

THE LITERARY KINGDOM

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

THE Duchess of Manchester, (formerly Miss Consuelo Yznaga, a noted creole beauty of New Orleans) the godmother and namesake of the young Duchess of Marlborough, has joined the rank of aristocratic authors, and has recently published a very dainty and well-written monograph on the town house of her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Devonshire. Devonshire House is one of the historic palaces of the British metropolis. Situated at the upper end of Piccadilly, with a frontage on to the Green Park, and the back looking on to Berkeley Square, it has been, ever since the beginning of the last century, when it was built by the famous architect, Kent, the headquarters of the Whig party, the centre of fashion, and the scene of more magnificent entertainments, than any other private residence in London. Every distinguished personage who has visited the English metropolis during the last two hundred years, or who, being a native, has played a rôle in the social, political or military affairs of Great Britain, may be said to have participated in its associations. With such material at her disposal, it is not astonishing that the Duchess of Manchester should have been able to write a very interesting book. Literature may be said to be quite largely represented with the ducal strawberry leaf. For the Duchesses of Rutland, of Sutherland, of Wellington, of Beaufort, of Bedford, of Leeds, of Atholl and of St. Albans, have all of them either written books or magazine articles, some of them being of no small merit. Those who do not write, go in for public speaking, and there are several of them who go by the name of "spouting duchesses."

THE late George Du Maurier had not the slightest idea of fashion, or what was the correct thing in women's dress. People supposed that he noticed these things, and society girls, magnificently gowned, used to call upon his wife and daughters, expecting that he would want to put them in his drawings, or would at least get some ideas from them. But he had not the least notion of what they had on. His daughters looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had attracted him in a passer-by on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer arrangement, and his daughters would protest: "Why, father, you musn't use that in *Punch*. Nobody wears those things now; they're dreadfully old-fashioned," and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as their superior judgment. He was even putting Trilby in those Latin Quarter scenes of forty years ago, into modern garments and had to be brought before the family tribunal for that. He finally got some old-style clothes, and he had models for the postures, and so on, though the face of Trilby was purely ideal. Little Billie's sister and sweet Alice were both taken from photographs.

Mr. Du Maurier found it tremendously wearying to supply *Punch* regularly with jokes and caricatures for so many years. People used to send him jokes from all over England, but he seldom found them available. At least three-fourths of all those which appeared were his own, and to see him walking up and down a room trying to think of a joke, was quite awful.

After his books became so popular, he