THE DESERET WEEKLY.

Truth and Liberty.

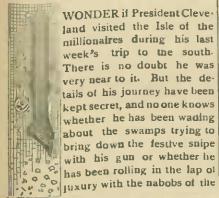
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THE ISLE OF MILLIONAIRES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 23rd, 1896.



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 larryland belonging to a club whose members have men Fridays by the dozen and wuo live in palaces ratner 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 sale waters of the southern Atlanuc. It belongs in common to about hive score minionaires. It is estimated that the aggregate fortunes of its owners not up several times one thindred million dollars, and it is said that every man who loats within its club house spends his tens of thousands of dollars a year. It is known as Jewyl Island, and it was bought as a millionalies' resort. membership see at the start was \$600, but I am toid that admission to the club The island is now worth thousands. 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 at I found an army of Workmen putting up new buildings, transplanung paim 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 milnonaires are as sale from intrusion as they are behind their English outlers in their homes in the great cities. The privacy of the rich surrounds them and the golden key of blue blood ailled to wealth is required hetore membership to the club can be obtained. So far little has been said about the club in the newspapers. Some

York in his yacht during the winter, always has a private secretary with him to keep off the press. Suit, 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 pernaps \$75 ad-ditional, and you have about the unity expenses of one man at Jekyl. He nrings his horses with him. He nas 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 chel keeps his table supplied to such an extent that he hardly knows the difference between this desert island and his Own nouse at home. Though snut 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 Half square. J. Pier-pont Morgan gets away from his Dusi-ness cares by coming to Jekyl. Guarded by the sea he rides and drives about the island, and with the Aladum s lamp of his fortune clothes his soritude with luxurious case.

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 Hillol St. Paul, who back in the sixtles 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 pro has a large share of the perty, 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

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 Mc. Kinley's cabinet, is another rich mem-

A large number of the members are rich by inheritance. Some are polite loaters, 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. younger girls come to flirt and get husoauds, for the matches made here are sure to be good from a financial standpoint at least. They bring their poodies with them, and I was shown here a with them, and I was shown here
photograph of the thousand dollar dog
which was owned by the girl whom.
Frederick Vanderbitt courted at Jekyl
The dog and came so near marrying. The dog sits on a plush cushion, and I am told it wore a gold collar. Its pudiy little nose was kissed again and again by this neautiful herress, and I venture that young Vanderbilt has many times wished nimself in its place. Then there are the Goelets, the Rockelellers, the Cuttings and a score of other well-known names which are almost regularly registered on the Jekyl island club book. There are militonaires 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

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 soit sait air of the sea. Jekyl does not the 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 leagued boots of luxuriant life. Your surroundings are those of perpetnal spring. The air is such that it opens the soul of the most ascetic. It was ol its members, I venture, took down on newspaper men, and one especially, who belongs to the Vanderbilt lamily, and who usually sails down here from New