

ZINGO, THE CHILD OF DESTINY

His Romantic Love Quest By Land and Sea

Written from the Motion Pictures By Helen Harrington

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The ship on which Zingo's parents are sailing in their trading voyage through Oceania has been wrecked. Before sinking, his mother has placed the child in a box which she sets afloat on the open sea. There was small chance of his being saved, but Providence guides his bark, and lands him on an island inhabited by friendly monkeys. Amongst these strange creatures he grows to manhood, but on their discovering that he has no tail, they endeavor to devour him, which humiliates him so that he decides to put out to sea on a coconut log. After floating about in the water all night, he is picked up by the crew of the "Pretty Leocadia," whose captain and crew treat him kindly, and gradually train him out of the monkey speech and habits which he has formed on the island.

Being quick to learn, he has become second mate of that vessel. He has given the lookout orders to keep a sharp lookout for pirates, which infest the region of the Island of Sunda, but the lookout fails in his duty, the vessel is captured by pirates and the entire crew are taken to the pirates' island. While the pirates are preparing a great feast Zingo is left to watch the roasting pig and, knowing where there is a barrel containing dynamite, he stuffs the pig with the same, which the pirates, unsuspecting, carry off to the feast. There is a terrific explosion, and the pirates are almost entirely exterminated. The captain of the vessel, however, has been killed, Zingo is proclaimed captain in his stead and, under his leadership, the "Pretty Leocadia" is pursuing its course toward Australia.

CHAPTER III

The Woman and the Whale

THE Rayha of Timor walked through the pillared porphyry halls of his harem, unmindful of the maidens who bowed before him.

Their dark eyes gleamed at him through gauzy veils, their round, pink limbs showed beguilingly through filmy draperies, the movement of their fans wafted perfume to his nostrils, but his senses were unmoved; his eye beheld no beauty there, his heart was like stone to their loveliness.

His dark, penetrating eye darted swift looks, now here, now there, amidst the wilderness of beauty around him, but not once did he pause or tarry with any one. He was seeking one whose slightest look or gesture brought him to her side, and whose lightest touch ran like fire through his veins.

"Where is Sari," he demanded of a salaaming eunuch. "She is with her maidens on the balcony overlooking the sea," was the answer.

The brow of the Rayha of Timor grew dark. He had noticed her going there too often of late, and the quick suspicion which comes with jealousy had divined the cause.

Timor is the largest and wealthiest of the islands in the Malay Archipelago, and its ports are touched by vessels which come there to carry on their trade in sandalwood and wax. By this means the news of the explosion on the island and the extermination of the pirates who had terrorized that whole region had reached the inhabitants of Delli, where the Rayha of Timor resided. As the wonderful news of Zingo's heroism was being related, and accounts of his singular beauty and charm of manner were passed from mouth to mouth, the Rayha had observed the bosom of Sari, his favorite, rise and fall, and had caught the faint flush that arose to her cheeks whenever the name of the young hero was mentioned. This, together with an added coldness of manner which she assumed toward him, convinced him that there had arisen the most vexing kind of a rival—one who was beyond the reach of his rapier.

He found Sari, as the eunuch had directed, on the balcony overlooking the sea. She was standing apart from her maidens, her little white hand lying on the cold stone of the balustrade, her eyes fixed afar on the horizon, where the white ships went sailing by. She was lovely in her oriental costume of embroidered bolero jacket and transparent draperies, which, caught by the breezes, fluttered around her and sometimes pressed against her round limbs until she looked like a piece of sculptured marble. Her dark head was crowned with a coronet of pearls, and ropes of glimmering pearls lay over the softness of her white breast.

"Why do you gaze, of late, so longingly at the sea?" The Rayha was beside her. His dark face came so close to hers that she was obliged to draw aside to avoid meeting his lips.

"I wish I were at the bottom of it," she said wearily. Her languor and coldness maddened him far more than any of the studied poses of the others. He attempted to caress her, but she repulsed him, and turning, he left her, his face dark with anger. As he made his way back to the hall, amid the rows of salaaming eunuchs and maidens, even into his oriental mind came the vague consciousness that though a man possessed a woman's body, her soul might still be free to fly over the blue sea and dwell with some unknown rival.

Sari was a descendant of the ancient Spaniards who had settled in Timor before the incoming of the Arabians, and all these centuries of oriental custom had not blotted out of her Spanish blood the inborn hatred of the life of the harem. There was a wild call for freedom in her nature which could not be silenced even by her high position here nor by the costly raiment and jewels which were heaped upon her by the Rayha.

As the sun was now approaching the hour of two, Sari called to her maidens, reminding them that the hour for the bath was near at hand, and soon the balcony was cleared of its lovely occupants, and silence reigned there but a moment before there was laughter and the tinkling of zithers and the clash of lyngers.

In Timor the bath is a sacred ceremony, and is performed every day, when the weather is pleasant, at the hour of two in the afternoon. The preparation begins with a solemn procession of the maidens, led always by the favorite of the harem, each walking in a stately manner, with her hands clasped behind her back, each little pointed toe taking, daintily, one step at a time, until they disappear into their apartments below. Their thoughts were of Zingo. If he would but come

and rescue her from this hateful life how gladly she would go with him out into the great wide world. So strong was her imagination that she could almost feel his very presence near her. In a great yearning, she reached forth her arms to this visionary lover, when suddenly, before her, out of the sea, there arose a monster hideous to behold. Its complexion was bluish black, on either side of its head were two large, perfectly round ears, it had a tail growing out of the top of its head, and one great, staring eye in the center of its face glared at her and almost blinded her with flashes of fire.

She started in horror, and was about to scream for the eunuchs, when a soft, deep, rich, musical voice said: "Do not fear me; I will not harm you." The voice thrilled her. It was the voice that she had waited for all her life, the voice that had been meant for her ears since the beginning of time.

"Who are you; what are you?" she whispered quickly. "I am Zingo, the child of destiny," he answered, "and I have come to take you away from here."

He lifted the helmet of his diving suit with deep courtesy, revealing at the same time his handsome face and great shock of black hair.

The low descending sun glancing on the glass of his helmet was what she had thought to be flashes of fire coming from him, and the thing that appeared like a tail was the tube attached to the air pump and fastened at the back.

"Come with me," he whispered. "That is my ship which you see in the distance. I saw you from afar

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to each other by gesture. As he gently seated her on a rock, however, Zingo drew from his sleeve a wire which was attached to his diving suit and connected it with hers, thus forming a circuit which acted as a telephone, carrying the vibrations of his voice to her ears. Then kneeling before her, he called her his queen, and swore to dedicate his life to her. Hot and passionate were the words of love which he poured into her ears, and tender and yielding were her responses.

While Sari's ears were drinking in these words like wine, her eyes traveled on to the strange scenes around her. Suddenly they fell upon something gleaming white through the water.

"Oh, what a magnificent pearl!" she cried, interrupting him, and pointing beyond him. He turned and saw the object which had caught her eye. It was, indeed, a magnificent pearl, about the size of a door knob, and had that soft, glimmering whiteness which her eye, well trained in the value of jewels, recognized instantly as a rare specimen.

"It shall be yours," cried her lover gallantly, as he disconnected the wire from her diving suit, and left her side to obtain the coveted thing. As he approached the pearl he did not notice that the owner of it, a large man-eating oyster, had his eye fixed upon him disapprovingly. He reached forth his hand for the pearl, and as he did so the bivalve closed over him, engulfing him completely, with the exception of his feet.

Fiercely he struggled for his life, and was almost overcome, when the thought of his loved Sari out there alone and, perhaps, in danger, spurred him to further action. With a mighty effort he succeeded in

cal love knows that the vulnerable spot in Achilles was his heel, so every fisherman knows that the vulnerable spot in an octopus is his eye, at which they always aim. While they were conversing about various matters, the whale suddenly stopped and complained of a dizzy feeling in his head and a queer, unsettled feeling in his stomach.

"Sounds to me like biliousness," said the octopus. "What have you been eating?" "Sweets," answered the whale, ruefully. "What kind?" asked the octopus, suspiciously. "Well," said the whale, with a slight touch of self-consciousness, "I've just swallowed a young lady."

"Very foolish," said the octopus. "I don't swallow 'em; I squeeze 'em."

I suppose it would be pleasant to take them that way, said the whale, envying the bohemian ways of the octopus, "but I have to live up to the traditions of my family. You see, I have a distinguished ancestor; perhaps you have heard of him."

"Oh, yes," answered the octopus, as he spat in a rakish way, slightly shaking the aristocratic and fastidious whale. "I've often heard my father and mother speak of the Whales."

"Are you going up to Port Phillip?" asked the whale, changing the subject, as he observed that they were nearing their journey's end. "There's a price on my head. I'm wanted at the aquarium."

By this time the pain in the whale's stomach was increasing so rapidly that he felt that all he would be good for from now on was to be an aquarium whale. He had not quite made up his mind about it, however, when fate decided the question, for he suddenly felt himself entangled in a lot of ropes, and on account of the dizzy feeling in his head, could not think clearly, and was unable to escape.

It was at about this time that some fishermen who were at work mending their nets on the shore along Port Arthur observed a curious pulling on the ropes that floated out from the docks, and hurrying to the spot, beheld the poor whale enmeshed. It also happened that Professor Ivorinut, director of the Grand Melbourne Aquarium, was walking along the beach in search of the vertebra of a plesiosaurus. He was arrayed in a coat with embroidered tails, checkered pantaloons and a high gray hat, as he was very fond of good style in dressing. He picked up every likely-looking specimen which he found, retired to his book and, failing to make his diagnosis, passed on to the next. In this manner he was proceeding along the beach when his attention was attracted by the crowd that had gathered around the spot where the whale was struggling to free itself. His natural history eye noted the peculiar bulge around the exact middle of the animal, and, wild with delight at having discovered a rare specimen, he made an offer to buy it on the spot. His eagerness to make the purchase caused the crafty fishermen to hang out for a higher price. One of the men was about to refuse the offer when another one, with his hand against his nose, whispered to the first: "Sell it for anything you can get. That's a sick whale," and a momentary expression of a horse dealer came into his face.

This suggestion, added to the sound of the crackling of crisp bills in Professor Ivorinut's hand, decided the question, and just at the moment the whale, with a loud cheer, was landed on the shore. By legal transfer of property he became the property of the director of the Grand Melbourne Aquarium.

Professor Ivorinut's aquarium was unique. Instead of putting up a building on dry land, filling it with water and hauling the inhabitants of the deep into it, he built a house of glass out in the sea, charged with some peculiar chemical preparation of his own invention and played soft music. This attracted the finny tribe from their ocean graves and, once having come under the influence of the chemical, remained swimming round and round outside the glass house in self-imposed captivity. Amongst those who had been lured hither by the strains of the professor's music was one whom you'd never suspect of being sentimental—the octopus. There he had come, partly from his love for music and partly to see his old friend, the whale, who was now established at the aquarium.

It was on the fourth day after Sari had been swallowed by the whale that Professor Ivorinut was seated in his sea studio, dreaming of love. As usual, his toilet was carefully prepared, and he was the pink of neatness. It seems incredible to think that vanity would lead a man to such extravagances, but it is a fact that the shine on top of the professor's head was brought about by the most expensive process of hand polishing. Nothing else will produce the exact luster.

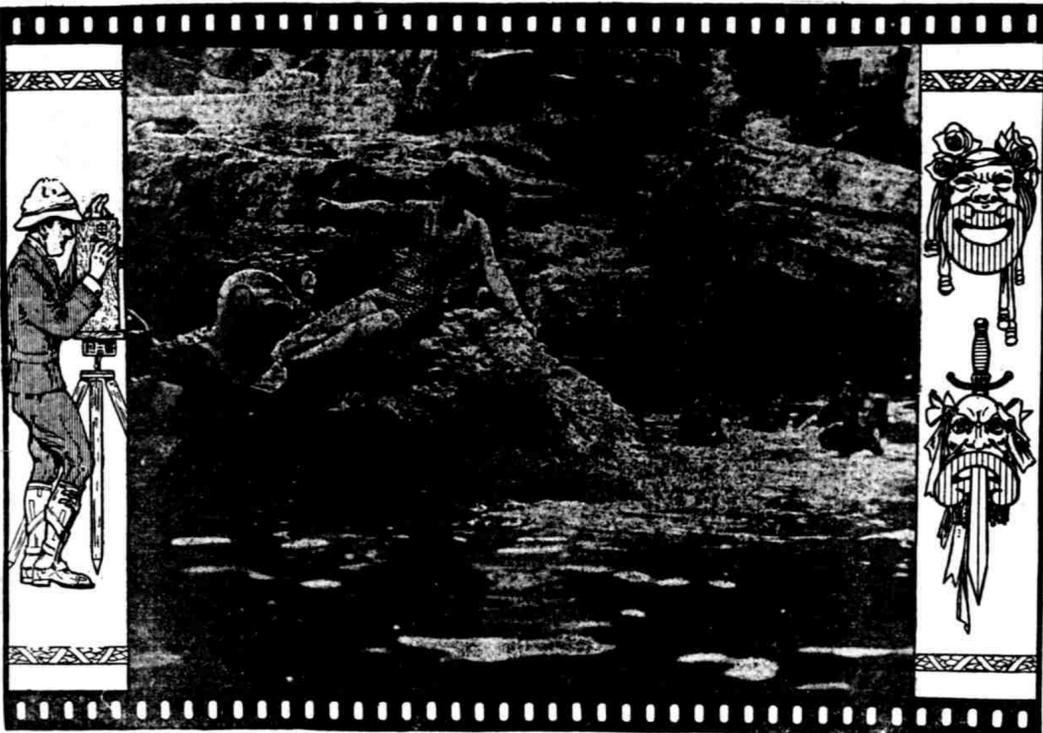
The professor had just settled himself down to the reading of a romance when he noticed through the glass that the whale began to show symptoms of intense suffering. His agony increased and his constant flopping up and down created such a commotion in the water that the professor, who was sitting at the piano, proceeded into the final rondo of the Polish dance, the poor whale gave a mighty heave and forth issued Sari. She was faint and hardly able to stand, but thanks to the movement of the rotary pump attached to her diving suit, she had been able to obtain sufficient air, as the whale breathed, to keep her alive for the four days' confinement.

Great was the surprise of Professor Ivorinut. With excited gestures he directed her to climb the ladder to the top of the studio, walk through the compressed air passage which led to the entrance and come down the ladder on the inside.

He was at once struck with the beautiful curves of her body, which showed even through the mannish diving suit, as she descended the ladder. Through the glass in her helmet he got one sight of her pale loveliness as she melted in his floor, and the pent-up emotions of well-nigh sixty years burst forth. Instantly he was madly, passionately in love. He led her to a chair, into which she sank, exhausted, removed her helmet, ran his clammy fingers through the soft silkiness of her hair, then fell on his knees before her and declared himself her lover.

Sari was terrified at his ardor. Hatred as had been the advances of the Rayha of Timor, this was far, far worse. Somewhere on the seas her lover was searching for her; whether she would ever see him again she knew not, but one thing was certain, she would not be in his hands in this hateful place. Anything, anything, was better than this and, hastily climbing the ladder, she went quickly through the passage and down the ladder on the outside, to face again the open sea.

A new horror confronted her! Behind her, wed his two arms outstretched, eager to embrace her, was Professor Ivorinut. Before her, with his seven arms stretched out, and gazing at her with an avenging look in his leery eye, was the octopus! (To be continued)



ZINGO SUDDENLY APPEARS CLAD IN DIVER'S ARMOR FROM THE SEA'S BOTTOM AND MAKES LOVE TO THE FAVORITE OF THE RAYHA'S HAREM

seen her make her entrance from the mouth of the cave, and was now devouring her hungrily with his eyes.

His first thought was to steer the vessel directly for Timor, but Ben Heydecker, who had sailed these seas before, told him that this would be ill advised, as the maiden was the favorite of the Rayha of Timor, and if he revealed his love for her, the Rayha would have her carefully guarded, and in all probability he would lose his head. While Ben Heydecker was still talking and explaining to Zingo how impossible it would be for him ever to bring such a wild love quest to a successful issue, Zingo had blown his whistle, and on the appearance of one of the sailors, had ordered two diving suits to be brought immediately. At this Ben Heydecker's eyes opened wide, the sailor's eyes opened wide, and other sailors' eyes opened wide, and by the time that Zingo, arrayed in one diving suit, and carrying another one in his hand, had let himself down the side of the vessel, everybody's eyes were opened wide.

Never had such a mad thing been done in the history of the sea.

It had once been a dream of Zingo's to some time visit the spot where his father's vessel had gone down and, in a diving suit, explore the wreck, in the hope of finding some relic of his dear parents or, possibly, some further record of his origin. To this end, in his leisure hours, he had invented an improvement to the diving suit apparatus, in the shape of a rotary pump, whose rotations were rapid enough to admit and compress the air, at the same time excluding the water, thus allowing a diver to explore further than the ordinary apparatus and air pump station would allow.

Sari had allowed her maidens to depart, and remained for hours lying on the rock, guarded only by three or four eunuchs, who nodded in her little shallow near the shore.

Her thoughts were of Zingo. If he would but come

through my glasses, and came to rescue you. Come with me from this place."

"But I cannot swim so far," she faltered. He showed her the diving suit which he had brought with him, and as she consented, he fastened it securely on her, telling her that the traveling would be easy after the first courageous plunge down to the bottom of the sea was taken.

Timor lies in deep water a little to the left of the hundred fathom line, and the "Pretty Leocadia" was at anchor at some little distance in the shallower waters of the Arafura Sea.

A drop into the bottom of the sea, even in the arms of a lover, is not such a joyous thing for any maiden to contemplate. For a moment Sari trembled, hesitated, thought of the awful depth below, then thought of the Rayha of Timor, and feeling the steady entreaty of Zingo's eyes, she placed her hand in his and took the plunge.

Down, down, down, they went, fathom after fathom. It seemed to Sari that she had died, and that this was her soul on its flight to its destined planet. Presently, soft bits of sea weed attached to jagged rocks began to caress her, great glittering fishes with expressionless eyes passed back and forth, and the water grew clearer and clearer, until every object could be discerned with startling vividness. Then, as her feet touched the bottom of the ocean, Zingo led her on, gently guiding her steps and calming her, as ever and anon some monster of the deep crossed her path and stared at her insolently. Even in these strange surroundings she could not help laughing as she thought of the plight of the eunuchs when they discovered she had gone from the rock.

At length Sari grew weary, and indicated to Zingo that she could go no further. As their voices would not carry through the glass of the helmets, it was necessary for them to make known their thoughts

wriggling himself free, and turned, only to find that his loved one had vanished. At the same moment he felt an unusual disturbance of the water, and peering straight ahead of him, he saw a large whale making his way toward the Australian coast. The whale wore a satisfied expression on his face, and Zingo knew. There could be no mistaking. Nothing but the possession of beautiful Sari could have brought that look into the face of any living thing.

Without loss of time he quickly made his way back to the "Pretty Leocadia," which was at anchor at no great distance, as they had walked a long way before Sari was overcome with weariness. Arriving at the vessel, he called his men together, told them what had befallen, and asked them if they would volunteer to face the sea in open boats, give chase to the whale and rescue his love. He was answered by a rousing cheer from all the men, who said that they had sworn to follow him through thick and thin, and meant to do it.

By the time all was in readiness night had fallen, and a full moon was shining when they set out. Zingo had noted the direction in which the whale was heading and, making careful calculation as to what points to steer for, directed the men, never taking his watchful eye off the horizon.

All that night they rowed, and the men began to grow tired. At sunrise they sighted him, a great black hulk against the horizon. They followed him for a while and then he disappeared, leaving them bewildered. At last the strokes of the oars became slower and slower, and Zingo's heart sank as he noted that fatigue was at last overcoming his gallant crew. He could urge them to no further effort; they had done their best for him, but the whale had outwitted them. So, weary and discouraged, they returned to the ship.

Meanwhile the whale continued his way through the Timor Sea, down through the Indian Ocean and across the Great Australian Bight. As he was nearing Port Phillip he fell into conversation with an octopus who was traveling in the same direction, but intending to stop at an earlier station. He was an evil-looking octopus, and his grayish complexion and seared countenance showed plainly that he had not led a moral life. Also one of his eyes bulged slightly and showed the white. This was the result of an encounter with a fisherman some years before. Every student of classi-

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