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**TONIGHT! CLEAN YOUR BOWELS AND STOP HEADACHE, COLDS, SORE STOMACH.**

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and bad colds—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo is now having 2,000,000 ounces of silver button to be made into dimes, quarters and half-dollars, the reason being that silver button is now extremely cheap, between 47 and 48 cents a five ounce.

**Hong Kong Cafe**  
AND NOODLE PARLORS

**Noodles**  
AND  
**Chop Suey**  
HOT TAMALES 15c

Outside Tray Orders a Specialty.  
Boxes for ladies and gentlemen.  
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Cor. Webb and Cottonwood Sts.  
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**BETTER AND SOFTER LIGHT**

is assured by the use of some of these beautiful fixtures of ours. They give a light that illuminates the room perfectly, but that does not tire or strain the eyes. They are not expensive considering their extra efficiency and extra beauty. Why not at least see them?

**J. L. VAUGHAN**

**NOODLES, CHOP SUEY, CHINA DISHES**  
**GOEY'S**  
KWONG HONG LOW  
116 West Alta St., Upstairs, Phone 433

**The Weakly Bulldogger**

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1916.

**Stormographs.**  
There is one satisfaction in this storm, these old timers, who have been bombarding our ears for so long with tales of the terrible winters of '10 and '11, will have nothing on us.

"It's a funny thing," said Clint Roosevelt, "that the very job I was looking for all last summer should have come right to my front door," and thereupon he continued shoveling the snow off his walks.

We sent a cub reporter of the Weakly Bulldogger reporterial staff out on the street last week with instructions to get some scoops. He returned with the information that every other man on the street was wielding one.

A long-haired poet with horn-rimmed glasses submitted some verses on the beautiful snow to us last week just after we had finished cleaning off 150 yards of sidewalk. His obituary was crowded out of this issue by storm news.

An absent minded citizen was walking down Main street one day last week. The snow was falling thickly and as he passed a two-story building a shoveler on top tossed over the parapet a scoopedful of snow that struck the pedestrian on top of the head. "Lord bless my soul," he said, "I never heard of it snowing bucket-ful before."

"Behind the trenches in Pendleton" is a subject of much more absorbing interest locally at present than "Behind the trenches in Europe."

"You fellows make me tired talking as if this is the only snow we ever had," said Jimmy Hackett who measures four four in his socks. "Many's the time I've waded about with the snow up to my waist."

Quite the most becoming leg ornaments of the past week were the pretty red ribbons with which Joe Tallman tied down his pants legs. He looked like a dancer in a roof garden cabaret.

"This is what comes from prohibition," said one old soak whose nose has not yet bleached out.

While ivory is less brittle than ice, it is just as well to keep your head outside the line of falling icicles.

Somebody stole one of Jim Bowler's skis and he's looking for a one-legged man.

**A LIMERICK TO THE NEW COMMERCIAL CLUB PREFIX**  
Right after election, Will Brock  
This slogan announced to his flock:  
"Ruh-be-duh-dub,  
A new home for the club,  
And a boost instead of a knock."

**Safety First.**  
Clark Nelson, always ready to try any new sport once, essayed to ski down the south hill yesterday. He says he prefers aeroplaning as a more conservative and less hazardous pastime.

**postcardly Detamation.**  
In the window display of a local photograph gallery is the picture of Roland Oliver, specialist in grain marketing. Some enemy, presumably a low-browed bachelor, last week secured a circular announcing a reward for the arrest of some fugitive from justice and with a pair of shears and a paste pot decorated the glass in front of the photo so that above the face of Friend Oliver the glassy road "Wanted—For Family Desertion—\$10 Reward," and below a description something like this: "How-legged and tired looking; face shows gleam of intelligence at times; form like a sack of potatoes; poses as an authority on grain and taxes." We are glad to state that Mr. Oliver was not subjected to the further humiliation of arrest. He is too well known to the police.

**If You Must Lie, Be Modest.**  
Seth Richardson, and some other old timers were regaling a bunch of latter day Pendletonians with stories of the big snow in '11. Sensing a loss of prestige unless they dismounted the present storm, Seth told of measuring that earlier epoch-maker and finding it 44 inches deep. Also he had the mercury down a degree or two lower than the minimum this winter. The other old timer was not content. "I can remember the time right here in this county when the snow got so deep that we had to put skylights in our roofs because the windows were covered, and it got so cold that the mercury in the thermometer froze." "This was going too strong even for Seth," said "Sag," he said, "it was a flur but you're a damn liar."

**Basements As Barometers.**  
We never observed it before but the average cellar seems to be a pretty good barometer. Just before Pendleton went dry, people began filling up their cellars and now that there is a prospect of considerable wetness hereabouts, everybody is emptying them.

**Depends on the Weich.**  
Dear Bulldogger—  
If the snow within the limits of Pendleton weighs 55x.544 tons, how light is the head of the man who figured it out?

**MISS INFORMATION**

**Naturally.**  
The stores having run out of leggings last week, E. Baum conceived the idea of protecting his shanks from the snow by encasing them in newspapers. He wrapped an East

Oregonian around one leg and a Tribune around the other. The scheme didn't work. The E. O. was so accustomed to be in the lead that Mr. Baum walked in a circle.—(Paid Adv.)

**Where Speech is Silver.**  
They do the "hesitation talk" almost entirely in the county clerk's office nowadays. That is the clerk, his deputies, certain other court house officials and frequenters of the office do. For he it knows that he who hesitates up there is saved. At least he saves a nickel, for by a documentary agreement, signed, sealed and witnessed, anyone who utters a swear word or a slang phrase is fined one penny in that office.

The young lady deputies formulated the articles and their experiment cost them dearly in small coin for before they could adjust their conversation to the new order, County Clerk Saling signed the stipulation and thereby learned the value of studied speech. Judge Marsh signed and it cost him a quarter before he reached the conclusion that it was more economical to occupy his own office.

Ye Bulldogger affixed his signature and before the ink was dry was required to disgorge a V. Deputy Sheriff Jim Estes was enrolled and, after talking himself out of 15 cents, went out in the hallway and expressed himself in terms that even a John D. couldn't have liquidated inside. Even staff old Funk paid the price of a few unimagined remarks. J. Roy Haley was enticed into entering the pact and thereafter used sign language as the cheapest medium of expression. Janitor George Simpson's unbridled tongue gave him cause to think of his family, the hard winter and price of T-bones, and we won't enter the clerk's office any more until after 5 o'clock.

But the more prolific contributor of all to the fund was Commissioner Mac Cockburn. His conversations averaged about two bits to the line and to save himself from bankruptcy, he fled back to Milton.

**Raucous Remarks**  
Old Boreas delivered a haymaker to Home Makers' Week in La Grande.

A Cleveland, Ohio, man was dead for an hour but was revitalized by a lung motor. He declares death is just a blank. Some of us don't make much more of life.

"Silver Thaw's Cost in Money Not a Record," says a Portland Journal headline. Right. The Thaw cash-book show that Harry K. and Evelyn are entitled to top honors.

Down in San Bruno, California, the city officials are talking about muzzling the chickens. Must be a hen-pecked lot.

Some of these people who howl so much over a trivial mistake made by a newspaper would be the very first to help in the same paper printing all of the truth it knows. No, this is not a threat, it's just a casual observation.

More than 100 tons of potash are wasted daily in distilleries in the United States in fermenting molasses, and a New Orleans company will endeavor to obtain a fertilizer from its waste product.

**18 POUNDS OF BLOOD**

is the average quantity in a healthy adult, but it is the quality of the blood that determines our strength to resist sickness. With weak blood we find cold hands and chilly feet; in children an aversion to study, and in adults rheumatic tendencies.

In changing seasons get abundant fresh air and take a spoonful of Scott's Emulsion after meals, because Scott's Emulsion is a rich blood-food that will increase both quantity and quality of the blood while it warms the body and helps carry off the impurities.

When multitudes of people are today taking Scott's Emulsion to avert winter sickness, and are giving it to their children, it is careless to neglect its benefits. Look out for substitutes.

Scott & Bowne, Brooklyn, N. Y. L-20

**AN OLD RECIPE TO DARKEN HAIR**

**SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR TURNS GRAY, FADED HAIR DARK AND GLOSSY.**

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp, and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.



**Come on and Belong—**

Fall in line with Tuxedo, and you and "Tux" will never fall out. Join the army of Smokers of the Sunny Smile, who have found the world's top-notch tobacco and are spreading the good news in puffs of pure pleasure.

**Tuxedo**  
The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

The original "Tuxedo Process" turns out the finest finished product in the smoke-world. Tobacco without one particle of harshness or bite in it—so soothing and mild and pleasant you never want to stop smoking it, and never have to. It's all-day-long enjoyment with Tuxedo, from the first bracing smoke in the morning to the last restful pipe at night.

You try it for a week—in pipe or cigarette—early and often. Stack it up against the best you ever smoked—and you'll find something better in Tuxedo.



**GEORGE CURRY**  
Ex-Governor of New Mexico  
"Tuxedo appeals to me strongly on account of its cool, mild, pleasant flavor. Therein lies its superiority in all other tobaccos."  
Geo Curry



**YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE**  
Convenient, glassine wrapped, moisture-proof pouch . . . 5c  
Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket . . . 10c  
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 85c  
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c  
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