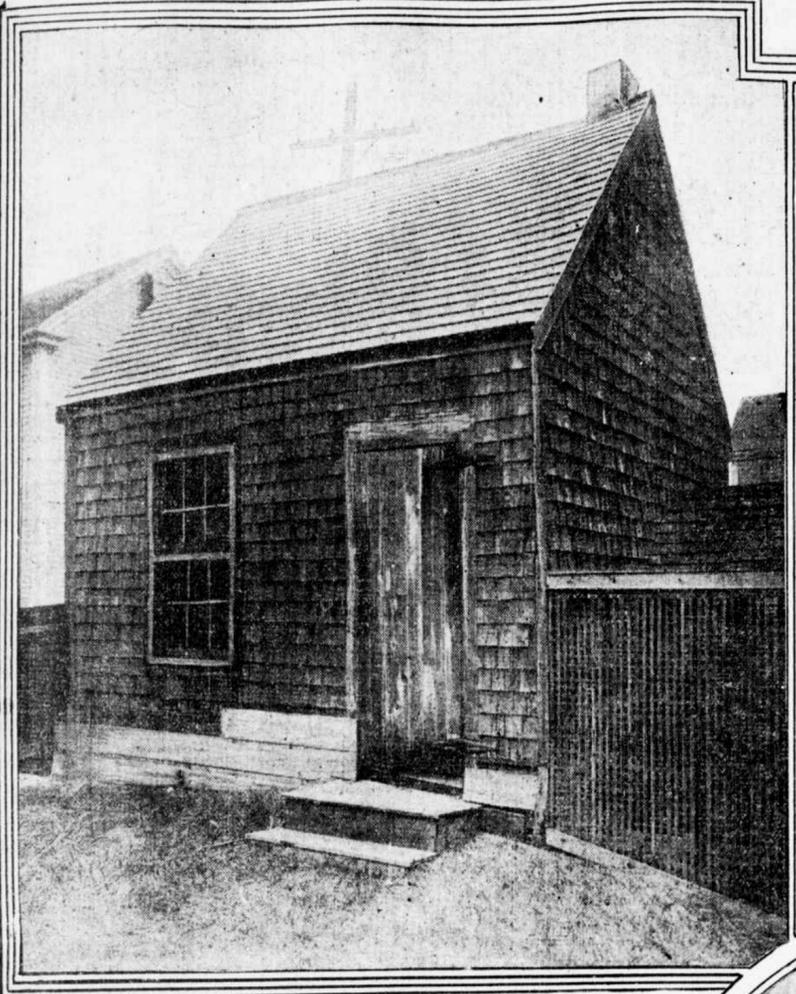
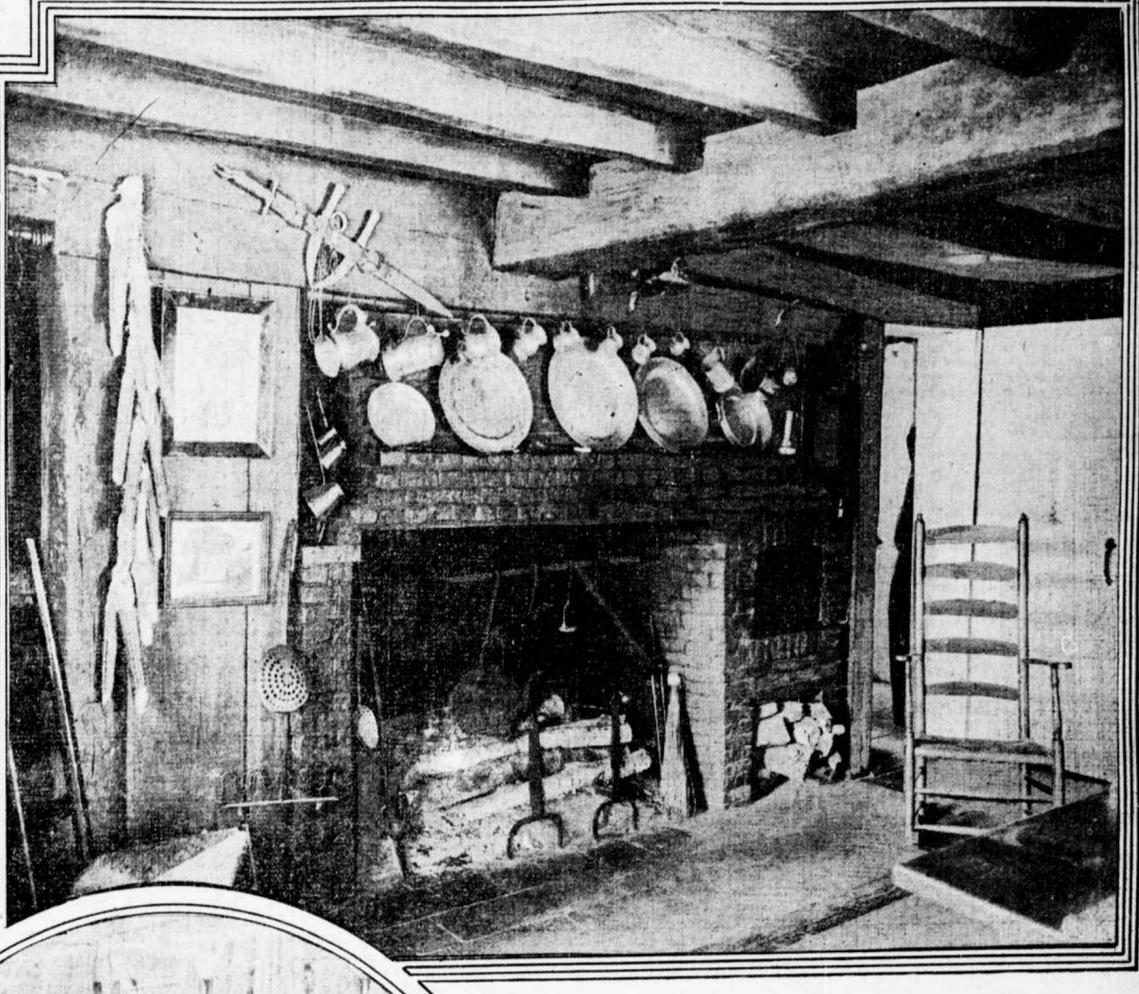


The Yankee Is Disappearing and Foreign Hordes Overrun New England Villages



THE LITTLE OLD SHOESHOP OF FREEMAN WINSLOW, FATHER OF PRESIDENT WINSLOW OF THE UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY.



KITCHEN IN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSE.

Truck Farms, Fishing Banks, Mills and Shops There Are in Hands of "Invaders."

By Livingston Wright.
"THE Passing of the New Englander" has been discussed repeatedly in sociological and ameliorative circles in Boston and the other municipal centers of culture in "Way Down East"; it has been speculated upon saloons in gracefully imaginative essays and sundry tomes of obscure circulation, but now, "The Passing of the New Englander" has become a fact, a fact that so stultifies the commercial life in New England as to seem an effect worked out in a night, instead of having been wrought out of the subtle, gradual metamorphosis of the years.

These men of viking mould, of Norwegian, Danish, Scot or English descent are disappearing, one by one, before hosts of men, swarthy, black haired and small of stature. Standing in the doorway of his easy home, literally a vine-covered cot and bespeaking in every detail of its cleanliness and thriftiness the abode of a real New Englander, the kind of being that has made the region celebrated, Captain Brackett waved his heavy hand off toward the shimmering sea, and with a sort of philosophical smile, said:
"Fishing hardly pays for going out now." Then he added this amazing statement of present conditions:
"The reason is that over four hundred power boats go out of Boston every morning for the fishing grounds, and they are manned by Italians and Jews. The newcomers have taken the fishing business away, and it will never return to the class of men who had before held it."
It is the noblest of tributes to this splendid old sea rover that he does not gaze at the world as a venerable gloom and be-

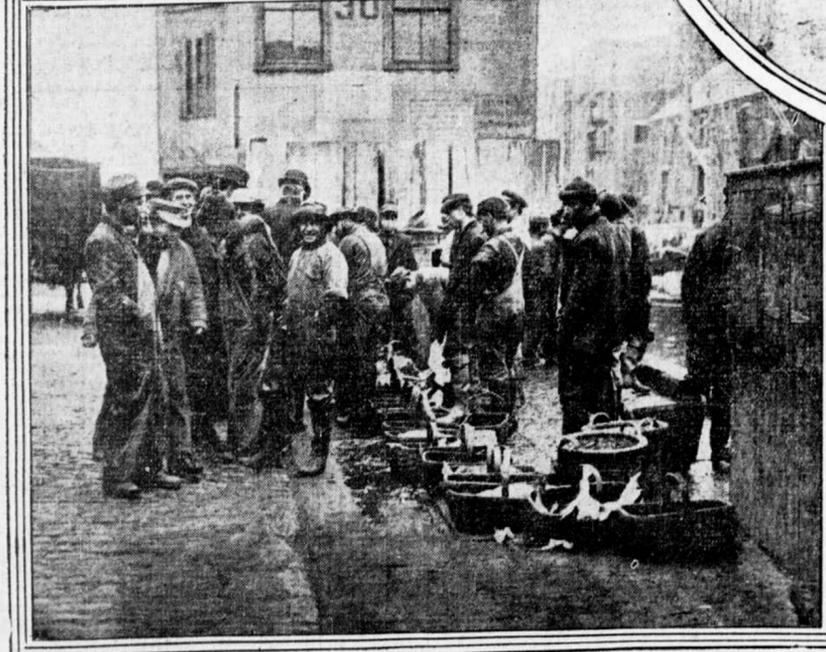


CAPTAIN PHILLIPS A TYPICAL OLD FISHERMAN

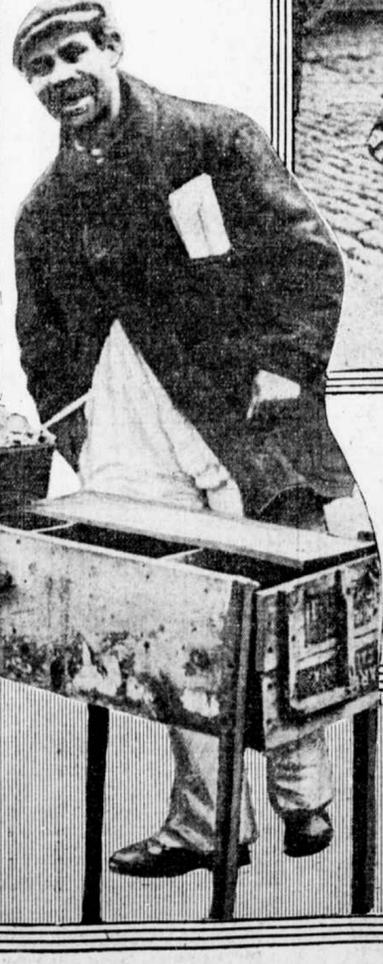
The Legendary Nasal Twang Is Drowned in a Babel of Strange European Tongues.

Turning westward at Broadway and Malden street, just before the marshes leading to Lynn are reached, the trolleyist passes through several hundred acres of garden farms, the source from which Boston, together with Arlington, the Danvers and Marblehead sections, draws its supply of vegetables. Here from early spring until late fall hundreds of Italian and Jewish women from the colony down on Revere street find labor in the fields. Their principal work is weeding, setting out plants and watering, for these truck farmers force the soil for all it is worth. As fast as early crops are taken to market other plants (started in the green-house or under glass) are ready to be transplanted by these women. At such

cities—Worcester, Fitchburg, Fall River, New Bedford, Lawrence, Lowell, and the rest. Go to any of these you choose, and it is positive, unexaggerated truth that it seems as if not more than one out of every twenty of the throng that crowds the sidewalk for two successive hours is whom you would commonly designate as "American." When you wander for a half mile among such an assemblage, it is slightly difficult to realize that you are in the district where some of the old handmade shoeshops are still standing and just off Main street, the scattered graves of soldiers of the American War of the Revolution.



PORTUGUESE FISH PEDDLERS. THEY ARE RAPIDLY SUPPLANTING THE NATIVE FISHERMAN.



THE ITALIAN CHESTNUT VENDER.



A SIDEWALK DEPARTMENT STORE IN JEWISH QUARTER OF BOSTON.

Go whither you will, north, south or west of Boston, you cannot escape the unconscious mental repetition "The Yankee is gone!" You behold it at every hand, no matter how earnestly you seek "the genuine nasal twang" or the type of character that used to accompany the old well-sweep. In the towns and cities you find the throngs of mill and factory workers, Italians, Jews, Poles, Hungarians, Armenians, Lithuanians, Syrians, Greeks and Portuguese. On the garden farms adjacent to the cities you find Italians, Jews and Poles. The Portuguese flock to the fishing business in Gloucester and to the mills of New Bedford and Fall River. The Finns dominate the quarrying industry at Quilley and Gloucester. The French-Canadians are colonies in Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill. The recently arrived Scot is doing the gardening and general overseer work on most of the wealthy country and suburban estates. The newly received Irish lad and colleen are doing the housework, the draying, stable going, portering and stevedore duties. In the woods you find the Swede, Norwegian and Finn.

Heve that New England is going straight to the bow-wows because of the "foreigners." Shipwrecks, the perils of seventy years on the main, have only solidified and even sweetened the natural gift of philosophy with which Captain Brackett is endowed.
"We were all foreigners not so long back. I call'the these fellows who are coming in now will mix with the spirit of American institutions an' be willin' to fight for 'em, if need be, jest as our forefathers did."
This is the slogan! Those of Puritan descent who will stand shoulder to shoulder with the Swampscott philosopher can accomplish a mighty work in bringing safety from the sociological revolution in which New England is involved.
John D. Long, former secretary of the Navy, is one who comments most electrically upon this theme. Not long since he was discussing "the old New England Thanksgiving," and remarked that the genuine Down East Thanksgiving of even a generation ago had so far become obliterated that to-day its most ordinary features were absolutely not understood.
Few, indeed, are those of the general public who realize the tremendous scope of immigration. There are, as a matter of fact, about 900,000 aliens coming into the United States each year. Of this vast array New York averages about 230,000; Pennsylvania, 175,000, and Illinois, 90,000 to 100,000. A single year of immigration figures in New England reveals that Massachusetts received 82,666; New Hampshire, 6,561; Rhode Island, 12,078; Maine, 5,557; Vermont, 2,657, and Connecticut, 27,549. In the Island, 1,000; New Hampshire, 561; Maine, 1,000; Vermont, 267; Connecticut, 2,132; Rhode Island, 546; Massachusetts, 2,537.

mount, 2,657, and Connecticut, 27,549. In the single month of June, 1911, the receipts were as follows: Massachusetts, 7,537; Connecticut, 2,132; Vermont, 267; Rhode Island, 546; Maine, 1,000; New Hampshire, 561; Massachusetts, 2,537.

lander? The prize parade of the incoming nations can best be seen of a Saturday evening in some one of the manufacturing or mill

going through an area of Polish and Jewish tenement houses, reaches Chelsea Square. Chelsea is a perfect stronghold of the Jews, hardly one shop or tenement house cut of three but is owned by a Jew, leased by a Jew or managed by a Jew.
Northward beyond Chelsea is Revere, a town which is famous for affording the Coney Island phase to Boston. What is known as Revere really comprises several postoffices scattered over a vast area of marsh. From Beachmont and the section known as "the beach" it extends several miles inland and joins Malden. Several Chelseas could be set down inside it. Along Revere street and the vicinity of Revere Beach street is a colony that is estimated to include at least 3,500 Italians and 2,000 Jews. By far the largest Italian settlement is adjacent to Chelsea by an exceptionally bright young Italian, still in his twenties, and as worthy a citizen as well could be. Many of the houses owned by Italians are stylish in exterior and even pretentiously furnished. This might seem to some a careless statement, but it is the truth, nevertheless. Indeed, it may be set down right here that the aim of this article is to present an impartial statement of the general situation with respect to "the foreigners." The writer happens to have been in a position to make a considerable study of this subject, both in the Middle West and the East, and this swift narrative of a thirty-five-mile trolley spin north of Boston is presented to let the reader know actualities as the tourist even can readily reach

times the spectacle one of these fields presents is a veritable likeness to the peasant areas of the Latin countries of Europe. They all wear head-dresses and shawls or kerchiefs of the most brilliant crimson, pink, sky blue or yellow. At evening, when the throng trudges back along Malden street, almost every woman carrying on her head a huge apron-wrapped bundle of green vegetables which she has been allowed to "take," they certainly are a spectacle not to be forgotten.
Passing through Linden, a charming, irrefragable nook, hidden as it is amid the Saugus cliffs, we are soon bowling through a Maplewood, another square, which is crowded with Jew shops. Thence comes Malden Square. Observation here reveals that the numerous "soda water" stands, fruit and confectionery stores are exclusively in the hands of Greeks, the meat shops run by Jews and "the foreigners" dominant in the centre of mercantile activities of Boston's largest suburban city immediately north.
Going up through Melrose, you do not see so much of the child from the other day steamer. Melrose still holds its several thousand of quietly prosperous, conventional New Englanders. Wakefield, also, bespeaks the beautiful New England pastoral retreat, although the foreign artisan is liberally represented in its furniture industries. Reading is almost quaint in its hidden rurality. Andover is given over to study, and the scholastic influence revealed in almost every detail, from the demeritory style academy buildings to the placid decorum of the village shops.

Continued on fifth page.