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SECOND EDITORIAL

## ‘Die New Yorker Wirren’

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**T**he large admixture of Germans in our country leaves, every one knows—and well it is it does—its stamp upon the race this nation is raising. What seems less generally appreciated is the fact that our fellow-citizens of German birth are also enriching our language. Many a word, purely German, has thoroughly acclimated itself here, been naturalized, and taken its place along with those of English source. Everyone now knows what “Kinder-Garten” means, and, to descend to a lower plane, “Lager,” “Pretzels,” “Sauer-Kraut,” are now all household words with us.

There is another word that is just now forcing itself in and undoubtedly will eventually, if not sooner, rank with the best known, most popular, most cherished and most honored words in our American vocabulary; it is the word “WIRREN”—Confusion, particularly with the prefix “New Yorker”—“New Yorker Wirren,” i.e., “New York confusion.”

All over the country, outside of New York, we find German editors and such talking about the “New Yorker Wirren,” deprecating the thing, and warning their local readers to keep away from it. These “Wirren” refer, so far, exclusively to the New York Labor Movement. The word is meant to convey the idea that the New York Socialists are making a mess of the movement here, that here everything is {in} a cut-up condition, at sixes and sevens, in a tangle, in a perpetual confusion—thanks to the wicked Socialists of New York.

This being thus, and as, *prima facie*, the charge seems founded, one may admit that the term “New Yorker Wirren” may become proverbial, and yet, he might fail to see the justification for our prophecy that it will become, not only popular, but cherished and even a badge of honor. Our prophecy is correct, all the same.

The Sage in Scripture put it that where no oxen are the stall is clean; experience teaches that the lancing of a boil causes blood to be spilled; if a house is to be cleaned, dust is raised. It goes without saying that no one deliberately goes in search of soilure

for his stall, or of blood spilling, or of dust. The soilure of the stall, the blood at an operation, the dust at house-cleaning are evils, but they are necessary evils, and, what is particularly to the point, they are evils that go hand in hand with and portend good things; the soilure of the stall bespeaks milk, etc., the bleeding at an operation bespeaks health, the dust at house-cleaning bespeaks the comforts of civilized man; and inversely, a clean stall tells of the absence of a home dairy; the absence of blood at a boil tells the saddening tale that the boil is still having its own way; the absence of dust flying about in a dirty house informs against the house-keeper. Ditto, ditto, ditto with the "New Yorker Wirren."

We raise our eyes and look around, and what do we see? Wherever the term "New Yorker Wirren" is brandished the stall is clean—oxen-less, cow-less, so to speak; the boil is festering at its own sweet will—unannoyed by the blood-letting lancet, so to speak; the dirt and dust in the house lies inch deep—undisturbed by the house-keeper's meddlesome broom and duster, so to speak. Or, to cease "so-speaking," to drop allegory and parable and talk straight Anglo-Saxon: Wherever the term "New Yorker Wirren" is brandished, the Labor Movement is stagnant, the labor fakir boil flourishes, the Socialist Labor party is puny, and the Socialist Labor vote is absent.

Three cheers for "Die New Yorker Wirren!"

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

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