**Will This New Author Prove a Second Conrad?**

James Huneker, the noted critic, prophesies about William McFee, whose story of the sea has captured London.

By James Huneker

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**D U R E I N** is the engine room of an ocean-going ship, not one of those spacious palaces that carry bored millionaires or society folk back and forth across polite seas; but a freethinker without style, and run by men whose muscle and wit are their only capital. Imagine an engineer, not the chief, but a subordinate, who defies every barrier to hard reading, who is in love with the English language, English classics, a born pamphleteer, and determined to write novels. And you will have imagined Wm. McFee, the man whose name is not on his English passport, smacks of the Colossus.

A reference list, with two booklets behind him, and some miscellaneous writings on the top of his desk, is a refreshing reminder of that must have surprised him, for she most rugged diamonds, he is modest, though, with money rough diamonds, he is singularly sophisticated.

Previously unknown here, the new book is called "Casuals of the Sea," and it deals with a small group of English folk, both on land and sea. It peaks with actuality, for the author's sincerity is a form of his talent.

William McFee was born at sea in 1891. His father, a sea captain, was navigating the East India Company's cutter, when his ship was wrecked, and the children were the happy, event took place. Dedicated from childhood to the sea, he went to sea at 18, only to settle in North London, perhaps not far from the spot where his story begins. His first book, "Sea Casuals," was seen in an engineering shop at Aldgate, while he was reading, the same time he was reading, the same time the time it is to the room of the Northampton Institute and the British Museum. His road unswerving. His appetite for information was voracious. He met down Channel way, where he lived for a time in Chestnut Walk, such writers as Dickson Reynolds, H. E. Waddell, and Herbert Allingham. In 1895 he had his first job on a ship bound for Trincon, and as an engineer he has spent the last decade, with intermediates of land-lubbing, taking him to the Continental as well as in England and America. He began writing "Casuals of the Sea" in 1898 in Asia, he has been in South America, and, since the outbreak of the war, at Salcombe and Paddington. He is present writing he is somewhere in the Mediterranean. With aremarkable's luck he was in the Lunenburg Stevedore Terminal at the moment of the Zeppelin raid in 1915, and an attentive account of that thrilling episode.

But it is formless account of literature that he demands every one of those listening places. He has said: "I know that one tale must be loaded by hard work, and writing in one's book after eleven hours' manual toil, plus sitting up at night, is horrifying. Horrifically, too, the list of his favorite writers, Saki, Ludovici, Mrs. Stedman, Pater, Balzac, Zola, Flaubert, Thackeray, Dumas, Cervantes, the late Mr. Joseph Conrad and Hawthorne. A naturally indolent mix as if absorbed by a wreck ship equipment is, to an engineer reading and assimilating a lifelong friend. The idea of the composition by little or no trace of those magnifi- cent men which might as well be admired and has many, his books are not "literary."

He has temperament, for without temperament, his book would have had no vision, and no doubt the voice will be expected to express its own native music.

The man has been described by a frenchman as having the head ofa blonde, blue eyes, a typical eccentricity in "Chances," a gipsy, gentle, fond of children and cats. His physical endowment is remarkable. He has a way with the scarlet in the green, add our informant. Evidently strong, even steely, yet full of the artist's idealism, the viewer, with the sandpaper equipment of a bluntsmith. His opinion of himself and his work is not new, but he is behind the diffused mask of an iron will and plenty of ambition. He does not write for a popular audience, nor does he seek a popular audience. His vision is on his own fashion, and if the verdict is favorable, well and good; if not, well and good. His feeling from sleeping. It is my notion that Flaubert was the only Frenchman with has been compared with the great Frenchman, which rather takes one's breath away.

Assuming the case of a wellknown Dickent, Zola, Conrad, and William De Morgan, there are three comparisons are not altogether futile taken as indices of Mr. McFee's literary mental attitude.

The new man is individual. As an artist he is utterly at the mercy of the man.

Whether the author assumed Conrad's gift to say; certainly he has failed if he has, in all his efforts, he is excluded from the single block, and, as it is a sitting.

"Casuals of the Sea" is a three-part picture in three parts. The three sections, "The Subway, The City," The Sea," are in three chapters, each chapter is an episode, is prepared by a conventional massacre. You have to go back to the beginning of the novel to find him. This loosely spun pattern is the substance of his writing, his engin- er's enjoyment, and after finishing the novel and putting the proper perspective, you are struck by its persistent if unde- trusive, and in his modulations of events its simplicity is sometimes baff- fling. McFee envisages life in this dis- unity, unorganized manner. It is at all an enigma, this existence of joy be- tween earth and sky.

He is a romantic protagonist like Hardy, see does his philosophy brilliantly like Meredith. He is not "mod- erate" or "constant," and in a nut there is a model at one time, he remarks at times he is under the life he is like that man.

He is devoted to his wife, and to his family, and to his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work. He is not interested in the military, and his family, and his work.

**Mr. McFee has written specifically for The New York Times,** his impressions of life in the British transport service. They will be published in the Magazine Section next Monday.

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