SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY (en route for Washington with the Emergency Peace automobile expedition), March 31 – New York papers tell us the people are for war. The people of New Jersey don’t seem to agree with the sheets of the munition manufacturers and bankers.

At our various stopping places in the industrial towns and villages all the crowds showed in no uncertain way that their sympathies were with the movement to check the conspiracy to force the president and Congress to do the bidding of the millionaire minority. A hostile cop in Newark and a small boy, who threw a beer bottle at the expedition, were the size of the enemy’s force.

In Elizabeth we were given a reception and a farewell that left no doubt in our minds where the workers of that town stood. In New Brunswick we got a second edition of the Elizabeth demonstration. The special anti-war edition of The Call was grabbed for, and Ryan Walker’s great cartoon made an instant hit.

“That’s the stuff,” said a brawny worker. “It’s the bosses who are robbing us now who want us to go to war, so that they can pile up more of the dollars. If I’m going to do any fighting, I know who to go for.”

We were lost for two hours between Elizabeth and New Brunswick. We hear stories that the police of the City of Brotherly Love – Philadelphia – are going to give us an unfriendly reception, but tomorrow’s another day. We are bowling along toward Trenton, every one in high spirits and ready for anything that comes.