

The lazy comfort of a summer evening often works miracles on a point of view; in the warm dusk, real estate agents and advertising men are no longer modern; they appear to be effete. Pre-historic man consulted wizards and witch doctors before the tribe moved to a fresh glade in the forest, and the desire for guidance seems to be inherent in our natures. Probably the witch doctor was a blatant and insistent person; he would point to the new townsite and explain volubly why it was the most desirable residential district that had ever been offered to the homeseeker who hoped for family joys and a serene old age. The people enjoyed listening to his advice, and when they took it he demanded suitable remuneration; the familiar formula: quarter cash; balance, six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months; is an echo from the age when debts were paid in kind. The men brought in pelts and furs in winter, and the women helped with the summer payments by gathering roots and berries in the forest thickets. The real estate agent of those days was physician and law-giver; in this age of specialization the organized

professions have imposed regulations upon the imaginations of those who practise them, and the charm of the unexpected is sometimes lost. Think of waiting in the consulting room in dreadful apprehension that your physician was about to prescribe a potion that had been brewed in a witch's caldron in the dark of the moon; a delicious medicine would seem unpalatable to a kind hearted man who believed that one of its indispensable ingredients was the blood of a blue-eyed child. You can imagine your thrill of delight when you were ordered to carry a rabbit's foot in your left hip pocket, and dismissed with the assurance that you would be quite well in a day or two. The professions have lost much of the humor of life by the curtailment of personal liberty; but the real estate agent is still free. He tells his story as it was told five thousand years ago. If he secures the attention of the tribe by placing manikins and mechanical toys in his office window, no one worries him by pointing out that his conduct breaks the rules of professional etiquette; and, if he has lived on the Pacific Coast, his clients have frequently credited him with the