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## In Memoriam

A M. Kvello

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## IN MEMORIAM

*A. M. Kvello*

We have been called upon to bid farewell to our beloved President who has now crossed the boundaries of that dim frontier that divides our own from the undiscovered country. We try in vain to express what we feel. But we can say with Patmore:

“With trembling lips  
We strive the fitting phrase to make;  
Remembering our fellowship,  
Lamenting Destiny’s mistake,  
We marvel much when Fate offends  
And claims our friends.”

Death is ever a tragedy, no matter to whom the summons comes or when. It is even a tragedy to him who fears it not but meets the grim messenger with a welcoming smile. For it marks the end of a human life with all its possibilities, its hopes and fears, its joys and its sorrows. It is especially a tragedy when it takes from us a loved leader and friend to whom we have been looking for guidance.

And our friend was such a genuine friend. By nature genial, considerate, always helpful. In *Vanity Fair*, that master-piece of the greatest of English novelists, it has been truly said that the world is a mirror that casts back to each of us the reflection of his own face. It returns smile for smile, frown for frown. If he hates it, it hates him. If he loves it, it loves him. These truths are exemplified in the life of Judge Bagley. He looked upon the world as a lover of mankind and all who knew him returned his devotion.

Let us believe that when it is asked of him, as the legend says it was asked of an eastern sage and philosopher. “What hast thou done O Abdul Kadiz that thou shouldst be admitted within the gates of Paradise?” that he can triumphantly answer: “I have loved my fellowmen.” And that he can then hear the welcome words: “It is written in the great Book of Life, ‘Abdul Kadiz—he loved his fellowmen’—enter thou into the joys of Paradise.”

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 JUDGE BAGLEY—GENTLEMAN
*A. G. Burr*

The biography of any man may be reduced to—he was born, he lived and he died. Thus, one great record disposes of generations, but neither chronology nor annals tell us of the man as he is and was.

For eighteen years I was associated with Judge Bagley in as intimate a way as one could be in a common profession. Throughout all these years he displayed the same general characteristics which marked him as a gentleman. He had learning—not merely an accumulation of facts and a storehouse of knowledge; but the capacity to absorb and utilize the knowledge. He brought to the solution of the problem presented to the courts thorough study and sound, practical application of principles which were embedded in his nature.

He had common sense. He was *Lincolnesque* in this respect. In fact his resemblance to Lincoln was marked in many ways. His homely philosophy of life, a strong religious nature, practical common sense, with a fair vision of the future was noticeable to all friends. If not as brilliant as the Sun he, at least, had the fixity