

WILLIAM FRANKLIN BAKER.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.
SEPTEMBER 10, 1883.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.
JUNE 30, 1927.

William Franklin Baker, son of Aaron F. and Sarah Baker, was born September 10, 1883, near Lafayette, Indiana, and died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis, June 30, 1927.

His boyhood days were spent in Tippecanoe County, Indiana. On May 23, 1909, he was married to Letitia May Packer, of near Lafayette. To them were born two children, Lowell Franklin and May Louise, who with their mother live to mourn their loss.

Doctor Baker was graduated at Purdue University in 1909 with B. S. degree and from Indiana University School of Medicine in 1911 with degree of M. D.

Upon graduation he accepted a position in the Science Department of the Eli Lilly & Company laboratories at Indianapolis, serving also as industrial doctor there. From this position he was called to St. Vincent's Hospital to become the house doctor. He was also given charge of the X-ray and laboratory departments.

In the spring of 1920 he moved to Carmel, Indiana, where he had a large practice with people who have depended on him not only as a capable physician, but also as a true friend and brother.

When 14 years of age he united with the Christian Church of Pleasant Grove, Tippecanoe County. He was a member of the Marion Lodge of Masons of Indianapolis, of the Knight Templars, Shrine, Radiant Chapter of Eastern Star of Noblesville, of the Knights of Pythias and Pythian Sisters of Carmel. He was a member of the American Medical Association, of the Indiana Academy of Science and of the Hamilton County Medical Association.

Death was due to peritonitis. He was attended by the best of medical skill, but over-work had so reduced his vitality that surgery was impossible.

Dr. Baker was a student, not only of subjects directly related to his profession but of many others of general interest. He was gentle, thoughtful, cheerful, devoted to duty, retiring, but courageous. He shrank from everything in the manner of display or ostentation, and being a lover and student of nature, was impressed, as reflective minds ever are, with the essential truth, simplicity and rugged honesty of Nature and Nature's God, as opposed to the complexity, pretensions and inconsistencies of much of modern human life.

He had not been in vigorous health for a number of years, and had failed considerably in the last few months; yet against the advice of his fellow doctors, he had driven his body to the last full measure of devotion to his family and his practice.

He was modest and would answer these expressions of our love, as did the Great Physician, with "Why callest thou me good?" Nevertheless will we apply to our family doctor the words of the physician of our souls, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

REV. KARL R. THOMPSON, Lagro, Ind.

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