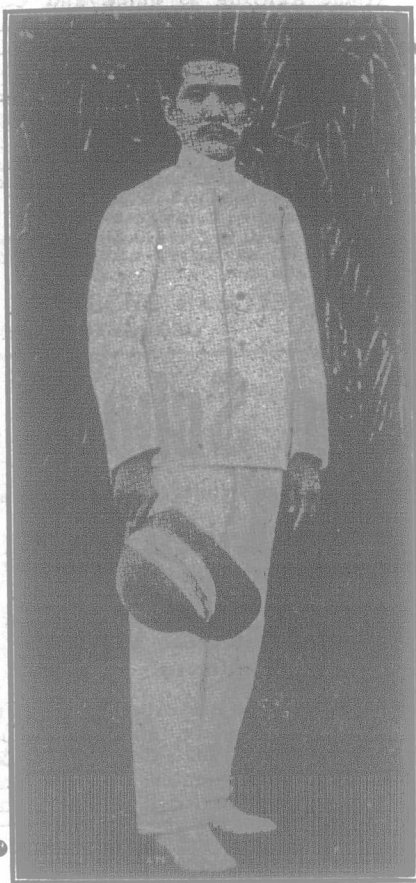


Little Trips Among the Eminent.



Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

A GREAT MODERN HERO.

A great modern hero!—Would it be too much to say the greatest man in the world to-day?—Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a Chinaman.

For twenty years Dr. Sun has been working quietly, persistently, heroically, for the great end which he has brought about, hurled, as it were, upon the world during the past year, the overthrow of the Manchu power, and the establishment of a people's rule in China, yet it was not until in the autumn of 1896 that the world at large even heard of this marvellous man.

In October of that year a sensational bit of news crept into the papers, namely, that a Chinaman had been kidnapped in London, held as a dangerous lunatic for deportation to China, and suddenly released by order of the British Foreign Office. The name of the Chinaman was Sun Yat Sen.

The affair was a nine-days' wonder, then was forgotten. Even then the world did not understand what manner of man this Sun Yat Sen was, nor the matter of tremendous import in the history of nations his release actually might be. To-day, in the reflection of subsequent events, that same old world is eagerly reading the smallest details of that rescue, set forth, perhaps most vividly in a book recently issued from the press of the Fleming, Revell Co., Chicago, "Dr. Sun Yat Sen," by Dr. Cantlie, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. C., for some time Dean of the College of Medicine at Canton, China, and for twenty-five years a close friend of the illustrious Chinaman.

Upon the night of the 17th of October, 1896, Dr. Cantlie tells us, he was aroused at 11.30 p. m. by a loud ring of the door-bell. Going down, he found a letter pushed in through the crack at the

bottom of the door. It was from a woman, the wife of one of the English servants at the Chinese Legation, and stated that unless help came at once, one Sun Yat Sen, held on the pretence of his being a lunatic, at the Legation, would be sent back to China to be executed.

Dr. Cantlie, under whom Dr. Sun had studied for five years in Canton, at once hurried to Scotland Yard, but the officials there would do nothing, and next day he found they had taken him for a "crazy man." His next appeal was to the Foreign Office, and, as has been seen, the rescue was effected in the nick of time.

And now to a brief resume of the events in the life of this man, whose later actions are well known to everyone who reads the newspapers. . . He was born of humble parents, in an out-of-the-way village near Hong Kong, in 1867. His father was a convert to Christianity, hence it was quite natural that Sun Yat Sen should, as soon as he had earned money enough to secure him a medical training, enter the College of Medicine at Canton, where the professors were chiefly "whites."

For five years he studied here, then undertook a practice of his own at Macao, a province at some distance away, to which Dr. Cantlie used frequently to journey to help him in operations. "What made me take this journey to help this man?" asks Dr. Cantlie, proceeding to answer that he could not do otherwise. In his own words: "His (Dr. Sun's) is a nature that draws men's regard towards him and makes them ready to serve him at the operating-table or on the battlefield; an unexplainable influence, a magnetism which prevails and finds its expression in attracting men to his side."

While in Macao Dr. Sun heard of the Young China Party, and the rest of his career was mapped out. More and more he became drawn from medical to political work.

In 1894 he joined a society in Canton made up of eighteen members pledged to end the Manchu power. Of these, seventeen were beheaded within a very short time, and Dr. Sun was obliged to fly for his life. Thenceforth his every moment, in whatever part of the world he might be, was fraught with danger. In all countries, Chinamen were to be found, and wherever there was a Chinaman there might be a spy, for espionage was the great system by which the Manchus held their power.

From Hong Kong he escaped to Kobe (Japan), then to Honolulu, then to San Francisco, to other American cities, to London, to the cities of "the Continent." Often he was compelled to adopt disguises, and times innumerable his escape was due to his striking resemblance to the Japanese. Then, at other times, his life was saved by sheer force of his personality and the transparency of his generous and noble aims for China. At one time, it is told, an assassin entered his room to kill him. Dr. Sun talked with the man, who finally fell at his feet and besought his pardon, then went out and, in Oriental fashion, shot himself for having ever entertained the idea of killing this true patriot. . . At another, two officers and twenty soldiers came into his room one night at Canton to secure him for the Manchus. Without speaking, he took up a sacred book and began to read aloud. The men listened, then began to ask questions, and after two hours, left. "Sun's personality had again told; the officials who came to arrest were themselves arrested by the magnetism of this extraordinary man who wins all to his

cause and sends his captors away happy that they failed in their enterprise."

Yet, Dr. Sun Yat Sen conquers by no hypnotic influence. His personal magnetism is, of course, unique, but his power is that of an earnest, loving, honorable, unselfish man. May we quote again from Dr. Cantlie:

"The secret of his success is unselfishness—seeking only his country's good, not his own advancement; a patriot indeed, with no axe to grind, no place-seeker, willing to rule if called upon, ready and anxious to stand aside when the interests of his country are to be benefited thereby. . . Charity in the true sense of the word is Sun's outstanding characteristic. An unkind thought, far less an unkind word, is foreign to his nature; a keen regard for the feelings of those around him, is apparent in his every word and deed; unselfishness to a degree undreamt of amongst modern men; a living expression of the Sermon on the Mount. Such are some of the gifts of this extraordinary man; gifts which command success, which bind his friends to him with 'hoops of steel,' and have, not only amongst the few Europeans and Americans who know Sun Yat Sen as he is, found men willing to devote their energies, their time, their very lives, to forward his aims, not alone for the cause he has at heart, but also for the man himself."

The two incidents recorded in the last paragraph took place in China, for, during his wanderings, Dr. Sun often found it necessary to return to his native land—where every foot of the way might mean torture and death—to confer with his followers, to inspire the members of the Young China Party, and to secure new recruits to its ranks.

Dangerous as such returns were, he never hesitated from them, when necessary, for a moment. Indeed, personal fear appears to be a quality utterly unknown to Dr. Sun Yat Sen. He wished to live for "the cause"; otherwise he recked little. In illustration of this, it is told that once, during later years, when in San Francisco, with an enormous price on his head (at one time this aggregated \$500,000), after dining with a friend, he arose to return to his lodgings in the Chinese quarter. His friend, an American, insisted on accompanying him, arguing that it might not be safe, under the circumstances, for him to return thither at night. Dr. Sun said that there need be no fear. The friend then insisted the more, emphasizing the necessity by saying that should anything happen him "the cause" would be ruined. Dr. Sun smiled, and said, "Oh, no, the cause will not be ruined by my death; everything is in order; my death will not affect it; the whole scheme is worked out to the most minute detail; the leaders are appointed, the generals are ready, the troops are organized, and nothing that can happen to me will make any difference. A few years ago my death would have been a misfortune, but not now."

As the years went on, then, Dr. Sun became bolder, even in China. He dared even to speak, in his own quiet, earnest way, quite devoid of gestures or tricks of oratory, to considerable audiences, audiences that gave no applause, but hung as though spell-bound, on his words, for what he said was to them a message of hope, the first message of hope that had ever come into their harassed, down-trodden lives.

And he gained recruits everywhere. At the close of one of such meetings a young man, an American, came up to him and offered him his services. Dr. Sun was greatly surprised, on asking him his name, to find out that his new

attache was no other than Colonel Homer Lea—"one of the greatest, perhaps THE most brilliant military genius now alive." . . . And yet the revolution towards which Dr. Sun was steadily working, was not to be accomplished by blare of trumpets and in riot of blood. A man of peace, the horror and disgust of scenes of carnage was upon him, and he preached, so far as possible, a bloodless revolution. True, he recognized that when all else failed, force of arms must be resorted to, and preparations were made accordingly, but so forcefully did Sun Yat Sen impress the necessity for peaceful measures, that the greatest revolution in the history of the world, consummated on the twenty-ninth of December, 1911, with the proclamation of Sun Yat Sen as President of the vast Chinese "Republic," was accomplished with the least bloodshed ever known, even in connection with events of much less importance in the story of the nations.

During the twenty years of Sun Yat Sen's wanderings, then, at home and abroad, he was no mere fugitive from Manchu hatred. He was working busily, busily, preaching hope among Chinamen in all lands, visiting exiles in other lands, travelling on foot through a large part of the 4,000,000 square miles of China, buying arms in Europe, and seeing that they were smuggled to compatriots in the great Empire, making friends at European Embassies, and, hardest task of all, as Dr. Cantlie notes, inducing the Powers, through their representatives, "to hold their hands whilst China worked out her own salvation."

There seems something almost sublime in his confidence and that of the Young China Party, that, eventually, right must win. Over and over again during the long years, insurrections took place in various parts of the Empire, only to fail because ammunition gave out; the Party was in possession of no arsenal, and most of its efforts were directed towards the capture of one. Invariably the leaders and many others were beheaded, but the Party continued to increase in numbers, and to send to the universities of Europe and America the most promising of their young men—there to be educated in order that they might be fitted for the offices which, it was expected, should be theirs when a responsible Government should be established in China. This education of young Chinese Dr. Sun thought very important, and he made a point of keeping in touch with the students.

Everywhere Chinamen helped on the good work. "All over the world," says Dr. Sun himself, "and particularly in America, the legend has grown up that Chinamen are selfish and mercenary. There never was a greater libel on a people. Many have given me their whole fortune. One Philadelphia laundryman called at my hotel after a meeting, and, thrusting a linen bag upon me, went away without a word. It contained his entire savings for twenty years." Money was needed for regeneration of China, and the patriots responded to the test before which so many who are not "heaven Chinese" fail—the touching of their pockets. If necessary, they would offer also their lives.

The actual blow fell in China, almost a year before the time planned. What set the spark alive at that time? Why was it necessary? What, exactly, were the conditions which had rendered such a revolution imperative in China, if the happiness of the people was to be established and assured? These are questions which must be left over for consideration until a later issue.

(To be continued.)