

MOST UNIQUE AND MOST TALKED-OF BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

Shaped Like an Old-Time Flatiron, and Hence Called the "Flatiron" Building—Is Twenty Stories High and Located at the Point in New York Where More Persons Pass Than They Do Anywhere Else in the Metropolis—Built Like a Battleship and Looks Like the Hull of a Trans-Atlantic Steamer.

THE most remarkable building in the world is a twenty-story skyscraper that has just been erected in the heart of New York city. The structure is shaped like a long and narrow letter V. It towers high above all the buildings in the neighborhood and from the north looks so frail, by reason of its great height and extreme narrowness, that one almost fears a good puff of wind would blow it over.

No structure ever put up in the metropolis—the acknowledged home of wonderful buildings—has attracted as much attention as has this one, and knots of people starting up at it may be seen in the vicinity at all hours.

More persons pass the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street every day than any other point in New York. It is right here that this wonderful building stands. Because of its peculiar shape it has become to be popularly known as "the flatiron."

The structure arouses considerably more comment on the part of visitors to the metropolis than anything else in New York. The workmen on the ground, the crossing policemen, and the shopkeepers in the vicinity are deluged with one continual string of questions and chatter regarding the building. Everyone has something to say about it. The following is a fair specimen of what is continually being said of the peculiar-looking structure:

"There is the Flatiron Building," he said, as they reached the curb on the north side of Twenty-third Street, in their stroll down Fifth Avenue.

"It's a shame," she said. She is studying architecture and civic improvement, because she likes to, and has lots of ideas about such things.

"They'd better call it the old-fashioned name—sadrin. I suppose it's iron, and I'm sure it's sad," she went on.

"Why? Why should they put a great big wedge like that right up there where the two greatest streets in the world cross each other? Couldn't they let a little triangular patch of ground like that go to good green grass?"

"I've heard that that little triangular

patch is worth about \$2,000,000. You can get grass lands for about a dollar an acre if you go far enough out of town."

"I don't care if it's worth four millions," she said, getting indignant. "Money isn't everything."

"It's a wonderful building."

"It isn't beautiful. It's just a great chunk. Why don't they call it the pie building? It looks like a piece."

"You might at least call it chocolate cake. It's got twenty stories—I mean layers."

lliceman at the crossing who saves the lives of thousands of women every week by piloting them from curb to curb.

"Well, it's the same way all day long."

"Some folks like that building and some don't, but most all think it's queer when they first see it. It sort of bursts on 'em suddenly, and they'll stop right in the middle of the tracks to rubber at it. It's made this post twice as hard as it used to be. I wish the architects of that Flatiron had my job for about half a day to answer questions about it."

Then the rush across the avenue got

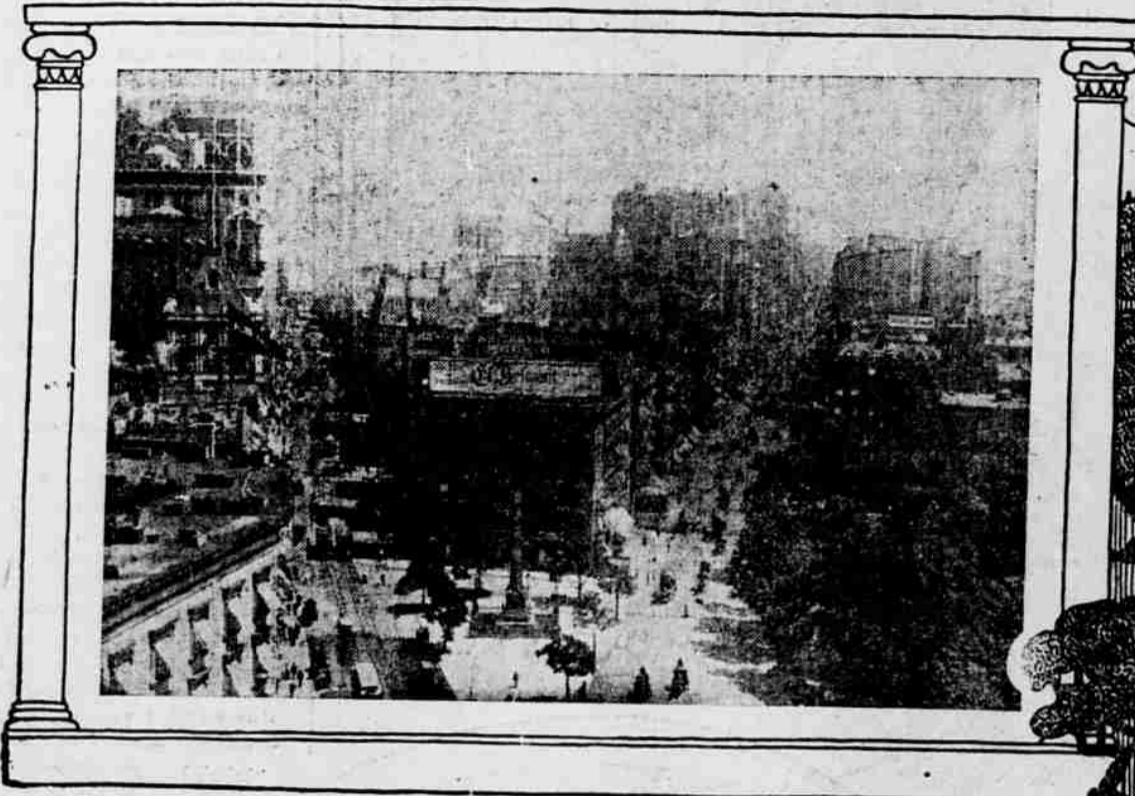
story and began all over again, finally getting the right answer, twenty stories and an attic, and adding, "There might be a cellar."

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked the cop when he got a breathing spell. "Some folks are actually timid about that building and are afraid it will fall down or blow over. Wouldn't take an office in it rent free."

"We had a small hurricane here blowing around this corner the other day and one man who came along wouldn't go by. He said that building wasn't

flatiron building ready for occupancy in September has been modified. Two sample floors, the twelfth and sixteenth, will be finished by that time. The other floors will be left unfinished, so far as the arrangement by rooms is concerned, until after they are let, and then completed, according to the desires of the tenants.

One of the building foremen went up to the twentieth floor the other day when there was a gale of wind blowing and tested the structure by bracing his back against one of the columns. He



A View From an Upper Story.

"Yes, you think that just because a building is high it's all right. The Parthenon—"

"Now hold on. No Parthenon in mine on a day like this. If you don't like the Flatiron we'll have it pulled down."

"They might at least have left a little park there. One of those isles of safety at a busy corner, only more beautiful."

"You mean a sort of peninsula of safety with arm chairs for nervous ladies to drop right into after crossing the avenue and dodging the traffic. Yes, and they could have park attendants on hand with municipal smelling salts."

"I don't care. There should be a little park there with some fine monument or statue. Then it would be almost as beautiful as our own Copley Square at home, only different."

"There, I knew you'd ring in Copley Square before you got through. Everybody'll know you're from Boston now."

Then they crossed Twenty-third Street and went down Fifth Avenue, she lingering at the book store and picture store windows and he looking for a restaurant.

"Did you hear them chewing the rag about that building?" asked the big po-

a little more lively than usual, and the policeman had to stop talking for publication and attend strictly to business, waving back carriages, horse and horseless, starting them ahead, holding up trolley cars, pulling and pushing shoppers, and wagging his tongue as fast as his arms were going, as follows:

"Hurry, madam. Hold that horse back. It's twenty stories high. Yes, yes, it's the Flatiron. Go ahead with that auto. Now, lady, now's your chance. Twenty stories. Don't know what it cost. Stop that car. Three hundred feet high. Wait a minute. Now, quick, madam. Longer on Broadway than Fifth Avenue side. Yes, regular triangle. Who said curviform? Hold those horses or I'll run you in. Flatiron."

A policeman got rattled on that post for just a minute the other day. He'd been saying "Flatiron" for several hours, and to the next questioner, an elderly woman from out of town, he said "laundry building" by mistake.

"What a wash, what a wash they do have!" she exclaimed when she got across and began to count stories.

"Did you hear them chewing the rag about that building?" asked the big po-

safe in a gale and was going round another way when his hat blew off and went plum over against the Flatiron he was afraid of.

"It was one of those Panama hats. The fellow looked as if he wanted to ask me to get his hat, but he didn't have the nerve for that."

"Finally he edged over with one eye on the flatiron and one on his Panama. When he got it he sneaked backed on the run and went into the Fifth Avenue, to get a drink, I guess."

"You'd thought that that skyscraper had been put up on purpose to fall down on that fellow's head and that there was a man on the Broadway side waiting to push it over. That fellow was kind of a fool, I guess. Some say they wouldn't have an office in there rent free, but he's the only one I've struck who was afraid to go by."

"Some think the flatiron is the most wonderful thing in the way of engineering and architecture they ever saw. They all think something. Why, they talk about that flatiron more than they do about the King of England getting sick just when they were going to crown him."

The original plan to have the whole



A "Bow-on View."

reported that there was not the least trace of swaying, only a very slight tremor.

"This building," said the foreman, "will stand any wind that ever blows. There is special construction for just that purpose and the whole building is wind-braced with heavy girders from foundation to roof. If it ever goes over it will go all in one piece. You can't break or bend it."



From the Front and a Little to One Side

The building faces, if the point of its face, on Twenty-third Street, one of the greatest thoroughfares in the city. The two long sides of the building are on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the two greatest streets of America. The rear of the building is on Twenty-second Street.

On the Twenty-third Street side the structure comes to a point so sharp that there is scarcely room for a window. The building in many ways resembles the hull of a huge trans-Atlantic steamer. The prow aims north at the famous Madison Square, and there is a long vista up Fifth Avenue and up Broadway. Looking in this direction from one of the upper windows the people walking in the street below look like the tiniest pigmies and the passing cabs and electric cars like miniature playthings.

The sides of the flatiron cover an entire block. They are 200 feet long. The rear of the building is eighty-five feet wide. The height of the building, exclusive of the ornamental towers and turrets which will surround it, will be, when completed, more than 300 feet. The exterior wall area exposed to the

wind on the Fifth Avenue side is 51,900 square feet and on the Broadway side about 59,000. On the Twenty-second Street end the base of the triangle, which is but 34 feet long, the area of the outer wall is 25,000 square feet.

This unique structure has been built on the same lines as a steel battleship. It has an enormous steel frame, the heaviest and strongest ever designed for ship or building. From its resemblance to a huge ship some one nautically inclined recently figured out that the "flatiron" has a sail area of 93,900 square feet. The outside of the building is of stone.

As everyone knows, the value of land in the heart of New York can be calculated as diamonds are appraised. The plot of land on which the flatiron stands—merely the ground the building covers—cost the builders considerably more than \$2,000,000.

The structure will be an office building, about a hundred rooms being on each floor. There will be rented, also, on some of the floors entire suites of rooms, and on the ground floor there will be stores to let. The building will be fitted with every device for the comfort of business men. The elevators in the flatiron will run, it is said, at a higher speed than those of any other building in America.

THE UNITED STATES TO ENTERTAIN ROYALTY.

IF THIS year of grace is notable for nothing else, it will be remarked for the number of royal guests visiting the United States. Asia appears to have discovered us, and will send at least three scions of royalty, without counting the maharajahs of

as being in some way a part of Great Britain, and Americans had to pass as Englishmen because the brown men could not identify them in any other way.

The only other occasions of the kind are the visits of Queen Emma of Siam in 1886.

to the proper authorities without comment, probably thinking that everybody knew the consul as well as he does. But matters were confused, and the committee reported that the King of Siam was to pay us a visit and asked for an appropriation to entertain him. The money was promptly voted, and word went over the country that King Chulalongkorn was to visit us. It was some little time before it was made clear that it is not the King of Siam who is coming, nor yet King of Siam, but the crown prince. He is the son of the second queen, and was appointed heir to the throne in 1895, on the death of his elder brother. For the heir to the throne in Siam is not necessarily so by right of birth, as in Europe. He is generally the prince of highest rank, according to the rank of his mother. But the reigning king may choose among his sons the one he thinks best fitted to be his successor, always selecting from the sons of princesses royal, descendants of Buddha, like the king himself, and the great nobles confirm the choice. This done, the lucky prince is formally invested with the rank and title of heir apparent. The present heir apparent is a bright, clever young man of twenty-one, who was educated in Europe.

Prince Komatsu of Japan, sent to

pan, from whom a successor to the throne would be chosen should the Mikado die leaving no heir. He is one of the greatest men in Japan, a cousin of the emperor, and was made commander-in-chief of the forces of the empire at the close of the Chino-Japanese war. He visited England as a special ambassador at the time of the Queen's jubilee in 1887.

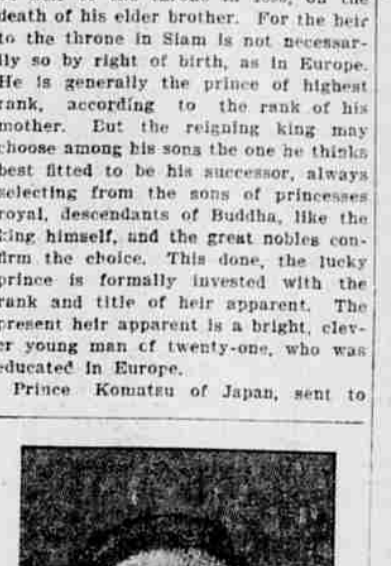
Prince Chen, cousin of the Emperor of China, also an envoy to the now-deferred coronation, will visit us in his way home, with a suite of ten nobles,



PRINCE CHEN.

Hindustan, who are expected with their retinue of servants, high-caste cooks, elephants, and other belongings of Oriental royalty. Add to these royal prince the Grand Duke Boris, and, with Prince Henry's visiting card already in, it will readily be seen that 1902 will be the United States' coming-out year socially. The change seems rather sudden from the time when Asia was like the king of Abyssinia, who was quite unable to grasp any idea concerning the United States except

in 1838 and Prince Komatsu of Japan in 1886.



PRINCESS KOMATSU.

half of whom were educated in the United States. He is a very progressive man, speaking English fluently. He is well known by reason of having been the envoy chosen to bear the apologies of China to Germany for the murder of Baron Kettler.

Prince Boris Vladimirovitch, of Russia, grandson of Alexander II and cousin of the Czar, will spend the month of July in this country, arriving at San Francisco and crossing the continent leisurely, his tour including the Yellowstone Park. His visit is wholly informal, so that, with the exception of a call upon the President, which Mr. Roosevelt will go to Newport to receive, there will be no official recognition of his presence in the country.

Prince Boris is attended by Lieutenant Frederic and Lieutenant Greaves, of the Red Hussars, of the Imperial Guard; Lieutenant Strandman, of the Sharpshooters, of the imperial family; Cavalier Schack, attache, and Mr. Constantine Greaves, official secretary.



PRINCE KOMATSU.

England to represent the Mikado at the intended coronation, has accepted an invitation to visit the Louisiana Purchase Exposition this summer, and will be here in July. He belongs to one of the four great royal families of Ja-

PRIMITIVE LOG CABIN TO COST \$75,000.

A UNIQUE and magnificent residence is nearing completion on Warren's Island, off the coast of Maine. The building may be described as a palatial log cabin. It is primitive, massive, imposing, and beautiful. It is composed of spruce logs and cost \$75,000.

The entire island on which this strange structure is erected was purchased by the late William H. Folwell, of Philadelphia. Mr. Folwell bought the island for the purpose of erecting on it the luxurious log cabin, but died before the completion of the house. The work is now superintended by his son, William H. Folwell, Jr. The building is situated on the highlands of Warren's Island, commanding a view of the Pen-

inslands near by was purchased by Mr. Folwell some years ago, the original owner being Elijah Dyer, an old fisherman. Mr. Folwell planned to have a summer home where he might entertain a large party of friends and his plans have been carried out. The main house or cabin is a large structure, having two wings running back.

The lower story is entirely of spruce logs, cut on the island and in their natural state. Above this the building is clap-boarded and neatly finished. The front room downstairs is 30 by 60 feet, hardwood floor and is artistically decorated with oil paintings, walgewood, mounted birds, brass work and other decorations of amour. The large rugs are easily moved, giving ample space for dancing, while a grand piano and many basket chairs add to the attractions. The windows are many and those to

bearing the latin inscription, "Mon Reve," translated to "My Dream." The hall which opens from the back is 12 by 60 feet, and from this is entered the two wings, the main house and the stairs of the chambers. The main part of the house runs back some 22 feet by 65 feet, in which is located the kitchen, laundry, and storage rooms.

The two wings are each 20 by 30 feet, the southern one being fitted for a dining-room in the style of the old English times, with a 15-foot table and beautiful decorations, while the north wing is given over to smoking and bath-rooms. Upstairs the main hall is 12 by 60 feet, and there are 22 sleeping rooms on either side of a large hall running the length of the house. Each room is 13 by 15 feet, while the front rooms are 15 by 20 feet, three in number. All the rooms are equipped with white iron



THE MAINE HOME OF A PHILADELPHIAN.

obscure Bay east and west, reaching far out to sea, by Owl's Head Lighthouse and the adjacent land. To the west is the famous watering place of Camden, with its grand old mountains rising in its back, the dark shadows and deep ravines, the great heights sloping down to sandy beaches at the water's edge.

The cabin is erected high upon the island, near Dark Harbor, which is a close rival to Bar Harbor. The island is about three miles across the bay from Northport and four miles from the Gilkey Harbor Lighthouse, on the lower end of Islesboro. It has an area of about 125 acres, and with two small

bedsteads and first-class fittings, while the gable roofs and the 17 dormer windows make them all desirable. The lower part of the house is built of 4-inch logs, and the sloping roofs overhang.

Back of the mantel is another tablet, of Pennsylvania marble, five by five feet, decorated with brass rosettes and