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THE ISLE OF MILLIONAIRES.

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WONDER if President Cleveland visited the Isle of the millionaires during his last week's trip to the south. There is no doubt he was very near to it. But the details of his journey have been kept secret, and no one knows whether he has been wading about the swamps trying to bring down the festive snipe with his gun or whether he has been rolling in the lap of luxury with the nabobs of the

United States.

The Isle of millionaires!

Have you ever heard of it? It is a lone retreat for the Robinson Crusoes of Wall street and Fifth avenue. A fairyland belonging to a club whose members have men Fridays by the dozen and who live in palaces rather than nuts. I visited it during my recent trip to the south. It lies just about eight miles from Brunswick, Ga., surrounded by the warm salt waters of the southern Atlantic. It belongs in common to about five score millionaires. It is estimated that the aggregate fortunes of its owners foot up several times one hundred million dollars, and it is said that every man who loafs within its club house spends his tens of thousands of dollars a year. It is known as Jekyl Island, and it was bought as a millionaires' resort. The membership fee at the start was \$600, but I am told that admission to the club is now worth thousands. The island cost the club \$125,000 when it was only a stretch of sand, marsh and forests. Since then hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended upon it, and when I visited it I found an army of workmen putting up new buildings, transplanting palm trees and making other expensive improvements for the winter season.

No one can land on Jekyl Island unless he has an invitation. Steamboats cannot stop there, and the millionaires are as safe from intrusion as they are behind their English outiers in their homes in the great cities. The privacy of the rich surrounds them and the golden key of blue blood allied to wealth is required before membership to the club can be obtained. So far little has been said about the club in the newspapers. Some of its members, I venture, look down on newspaper men, and one especially, who belongs to the Vanderbilt family, and who usually sails down here from New

York in his yacht during the winter, always has a private secretary with him to keep off the press. Still, there are newspaper men among the members, and a notable figure is the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, who comes here after New Year for his winter rest. He has for the past two seasons rented a cottage at Jekyl, paying, I am told, \$1,500 for six week's rent, an average of \$250 a week to merely have a roof over his head. Think of paying more than \$30 a day for the privilege of living in a two-story house. Add to this perhaps \$75 additional, and you have about the daily expenses of one man at Jekyl. He brings his horses with him. He has six, which come in their special car some weeks in advance in order that they may be acclimated before his arrival. He has his private secretary, and his own servants, and his family chef keeps his table supplied to such an extent that he hardly knows the difference between this desert island and his own house at home. Though shut off from the world, however, the world is not shut off from him. There is a telephone and a telegraph line running from Jekyl to the mainland, and he is in as close communication almost with his office in New York as though he were in the editorial room at the top of the great building on City Hall square. J. Pierpont Morgan gets away from his business cares by coming to Jekyl. Guarded by the sea he rides and drives about the island, and with the Aladdin's lamp of his fortune clothes his solitude with luxurious ease.

Before I take you with me on a visit to the island, let me say a little more about the members of the club. A list of them lies before me, and I see that they come from all parts of the Union. There is Marshall Field, the big merchant prince of Chicago, who began life as a farmer's boy, but who now does a business of something like \$25,000,000 a year. He has made a fortune in dry goods, real estate and mines, and his income is enormous. He travels to Brunswick in a special car, and crosses in the club launch to the island. Then there is James Hill of St. Paul, who back in the sixties was a clerk, and who now has more railroads than any other man in the country. He owns the Great Northern, has a large share of the Northern Pacific, and such other property, that his pile is measured by the tens of millions. I am told that he knows to a cent the wages of each of the 10,000 men in his employ, and that his brain never stops working from one year's end to the other. He comes to Jekyl to try to get rest, and shoots and hunts in this warm climate when the thermometer is at zero in his Minnesota home. Another railroad millionaire who

has a membership in the club is George Gould, and a third man whose special car carries him here is Calvin S. Brice, the capitalist and United States Senator. Pierre Larillard, the rich tobacconist, spends some time at Jekyl, and Cornelius N. Bliss, who is now spoken of as a possible secretary of the treasury in McKinley's cabinet, is another rich member.

A large number of the members are rich by inheritance. Some are polite loafers, who do little more than try to kill time, and a chapter might be written on the rich women who come to Jekyl to while away the weary hours. The younger girls come to flirt and get husbands, for the matches made here are sure to be good from a financial standpoint at least. They bring their poodles with them, and I was shown here a photograph of the thousand dollar dog which was owned by the girl whom Frederick Vanderbilt courted at Jekyl and came so near marrying. The dog sits on a plush cushion, and I am told it wore a gold collar. Its pudgy little nose was kissed again and again by this beautiful heiress, and I venture that young Vanderbilt has many times wished himself in its place. Then there are the Goets, the Rockefellers, the Cuttings and a score of other well-known names which are almost regularly registered on the Jekyl island club book. There are millionaires from Cincinnati and other great cities, and, in fact, a representative of most of the great fortunes of the United States may be found in the club.

President Cleveland would be delighted by a visit to Jekyl. It is a fairy island, where it is almost always summer. Heated as it is by the amorous kisses of the voluptuous gull stream, the air is always balmy, and the trees are always green. It is, you know, just opposite Brunswick, Ga., which is one of the great turpentine and resin markets of the country, and the sweet smell of the long-leaved pines is mixed with that of the tropical plants of the south and the salt air of the sea. Jekyl does not lie alone on the waters. Within a few miles of it are many beautiful islands, the famed Sea Islands which embroider the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, and which are noted for raising the finest cotton of the world. It is now winter here in the north, but December in Jekyl is like June in Dakota. The flowers are in bloom and nature has on its seven-leaved boots of luxuriant life. Your surroundings are those of perpetual spring. The air is such that it opens the soul of the most ascetic. It was here that the pious Charles Wesley fell in love, and here John Wesley came to straighten out his brother's trouble. Here John Wesley preached some of his