

There was once a camp-crier, or herald, who was moving through the camp
giving the news, and the plans of the chiefs for the day to come. Heralds were
aged persons, and often broadcasted moral precepts along with their official
duties. One day this herald, "Steamboat," admonished the camp as follows:

"I do not wish to urge you to be stingy. But be on the lookout for loafers
and beggars, who make a nuisance of themselves by continually asking for the loan of a
horse, or a saddle, a gun, or a knife. The man who does not own a knife is a worthless
fellow; he does not deserve pity. Do not lend your knife to such a man; then he will
see his mistake and amend his ways."

No sooner had Steamboat given this excellent advice than he saw one of his
ponies which he had just hobbled, wallowing on the ground. Its feet were caught in the
hobble, and in another minute, the animal would probably have a bad rope burn. He ran to
cut the hobble, but found he had lost his knife. Some boys were playing close by. Steamboat
called to them, "Grandchildren, lend me your knife. My pony is in danger."

One of the boys made a quick answer: "No, we cannot. Steamboat has just warned
us not to lend our knives to anybody."