

## MY FAITHFUL DOG

By CASIMIRO BAUTISTA \*

ONE AFTERNOON my father called me and asked me to go with him out to sea to fish. I was very glad to go with him, and willingly agreed. My dog began to wag his tail and act very friendly. He wanted to go with us. But still he looked quite thoughtful, and when we were about to start on our fishing trip he seemed unwilling for me to go. He showed his unwillingness by biting my trousers and trying to pull me back to our house. But my father, heedless of the dog's warning, started toward the boat. I followed him.

My dog went with me and got into the boat with us. Father made no objection. When we reached the fishing ground, we prepared our net and began casting it. At once we caught many fishes.

Presently I began to notice that the sky was gradually becoming darker and darker. The wind became stronger. There was every appearance of an approaching storm. Evidently the dog had sensed the approaching storm; that was why he did not want me to go.

Soon it began to blow very hard, indeed. The rain fell in torrents. There

was a deafening crash of thunder and the lightning flashed. Great waves rocked our little fishing boat as if it were a cork upon the water. However, I was not frightened, because I had been out on the sea before in storms, and had always reached land in safety.

Just then an unusually large wave struck our boat amidships and caused it to capsize. Father and I each began to swim and to battle the waves.

While struggling desperately to save my life, I saw something near me. I recognized my dog. How glad I was to have him near me!

After a while my strength began to fail—the big waves were too much for me. I felt that I could go no further. As I was about to give up, I felt

my dog tugging and pulling at my clothing. This helped me, and using all the strength that remained, I finally reached the shore, thanks to the help of my faithful dog.

Upon reaching the shore, I fell upon the beach completely exhausted. Then I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses I found father and the doctor standing over me. But in a few days I was as well as ever.

(Please turn to page 397.)



*This is a picture of my dog. He helped me when I was in danger of drowning.*

\* Pupil, Malabon Elementary School, Malabon, Rizal.

## CHOPIN

(Continued from page 383)

polka. The music of the *mazurka* is not as ceremonious as that of the *polonaise*. More than fifty *mazurkas*, all in concert form, were written by this composer.

A *ballade*, when written as an instrumental composition, is a sort of narrative—that is, it tells a story by means of music. Chopin wrote four of these. One of them, which you must hear either by piano or phonograph when you have an opportunity, is his *Ballade in G minor*. In this *ballade* Chopin tells in music a heroic legend of the Middle Ages in Poland. The hero of this legend is a man named Wallenrod. The story is told in epic (narrative) poetry, and Chopin gives us the same story by means of music. If you learn the theme of the poem, the music will be wonderfully clear when you hear it. The voice of a Polish bard (poet) urging the cause of Polish liberty is heard throughout the *ballade*. If you hear this music on a piano or a phonograph, try to identify the theme which represents the voice of the bard.

Another well known composition by Chopin is called the *Minute Waltz*, but the

French people call this *la valse du le petit chien*, that is, "the waltz of the little dog." According to a story, this music was suggested to Chopin by the antics of a little dog at play. An artist has sketched an imaginary picture of this scene; this sketch is reproduced on page 383. You will surely want to hear the "little dog waltz."

Chopin was a true poet, although he uses the piano instead of words for his medium of expression, and to him is rightfully given the immortal title, "Poet of the Piano."

## REVIEW

1. Spell and pronounce the name of Chopin (pronounced *shooc-pan*).
2. Where and when was Chopin born? Died when?
3. Tell of Chopin's life.
4. Name three different kinds of musical compositions which Chopin wrote.
5. What name has been given to Chopin?

## MY FAITHFUL DOG

(Continued from page 379)

I am sure that if it had not been for the help of my faithful dog, I would have drowned. I rewarded him with more affection than ever and kinder treatment.

## HOW TO STOP HICCUPS

(Continued from page 388)

It is well for everybody to know at least several of these.

*Cough or sneeze.* This is the opposite of the hiccups mechanism, and will often stop it.

*Sugar on the tongue.* Put a small amount of sugar on the tip of a spoon and deposit it as far back on the tongue as you can. Then swallow. The dry sugar requires some effort to get down and the muscles brought into play quiet the spasm of hiccups.

*Salt, vinegar, ice, and cold water.* These are effective in much the same way as sugar.

*Pull strongly on the tongue.* When more effective measures are needed in a persistent case of hiccups, try this. It is effective.

*Apply pressure to the back of the neck.* This may be effective, because that is where the nerve controlling hiccups is located.

*Nausea* (desire to vomit) caused by tickling the back of the throat, usually gets results in stubborn cases.

When none of these remedies is effective, and it has continued for several hours, call a doctor. He may wash out your stomach and give sedatives (sleep-producing drugs).