Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Real Home-Makers

"HOME is where the heart is." How often we say it, yet how little we live it! Better a dinner of herbs where love is than all the wealth of the Orient.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Many old-time folks decry the modern spirit of independence and frivolity and call it lawlessness. They sigh for the early days of terrible struggle, when men slaved at subduing the forests or protecting their homes from enemies, and women endured rigors of winter with none of the soft luxuries of modern steam-heated flats. These old-fashioned thinkers claim that home-making then was a matter of enthusiasm, and a serious principle.

It may be that better housekeepers existed in the sense of harder workers. But red, roughened hands do not necessarily denote a contented spirit or loving temper! We suspect that human nature does not change a great deal, although our tempers have different material to work on. The unselfish, affectionate woman always has existed and always will exist. Likewise the lazy, whining one, appropriating everything to herself. A harem girl may be selfish and mean and spiteful, or she may be gentle and thoughtful of others. So may the mother of a large family, scrubbing floors and exhausting herself, be querulous or kindly. Time affects us but little; geography or race but little.

WE DO not keep house quite as did the women of a century ago; but we do marry. How do we create homes? Are we wise and careful in expending money? Do we think of our children's future? Or do we grab and grasp, and live in the wild flurry of the moment? Do we seize the fashions in clothing or food, merely to ape our neighbors (or perhaps even get ahead of them!) or do we take advantage of all the magazines and newspapers and books and public lectures, which modern education offers so freely to the people, in order that we may learn in a popular scientific way the wonders and importance of dietetics?

Do we try to make home a jolly, friendly sort of center for family and friends, or do we create a chilly atmosphere, forbidding enthusiasm?

THERE are women who are excellent housekeepers, who yet are shocking providers of real peace and joy. Housekeepers, not home-makers. You know the type of woman who always throws cold water. She may be technically a model housekeeper and a "good wife and mother." But her husband and children, her relatives and the visitors who come, at once feel all joyous spontaneity fade and perish.

The house may be neat and clean, but it has no "atmosphere." There is no open fire, no book or magazine or growing plant or flowers. The hostess has no thoughts or interests; she is metallic, without real cheer and magnetism. Her family prefer going other places for their card games or visits.

THERE is, on the other hand, a jovial enough woman, but one who is so restless as to communicate her roving nervousness to every one. She is never contented to sit still, to spend an evening at home. She wants to gad about or dance or have a crowd always in the house. Her family feel an uneasiness in the air. They may return weary from work, but never do they feel the welcome of quiet and peace. If ill, they are fussed over, but do not receive intelligent care or proper food, or quiet, soothing ministrations.

All women cannot create the same kind of homes. It is unnecessary that all households should be similar or identical. But at least we can strive to give as much thought and attention to maintaining an atmosphere of sympathy peace and charm as we strive to excel at bridge, or to be well dressed, or well thought of by the community.

A NEW KIND OF SLEEVE

When designers or those who "design their own clothes" run out of new ideas in line or style there is still a chance for them to have an original and distinctive note in a new frock. The dress itself may be cut on the same simple lines that all their other frocks have had, but the difference comes in in the sleeve—nowadays you can have any kind of sleeve you want, provided it is novel. This very open type, that gives a three-cornered effect, is something entirely new. It is cut straight, but the curved seam which holds it to the waist gives it the circular look. The pieces edged with loops of the material that trim the skirt are first cousins to panels, but their bias cut distinguishes them

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

There's Something About a Voice That Gives Away Its Owner's Type

If It Is Too Sweet to Suit the Character of the Person Who Uses It You Can Tell the Truth Before You Know Her

VOICES are often like the shadows of coming misfortunes—they give advance notice of the characters of their owners.

Did you ever try to size up a person by her voice?

I wonder whether telephone girls don't learn to know the kindly character from the mean one by the voice it carries about?

The tone and placing of the voice have little to do with this showing of character.

A woman with a beautiful character may have a hoarse, harsh voice—but there will be a mysterious something about it that will let you know that you can trust her.

The girl who is afraid of herself and everything else may have a deep voice or a high one—but her hesitating sentences, her carrying on of the tone between words, give her away every time.

She will have to bluff that away and talk out sharp and short if she is applying for any work!

THE woman who has nothing behind her rather pretty face except some rather pretty thoughts about rather pretty subjects may prattle along as fast as her tongue can carry her.

She may think she has deceived people into considering her a wise woman.

But, oh, that dull voice, that lack of resonance and depth—it's just like a flabby handshake!

The "strive-to-please" voice may show one of two characters.

Sometimes you can scarcely tell, over the telephone, whether your grocer or your butcher is just drumming up trade or is really taking an interest in your requests.

But sooner or later a shade too much enthusiasm will creep in, if he is acting the "kind-hearted butcher man, wiping his hands on his showy apron, the better to pick out for you the very nicest of his cuts of beef, because he wants to please all his good customers."

If he is just a nice man who bought a store and hopes to make a success of selling the meat and butter and eggs that he deals in, the friendly interest won't be overdone in his voice.

It will have a quality that will give you a picture of him wearing the brim of last year's very dirty straw hat around his store, no matter what the weather or how close indoors he stays.

And winking solemnly at the little boy in the serious expression who watches him weigh the chickens for Sunday dinner.

THE successful man or woman has an unmistakable ring in a high, deep, nasal or vibrant voice—especially when it is raised in "talking shop."

This comes from a pride that is perfectly justifiable and pardonable, but you don't want to make the mistake of starting an argument with that kind of voice.

You won't win.

There's the conceited voice, the Smart Alec voice, the tense, nervous voice of the overworked person who doesn't have to be so overworked.

There's the drawl of the dreamer, the drone of the mercenary, the droop of the him or her who "enjoys poor health" or being sad, or in trouble.

BUT beware of the sweet smoothness of voice which betrays the tight-lipped lady who wants what she wants when she wants it—and not a second later.

Don't give it a chance to slip off its veneer and show all its rough, strident edges.

Sometimes we call that mysterious something which reveals real character through a voice "sincerity."

What about your voice?

The Thirteenth Street Shop Where Fashion Reigns

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Street and Afternoon Dresses

Effective advance season models, featuring the newest lines and smartest colors in tricotine, Canton crepe, taffeta and other fashionable materials.

Extraordinary Values

18.00 25.00 35.00

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

"Class"

PAUL eyed the notepaper upon which Mrs. Sands had written her informal invitation to dinner.

A design of a coat-of-arms, stamped in scarlet and gilt, stared coldly, almost superciliously, from the thick, opulent sheet of hand-made paper.

"Humph!" he muttered, as Virginia eyed him across the living room table.

"Well?"

"Why the coat-of-arms?"

"Julia was one of the Somersets before she married Jimmie."

"Must annoy Jimmie."

"Why?"

"I guess his grandfather came over in the steerage."

Virginia stared at him.

"Paul, for heaven's sake, don't be a snob."

"I—a snob?"

She shrugged.

"I'm not a snob, dearest."

"Well, then, why say——"

"Only, I shouldn't think it would please Jimmie to have his wife put a coat-of-arms, even if she is privileged to do so, on her notepaper. That's all."

"It may amuse Jimmie," said Virginia quietly.

Paul grunted.

"Of course it's nonsense—this sort of thing." He flipped the elegant crest with his finger. "Don't amount to a straw, in modern society. Yet—there's something."

"Something?"

"Oh, well," he said uncomfortably, "It's something that one shouldn't really talk about. Birth—and that sort of thing."

Virginia smiled.

"It is a thing one may think about."

Paul regarded the glowing end of his cigarette soberly.

"I wonder," he said.

"Meaning——"

"What's the difference—the grades, the standards, the refined strata—of it?"

"I'm afraid I don't grasp it, dear."

Paul flicked the ash from his cigarette nervously, irritably.

"Yes, you do, honey, only you are like most of us; you're afraid to meet it. Heavens, some of the most abominable prigs and snobs I know are 'successful business men.' They sneer at a long line of ancestry; they laugh at individual ideals; they classify the much-abued artistic sense with worthlessness. They point to the dollar sign and say, truculently, 'That's my ancestor.'"

"Well?"

"Ever strike you they're a lot more offensive than the few folks who point to some yellow page in a Revolutionary War record and show that some obscure great-great-grandfather contributed a hundred silver shillings to the good of the cause?"

Virginia stirred uneasily.

"Is it really—like that?"

Paul shrugged.

"Of course, I see it every day of my life."

"Then you believe that——"

Paul pulled himself upright in the comfortable chair.

"I don't know what to think. It's all a boast, a claim for class distinction, privilege, special privilege. Honestly, hon, it makes me just as angry to see a red and gold device like this——" and an eloquent finger indicated the Sands device, "as it does to listen to the boasts of a man who is on top because of the money he has."

"All boasting is—ah—evil," Virginia reminded him.

He laughed cheerfully.

"Yes, all but a fellow who can boast he's married to the most wonderful girl in the world."

"Silly!" she chided him. But she blushed happily.

Tomorrow—The Patriot

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne marries Nick Tracy without loving him in the least, for the reason that she cannot bear to see him ruin his life through his infatuation for Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers." Nick suspects the truth, and because he is madly in love with Carol, is miserable. Carol, too, is restless and unhappy, and seeks diversion everywhere. She is asked to take part in a play, and Jervis Britton is asked to play opposite her. Carol does not know the man, but his name has a queer fascination for her.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Jervis Britton

IN THE taxi going over to Grace Marriott's Carol felt a strange sense of freedom. This was the first time she had ever gone anywhere without Nick. She felt like a girl again, accountable to no one for her actions, and her spirits leaped high.

She felt as though she were out adventuring, and the thought drove the color into her face and made her eyes starry. When she entered the Marriott library she had never been so beautiful, and the man at the far end of the room who rose to his feet with the others at her entrance was conscious of a sudden stir of his pulses.

So this was the girl they had told him was cold and unapproachable? This radiant, beautiful woman, vibrant with life, running over with spirits! She was a warm, living thing, a woman who could give herself utterly to the man she loved. He was suddenly interested, glad that he had allowed himself to be drawn into this thing. Women were absorbing to Jervis Britton, save for the fact that he found most of them too easy. He saw through their small subterfuges too soon; he rarely met a woman who was able to withstand him. What he wanted was the thrill of the chase, the knowledge that his quarry was wary and accustomed to the points of the game, and he was not at all averse to having a flirtation with Carol Tracy if she happened to appeal to his fastidious taste.

With the eyes of every one in the room upon them, Jervis Britton advanced to meet Carol. She was conscious of a pair of piercing gray eyes, eyes so clear in color that they almost seemed blue, set in a strangely fascinating weather-beaten face. His hair was touched with gray at the temples and was brushed carelessly back from his forehead.

Nick's hair was sleek and dark, and when he smiled he twisted his mouth a little. It gave him a queer faun-like appearance. This man's smile was broad and revealed flashing white teeth. Carol took in everything about him in the moment that she stood there, her fingers in his, but his eyes were his dominating feature. They held hers, she felt that she could not look away, and although she had nerved herself to this meeting, she was aware that her heart was beating up in her throat, and that she was absurdly shaken, when she finally turned away and dropped gracefully into one of the big easy chairs.

Although she did not look in his direction again, she felt his eyes upon her from time to time. She was conscious of him even when she took part in the discussion of the play that followed, and because he had this amazing effect upon her she forced herself to be unusually gay.

Copies of the play were distributed, and Carol turned the pages curiously. She was anxious to know what kind of a role she would have, and the name promised a great deal. It was called "Driven," but before she had time to more than scan the first page she heard Grace Marriott call out gayly:

"You're to have the part of the wife, Carol, driven by her husband who thinks of nothing but business, into an affair with another man."

"And, of course, I am to have the part of the other man," said Jervis Britton in his curiously deep voice. "At least I hope I am; the role of the husband doesn't appeal to me very strongly."

Carol felt that his eyes were drawing hers, but she kept her face resolutely turned away.

Grace laughed lightly. "Yes, Mr. Britton, you're to have the part of the other man, and Tom Seeley will play the husband. The minor parts are as follows," and Grace read the list aloud.

Tom Seeley got up and crossed over to Carol, who turned to him gayly. She had known Tom for years, and she was absolutely at ease with him. It was a relief to be able to give him her attention and to escape for a time from those compelling gray eyes that drew her so relentlessly.

Tomorrow—Two Men and a Woman

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

A Good Wish

Dear Cynthia—To Twenty-one and Lucy:

I wish that all girls were just like you.

NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO.

Scores "Handsome's Sympathizer"

Dear Cynthia—I read your column every day and find it very interesting, so I take the liberty of saying a few words about "Handsome's Sympathizer."

I really don't see how that fellow can get nerve enough to write those words in a newspaper. If his name appeared beneath the article I think people would write to him how foolish and unwise he is. If a fellow is beautiful let him keep it to himself, but it is the place of the girl to talk about beauty. "Handsome's Sympathizer" must be a very cute doll. And how does he know the girls all flirt with him? Maybe they were winking at some other person.

I would suggest that you do not publish the letters of all conceited people that think they are handsome.

Cynthia, this is my first letter to your valuable column, so please let me see it in print.

JACK K.

They Quarrel

Dear Cynthia—I am a young married woman and have a boy two years old. I am an American and my husband is of a different nationality and religion and we have frequent quarrels over religion (and other things). I do not want to have my son brought up in his religion. He has told me several times to leave him, but refuses to let me take the baby. I know we would be better off parted. Is there any possible way I could get the baby for myself? For I know it would kill me to go without him. Please try to help me.

BLEEDING HEART.

Did you have any ante-nuptial agreement about the religion of your children? If you did and made any promises you should keep to them. Consult the Domestic Relations Court at Twenty-first and Race streets. No publicity will come of it.

Another Fine Letter

Dear Cynthia—To Lover of Nature: I am wondering just where, Lover of Nature, you found that note of longing in my letter; that you felt in me a latent desire to share good times.

No, you may have found any longing in my letter, but certainly not that one. My life is not lived by force of circumstances, but lived as nearly as possible after a certain ideal of what I want to be. I would not drop all I have taken pains to gather.

I am not lonely. You speak of friends. I know the joy of the loveliest kind of friendships, Lover of Nature. I do not belittle that.

You have a lovely faith in mankind. I appreciate your fine feeling. But unless you associate with people who share with you, or you with them, the fine emotions of life, there is a danger in people—a danger in closeness. You are idealistic. You look on all people and love them as a whole, but do you not see that that is different from individual love? You mention weeds. There is always a danger in discerning between the false and true. There are often mistakes, and grave ones, made.

No one knows better than I the joy of walking in the spring. I know there are violets, flowers and birds, sometimes hidden, sometimes seen. And I love them. But when you look into the evening sunset do you not feel the silence of it? How few persons could you share that moment with? That is what I mean by isolation.

It is good to have the right kind of loneliness. There is a certain divine loneliness that only God's presence can fill. One only offers thought to other men after it is born in solitude.

But is seems selfish to you to remain apart. Emerson says: "Those who live to the future must always appear selfish to those who live to the present."

There is too much in life to label anything "this" or "that." Would you have all so plain, so obvious, so easy? That would be to rob life of its charm.

Life is an adventure. We all live and see it in different ways. That is the joy of friends—that together they can compare their experiences, their joys and mutual understandings.

It is humanly possible to be lured aside. Even the strong and great have sometimes faltered and nearly fallen, for man has eternal need of being reminded. And it may be a friend who reminds him; it may be in a vast crowd that he finds himself or a simple violet may revive his hope. But would you deny the value of moments spent in loneliness and isolation? There are times when only then can one hear the sound of the still, small voice.

"But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear.

"The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Firmness

Firmness of character is one of those points which you may judge from the shape of the head, or rather from the development of one part of it.

It's that part in the top of the head, just back of a vertical line drawn upward from the ear.

Lavater, one of the pioneers of characterology, was one of the first scientists to note that persons of firmness had high heads, for the development of this part of the head, of course, lends the appearance of height to it.

This faculty might well be called self-possession. But in reality it amounts to much more than this. People with this development of the head are steadfast, tenacious, persevering and self-controlled. They are the kind you can depend on never to "lose their heads" in a crisis.

With excessive development of this characteristic the person becomes obstinate and stubborn. Lack of it produces the character we call fickle and vacillating.

It is a faculty which is vitally essential to any person holding a post requiring any great degree of executive ability. Successful executives of big enterprises, you'll find if you take the trouble to check up on them, all have high heads.

Tomorrow—Mathematical Ability.

Philadelphia
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"MILLARDS"
The Shops of Sensible Prices

A Week-End Sale!

Of new Cloth Dresses. A fortunate purchase enables us to offer these advance Spring models at prices that make them decidedly worthy of your attention.

Of Finest Tricotine and Poiret Twill, perfectly tailored. A variety of original models quite up to the "Millard" standard which demands perfection.

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In all the new high shades
Specials for the week-end

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The Woman's Exchange

Meaning of Name

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Mostly every time I am introduced to any one I have to give my first name. Now, this is what I want to know: After I tell them my name they always ask me what it means and, of course, I have to say I don't know. Can you tell me what Elspeth means, for that is my name, and tell me where did it first originate?

ELSPETH.

Tell them, after this, when they ask you what your name means, that it is the Scotch word for "Elizabeth." This name is said to mean "Oath of God."

Training for a Nurse

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—What are the educational requirements for a girl to enter a hospital to become a nurse? Also age? How much salary does she receive while learning? Must she buy her own uniforms? Do all hospitals take girls in this manner? If not, which ones do?

INQUISITIVE READER.

The requirements of different hospitals vary so that it is hard to give you definite information about the questions you have asked. For instance, some will accept girls as young as seventeen for training, while, to enter others, you have to be a little older. At first you do not receive a salary, but later on the approximate one is forty dollars a month. You would have to buy your own uniforms, which, however, are inexpensive. A girl should have a high school education in order to study to be a nurse.

You see, the best thing to do would be to choose the hospital at which you wish to take your training, and then either write or go there yourself to find out the special rules applying to it. They will take a cordial interest in you, I'm sure, because they are always glad to welcome girls who are eager to become nurses.

All Right to Go

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me whether it would be proper for me to go to a banquet the latter part of February at a large hall? I will be seventeen in May, have bobbed hair and am about five feet three inches. My mother and father (who is a member of the lodge giving the affair) and two older brothers are going with me. The people will not be strange to me.

L. R.

Since you are going with the rest of your family, and since they are anxious to have you go, I see no reason why you should not attend the banquet. I'm sure you will enjoy it, and knowing the people who are to be there will make it all the nicer for you.

Yes, You Can Do This

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being a daily reader of your column, I get quite a lot of helpful hints from it.

What I would like to know is this: Can any one living outside of Philadelphia send work to the Woman's Exchange, at 114 South Seventeenth street, or is it necessary to call in person? It would be quite a help if I could send things by mail.

I crochet, knit, tat, bead and embroider, also do quite a lot of sewing.

I would like to know, too, what would be nice to have for refreshments in the afternoon at a sewing circle.

MRS. D. E. J.

Since it would be so much easier for you to send the articles you wish to sell at this place, instead of calling there in person, you could do this, and inclose postage for their return in case they are not accepted. You see, you will only be sending samples this first time.

You could have tea and several kinds of sandwiches, with olives and nuts, at your sewing circle meeting. Minced ham, mixed with a tiny bit of chili sauce, makes a good spread for a sandwich, and chopped eggs and mayonnaise is another one.

Things You'll Love to Make

Ornamented Coat Hanger

If you like an ORNAMENTED COAT HANGER, and most women do, make the one here described. Use an ordinary wire hanger. Wind around it worsted, ribbon or raffia in any color that harmonizes with the color scheme of your room. Then weave pieces of the material used across the ends of the hanger. Join to the top a bunch of silk or crocheted worsted flowers. These can conceal small sachet bags. A set of ORNAMENTED COAT HANGERS makes a sweet gift for a bride's shower.

FLORA.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What department of the famous Kew Gardens is in charge of a woman, Miss Wakefield, and what is the valuable work she performs?
2. For mindy's desk, describe a paperweight that is adequate and at the same time extremely dainty.
3. Describe a convenient device that will water potted plants in just the right way.
4. When a boy is forty-seven inches tall, what should he weigh; what should a girl of this height weigh?
5. In what striking fashion is a frock for afternoons made?
6. Describe a raincoat in which smartness is added to practicability.

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mrs. Mary Pearl Riddle is to hold the interesting Government position of chief inspector of weights and measures in Indianapolis.
2. Low clusters of white spruce and ground juniper will keep outside window-boxes filled in an extremely attractive way in winter time.
3. Twelve small white geese going round and round in a characteristic manner fashion a quaint and unique fruit dish.
4. The correct weight for a boy forty-six inches tall is forty-nine and five-tenths pounds; for a girl the same height, forty-eight and five-tenths pounds.
5. A fascinating combination of colors in a silk sports scarf consists of several double stripes of brilliant blue and black on a shining tan background.
6. Brown duvetyn, with a checker-board design of satin woven into it makes a good-looking handbag.

Panel of Lace Trims Velvet Gracefully

By CORINNE LOWE

It's all turned around nowadays. Instead of being lavender and old lace, we have old lavender and lace. The fact of it is that the lavender or mauve—whichever you prefer to call it—which last summer swayed the affections of Paris and to a great extent dominated our own selection is not nearly so prominent as it was

Lace, on the contrary, is constantly appearing in new forms. Among the striking novelties are the wool laces which the smartest designers are now applying to cloth frocks, particularly to those of navy serge. This wool lace, dyed the color of the costume and usually revealing some vivid tint in contrasting fabric underneath, is tremendously effective, and by the time spring is here we shall probably see much of it.

Meanwhile all sorts of frocks are being trimmed with lace. Here black velvet shows a front panel of ecru weave punctuated with velvet-covered buttons and flanked by black silk braid, the latter also edging the sleeves.

Adventures With a Purse

NOW here is a real find. I know you will agree with me. There is a place I know where you can buy made-to-order sweaters. You choose your wool from a most entrancing host of lovely colors. In fact, your real difficulty will be in deciding on one particular color from the many beautiful shades. Then you select the style sweater you want, and the sweater is made for you. Made on a machine, it is true; but so skillfully done that I will defy you to know that it is not made by hand. I know whereof I speak, for I have seen them, and I give them my heartiest recommendation. And if you please, they cost only $5 and $6. Incidentally children's sweaters may also be ordered.

The other thing I want to tell you about is the—or are the—towels. They are made in Ireland, and are real linen. They are nice, smooth towels of very good quality, and are especially priced at—guess what? Just fifty cents each. When you see them, you will appreciate that they are a real bargain.

A pretty novelty for the toilet table is the powder puff lady. She is a china doll with bewitching hat. Attached to her waist is a box in which rests powder and puff. Her ample taffeta skirts cover the box and are either blue, pink or, yes, lavender, I think. This squat little figure is one of the newer toilet accessories and is most decorative. The price is $3.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 2000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

There's a story of a Briton, who, after thanking an American for a friendly act, received the common American response, "Don't mention it!" The phrase mystified the Englishman, but supposing that his American acquaintance had some reason for keeping the transaction secret, he replied earnestly "I assure you that I shall never speak of it to anybody!"

The other ordinary response to thanks is "You're welcome," which comes to us from the German "Du bels wilkommen." The more formal wording is "You're quite welcome, I'm sure." The Irish in America make it "You're entirely welcome," which, emphatic as it seems, is not so cordial as the answer to thanks in Ireland, "Ah, sure, 'twas no trouble—'twas a pleasure!" The Scotch say, "'Twasn't worth thanks," which is akin to, but much more courteous and comprehensible than the rather meaningless, "Don't mention it!"

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