

# Penny Plain

All quotes from *Penny Plain*, by O. Douglas

- Jock, the other brother, a schoolboy of fourteen, with a rough head and a voice over which he had no control, was still at the tea-table. He was rather ashamed of his appetite, but ate doggedly. "It's not that I'm hungry just now," he would say, "but I so soon get hungry."
- I want to grow old decently, and I am sure one ought to begin quite early learning how.
- It is wonderful how much news there is when people write every other day; if they wait for a month there is nothing that seems worth telling.
- You know about the dying man who told his nurse some joke and finished, 'This is the War for laughs.'
- "I have, as you know, a general prejudice against all persons who do not succeed in the world."—JOWETT OF BALLIOL.
- Most people are weak when they come in contact with a really strong-willed woman.
- She had not been happy all the time: she had been afflicted with vague discontents and jealousies such as she had not known before, but at the back of them all she was conscious of a shining happiness, something that illuminated and gave a new value to all the commonplace daily doings. Now, as in a flash, while they waited for the door to open, Jean knew what had caused the happiness, and realised that with her own hand she was shutting the door on the light, shutting herself out to a perpetual twilight.
- Doing one's duty is a dreary business for three-and-twenty. It goes on for such a long time.
- Of all the things the dead possessed it is the thought of their gentleness that breaks the heart. You can think of their qualities of brain and heart and be proud, but when you think of their gentleness and their youth you can only weep and weep.
- 'How welcome is death,' says Bunyan, 'to them that have nothing to do but to die.'
- It's a funny world. It's a nice, funny world."

Things to look up:

- megrim
- Poem: "In Time of Pestilence"
- John Splendid
- "Pleasant Town of Roundabout"
- "Don John of Austria"
- clatter-vengeance
- O take me to the Mountain O, Past the great pines and through the wood, Up where the lean hounds softly go, A whine for wild things' blood, And madly flies the dappled roe. O God, to shout and speed them there An arrow by my chestnut hair Drawn tight, and one keen glittering spear—Ah, if I could!"
- The Gold of Fairnilee
- The Long Roll (Johnston)
- Cease Firing (Johnston)
- The Clipper of the Clouds (Jules Verne)
- Sir Ludar
- Rigmarole in Search of a Soul (Lord Brabourne)

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