

The Largest Furniture and Housefurnishing Establishment in Western New York SIXTEEN YEARS OF SUCCESS



JOSEPH H. WEIS
Founder and President of the Weis & Fisher Co.

"J. H. Weis, Furniture," was the sign on the little store, occupying the front room of the house at No. 297 Brown Street, where this business had its humble beginning just sixteen years ago. A cabinet shop was situated in the rear. It was a case of getting up early and working late, and not many clerks were needed.

Honest furniture, wide-awake methods and continuous hustling brought success, almost from the start. Two years later the trade had outgrown the modest quarters on Brown Street and the business was transferred to the store at 441-445 North Clinton Street. This has since been greatly enlarged to meet the demands of the increasing patronage. In 1901 Mr. Weis and Mr. Fisher organized the Weis and Fisher Co., of which the former became the president and principal stockholder.

Another store had previously been secured on State Street, thus more than doubling the buying capacity of the firm. A year ago Weis & Fisher Co. removed their State Street store to Nos. 50-54 its present location, which they remodeled into one of the most attractive furniture stores in the State. This store extends entirely through to Mill Street, where the frontage is more than double that on State Street. In the rear of this store is the large warehouse extending from Mill to Front Street, its four immense floors filled with surplus stock.

A few local manufacturers supplied the goods for the store in its early history. Now, in addition to local makers, the product of more than 900 of the leading mills and factories of the United States and abroad is represented in the various departments of our stores. It has been the constant aim of Weis & Fisher Co. to maintain a high standard of quality throughout every one of their various departments, while their great buying capacity enables them to set the pace as a leader in Low Prices. Their buyers make frequent trips to the principal markets, thus bringing to Rochester all the new and best ideas in the furnishing of a home.

STATE STREET STORE

Furniture Department—Every line of modern furniture is represented in this great display, from the most inexpensive pieces to the choicest products of the manufacturers. We call particular attention to our new red room, with its handsome color effect and fine showing of Mission Furniture. One entire floor is also devoted to office furniture. The furniture department is under the direction of E. J. Seron assisted by D. K. Pierce, M. E. Van Doon, A. J. Leek, John Schantz, J. A. Augustine, Frederick Johnson, B. G. Ecker and J. A. Henzler.

Carpet Department—The remarkable business we do each season in this department is proof of the genuine carpet values we offer. Only the product of the leading mills is to be found here, and we can guarantee the worth of every line of floor coverings we show. In rugs we make a display unequalled in the city. Our immense rug racks contain exactly 364 rugs, samples of the big stock we carry. E. L. Hull is in charge of this department, assisted by C. H. Wallingford, Albert Davis, William Ward and O. Lauterbach.

Picture Dept.—We make an interesting display of pictures throughout the store and in the special department adjoining house furnishings. Picture framing with us is a specialty, all being done by our workmen in our own department, which contains a complete mechanical equipment. E. M. Frank is in charge of this department, assisted by V. A. Phelps.

Repair Dept.—All kinds of repair work. In charge of George Johnson, assisted by A. Scheimer.

Finishing Dept.—Employees, Frank Schantz and John Eckert.

Receiving Dept.—Employees, Howard Henderschott, Glen Webster and Edward Stockschlaeger.

Shipping Dept.—Employees, Louis Weigel, Adam Merklinger, Edward Walker, Wm. Gorlic, Chas. Hammer and Joseph Bryer.

Office—A. G. Ruckenschel, credit man; M. E. Webster, cashier; J. H. Moore and L. E. Bates, bookkeepers.



Our State Street Store

Drapery Department—This department is in charge of W. F. Willard, a buyer of wide experience and with a practical knowledge of every detail of the business. We make a feature of special order work of all kinds of interior decorations and in window shades. Mr. Willard is assisted by Eugene Karp.

House Furnishing Dept.—This occupies the entire basement and is a complete store in itself. You will find here every needful article for the home from the choicest China for the table to the simplest kitchen utensils, together with clocks, lamps and silverware. Also a complete line of ranges, stoves and refrigerators of leading makes. W. J. Jones is in charge, assisted by John Fisher and John Gurger.

Upholstering Dept.—This department is under the direction of Frank Fisher, who has had wide experience in this work. He is assisted by Fred Schoenfeld. Fine special order work and reupholstering of all kinds. Estimates furnished free.



Our Clinton Avenue North Store

Clinton Avenue North Store

The same general departments are to be found at our Clinton Avenue North store. The office is in charge of F. C. Schaeferman assisted by I. H. Furthner, and the salesmen are: August Schlegel, George W. Gearing, George Schlosser, Edward F. Zimmerman, Edward Stephany and Martin Merkel.

Our Delivery System

We have a complete and well equipped delivery system and constant attention is devoted to the prompt and careful delivery of all purchases.

Right at the beginning of the Spring season we invite you to inspect our magnificent display of new home furnishings. Everybody welcome.

J. H. Weis, President and Treasurer; E. R. Huddleston, Secretary; J. E. Scheuerman, Vice-President

441-445
CLINTON AVE. NORTH

WEIS & FISHER CO.

OUR NEW STORE
50-54 STATE STREET

Easter Lilies— and Others.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

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THAT Easter was at hand the florists' windows gave full assurance. Old Henshaw's place, just around the corner from a crowded thoroughfare, was a veritable oasis of beauty in the noise and dirt of the city.

Here the mingling perfume of rich exotics, the exquisite feast of color, the quaintness of the green background against which the blossoms were massed, formed a never-failing delight to the owner's granddaughter.

Perhaps in that riot of beauty the girl loved most the purity of the flower after which she had been called. As she bent over an Easter lily, tying up the blossoms whose weight and fragrance seemed almost too heavy for its support, she appeared well named. Her figure was as slender, the pale gold hair and eager cheek equally frail, while about her radiated that dainty femininity that is to womanhood what perfume is to the flower. Completing her task, she set the plant far back behind numbers of a like species. Henshaw paused to remonstrate.

"Set it further out, Lili. It's the beauty of the lot."

"I know it, grandfather, but—that is, I'm keeping it for one of our regulars." Nodding, satisfied, the old man busied away to some fresh patrons. Lili, though constantly busy, kept watch on each newcomer. When at last a tall young man entered, the quick drooping of her long lashes showed him to be the one expected.

"My buttonhole ready?" he asked suddenly across the counter. For reply she handed him a white carnation, which he at once fastened in his coat. "Every body's ready," he continued, hesitating a moment after she had



SHE SAW A LILY, TALL AND FRAGRANT.

"Yes, Dent—any order for Easter? We're selling so fast it will be safest to let me know now." Her eyes questioned with an eagerness that she did not permit her tone.

"No." An answering embarrassment clouded for a moment the young fellow's face. He seemed about to add more, but, changing his mind, turned abruptly on his heel.

Lili watched his departure abstractedly. In school days he had been her playmate and confidant. That he had pushed on to success, both in business and social relations, was to her a matter of sincere pride, openly expressed. If in secret she suffered at the knowledge of the widening gulf between them, she denied it stoutly even to her own heart, following his career with loving interest from her humble van-

tage place. That he never had quite forgotten the old bond he proved by dropping in frequently on his way from the office, accepting with equal friendliness her greeting and choice of bouquets.

With a woman's intuition and power of putting this and that together, she knew from the first of his courtship of the beautiful Amy Strath. Had not Lili, often with tremulous fingers, arranged Dent's bouquets for the debutante's acceptance?

Until lately was it not she who had made the real selection of his offerings—violets for her birthday, white and gold chrysanthemums at Christmas and lilies always for Easter? She had heard of a misunderstanding with complex feelings, but for Dent's sake hoped, believing herself qualified to gauge his suffering in the separation, that at Easter his floral remembrance might heal the rupture.

Toward this end she had selected a specially beautiful lily, but if he did not intend to send a peace offering to what end her care? On the other hand, should Dent slight the spotted beauty at such a season it would but cement the trouble. Men were so blind to their own interests. For, watching him, the girl fancied him grown worn of late, and her heart ached for him. On Easter, eve, however, a daring scheme entered her brain to try if perchance she might help to set matters right.

Without giving herself time to weaken in her resolution she tied white streamers about the cherished lilies, catching the long loops with a dainty knot of blue forget-me-nots. Handing to the driver, she followed him to the door, repeating her instructions that it was for Miss Strath.

"Card with it?" inquired the man. "No; the forget-me-nots are instead—that is the idea." With sudden blinding tears Lili retreated into the store. Would the other girl fail to recognize the implied donor and the meaning in the gift lilies at Easter and forget-me-nots for happiness? The self-appointed peace-maker could not, however, repress a guilty start when Dent unexpectedly unmasked and

ing for some lines. She would have sent a boy to show him, but the man objected.

"I can wait. I need your advice."

Perforce she attended him to the hot-house in the rear. There, while busy-ing herself with drawing out plants for his consideration, she surprised a look of tenderness in his eyes.

"I—I always think of you as here among the flowers," he said hastily. Lili found him unusually difficult to please and grew more and more nervous over her act and what he would say should he discover it.

"I told you to choose earlier," she reminded him, but it was too late to herself, as if she needed to keep his fact in mind for her own exonerations.

"True, but—well, to tell you the truth I wasn't sure she would accept one from me."

"You are now?" Lili stared at the plant under discussion, at the palms to her left, at anything rather than her companion. She flinched from his affirmative, yet reminded herself she wanted only the assurance that all was well with him.

"I'm hoping for the best, Lili. You understand women, being one yourself. Suppose—"

"I were in her place?" Lili's voice was very low.

"Yes, in her place—the girl to whom I'm going to send this flower. Suppose we had drifted apart and that I suddenly had found out I'd been acting like a conceited fool and only wanted to be forgiven. Would you accept the flower, with all it stood for?"

Lili moved uneasily beneath his anxious gaze. Surely it could not be jealousy she felt. Then she laughed. Men were unaccountably clumsy in choosing their confidants.

"She can't resist you if you put the case so—so delightfully clear. You'll take this one?"

"Yes." The man's voice lost its eagerness as he followed her silently back into the store. There the girl became all business, measuring off yards of ribbon, handing him an envelope for his card and inquiring the address, "Miss Strath, of course?"

"You need not bother with the ad-

dress. I'm going to send a boy for it." Then, scribbling a few lines with evident uncertainty of selection, he departed, with an abrupt go-o-night.

Lili made her way home, tired and sad. She was haunted with the fear that her intrusion into Dent's affairs might complicate them further until she remembered that she alone knew from whom the gift was supposed to come. Dent, sending one of his own, would never suspect her should he ever learn of the other.

Entering the dining room early the next morning, her eye at once lighted on a lily, tall and fragrant. While admiring it her first thought naturally was of her grandfather, but there was something startlingly familiar in the arrangement of the ribbon, in the manner the tiny envelope was attached. Her fingers trembled, as she freed the card, to read:

"Please be kind and exchange Lilies with me. Dent."

The amazed light of happiness was still upon her when the writer came. He seized her hands, crushing them in sudden hope.

"Lily, is it possible?"

"Wait!" The girl spoke breathlessly, freeing one hand to hold him at a distance. "You must be very sure. It will mean so much. There is Amy Strath. You care for her. Well—in deference to his sharp denial—you have cared. What if she should repent her quarrel should send for you?"

"The quarrel was mine, dear. She demanded the breaking of our friendship."

"Even that for your happiness?" began the girl, but Dent cut short the offer of sacrifice.

"Here," he cried, kissing her on the lips—"here is my happiness! What if I had learned the truth too late? Give me the flower I want, my Easter Lily."

"It is yours already," she admitted. Then, after an appreciable interlude, "How could I ever have planned to marry you to any one else?"

"To whom?" demanded the astonished Dent. But to this he never obtained a satisfactory answer.

"You need not bother with the ad-

An Egg Drawing.
A most successful egg game for children or grown people is to draw the outline of a large egg on squares of pasteboard, providing one for each guest and presenting them at the same time with sticks of charcoal and instructions to make out of the skeleton of the egg a picture of some animal. It is surprising how many laughable and really clever sketches will be the result.

Bunny Molds For Easter.
Of course every housewife is planning to have some sort of frozen dessert on Easter Sunday, so that the bunny mold is sure to appeal to those interested planners who constantly treat their families to surprises. Some handsome molds are also to be had in the Easter lily design, too, but where there are children the bunny molds produce the larger amount of merriment.

Antiquity of Easter Cards.
The custom of sending Easter cards dates back to the second year after Christ and antedates by several centuries the habit of sending Christmas gifts.

Jack Horner Pies.
Jack Horner pies of all sizes are fashioned for Easter entertainments. A huge one is handsomely trimmed and decorated and filled with the four and twenty, not blackbirds, but downy little yellow chickens, each holding a ribbon in its beak, to which is attached some Easter favor. These pies are rather expensive when purchased at a shop, but would not be difficult to arrange at home, as the chickens can be bought by the dozen at various places where cotton favors are sold. Some hostesses will use a pie filled with Easter eggs arranged in duplicate colors as a means of sorting partners. When the pie is opened each lady picks out an egg, and afterward it is handed around to each man, who must find his companion for the evening in the lady who has chosen an egg of the same color as the one selected by him. —Pittsburg Dispatch.