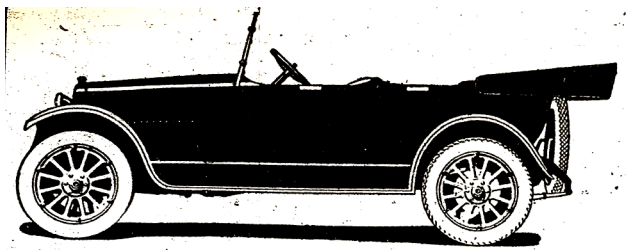
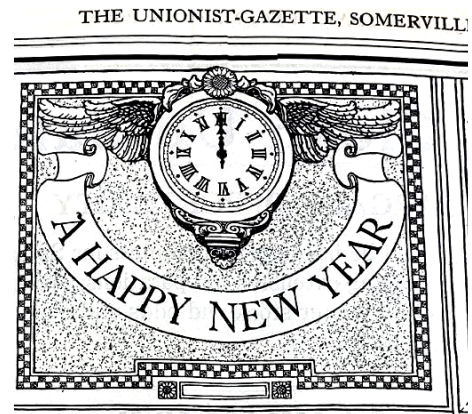


FLASHBACK 1921 100 years ago

Jail and Fine for Liquor Dealer

Somerset Democrat, Jan 7, 1921, p 1

For the first time in the history of a Somerset County Court, a jail sentence was imposed last Friday for a liquor violation. George Czernochowski, convicted with his wife, Tessie, on two indictments for having sold liquor to people in their former residence on Thompson Street, Raritan, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 on the first indictment and to serve a sentence of three months in the county jail....In spite of [indictments], Czernochowski continued to sell liquor at his home on Fairview Avenue, Somerville, to which vicinity he had moved after his double indictment. Sentence was deferred in the case of Mrs. Czernochowski, who is in a delicate condition, and she was placed on probation for a period of one year.



Modern Hurry and Scurry

Somerset Democrat, Jan 28, 1921, p 2

Where is the old leisure, the old jog-trot, the ancient habit of go as you please? asks the

Outlook. The hurry and scurry that have become, unhappily, so much a part of our national consciousness....are likely to wreck our nerves if we are not on our guard.

A friend of ours recently decided that what he needed more than anything else, after his buffetings with the perilous waves of Manhattan, was the tonic of a roadside walk. People jeered at him – yes, positively jeered – when he made the suggestion.....and he could find no one who was willing to wander forth with him at a slow pace. “I will take you in my car,” said one potential companion. “But I do not wish to ride,” answered our friend; “I want to stretch my legs and feed and invite my soul in the way that men were intended to do since the beginning of time.”

Speed has become the national disease. There is nothing pleasanter than motoring under the right conditions; but seldom can one find a chauffeur who will glide through the green countryside at the proper gait. Always he must overtake the car just ahead of him – and there is always a car just ahead of him. Sudden turns in the road bring into immediate view other automobiles rushing ahead like mad; and it gets to be a game to catch up with them, blow one’s horn and whiz past, as if something were to be gained by the trick.

A return to that large leisure and ease which our forefathers knew would be a salutary thing for America. We are altogether too keen about getting nowhere in particular, and then equally keen to get away again instanter.