

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave."
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Good Roads Open up a State

HERE in this still undeveloped state of Oregon we know what roads and the automobile have meant in speeding up the opening of vast areas previously land-locked for much of the year. Along the coast, up the valleys of the mountains, and far into the interior of the great plateau region the silvery ribbons have penetrated and now over their course flows traffic of all kinds. Not the least of what flows back over these improved highways into the remote districts is our modern civilization. Many a mountain valley which lived quite separate from the rest of the world through most of the year, now receives its daily mail, and welcomes the cars from the city bringing people with ideas and styles and money to spend.

So we may attribute to good roads much of the credit for the greater attention being given to education, notably through the south. There was Arkansas down at the foot of the ladder apparently with no ambition to better its condition of widespread illiteracy. A few years ago, however, Arkansas built roads. The state went wild on roads and heavily in debt to build them. But now we find that good roads are permitting consolidation so better school work may be presented. Since 1920, 5118 districts have been reduced to 3478 and further consolidations are expected to bring the number down to 3000 very shortly.

An equalization law has been enacted which adds new and substantial sources of revenue for the schools of Arkansas. Districts may now levy up to 18 mills against the former limit of 12. In 1929 the amount spent for school building was \$3,584,000 which is five times what was spent in 1924. Education will develop the south, and good roads are opening the way for improved educational systems, not only in the south but all over the country. Strangely here in the Willamette valley with excellent roads and mild winters, we have been very slothful in promoting school consolidation. We cling to one-room schools with a handful of pupils in a day when roads and motor transport have altered profoundly our whole manner of living.

Oregon's Sales Days

YOU can always count on something original from Missouri, and now that the rains have come, we may look for fresh evidences of Missouri's contribution to the gaiety of the nation. Here is one: a candidate in a judicial primary there has withdrawn, declaring that the "primary election is a misnomer in view of the intention of the legislature. It should be called sales day."

And so it might, in view of the tremendous cost of winning a primary election, as Ruth Hanna McCormick, William S. Vare, Gifford Pinchot and Newberry may testify; as well as those who are still licking their sores from the May primary in Oregon.

The state's greatest sales day promoter was spared the expense of campaigning in the primary, though his erstwhile associate spent a goodly sum saving the people from nominating some one other than himself. But we can speculate on what wonderful salesdays the state will have when Meier and Frank get to running it.

First we may expect Founders Days bi-monthly and anniversary sales quarterly. Then each Friday the state will be intrigued with a Friday Surprise Sale. In between there would always be the Expansion sale with a fifty million dollar power project to sell "at no cost to the taxpayers." No, if Meier is elected, Oregon will not be like Missouri with a salesday at each biennial primary election. Every day'll be salesday by and by.

Robin is Kicked Out

FRED W. ROBIN of Oak Grove was properly ousted as chairman of the republican county central committee of Clackamas county. One would think he should have enough conscience to resign after he had double-crossed himself. First he wrote a congratulatory letter to Phil Metschan and afterwards joined the independents to nominate Meier. Besides kicking Metschan, Robin says he is going out to peel the hide off McNary.

What he might do as an individual is quite his own business, but he can't expect to function as an officer in the republican organization if he is a leader in the movement to scuttle the ship. But then the matter of reconciling conscience rests lightly on party busters like the Meier crowd.

Governor Norblad delivers a timely warning to budgeteers that now is the time to hold down estimates and not increase them. The trouble with office holders is that their main motive is always to SPEND MORE MONEY. They lay awake nights scheming how they may wheedle more money out of the legislature for their pet projects. They can always see some new and costly gimmick to add to the functions of their office which will incur cost for generations, because when a new function is taken on, all the king's horses and all the king's men can't get it out of the appropriation bill again. The governor's warning will be ignored unless he is ready to jam down the spending brakes hard when the officials send in their estimates of expenses.

For supercilious self-conceit we know of nothing which exceeds the capricious criticism of some newspapers and individuals against the library board for employing some one from outside of Oregon to serve as state librarian. There were several applicants from within the state; but the board very evidently did not find among them the exact type of person they desired and so went outside the state. There is nothing reprehensible in this. In the learned professions particularly there should be an easy "flow of brains" from one section to another. Otherwise a state grows self-satisfied and intellectual dry rot sets in.

The game commission has fired its warden and assistant warden but not without a bitter fight within the commission. The only hope for harmony in the fish and game business seems to be when the fish are all caught and the game all killed and the sportsmen all converted to midget golf.

The middle west hasn't gone to pot. There will still be plenty of corn. The estimated production is two and a quarter billion bushels or about 25% less than a bumper crop. There may be districts and localities left in distress but the resources of that country are so varied that none will be permitted to suffer, either man or beast.

Eugene's tree sitters have come down and the Rankins reached an early end to their first endurance venture. The Marathon foolishness will break out some place else though, wherever there is a chance for "publicity" and easy money.

We give the prize for the world's champion liar of 1936 to Alfred Hubbard, winner in the Seattle liquor agent trials, who has told a tale so gross that from this distance it appears monumentally false. The whole deal impresses us as a gigantic frame-up to "break" the men who put Roy Olmstead in prison.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Recently I have had letters about "undulant fever."

This is an infectious disease of goats, sheep, pigs and cattle. Human beings may become infected while caring for or while slaughtering infected animals. Persons who are particularly susceptible to the germ have developed undulant fever by drinking the milk of infected animals.

The disease is characterized by chills in alternation with a decided rise in temperature. Other symptoms are sweats, anemia, general rundown condition and arthritis of the hip, ankle, shoulder or knee joints. Occasionally there is bronchitis, and abscesses may be present beneath the skin.

The fever usually runs about three months, although cases have been known to last a year or two. Undulant fever rarely results in death, but causes great distress due to the length of time the patient is unable to attend his usual duties. Weakness seems to be the only after-effect.

There is as yet no specific treatment. It is hoped that vaccines may be developed to control the disease. In the meantime patients are treated much as are those having typhoid fever.

Every effort must be put forth to eliminate the disease among the cattle and pigs. Until this is accomplished there is always the chance that the disease may be spread by those who came in contact with infected animals. These persons should at all times exercise the greatest care in order to avoid contracting or transmitting to others any possible infection. The hands must be carefully disinfected and all cuts and scratches properly cared for.

In some states the health authorities are helping the farmers to eradicate the disease in cattle by having tests made for the "Bacillus abortus," which is the germ responsible for undulant fever. Until all infected animals are found and separated from the herd the trouble will not be checked. Of course, this is a costly procedure for the farmer, but the loss through keeping infected animals is even greater. Until the disease is entirely eliminated from the herds the use of pasteurized milk is recommended as a protection against danger.

Mothers of young children need have no great fear for their little ones, as the disease apparently does not attack children. Nevertheless, pasteurized milk is much more safe and to be preferred for infants and children. Not only must the milk be pasteurized, but it must have from first to last, the greatest care. Milk may be pasteurized and yet be contaminated during this process is completed.

Be sure the milk and all milk products which you use are obtained from dairies which are carefully inspected.

R. D. Q.—What do you advise for liver spots?

A.—The first thing to do is to correct constipation. For further particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

A READER, Q.—What would you advise for a person troubled with curvature of the spine?

A.—See an orthopedic surgeon. Surgical or mechanical procedure will usually correct condition.

J. Huser, Q.—What should a boy weigh who is 15 years old and 5 ft. 11 in. tall?

2. How can I get rid of boils?

A.—For his age and height he should weigh about 150 pounds.

2. You should have a physical examination to determine just what the cause of your trouble may be. Make sure that you are not troubled with constipation. Treatment depends upon the cause. For other information send a self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

A Daily Reader, Q.—What is the cause of one's eyelids becoming thick and pink? The daylight seems to hurt my eyes and they always look tired.

A.—Your eyes are probably sore and inflamed and it would be advisable to consult an eye specialist for an examination. Perhaps it may be necessary for you to wear glasses for awhile.

D. B. Q.—What diet do you advise for reducing?

A.—Eat sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. For further particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question.

ANXIOUS, Q.—What causes hyper-acidity?

A.—This is usually due to faulty diet and poor elimination.

A Problem For You For Today

The inside measurements of a flue of a chimney 40 feet high are 30 by 32 inches. What is the length of the longest straight line that can be stretched inside of it?

Answer to Yesterday's Problem \$5.00. Explanation—Take the square root of the product of 72.25 and 42.25; multiply this by 4 and then by 525. Add twice 72.25 to twice 42.25 and multiply by .625. Subtract the first result from this last result.

Automobile associations and the state are fighting puncture vine in California.

IS HE GOING TO BEAT US TO IT?



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

"No, you wouldn't. If you had, you've had plenty of time to dispose of it."

Andrews, who had retreated quietly around the corner of the house, reappeared, camera in hand. He set up his tripod in the grass and spoke persuasively.

"Now then, old timer, since you've got yourself mixed up in this, we'll just take a nice picture of you. Hold it!"

But Schnitzler did not 'hold it.' His bony hands darted upward, covering his face. His thin frame shook so violently that the torn cuffs flapped about his wrists.

"No!" he cried. "You shall not have it! You were in that room. Perhaps you learn from him. You get my face in the picture—and you hex me with it."

With a sudden twist which sent Peter spinning off his balance, Schnitzler darted between the two men, overturning the tripod as he went and ran with amazing agility down the road. Andrews gazed at the rapidly disappearing figure.

"If he's broken my camera," he said direfully, "he'd have heard from me!"

"Pleasant old customer," Peter rubbed his shin where Schnitzler's heavy farm boot had caught it. A glancing blow. "If we're looking for enemies of Mortison, we seem to be getting what we want and plenty of it. Up to date there's Julio, and Mrs. Coak and Mrs. Coak's daughter, and Marjorie and Mrs. Everett, all of whom had plenty of reason for taking a shot at him. And now it appears that women weren't Mortison's only trouble. He's gone and added witchcraft to his list of shootable exploits. A bright little thought you had, pointing your hexing camera at the old bird!"

"He'd have made a swell picture," Andrews said mournfully. "Well, thanks to you, he's going to be as hard to catch, after this, as a scared rabbit. And something tells me we're going to need to catch him, before we're through."

"But if he shot Mortison, why doesn't he say so, and plead insanity? If he really believes that witchcraft, dope, he's certainly cracked," Andrews suggested.

"That's just what the man in Pennsylvania did, but he didn't get off. He was convicted, and got a life sentence. That case happened only about a year ago. It's ten that, coming from the same part of the country and the same people, Schnitzler knew about it." Peter pondered a moment and then added, "Lots of people won't sit thirteen at the table, and refuse to change their seats at cards if they think the luck is running in their direction. Their beliefs are just as irrational as Schnitzler's, but it's only when it's the other fellow's superstition and an unfamiliar one, that we see how absurd it is. If the old fellow did have a hand in the shooting, he may still be quite able to keep his wits about him afterwards. Maybe he isn't so crazy after all!"

CHAPTER 14

"While we're here I want to go up to the house and have a word with Mrs. Coak. She's the one who discovered the body—or says she did."

"Isn't there a daughter?" Andrews enquired hopefully.

"There is. If I can get her to stand for a picture I'll let you know. But don't you go flourishing a camera around till I say the word," Peter admonished.

Andrews, with no picture in sight, promptly relapsed into a daze on the back seat of Bossy.

announced that, despite the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Coak still took her duties as housekeeper seriously.

Peter removed his hat with a flourish as he stepped inside.

"By the way, Mrs. Coak, did you get your flour?" he asked without preamble.

"Flour?" Mrs. Coak stared blankly. She turned from the stove to face Peter, and something in her attitude struck him as oddly defensive.

"Flour," he repeated blandly. A girl who sat on a wooden chair in the corner, stringing beads, dropped her hands among the rustling pods. At a gesture from the hand of Mrs. Coak which still unconsciously held a stove-lifter, she rose and, clutching the pan of bean pods against her chest, turned to go.

Peter lounged at ease against the door frame. His glance was unobtrusive. Peter never let good manners stand in the way of a story, but to stare in this instance would be worse than bad strategy—it would be bad strategy. Nevertheless, he missed no detail of the young, sullen face of the girl.

It was a face to which the warm healthy vigor of the earth gave a touch of beauty. The features were without distinction, but a natural color glowed beneath the tan of her cheeks, and her hair curled crisply above her low forehead. As she stood, her starched bungalow apron drawn rather tightly over her full bosom and outlining her robust figure, she might have been the model for a daughter of Ceres. If it had not been for the unhappy, baffled look in her eyes, Peter would have put her down as a creature of instinct, simple and unreflexive, untouched by the subtlety and the pain of thought.

"Don't go, please," he said as she moved toward the inner door. "I'd like to speak to you both. Now about that flour, Mrs. Coak."

The stove-lifter dropped with a clatter to the floor.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Mrs. Coak spoke sharply.

"No? Well I don't wonder that you've forgotten it. But you did say, you know, that you went to Mortison's lodge in order to see if he had sent for the flour you ordered. However, you didn't go for that. You went because you had found out about Mortison and your daughter."

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blinked them angrily back.

"Oh yes, you warned her!" Peter spoke with biting scorn. "You tried to make her over into the pretty little doll image you'd constructed for her. You thought you could do a better job than God. And a nice little business of suppression you made of it. You were so anxious to make a lady of June that you overlooked the important fact that God knows his business better than you do. God didn't make June to be a lady—but he made her to be a woman. You thought you could tie a string around instinct—and instinct turned around and hit you a nasty clout in the jaw."

"I'm not going to talk about it. You can get out of my kitchen and go about your business. A good name is all a girl's got to live by, and if—if Mrs. June—has lost hers, Mrs. Coak turned to June, the fury of disappointment, reflection suffusing her face with heavy color. Blindly she waved Peter away in a fierce gesture of dismissal.

But Peter stood his ground.

"My business is right here, Mrs. Coak," he said calmly. "By your own account, you were the first to discover Mortison's death. You went there not on a household errand but driven by hate—because what you call your daughter's 'name' was more important to you than her life—or than your life, or Mortison's. No one knows what happened when you went to the lodge. No one knows—yet."

"If you'd only let me alone, this'd never have happened!" Mrs. Coak's brown hands were clutching the edge of the table. A sob caught at her throat, but her face, distorted by misery and anger, was yet illumined with the fierce joy of long awaited release.

"I've never spoke out to you before, but I'm going to speak out now. I'm a bad girl, I guess, but if I am, it's your fault! I've done the worst thing any girl can do—and it's on your head!"

"Don't! Don't! You haven't!" Mrs. Coak's face had turned a pasty white. Her eyes stared, blank with terror.

"You'd let me be, I'd have been married to Julio, and this—this! Flinging herself forward on the table, June burst into uncontrollable sobbing. Her elbow knocked the shining pan to the floor, scattering the beans, but in her abandonment she did not notice its clattering fall.

"Julio!" Mrs. Coak seized on the name with a sharp cry. How flickered and spread behind the ghastly fear in her eyes.

"Maybe it was Julio."

June lifted her bowed head. "If Julio did," she said with strange triumph, "it was no more than he had a right to do."

"Don't talk—that way—" Mrs. Coak gasped the words from a dry throat.

"I'll talk any way I please," the girl said passionately. "If I talked more, and sooner, this need never have been. There's three of us with murder on our souls, no matter on whose hands it is. I'm not sorry Mr. Mortison's dead. I'm glad! I say he deserved it, no matter who did it!"

"June Coak, you shut right up this minute. You don't know what you're saying!" The words came in harsh command.

"I know what I'm saying, well enough," June muttered. The old sullenness darkened her face, extinguishing its brief flare of confidence. The morning sun still streamed through the open door, but Peter felt as if he had watched the swift glare of lightning and listened to the heavy rumble of retreating thunder.

"Now look here, Mrs. Coak, we might as well get down to cases," he said reasonably. "We have only your word for it that Mortison was already dead when you

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Discovery of the Willamette:

Captain Clark had set out with a canoe and seven men and a Cashook Indian guide, Wednesday forenoon, April 2, 1806, to find the Multnomah (Williamette) river; his point of departure being the camp on the north side of the Columbia river, opposite the mouth of the Quickand (Sandy) river.

The entry in the journals for Thursday, April 3, contains the following: "In the evening Captain Clark returned." (The fact that he could accomplish so much in so short a time will be explained a little further on.) Reading on: "In setting out yesterday at 11:30 o'clock, he directed his course along the south side of the river, where, at the distance of eight miles, he passed a village of the Nechacoochee tribe, belonging to the Eluot nation. The village itself is small, and, being situated beyond Diamond Island, was concealed from our view as we passed both times along the northern shore. He continued till 3 o'clock, when he landed at the single house along the river, as the only remains of a village of 24 straw huts. (The inhabitants had gone up the Columbia river to fish, anticipating the spring salmon run, taking their houses with them.) Along the shore were great numbers of small canoes for gathering wapato, which were left by the Shal-las, who visit the place annually. The present inhabitants of the house are part of the Neerchokio tribe of the same nation.

"On entering one of the apartments of the house, Captain Clark offered several articles to the Indians, in exchange for wapato, but they appeared sullen and ill humored, and refused to give him any. He then sat down by the fire, opposite to the men, and taking a port-fire match (*) from his pocket, threw a small piece of it into the flame, at the same time took his pocket compass, and, by means of a magnet, which happened to be in his link horn, made the needle turn round very briskly.

"The match now took fire, and burned violently, on which the Indians, terrified at this strange exhibition, immediately brought a quantity of wapato and laid it at his feet, begging him to put out the 'bad fire'; while an old woman continued to speak with great vehemence, as if praying and imploring protection.

"Having received the roots, Captain Clark put up the compass, and, as the match went out of itself, tranquility was restored, though the women and children still took refuge in their beds, and behind the men.

"He now paid them for what he had used, and after lighting his pipe, and smoking with them, he continued down the river.

"He now found what we had called Image Canoe Island (*) to consist of three islands, the one in the middle concealing the opening between the other two in such a way as to present to us on the opposite side of the river the appearance of a single island. At the lower point of the third, and 15 miles below the last village, he entered the mouth of a large river which was concealed by three islands in its mouth, from those who descend or go up the Columbia.

went to the lodge."

"I said he was dead, and I'll stick to it." Mrs. Coak faced Peter, her broad face set in lines of stern rigidity.

"You said at once, in advance of any concrete evidence, that Mrs. Everett must have killed him."

"Suppose I did. They say she's admitted it now. What more do you want?"

Peter left the question unanswered.

"Still, you consider it 'good riddance' had you?"

A tightening of the lips, more expressive than words, was Mrs. Coak's only answer.

"If you hadn't found him dead, supposing that you did, weren't you quite ready to kill him yourself? Isn't that what you went there for, when you found out that not Julio who wanted to marry her, but Mr. Mortison, the gentleman, who most certainly didn't, was responsible for June's condition?"

"I ain't said—"

"No; but it's true, isn't it, June?"

June nodded miserably.

(Continued on Page 10)

"This river, which the Indians call Multnomah, from a nation of the same name, reading near it on the Willamette river, ENTERS THE COLUMBIA 140 MILES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE LATTER RIVER, of which it may be justly considered as forming one fourth, though it had now fallen 18 inches below its greatest annual height.

"From its entrance nearly Mount Hood bore due east, and Captain Clark NOW DISCOVERED to the southeast a mountain which we had not yet seen, and to which he gave the name of Mount Jefferson. (And that name has remained.) Like Mount Saint Helen's, its figure is a regular cone covered with snow, and is probably of equal height with that mountain, though, being more distant, so large a portion of it does not appear above the range of mountains which lie between these and this point.

"Soon after entering the Multnomah (Williamette) river, he met an old Indian descending the river alone in a canoe. After some conversation with him, the pilot informed Captain Clark that this old man belonged to the Clackamas (Clackamas) nation, who reside on a river 40 miles up the Multnomah."

(This will be continued tomorrow.)

"A port-fire match was a slow burning fuse, made of wood or other material impregnated with chemicals. It was the forerunner of the present match of commerce, which makes a quick blaze and goes out easily—the 'safety' match which is a world-wide monopoly of which it is so common that we do not realize that it did not come into common use until more than 50 years after Captain Clark used its predecessor to arouse the superstitious dread of the Indians down where the city of Portland now spreads itself over the area that was the center of the primitive commerce and activities before the white men came.

"Image Canoe Island was named on Nov. 4, 1805, on the way down. Here is how it came about, according to the journal: 'We then proceeded and met two canoes with 12 men of the same Skilloot nation, who were on their way from below. The larger of the canoes was ornamented with the figure of a bear in the bow, and a man in the stern, both nearly as large as life, both made of painted wood, and very neatly fixed to the boat. . . . This circumstance induced us to give the name of Image Canoe to the large island, the lower end of which we now passed at a distance of nine miles from its head. We had seen two smaller islands to the right, and three more near its lower extremity. The Indians in the canoe here made signs that there was a village behind these islands, and indeed we presumed there was a channel on that side of the river, for the same of the canoes passed in that direction between the small islands, but we were anxious to press forward, and therefore did not stop to examine more minutely.' Thus the explorers missed finding the Willamette river on the way down.

Image Canoe Island turned out to be a part of the Wapatoe Island of Lewis and Clark; and the series of islands in the mouth of the Willamette where it approaches the Columbia. The Wapatoe Island (or islands) of Lewis and Clark was the Multnomah Island of Captain Wilkes. It was called Wapatoe later, because Capt. Nathaniel Wyeth built his Fort William there. It was the Sauvie's Island of the Hudson's Bay company, because the man who had charge of their dairying operations on the west side of it was a Frenchman named Sauvie. The original Indian name of the island was Wakanassee.

Why Fat Men Stay Fat

"The trouble with me, and I guess this applies to 99% of the men who are putting on weight, I didn't have the energy or 'pep' to do the things I used to do. I was in any healthy activity and just kept around accumulating the old pounds until I got that 'Kruschen feeling.'"

Start taking Kruschen Salts—that's the common-sense way to reduce—but don't take them with the idea that they possess reducing qualities in themselves.

This is what they do—they clean out the impurities in your blood by keeping the bowels, kidneys and liver in splendid working shape and fill you with a vigor and tireless energy you'd most forgotten.

As a result instead of planting yourself in an easy chair every free moment and letting flabby fat accumulate you feel an urge for activity that keeps you moving around doing the things you've always wanted to do and needed to do to keep you in good condition.

Then watch the pounds slide off!

Kruschen Salts are the up-to-date Fountain of Youth. Take one half teaspoonful in a glass of hot or cold water tomorrow morning, and every morning—and if they don't change your whole idea about reducing, go back and get the small price you paid for them. Get an 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts