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EDITORIAL

## GONE ARE THE APOLLOS.

By DANIEL DE LEON

**W**AYFARERS over New York's finest thoroughfare, Fifth avenue, were one fine morning early this summer surprised with the sight of a set of men, seemingly "clad in authority," leisurely marching up and down. The men wore uniform, but not a uniform thitherto "listed."

What did the apparitions portend?

There is a body known as "The Fifth Avenue Association." Robert Grier Cooke is President of the concern. The Fifth Avenue Association are gents of superior clay. Fifth Avenue, altho' a thoroughfare kept up at the public expense, like others, should not be "common." "Undesirables" should be kept out. The thoroughfare should be fit for its elite. Who the elite are can be inferred from the "undesirables." The "undesirables" being that mass of the population who receive such a pittance for the tons of wealth that they produce that they can neither be elitely clad nor manicured, the elite are that small portion that sponges up the bulk of the wealth that the "undesirables" produce. What more natural than that the home thoroughfare of the elite should be kept free from the "undesirable" sights. The sight of these might sting conscience. Conscience and aesthetics combined in wishing the "undesirables" off—not the earth, how, then, could the elite live?—but off Fifth Avenue.

Along this line of reasoning the scheme was finally matured. The matured scheme was the "Fifth Avenue Special Patrol." These pranced along the Avenue, filled up with self-importance—but they ran up against a snag, several snags.

The leading snag was the hilarity of the "undesirables," indeed, their positive irreverence. Nothing daunted by the finery of the Special Patrol and their artistic poses, the "undesirable" irreverently dubbed the Patrol the "Apollos," and when the "Apollos" became fresh, the "undesirables" grew fresher. The law not yet being entirely a dead letter, police powers could not be secured for the Fifth Avenue Spe-

cials. And so it happened that, the witticisms of the “undesirables” not being clubbable, the “Apollos” were laughed off the Avenue.

Pity they were not laughed into a museum of curiosities, with Apollo-in-chief Robert Grier Cooke in the center.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official website of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
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