

# *Sketch*

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## Above all Nations

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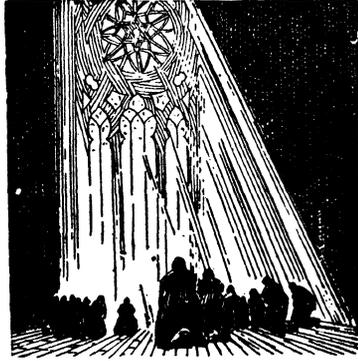
# Above All Nations

By Agda Gronbach ●

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*Beauty. . . and Loyalty  
Beyond This Transient Present.*

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**S**OFTLY, serenely, the music of Handel's "Largo" soared from the fingers of a Chinese violinist to the very top of the great church, there to mingle with the red and blue stained window of "Christ in Gethsemane."

I was but a child and had scarcely met with death before. What a strange, silent vastness it was! There, below the altar, beneath the heavy beauty of flowers, was my friend, Mr. Kung.

The music faded away to a thin thread of melody. I could almost hear the whisper of a sunbeam blow across the somber rug. A slow, foreign voice began:

**"F**AN CHI KUNG, born in Chengton, China, a direct descendant of Confucius, died at Ames, Iowa, death resulting from an automobile accident this July 4th. To those of us who knew him as a friend he typified the spirit of the Cosmopolitan club of which group he was president at the time of his death. Ingrained in the very soul of Kung was the belief that 'Above all nations is humanity.' He had profound faith in China, and saw the great need of rural China. In a few months he was to have gone home to start a life-work as a farmer-leader toward a better day. But his dreams went up far beyond his own country to a day of an international state, a world unity.

"We feel distinctly the loss of a leader in our group. There is something gone out from us. There remains a strange emptiness. But deeper than the emptiness that death has left is a memory that lives, a growing benediction to those whose lives have touched his."

Again there was a silence, deeper than any I had known. The words I had heard quivered through me, and I thought suddenly of Mr. Kung's enthusiasm, his friendliness. I had talked with him only three or four times, and yet I knew that loss of which they all spoke. I knew too the gain which was deeper than loss. Different in creed, race, and generation, he had found a common ground of understanding, and had given me my first concept of an internationalism which was vitally a part of him.

**P**EOPLE were passing by me toward the altar to pay him tribute. I did not want to see him again for he was bandaged, they said. I wanted only to remember him as living—living vitally as was so characteristic of him.

The organ was playing now, playing a melody that was a favorite of his—"Goin' Home." I could see Kung sitting at our piano, pounding out this same melody with one finger. He had turned around to smile broadly.

"I play very poorly," he had said. "You must overlook that. But the piece is favorite with me, And music itself! It is the universal language!"

They were carrying him down the aisle now; all I could see was the draped flag of his country.

The music was louder, more intense. It was as though the universal soul of Kung was speaking in the language we all could understand, lifting us above time, above creed, above color, making us larger than ourselves.





# All Is Blackness

By Margaret Woods ●

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*A Macabre Tale of Dark Music and a  
Love Distorted into Hate.*

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THE MUSIC came softly, almost stealthily through the gloom. The shadows were deep and with the last shafts of sunlight formed an ethereal vapor-like haze which surrounded the great piano and its player silhouetted black against the dying sun. The figure swayed as she caressed the keys with slender white fingers that eased the music from the great instrument as though it were a tenuous spirit that filled the room with shapes and thoughts of changing and fantastic moods. She played on, her head thrown back, and her eyes closed. As she drew forth this song so vague in melody and