A N ARTICLE IN The Bookman on The Working Habits of Authors causes us to wonder whether the Canadian writers we know are ignorant of the publicity value of mild idiosyncrasies, or whether we, as an occasional chronicler of their habits, are a total loss.

We are told, for instance, that Maud Diver, the English novelist, "writes on her knee in an armchair" and insists that the chair be out of doors regardless of the weather. She also "shares to the full the Indian belief that something living must watch a man at work if he wants to come near perfection.

Then we are reminded of Proust writing in bed in a cork-lined room in Paris; of Amy Lowell writing all night "with only an open fire, a cat and a box of cigars for company"; of Booth Tarkington writing in a bathrobe; of Demetra Vade thinking out all her plots lying flat on her back on a couch in a shaded room; of somebody writing with a parrot on his shoulder; of another who has a secret studio; of Homer Croyz, who always takes off his shoes before he starts to work by way of resisting the temptation to get up and take a stroll.

THINK of the interest we could work up on this page if Grattan O'Leary would only write in a diving suit on the floor of the Rideau Canal, or if Martha Banning Thomas would keep a pet elephant. It is true that we once caught Fred Edwards working in an open-neck shirt, but he spoiled it by announcing that he had lost his collar-stud. Charles G. D. Roberts does walk up his shoulder; of another who has a diving suit on the floor of the Rideau Canal, or...