HILLQUIT, MARX’S “SILLY MAID.”

By DANIEL DE LEON

MR. MORRIS HILLQUIT—a National Committeeman of the Socialist party, leading apostle of his party’s “backward races” posture, member of the Volkszeitung Corporation, and his party’s candidate for Congress in the Ninth Congressional District—is discovered to be the recipient of capitalist political pap. The job is “Inspector of Interpreters”; the pay is $20 an hour, with as many hours, and as often as the pap will come handy.

There are people so “narrow,” “intolerant,” “theoretical” and otherwise “impractical” that they have raised a cry of horror, considering Mr. Hillquit’s act as one of downright political corruption on the part of a Socialist.

These people argue that the job is not one given by a Court. They say, lawyers are theoretical officers of the Court. If a Court appoints a lawyer to a job, he could not very well refuse: it is his duty to assist the Court in the performance of its functions. The Hillquit job is, however, not a Court assignment. It is the gift of a politician—the Hon. Herbert Parsons, Congressman and Chairman of the Republican County Committee of New York. These “narrow,” “impractical,” etc., people insist upon setting their finger upon the fact that Mr. Parsons is a capitalist politician of the regulation devious capitalist politician ways, as exemplified last year by his fusing the Republican with the Hearst city machine.

These “theoretical”, etc., people go further. They emphasize the circumstance that the $20-an-hour pay is so excessive a remuneration for a work that others, at least as fit as Mr. Hillquit, are willing to perform and have performed for much less. This circumstance causes the “intolerant”, etc., people to look as if the whiff of a dead rat had struck their nostrils.

Nor yet are these “fanatics” content. So utterly “impractical” are they that they peer deeper into the affair, and say that this is no ordinary act of political
corruption. They argue that if an anti-capitalist gets a job, say, to clean the cuspidors in the City Hall, the corruption ends there. In Mr. Hillquit’s case, they point out, the corruption, or opportunity therefor, extends further. The political pap he holds is not merely pap from a capitalist politician; it is pap that puts him in a position to DISPENSE PATRONAGE. The applicants for interpreterships must “qualify” before the inspectors—not in fitness only, but frequently in unfitness also. Everybody knows how that’s done, and that such jobs, as the Socialist Mr. Hillquit was appointed to by the Chairman of the Republican County Committee, confer upon the appointee, besides a salary, political power, which is the same as the power to corrupt others. Thus argue these utterly “narrow” people; and they clap their handkerchiefs to their noses; and they raise a noise much as the noise that would be raised if a maid, supposed to be pure and who affected immaculate chastity, were discovered to have had a baby.

In the midst of all this Mr. Hillquit stands forth serene, his virginal front stamped with wonderment, and, with the naiveness of newborn girlhood, he asks, Why all this clatter about such a little bit of a job?

In a foot-note in Capital Marx illumines a scathing passage of his text with the story of a “silly maid”, who, having given birth to a child, wondered why all that clatter against her—it was only such a little bit of a baby.

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