



C H A P T E R 1 0

IN HANNIBAL WHEN I WAS ABOUT FIFTEEN I WAS FOR A SHORT TIME a member of a **temperance** organization. During membership we had to promise not to use tobacco. We would turn out and march with red ribbons around us on May Day with the Sunday schools and on Independence Day with the Sunday schools, the independent fire company, and the soldiers. But you can't keep a boy's moral institution alive on two displays of ribbons a year. I resigned after the two big days.

I had not smoked for three full months and no words can describe the smoke hunger that was eating me up. I had been a smoker from my ninth year—a private one during the first two years but a public one after that—that is to say, after my father's death. In my early manhood and in middle life I used to worry myself with reforms every now and then. I never had occasion to regret these reforms because the rewarding pleasure which I got out of the vice when I returned to it always paid me for all that it cost.