

Mother answered the timid knock at the door. "I'm sorry to bother you," faltered the lady, "but I'm having car trouble and I wonder if I could use your telephone."

"Certainly," answered Mother kindly. "Come in; the telephone is right here. Do you need the directory?"

The visitor dialed a number and waited anxiously. "He must not be home," she murmured. "Maybe I'll try Dean's." But there was no response there either. "I don't know what to do," she said. "I don't get any answer, and I don't know who else to ask for help."

"Where is your car?" asked Mother. "My husband is a mechanic, so maybe he can help you. Peter, run and find Father. He might be out behind the shop getting the wheels he wants to sell."

Father came in and asked a few questions about the nature of the problem. The boys helped him tow the car in and spent the next hour watching the repair process.

"Thank you so much!" gushed Miss Himmon when Father had finished his work. "I don't know what I would have done without you folks. And thank you for the chat and for the papers." She waved to Mother, who had given her a few tracts.

"Now let's load those wheels," Father suggested. The boys ran and wheeled them to the car as Father opened the trunk. "Where is the other one?" asked Father. "There are four."

The boys dashed back to the lot behind the shop, and Father followed them. They searched the tall grass. They sorted the heap of metal scraps and parts. They