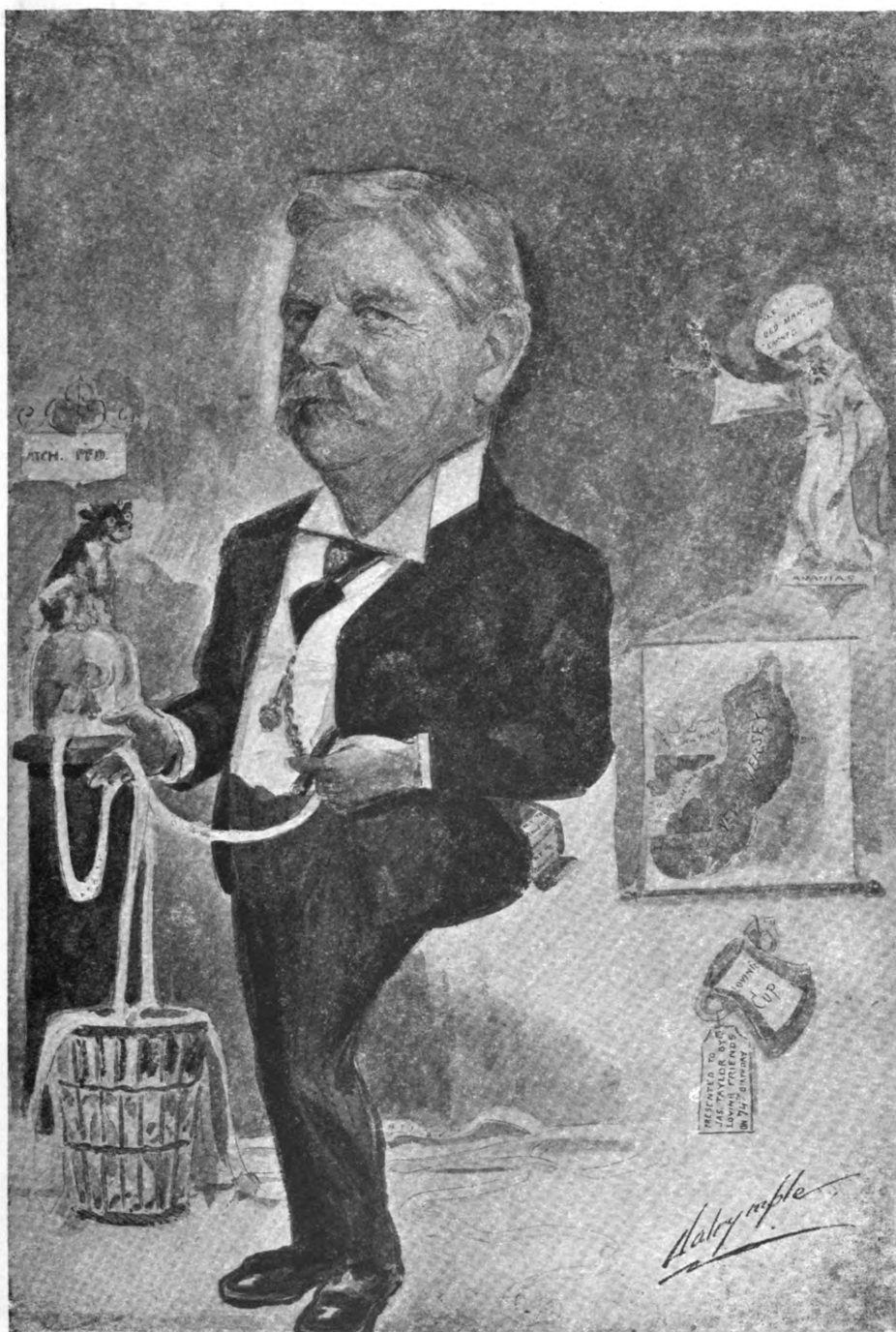
*H shade of Roscius! here is thy to-day!
Alas! That greed of gold should have its say;
Good actor lost, poor broker only, gained,
Here stalketh transmigration gone astray.*

EMIL A. TAUCHERT



*HERE stalks an Archer, grim, and straight and strong,
Who shines in anecdote, and jest and song.
What matter since his targets teem with hits,
That he's inclined to draw his bow too long.*

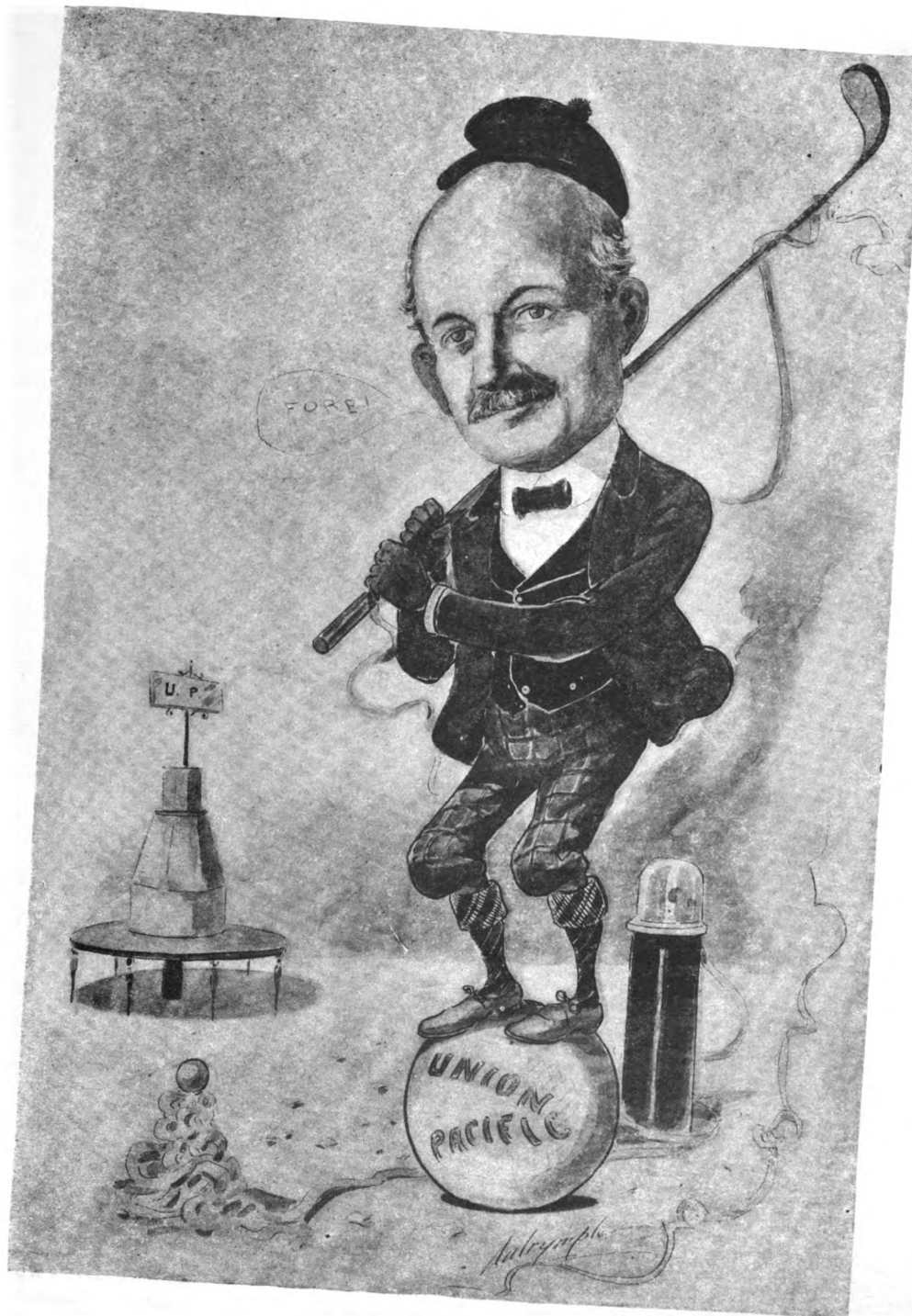
JAMES A. TAYLOR.





*IS "Cleekie" cleeks the white ball o'er the lea,
His "Putter" puts it where he'd have it be;
His "Brassie" brazens with envenomed drive,
That wins the liquid stake at final "Tee."*

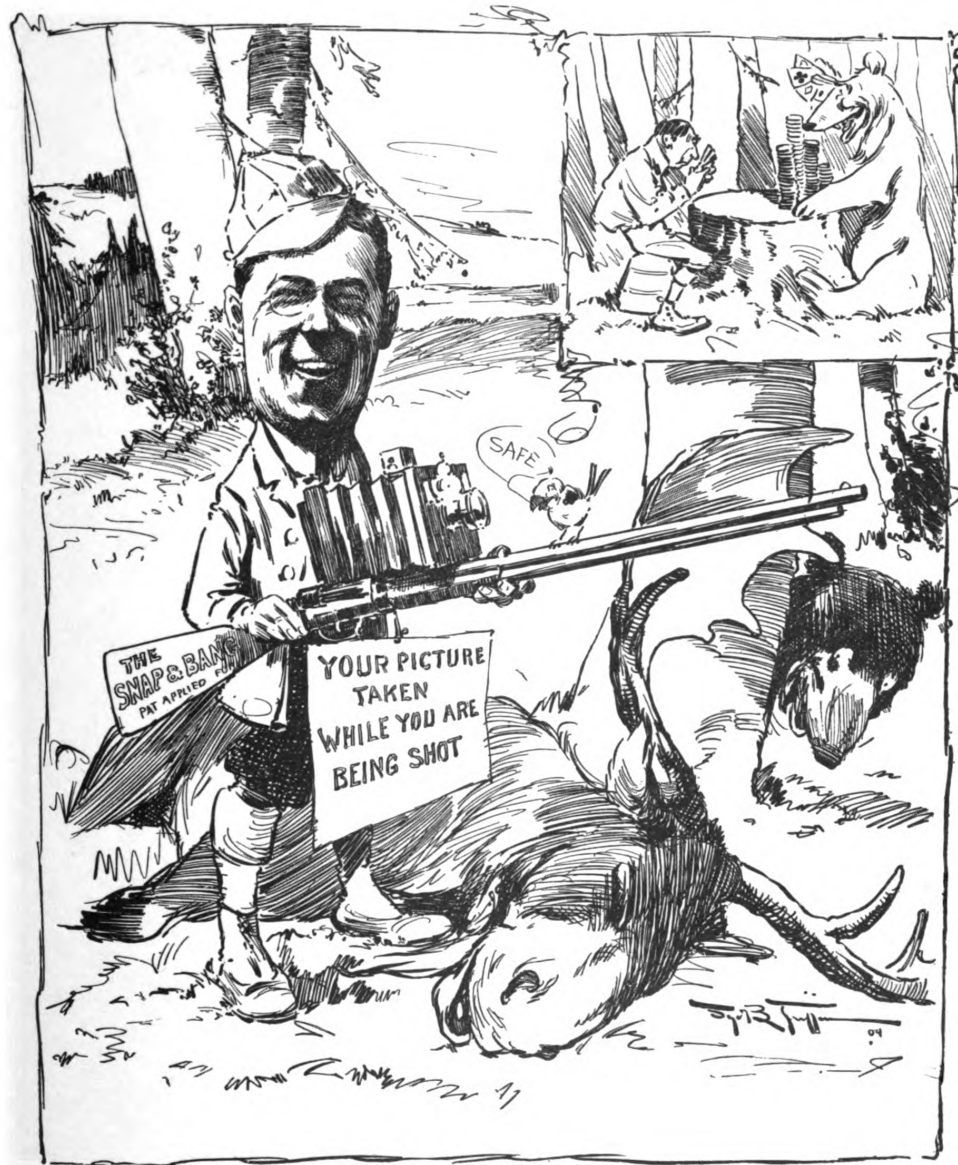
HENRY B. VAUGHN.





*AUSE, liars all ! A truthful huntsman's by,
Who proves his prowess when the game is nigh ;
He scorns the rifle as a foe to truth,
And shoots with cameras that never lie.*

SAMUEL H. WATTS.





*NOT all big streams from little fountains flow,
For here's a mighty one that sprung from might,
Whose every inch is physical delight,
Flooding all banks where vigor hath a "show."*

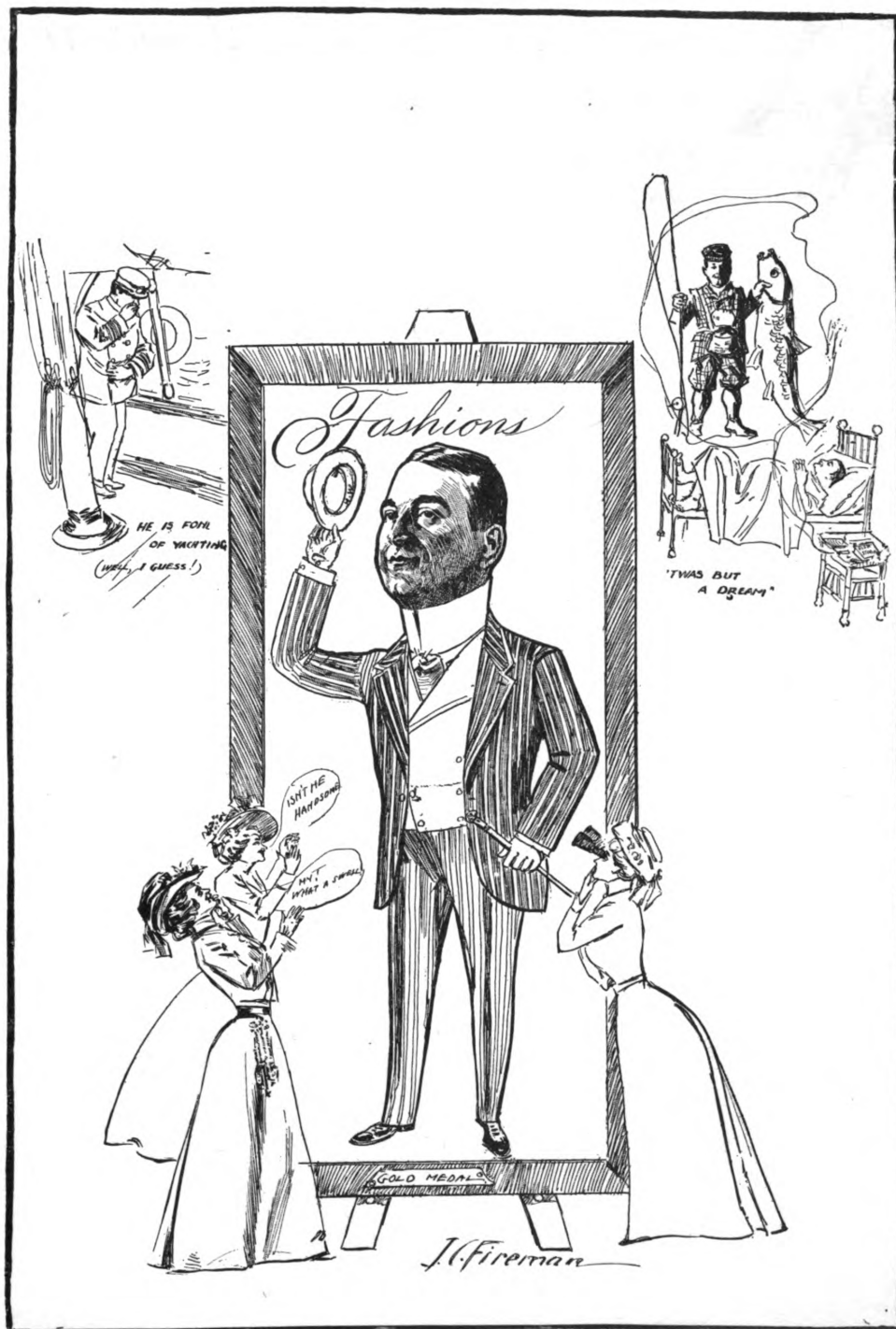
HENRY W. WARNER.





*ANOTHER Crichton comes! Ye gods! The best!
Immaculate in well draped form and vest;
His angling's dreaming, so his yachting, too,
And blissful dreams the girl who loves him best.*

HENRY WEISL.





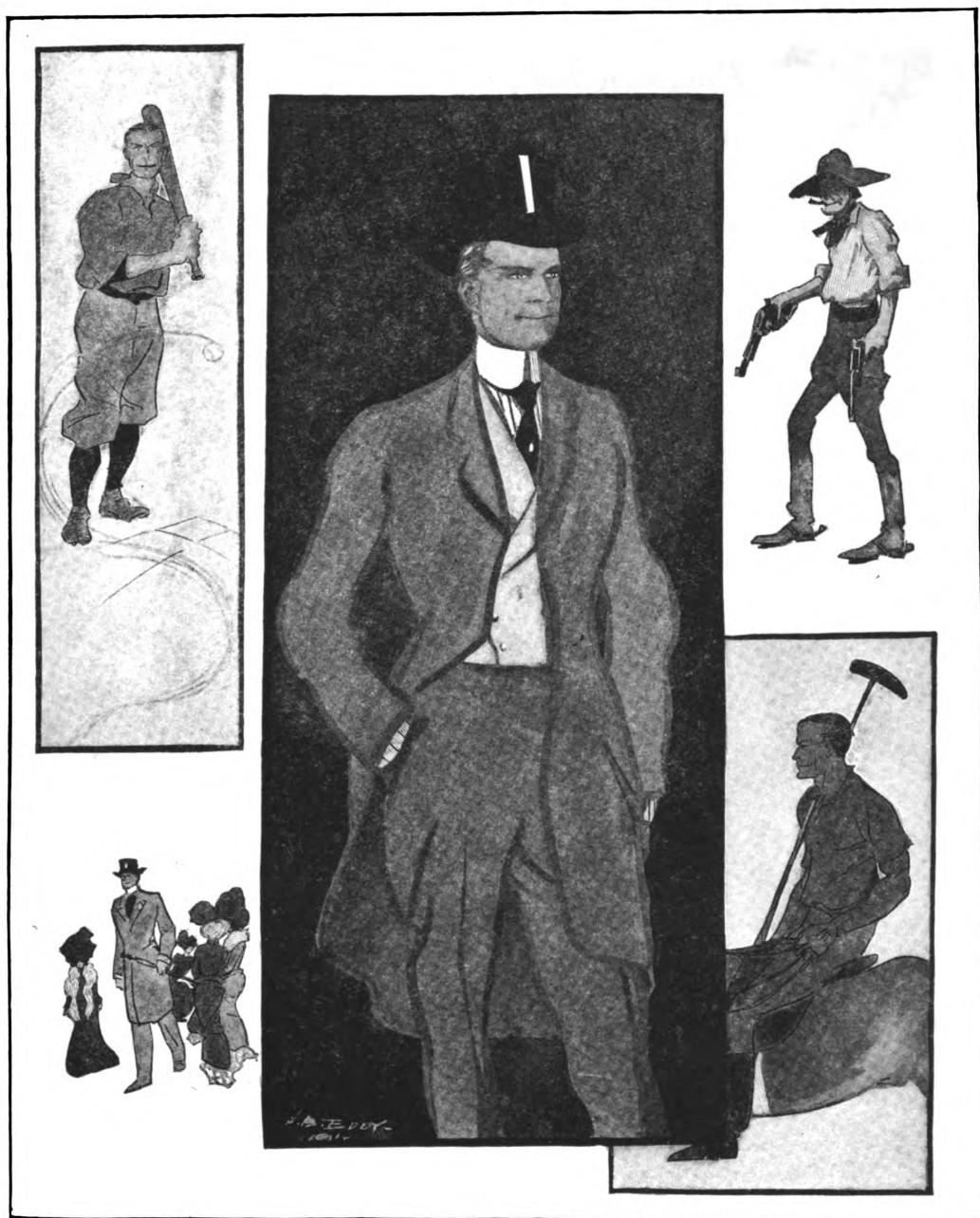
*HO serves two masters, mastered by a third,
Must bear the weight of mem'ries disinterred.
For like breeds like, and Freedom's twice refused,
To mate the Lion to the Yankee bird.*

HENRI P. WERTHEIM.



*BRUMMEL lives! But not the Beau of old,
This latter one succeeds in struggles bold;
Polo, base ball, or rounding up a herd,
And yet his garb hath grace in every fold.*

J. LORIMER WORDEN.





VICTOR Emeritus who rowed at Yale!

Giant in Bargain, Discount, Purchase, Sale;

Man every inch of him where man's concerned,—

A very child beneath a woman's wail.

HENRY G. CAMPBELL, JR.





*THOU knowest, friend, of the untiring grind
That comes to those who joy in Yachting find;
Where hospitality's so oft abused,
And where thrift like to love is ever blind.*

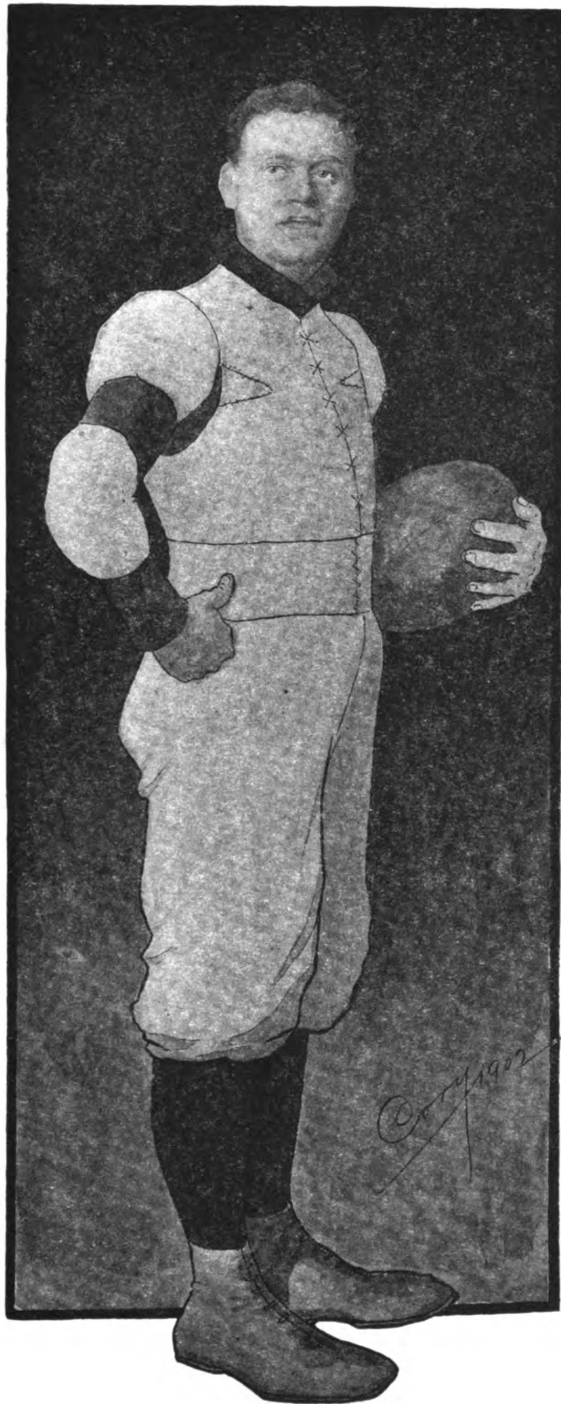
JOSEPH CONNAH.





*WOULD seem this foot-ball expert were equipped
To "tackle" every Bull whose foot has slipped;
To score a "touch-down" on the Bear's advance,
And "kick off" flying creditors who've skipped.*

CLARENCE DeWITT.





*HO'S schooled to war absorbs the confidence
That guards all avenues of prominence;
And if on land or sea his prowess shine,
Small failure's covered by a big pretense.*

FRANK W. DURYEA.





*SMILE, a yacht, a ponderous cigar,
Indifference to care and also cash;
And here is one, who in financial crash,
Should cloud the glint of his paternal star.*

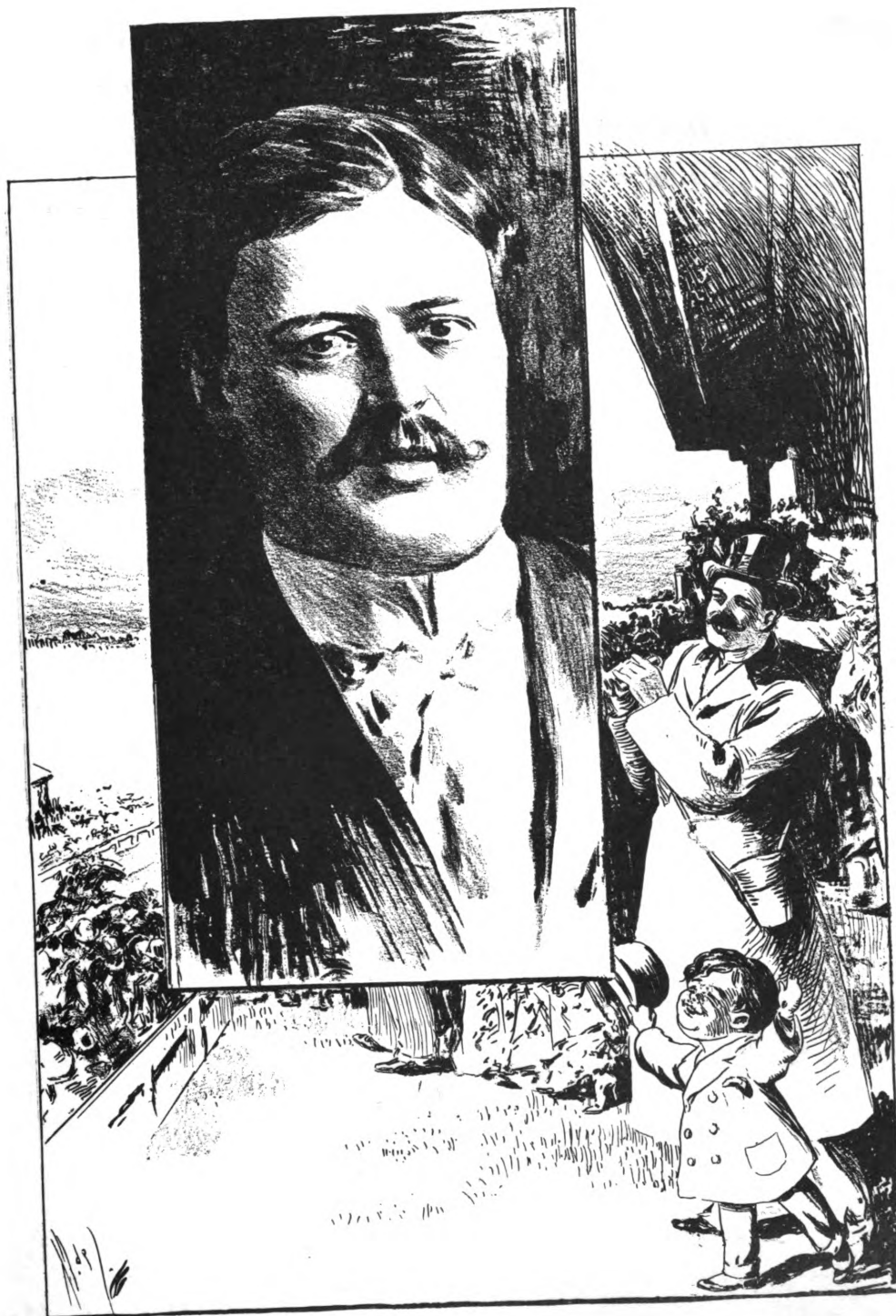
CHARLES G. GATES.





*GO-SIGN and tangent, angle too, and curve,
Are oft the play-toys of the man of nerve;
And this bold wizard of the billiard cue
From them hath gained his geometric nerve.*

HENRY G. HAHLO.





*HE even balanced mind rules speculation,
And smiles upon the widest fluctuation.
He loans and borrows, draws to fill, and fails,
Without the least ocular demonstration.*

HUGO H. HAHLO.





*H*e cannot kill who never wields the lance,
Nor wins the man who will not toy with chance.
The world is Fortune's wheel, and those who play
Alone stand in the light of Victory's glance.

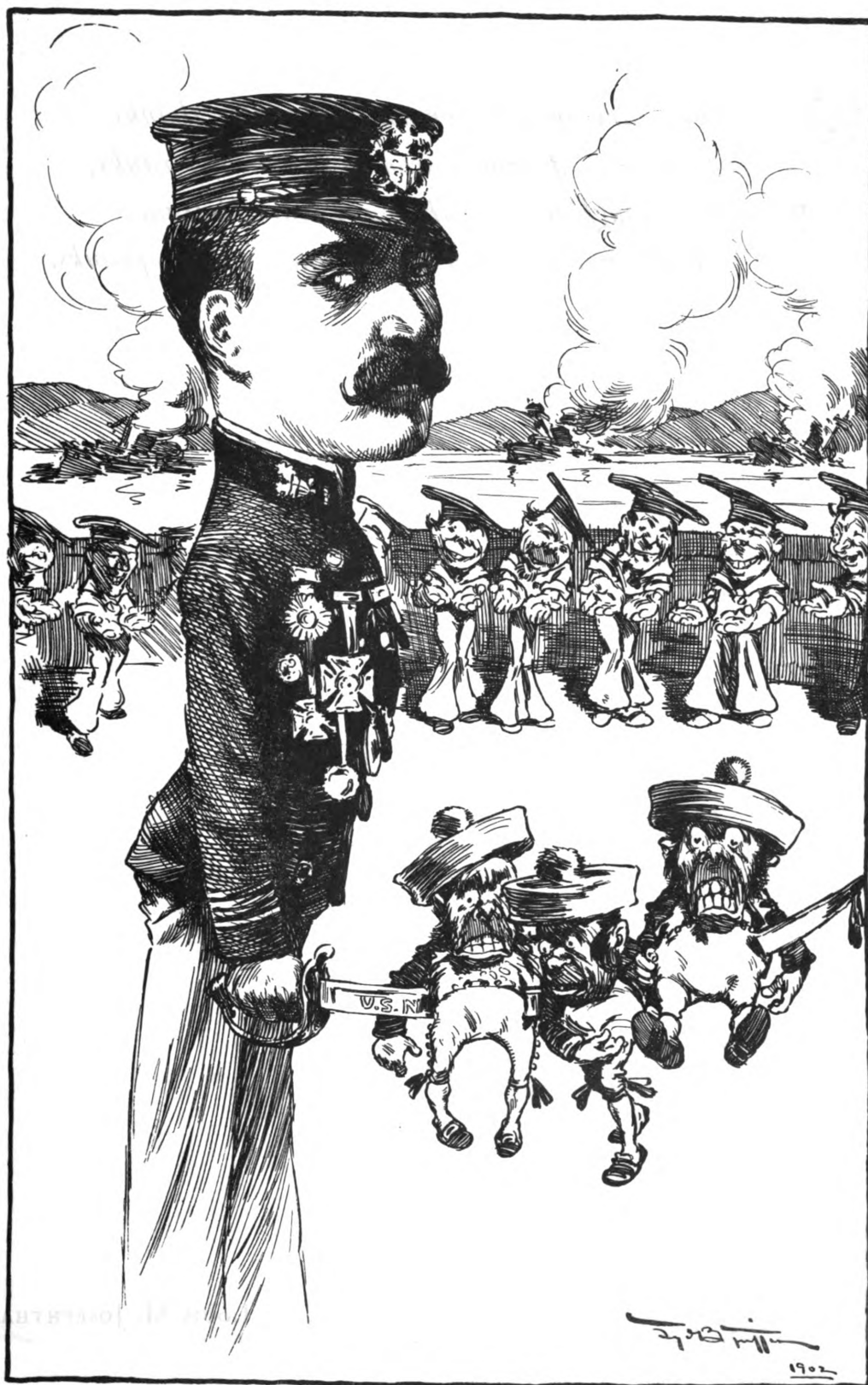
WILLIAM D. HUTTON.





*HO wears upon his breast a Nation's thanks
In pounds of bronze won in her army's ranks,
Can laugh to scorn the puny wars of trade,—
And stand unmoved at Fortune's wildest pranks.*

LOUIS M. JOSEPHTHAL.





*MATCHLESS Centaur hung with ribbons blue,
Who's wooed by Croesus hustling can eschew,
Save that which augurs a diurnal drive
With "Good Old Times," and very hot ones, too.*

IRA A. KIP, JR.





*AND here's the Golf-King! Victories a score
Are written on Fame's tablets. Strong men roar,
All women cheer with kerchiefs every stroke,
And dead the man who's by when he cries "Fore."*

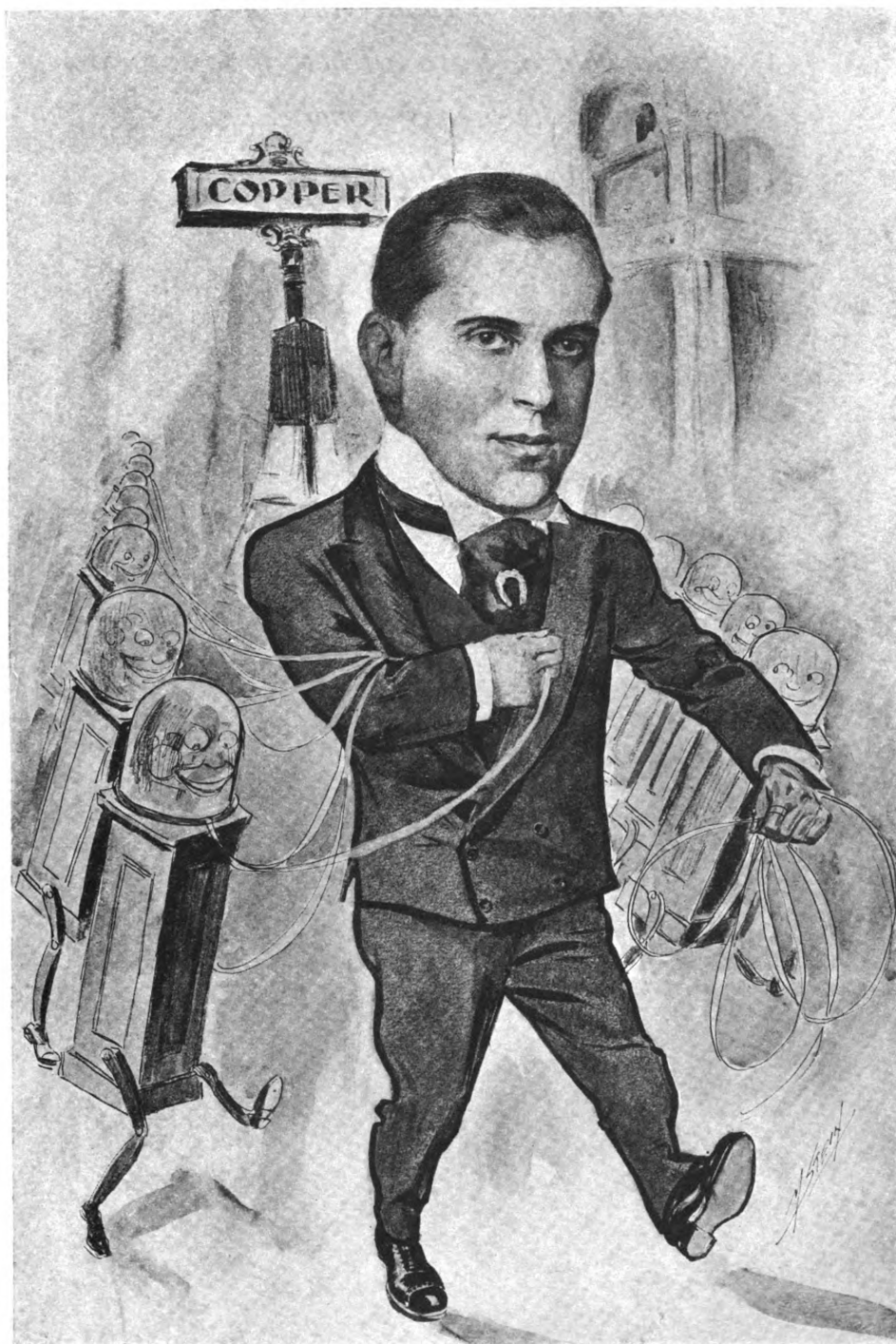
EDWARD S. KNAPP.





*HOSE heritage is enmity to crime,
Should hold in leash all hot air sails on time.
He technically breaks a moral law
Who promises a dollar for a dime.*

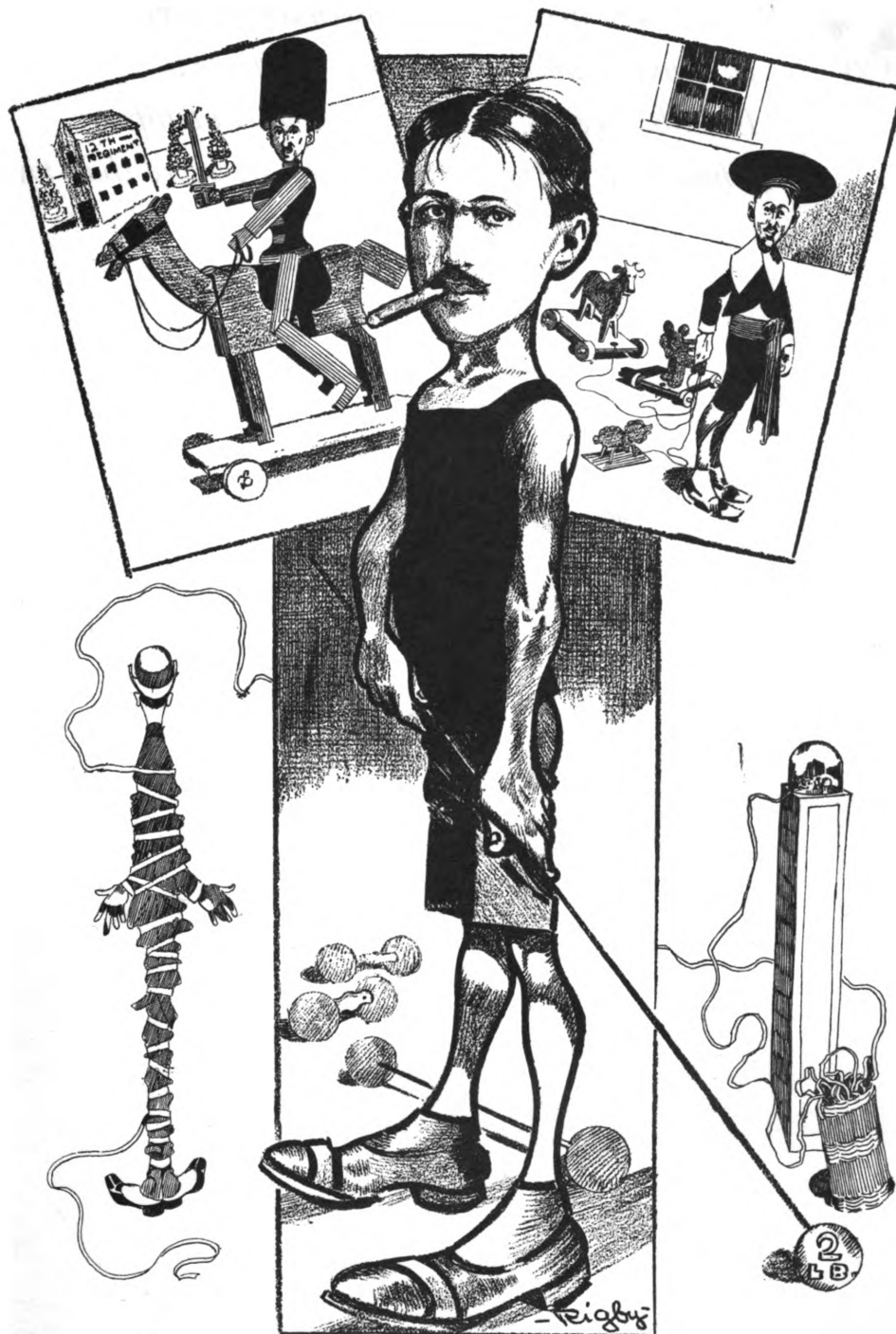
JOHN H. McCULLOUGH.





*RUE there are many transcendental joys
In mimic war and muscles' equipoise;
But oh! beware less bound by unread tapes,
Thou findest Bulls and Bears are more than toys.*

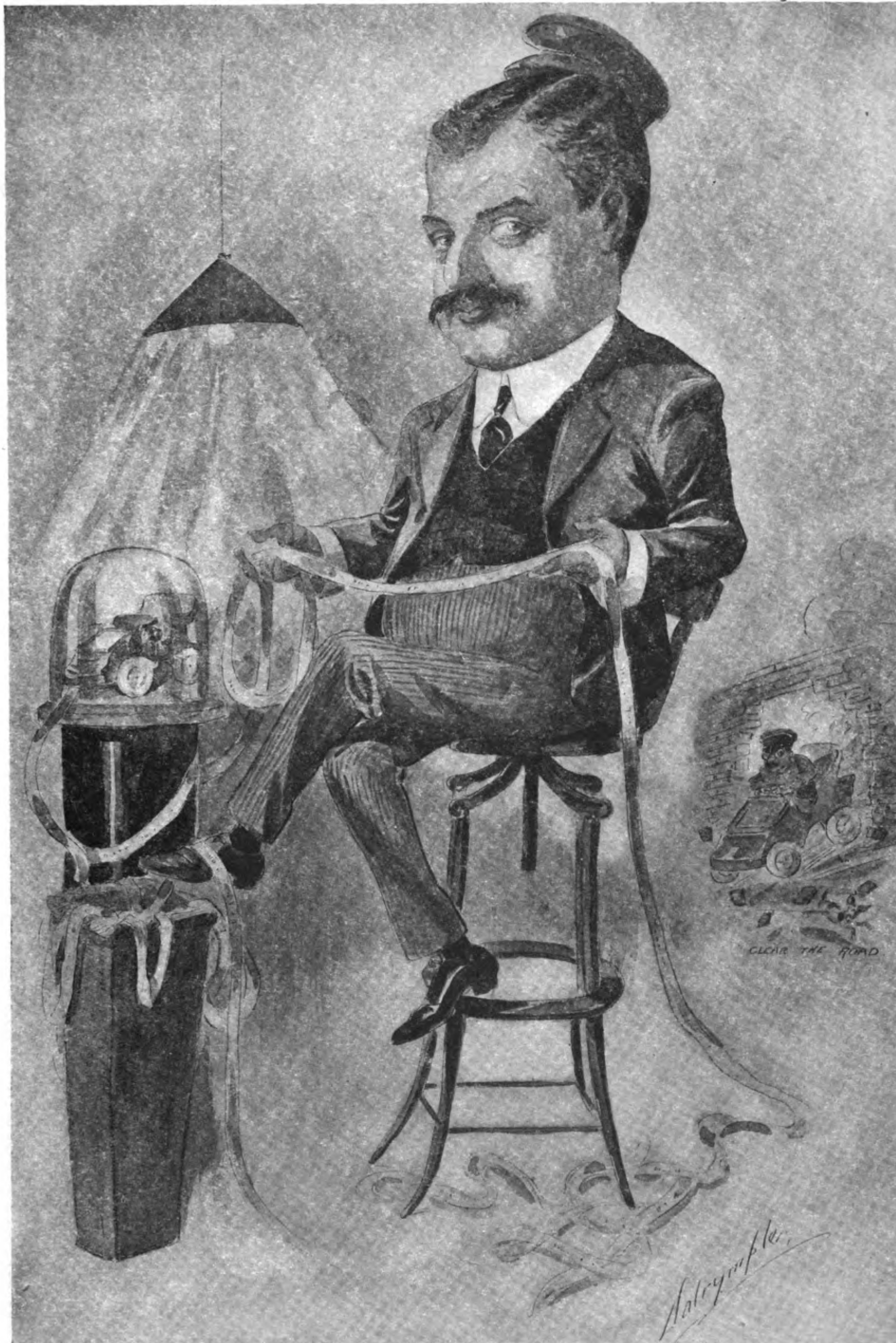
MONSON MORRIS.





*HIGH stooled like Patience on a monument,
Doth Leo "dope the tapes" for ten per cent,
Then mounting recklessly his motor car,
He showed the world where half his profit went.*

LEOPOLD NEWBORG.





*BEWARE the aim that, ill directed, misses;
Read up the fate of over-sure Narcissus.
Cocksurenness is ambition misapplied,
And often fails to win Dame Fortune's kisses.*

ROBERT C. NICHOLAS.





*FEAR me much that he who's too intense
On Alma Mater days, with foot ball sense;
Who's fond of tricks of strength, and magic, too,
Learns not the tricks that make true affluence.*

HENRY H. OLTMAN,





*HO could read on this brow of summer brown,
So seldom marred by conscious Wisdom's frown,
That, hid behind its proof, no law can reach—
New York is after all an "open town."*

H. ARCHIE PELL.





*HOW curious are fads! 'Twould seem in vain,
When one speeds trotters and can buy champagne,
To haunt the purlieus of auction sales
For implements of war and porcelain.*

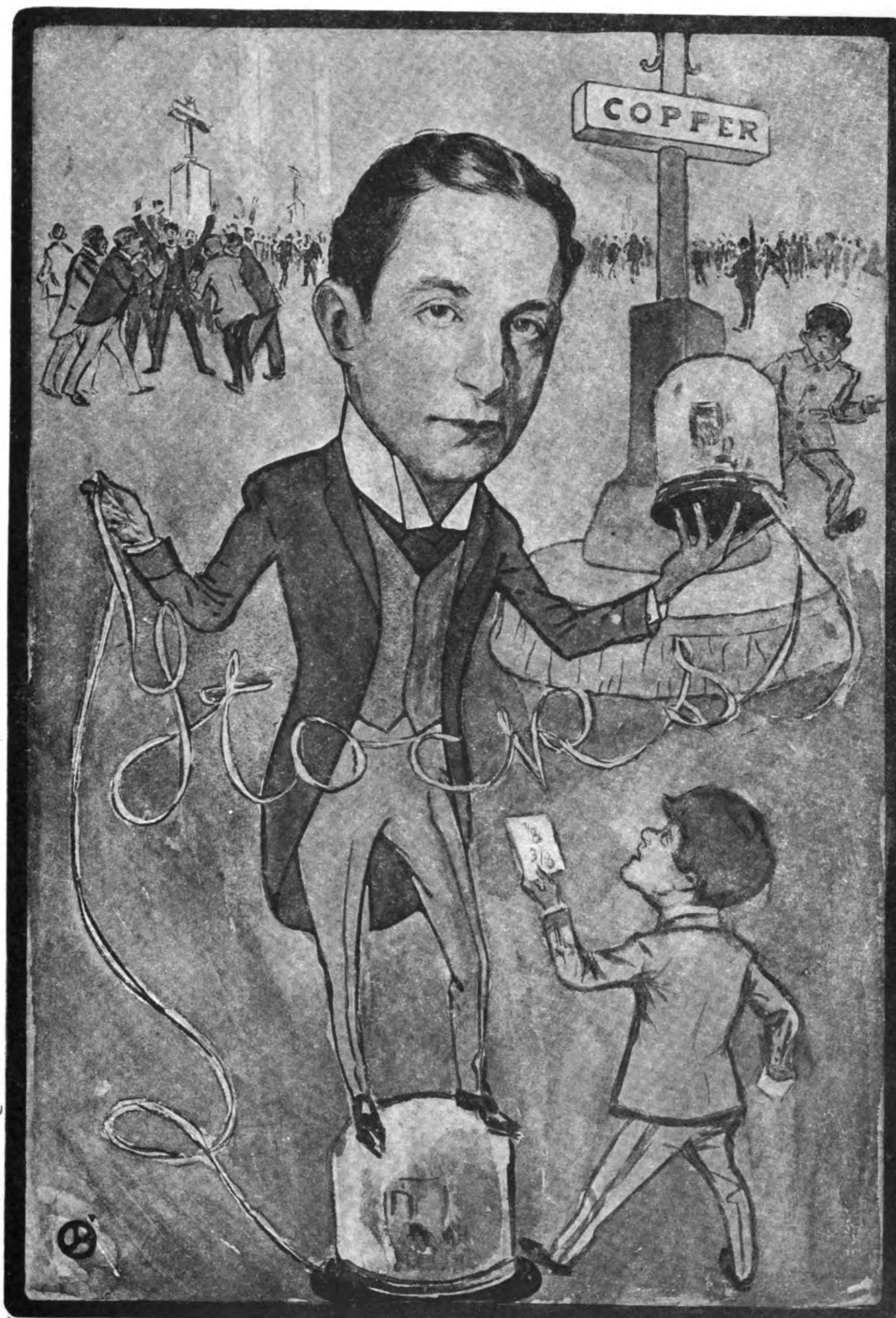
FREDERIC S. ROOK.





*HIS Titan changes copper into gold
With daring the superlative of bold;
But, ah! time was when copper turned to lead,
And he has bought to find that he's been sold.*

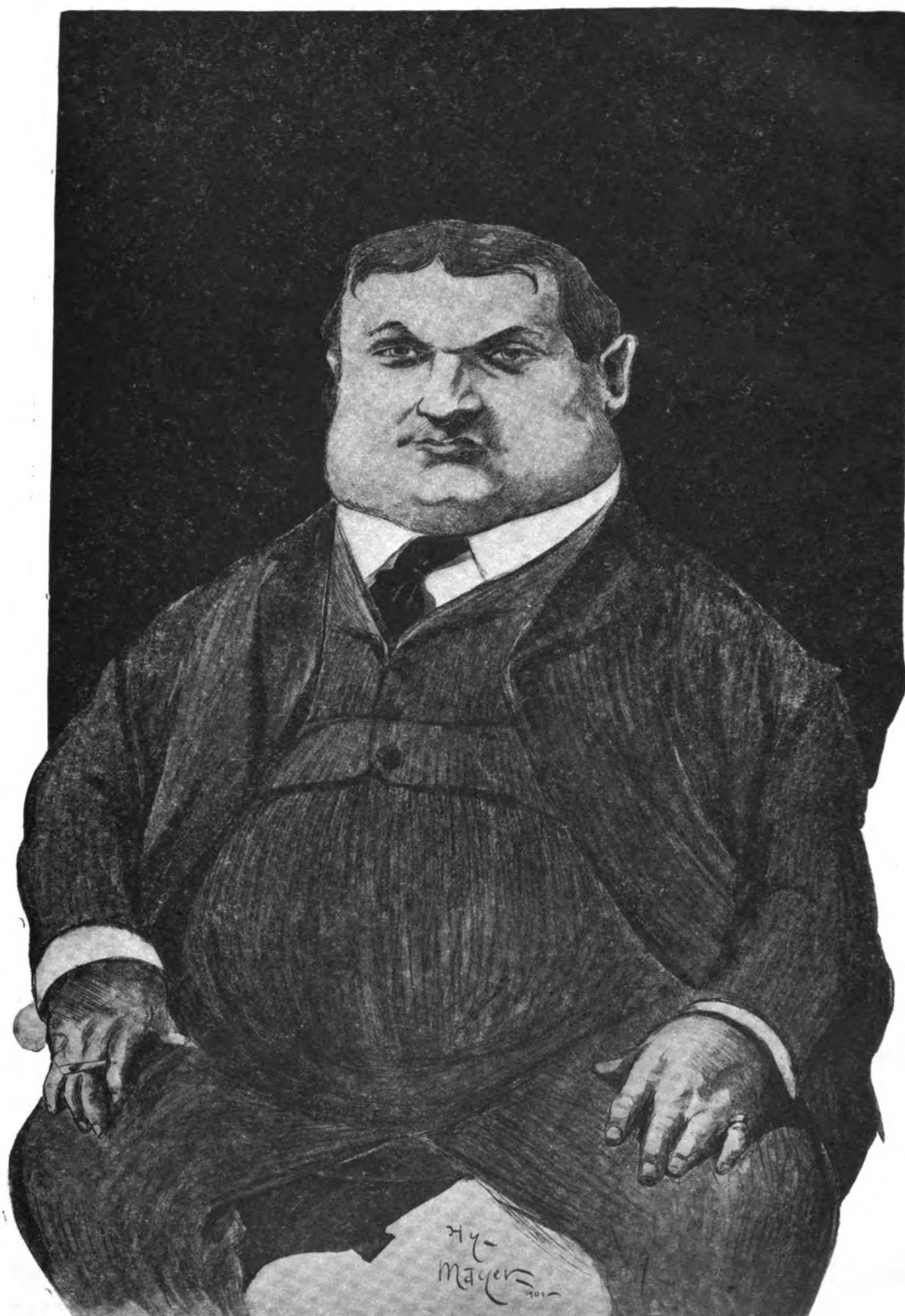
HERBERT A. SCHEFTTEL.






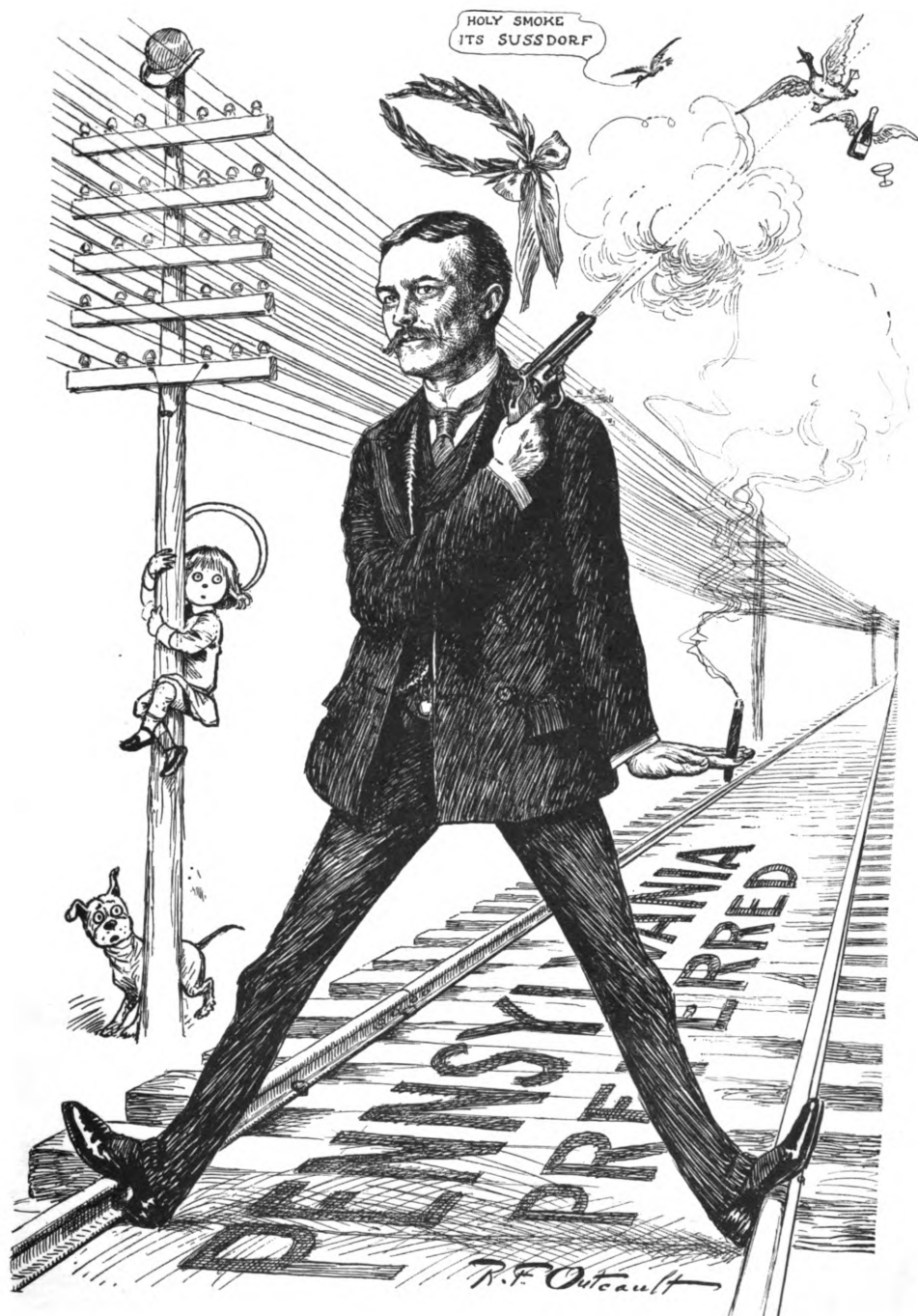
*MASSIVE frame, dark as a midnight plot,
Chokes up my portal with a cumbrous trot.
How we can be mistaken! That tense face
Seems all malignity, but it is not.*

SIDNEY M. STERNBACH.



 *PON success the laurel crown must fall;
The aim that kills not, counteth not at all;
This shot to bring down canvas-back and wine,
Hence not the Buster Brown of rue de Wall.*

LOUIS A. SUSSDORFF.





*SURELY a fashion plate is here arrayed!
A face by naught but shocking taste dismayed;
But woe alack! it cannot be denied,
That good form seldom dominates in trade.*

WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP.





*ALL as a telescopic tripod, he
Must be presumed as far to clearly see,
But after all Wealth's measured not by rule,
But by the "guessing how" successfully.*

EDWARD DEWITT WALSH.



Now then farewell, Wealth's Honorary Staff!
If I have writ me Muse's epitaph,
Remember that whom one hath never seen,
He cannot flatter like a photograph.

I pledge ye all a plentitude of wealth,
Save where 'tis vitiating to good health,
And crave your pardons that so many rhymes
Were built on information gained by stealth.



