

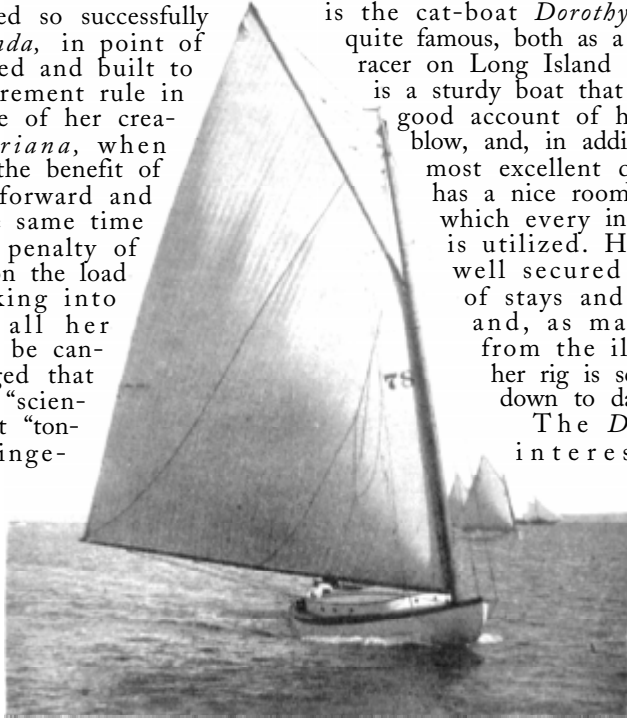
with 12 feet beam. Her record for 1898 was thirteen starts and thirteen firsts.

By a glance at the illustration of *Wanda* it will be seen that Mr. Nat Herreshoff, her designer, has introduced the modified form of fin keel which he exploited so successfully in *Vigilant*. *Wanda*, in point of fact, was designed and built to elude the measurement rule in force at the time of her creation. Like *Gloriana*, when heeled, she gets the benefit of long overhangs forward and aft, while at the same time she escapes the penalty of excessive length on the load water-line. Taking into consideration all her features, it must be candidly acknowledged that she is the most "scientific" cat-boat that "tonnage-cheating" ingenuity ever devised. Both the principles of yacht designing that worked so admirably in *Vigilant* and *Gloriana*, namely the large lateral plane and the increased water-line length, when heeled, have been embodied in *Wanda*. The result has been a gratifying success. Cat-boats of the olden time used to

measure about the same length over all and on the water-line. It remained for Mr. Herreshoff to produce a boat 21 feet on the water-line with an over-all length of 30 feet.

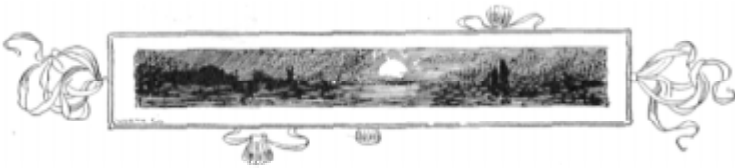
In marked contrast to the *Wanda* is the cat-boat *Dorothy*, which is quite famous, both as a cruiser and racer on Long Island Sound. She is a sturdy boat that can give a good account of herself in a blow, and, in addition to this most excellent quality, she has a nice roomy cabin, in which every inch of space is utilized. Her mast is well secured by means of stays and spreaders, and, as may be seen from the illustration, her rig is scientific and down to date.

The *Dorothy* is interesting as showing the transition stage between the old-fashioned cat-boat and the new *Wanda*, which is sure to



THE CAT-BOAT "DOROTHY."

become popular as a racing machine, but from her limited accommodations is not likely to be much sought after as a correct type for mere cruising.



THE SEAWARD HILL.

THE dawn winds blow o'er the seaward hill;
They rollick and carol and breathe their fill,
And the broad blue spaces of ocean lie
Open and wide to hand and eve;
Where the great waves toss and the sea-birds
call
To the wild, free life that woos us all,
Till the heart goes out where the keen minds be,
For over the summit waits—the sea.

And night comes down, but the seaward hill
In the sunset's glow stands grim and still.
And fair, though the foam crests dip and rise,
It lifts its brow to the sailor's eyes,
Forever the prow that breasts the main
To the seaward hill he turns again,
While the glad boat springs and swings through
the foam,

For over the summit waits—his home.
WINTHROP PACKARD