The acceleration of American living leaves very little time for thoughts of ghosts, goblins or vampires. One no longer sees the quiet little villages dominated by their special spirit, nor the gloomy, desolate mansions, the seats of many nighttime escapades. England, however, provides an excellent setting, for there one may find areas still permeated with a true ghostly atmosphere. If one desires to widen his social contacts to include some members of a higher plane, I suggest a visit to that country.

It is to you, however, one of the great majority, that I am writing. You, who may at some time find yourself faced with the choice of battling the physical or spiritual elements. You find yourself standing before an old, dilapidated house—one which presents a more terrifying picture with each succeeding flash of lightning. A sudden clap of thunder sends you scurrying to the door. You go in. What are you going to do now?

Emily Post would be of little assistance at this moment.

Once inside your host’s home, make yourself as comfortable as possible by utilizing whatever he has provided. Ghosts have had unions longer than common man, so you need not expect your visitor before midnight. During this time, try to develop a state of mind which will forbid running at the initial encounter. You will then be able to meet your ghost.

The hour is at hand. Your heartbeat seems to muffle the sounding of the stately old clock, which is standing in the corner. A sudden wind whips through the rooms; a shutter bangs rhythmically against the house. You rise in your chair as a tingling sensation runs up and down your spine. Hold on; he is coming! A bloodcurdling scream rends the air, followed by a burst of fiendish laughter. I bid a hasty goodbye to those who are now welcoming the ravages of the storm.

You are going to remain! I congratulate you. Look now for your ghost. He may be swinging from the chandelier or sitting in the fireplace as he blows flaming rings across the room or cavorting about the ceiling. Watch him beam when he realizes that you are not going to run. Your spook may be a humorous fellow and will be at his best before an audience. (He so seldom has one.) He may find you a sympathetic listener, and he will relate his troubles to you, which may cause you to forget your own. Haunting is a lonely occupation. Your ghost is not free to travel as he wills but is confined to a certain location, and there he must remain. Your presence will give him happiness—a feeling he will readily show. There will be no need of pretence or convention here. You will feel free immediately, as if a heavy cloak had been suddenly cast off.

The hours pass quickly. With the approaching dawn, he will bid you a sad farewell, but not before he has a promise of a second visit. You are not tired, for you will have had a psychic injection, causing a feeling of true contentment. You step briskly into the morning sunshine.