

Frank W. Baden (- 17 Feb 1889)

The Evening Star, February 18, 1889

Frank W. Baden Thrown from a Train and Killed

Frank W. Baden, of this place, a telegraph operator employed by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was thrown from the platform of a train yesterday morning, and instantly killed, near the Bayard street crossing, in Baltimore. He was on his way from his home here to report for duty at the Lee street tower, in Baltimore, where he was stationed. As the train neared the tower he stepped on the vestibule to get off when the train slacked. At the Bayrd street crossing there is a very sharp curve, and at that point he was thrown head first on the tracks, and his neck was broken. Baden was a native of this District and had been in the employ of the company for a good while. He was 28 years old, and was a young man of excellent habits. His book gave his home and address as Prospect cottage, Georgetown, D.C. where his parents reside. His body was brought here last night. He was the operator in the tower when the collision occurred at the "Y" in this city, and was a nephew of Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, the novelist.

The Evening Star, February 23, 1889

The Late Frank Baden

**"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings of the dead."**

Every second of passing time carries a passing soul to eternity. Yet, when an only son, a young man--pure, tender, noble, generous, forgetful of self, devoted to others, and whose whole life has been full of labor and self-denial--is suddenly snatched away, in an instant, "in the twinkling of an eye," while in full health and activity in his path of duty, his swift "taking off" seems to call for more than the passing sigh given to the "inevitable," especially when his tragic death is the culmination of a tragic, though dutious life. Frank Baden, while still a boy, bravely took upon his own young shoulders the cares and burdens of existence, more befitting strong manhood. He became the staff and helper of his parents and young sisters. About this time, too, came the first great catastrophe in his youth. His one boy friend, his inseparable companion, his "Jonathan," his "Pythias," was drowned before his eyes, without a possibility of rescue, being snatched beneath an under current while the two were out bathing, and whirled out of sight and reach. This calamity darkened the days of his youth for years, until the light of Christian faith and the affection of a good and lovely maiden, brightened his future with the hope of happiness. Vain hope for this world! For only a few weeks ago, and when their marriage day was near, she was snatched from him by a terrible accident--a cruel death by fire--the second great catastrophe of his life. In writing to a friend of this sever affliction he added patiently, and it now seems prophetically: "And now I wait for the rising of the curtain upon the next act" (Catastrophe) "of my strange life. * * * It may be myself for my duties are full of danger." And last Sunday the 17th instant, he was thrown from the platform of a rushing train of cars and instantly killed. So the curtain has risen, but on the scenes of another world for him, and--let us hope--one the vision of his beloved. They were not long separated. Of them also it might be truly said: "They were lovely in life, and in death they are not divided."

E.D.E.N.S.