

TWO POINTS OF VIEW ABOUT THE "SHINGLE"

THE RULE AT THE ROYAL COURT AND THE DILEMMA IN THE WORLD OF ART

There are two interesting items in the newspapers this week on "bobbed" and "shingled" hair, a domestic theme of discussion in most homes. Comment is superfluous.

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"MANY observers may have wondered, at a time when the younger royal ladies of so many countries, such as Spain and Rumania, have bobbed or shingled hair, that none of our own princesses have fallen to the fashion. Everyone in Court quarters knows the reason," writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

"It is the King's strong prejudice against short hair for women. While the Queen merely thinks the fashion ugly and recognises its practical advantage, the King's feelings are so strong on the matter that he refuses to sanction any of the ladies attached to the Court appearing with shorn locks.

"No exceptions are made from the rule. Only the other day a certain notable lady on her appointment as lady-in-waiting to the Queen thought to smarten herself up for her royal duties by having her hair shingled. As soon as she appeared at Court, however, it was intimated to her that she must at once let her

hair grow, and while that was happening employ some art of the hair-dresser to hide the fact of her unwidom.

"Other ladies of the Court have had to wear 'switches' to provide the necessary length of hair.

"Although, of course, there is no official ruling in the matter, it is noticeable that most of both Princess Mary's and the Duchess of York's intimate friends wear their hair long in deference to the King's wishes. In these days when dresses are so much alike, and princesses or working girls all wear simple garments, at least during the daytime, long hair instead of magnificence of attire is one of the few distinctive signs of being at Court."

An Artist's View

M. de Laszlo, the portrait painter, in an interview with the *Evening Standard*, declared:—

"How can I paint a beautiful picture of a woman in one of these modern frocks? There is nothing to paint! When she sits down there is nothing but bare legs and bare arms. Her head is all face, with no frame of hair.

"So I dress the ladies who come to sit to me. Here, you see—and here—and here.' He drew forward pictures, one after another, of

modern beauties—mostly half-lengths. This one wrapped in a beautiful shawl—this one with a scarf thrown over her shingled hair and falling on to her bare angular shoulders.

"This other against so dark a background that we could not tell where it began around the face. Yet another in a long-sleeved white satin frock of early Victorian design, falling in rich, gleaming folds the painter had surely enjoyed working on, to the ankles.

"But,' objected the *Evening Standard* representative, 'you admit that modern clothes express the modern spirit—and portraits surely should be historical. Don't you think that if modern portraits all present women in beautiful picture frocks, that are only worn for the sittings, they will fail to give an accurate historical impression of our period to posterity?'

"That is true,' he admitted gravely. Then, with a delicious flash of mischief, he added: 'So perhaps for the sake of historical accuracy, of expressing this restless period in which even friendship has ceased to exist, I will soon paint two or three ugly and inartistic pictures of women in these awful dresses—all ugly legs and poor arms! But it will be just as a historical record.'