

Religio Philosophical Journal

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S. S. JONES, Editor and Proprietor.

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BRETHREN:—Our city is in flames at eleven o'clock, Tuesday, Oct. 9th. Several square miles of the business portions, the very best, is entirely consumed. The offices of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Publishing House were supposed to be in a *fire proof* building, but it could not stand a *sea of flames* for a single moment. All is consumed, including every book, (account books excepted) not a type nor a stereotype plate is left—*all is gone*. I had within the last week completed putting the whole establishment in excellent order; indeed all of my rooms were handsomely furnished and decorated with beautiful spirit likenesses and paintings—all of which are entirely consumed.

It is a *crushing blow to one who is to be crushed*. I AM NOT CRUSHABLE so long as good men, women and angels will stand by me. That they will continue to do so as they have done before, I doubt not.

The RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will in a few days resume its regular weekly visits, brilliant with fresh inspiration, to its old subscribers, and may we not hope to thousands of new ones, replete with fresh inspirations from this rudimental and the angelic spheres!

Almost every printing establishment, and every furnishing establishment and type foundry has shared the fate of my office; hence I shall have to send to some eastern foundry to start anew. Fortunately my *ma'd list is preserved*, but all will have to be put in type anew—which with the type and other materials for the paper will cost a great deal of money.

My dear friends, I appeal to the many thousands, some of whom owe me large, and others small sums on subscriptions for papers already received, and to all other subscribers, to *at once pay me and renew* for a year or more—*paying in advance*. I pray all not to delay a single day, and may I not appeal to all old subscribers to send me one or more new ones, prepaying for the same. Oh, it will help me *so much* in this hour of PEARFUL TRIAL.

May I not be allowed to state in consideration of the emergency of the occasion, that our banks are utterly *unable to aid me a single dollar*, no matter how good my securities may be. *They are all burnt out*, and if perchance their vouchers and bonds are safe in the vaults, which is now more than doubtful, they have exhausted their ability to help their customers, inasmuch as most business men are bankrupted by the terrible conflagration. Insurance companies are *universally bankrupt*. Not less than (2) *two hundred millions* worth of property has been consumed in this doomed city, and still the devouring element is hourly laying waste block after block of this beautiful and heretofore prosperous city.

I have capital—*hard earned capital* left, but it *will not bring me cash*, to re-establish my Publishing House. I need *material aid to forwith reinstate the noble enterprise*.

To the generous—to the noble hearted Spiritualists throughout the land, I appeal for that aid. Your bank checks for larger or smaller amounts, as a loan, for such a time as you can spare the money shall be promptly paid at such a stipulated period as you shall fix. Such temporary relief will aid me very much—will you come to the rescue? I cannot nor can any other man negotiate securities with our banks, for the reasons already assigned—they will not have it to help old depositors' with,

My good name in business circles, and my universal promptness in meeting all obligations heretofore, I trust will be a guarantee that all such generous loans will be liquidated with interest at the time required.

Assuring all friends throughout the land, with the pledge of honor of the undersigned, who has as yet never violated that pledge that the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL shall continue to be published with equal and we trust with greater ability than ever heretofore.

I remain Fraternaly Thine,

Address, S. S. JONES,

148 4th Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Will friendly editors please publish.

S. S. JONES.

P.S. We desire to say to the sick everywhere that Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the wonderful healing medium, has kindly opened the doors of her house for our office. The devouring element passed by her residence within a stone's throw. She will continue to heal the sick by letter and otherwise as heretofore. Address her, 148 4th Avenue, Chicago. And may good angels help her for her kindness in opening her doors to us in this hour of trial.