

# China's First Election Was Won by a 31-Year-Old. Two Days Later He Was Dead | Ep.16 (Shorts)

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.  
He died on the very day he  
had just won. March 20, 1913.

Ten forty-five at night.

Zhabei, Shanghai. The Shanghai station of the  
Shanghai-Nanjing railway. The station building was four  
years old, designed by the British,  
four storeys, built for three hundred and  
twenty-nine thousand silver dollars, one of the  
most presentable railway stations in all of  
China. Tonight the fast train for Nanjing  
was taking tickets. A man had just  
walked out of the assembly members' waiting  
room inside the station.

He had just shaken hands with the  
people who came to see him off.

He was still talking.

Thirty-one years old, in a long gown,  
carrying so little luggage you would think  
he was going on an errand across  
town. Then a shot.

The bullet entered from the right side  
of his back, drove slanting down into

his abdomen, and stopped not far from  
his heart. He was taken to the  
Shanghai-Nanjing Railway Hospital on Laobazi Road, a road  
called Wujin Road today. Two German doctors operated  
for more than an hour, took out  
the bullet, and found it had been  
poisoned. He held on for seventeen hours.  
At four forty-eight in the morning of  
March 22, he was gone.  
His name was Song Jiaoren.  
That year, he had just led his  
party to win the first nationwide election  
in the history of this country.  
And that is exactly the question.  
A man who has just won,  
why does he die on his way  
to work? Who needed him dead?  
And who, holding ten cheaper ways to  
stop him, chose the most expensive one,  
the loudest one, the one that could  
never be hidden? And here is the  
detail that will not let go: