

# 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 CHAPTER I

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 decapitate 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.

### CHAPTER II

#### The Feast of the Pirates

ZINGO  
"Yes, good Captain."  
"We are sailing in dangerous waters to-night. These islands are infested with corsairs, and when we anchor I will ask you to tell the men to keep a sharp lookout. Do you know what corsairs are, Zingo?"  
"Bad men."  
It was just a year from the time that Zingo had been picked up by the "Pretty Leocadia." He was now the second mate, and looked very fit in his straight-but-toned jacket, white cap and smart white trousers. He had acquired knowledge with surprising rapidity, owing, no doubt, to the fact that in his childhood he had been spared the frightful mental conflicts of trying to decide whether he would give, to each kind lady or gentleman he met, one of his curls, or whether he would go home with them and be their little boy. His monkey friends had never asked such foolish questions. Nor had it ever been his lot, in his boyhood, to figure out the cost of papering a room twenty feet long, eighteen feet wide and ten feet high, allowing for doors and window sashes and a triangle cut off at one corner for a clothes closet. It was to his immunity from such mental throes that he afterwards attributed the accurate working of his brain and his ability to think clearly and to act quickly in critical moments.

The uneasiness in regard to corsairs had come from a rumor that there had been some recent attacks, and that small vessels were in danger in this particular region.  
They were sailing between Sumatra and Borneo, bound for Java, where Captain Lombrico planned to unload some of his cargo of wines in exchange for the excellent coffees for which that island is noted.  
The pleasant gentlemen known as corsairs began their career on the Barbary Coast early in the Christian era. They were particularly fond of wearing gay-colored sashes and turbans, and of carrying off Christian maidens. They were unbelievers, and it was entirely in keeping with their conscience to plunder Christian ships. They did this with the full consent of their government and on a strictly honorable business principle. They were duly capitalized and organized with articles of incorporation. The pirates, on the other hand, plundered unofficially, and bore about the same social relation to a corsair that a burglar does to a financier, though they were both sworn to the same ideal—to plunder while yet they might and wherever they could.  
Like empires, the corsairs have had their rises and falls. They reached their highest wave of prosperity in the seventeenth century, after which the industry degenerated into piracy, and piracy itself, as an industry, died in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is said that its ghost has appeared in another form in the western hemisphere, but only those with the inner vision have seen it.  
At the time of which we are writing, however, it was rumored that on some of the islands amongst which the "Pretty Leocadia" was sailing scattered remnants of all classes and conditions of pirates and corsairs had collected. Amongst them could be found specimens of the Caucasian, or white race; the Malay, or the brown race; the Mongolian, or the yellow race; the Ethiopian, or the black race. The only one too dignified to join them was the American Indian, or the red race.

Now, the lookout to whom Zingo gave the orders confided to him by Captain Lombrico had sailed the seas for many years, and had arrived at that state of indifference to danger that comes to all those whose duties carry them into dangerous places. To humor his young superior, however, he assured him that he would close no eye that night. Then, as Zingo, followed by a sailor carrying a lantern disappeared down through the darkness of the deck he lit his pipe, watched the wind veer the smoke, now east, now west, for a moment or two, thought of the many ports where his many loves were keeping watch for him, yawned a fearsome yawn and fell asleep.

Zingo, always alert, continued his patrol on the lower deck, his quick eye taking in the least indication of carelessness or oversight on the part of the men. They had come to the hold, when he stopped suddenly and said:  
"Don't come any nearer with that lantern, Jack."  
"Is there anything the matter, sir?" asked Jack, who on account of his special duty of carrying the lantern at Zingo's heels, had been dubbed "Jack o' Lantern."  
"Do you see that barrel in the corner?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You must never come too close to that with a lighted lantern. It contains dynamite."  
"All right, sir," called Jack from a surprising distance away. He had never obeyed an order with such alacrity.  
After Zingo had finished his rounds he went below to the captain's cabin, where he found the captain and the mate engaged in talking over plans for the remainder of the voyage.

The night was calm, a bright moon was shining and, lulled by the gentle lapping of the waves, all the sailors, including the night watch, were asleep.  
From one of the smaller islands some distance away

a number of small row-boats set out, looking like a flock of harmless black ducks, gliding over the moonlit waves. As they came nearer the vessel, if there had been anyone awake to observe them, the occupants would have presented a motley sight. There were pirates of every description. Some of them wore hats, some wore handkerchiefs, some wore hats and handkerchiefs, and some of them wore inverted chopping bowls on their heads.

Nearer and nearer came the boats, rowed so silently that even the dripping from the oars was so noiseless that it blended in with the lapping of the waves.  
Up the side of the boat, in the clear moonlight, climbed dark, sinister figures stealthily, catching the ropes that were suspended over the water.

Bruno, the lookout, had reached that delicious moment in his dream when he was telling a divine blue-eyed creature how he had made the Barbary corsairs tremble at his name and how, with one sweep of his saber, he had scattered pirates far and wide, and she sighed that she would that heaven had sent her such a man, when he felt an iron grasp on his throat which cut into a quick staccato the prolonged note he was about to sing.  
The "Pretty Leocadia" was soon alive with pirates,

There was much cheering on the island and answers by those in the boats when the heroes arrived, bringing with them Captain Lombrico, Ben Heydecker, Zingo and all the crew, still tied together with strong ropes. But their spirits would not down, they laughed even in the face of the fate which they all feared now awaited them.

The prisoners were brought to the tent of Bora Bora, the chief, a magnificent person, who lived in a highly decorated tent and wore at all times a highly decorated costume.

All the contents of the ship were brought to the island and the pirates now began making merry with the wine that should have been exchanged in honest commerce for coffee on the island of Java.

Bora Bora came out, strutted proudly before them, telling them that it was his intention to cut off their heads.

Zingo responded to this with a wild burst of laughter, for, though he did not fully understand the language, there is no misunderstanding the gesture of suddenly running the forefinger across the throat and at the same time making with the mouth a little spurring sound. The chief laid his hand on the captain, however, and Zingo started forward fiercely. To see this dog lay

not to struggle with their cords, as he had a better idea in his head.

The captain, observing his actions, knew that he was excited, for he had almost unconsciously dropped back into the monkey speech, and as soon as the cook was out of sight, resuming his primitive method of moving, he hopped rapidly in the direction of a barrel which stood near by a tree. It had been deposited there by some of the pirates with instructions to the cook to prepare it, as it contained delicious corn meal.

With the strength of a young giant he carried the barrel to a convenient spot, then, in his eagerness and inexperience, with his bare hands endeavored to take hold of the sizzling pig. Discovering that sizzling pigs caused pain, he lifted the carcass by means of a stick, placed it on the ground, and proceeded to stuff it full of the brittle yellowish substance from the barrel.

Taking a twenty-foot fuse which had been deposited with the barrel, he placed on the end of it a detonating cap which he had in his pocket, put it inside the pig, allowing the end of it to trail out, and was carefully basting the pig together with a needle and thread, which in the first days of his apprenticeship he had used in mending sails, when some of the pirates returned.

"What's in that?" asked a tall, slim pirate, who, ex-

roast pig, the odor of good wine spilled freely and the scent of the flowers with which the land was covered.

The tall, slim pirate rose to drink a health to their renowned chief, Bora Bora, the direct descendant of Arouj, who fell in battle with the Spaniards in Algiers in 1858.

The little red spark in the center of the fuse was creeping on and the tar was melting until it now dripped down the fat sides of the shaven pig.

Bora Bora rose and bent his turbaned head till it almost swept the ground. It was the first time he had ever heard of this ancestor, but he accepted him on the spot.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of light and a report that reverberated throughout the Malay Archipelago. Up into the air went the federation of pirates, including representatives from the Caucasian, or the white race; the Malay, or the brown race; the Mongolian, or the yellow race; the Ethiopian or the black race; there was lacking only the American Indians, or the red race.

At the moment of the explosion, each pirate, with the instinct which prompts a drowning man to grasp at a straw grabbed for the thing nearest him which, in each instance, was another pirate so that they rose into the heavens in a solid mass, then broke apart and fell gracefully to the earth like sparks from a falling rocket, their bright colored turbans and kerchiefs catching the light as they fell.

Like Milton's angels:  
"From morn till noon they fell from noon to dewy eve." It was a beautiful sight.

Zingo and his companions beheld it from the view which they commanded in the distance, and they were much edified. They were also for some time slightly perplexed by what seemed to them a strange phenomenon. It was simply this: The waves set in motion by the concussion from an explosion of dynamite travel faster than the sound waves that carry the human voice, and high in the air the disembodied voices of the pirates could be heard for some moments after they themselves had disintegrated into atoms.

"What do you suppose that was?" said part of a pirate to a friend who had landed with him on the same tree.  
"That was an awful earthquake," answered all that was left of the other pirate.

These islands are given to frequent eruptions and earthquakes, and the few pirates who were left whole believe to this day that Zingo and his mates were buried in the ruins of the greatest earthquake in the memory of man.

Some of those in the inner circle, however, had a moment to observe that the explosion came from the pig, and said, as they ascended into the air, that this was the first intimation they had had that yellow corn meal was a high explosive.

Bora Bora being fat and much heavier than the others, did not go so high into the air, and was one of the few that escaped instant annihilation. It took some moments after the explosion for Zingo and the others to reach the spot, and Bora Bora landed back on the earth again at about the same moment that the captain arrived. With the fury of a maddened bull, he plunged his knife into the gallant young captain, who fell back into the arms of his comrades. As Bora Bora withdrew his knife he caught the eye of Zingo, ablaze with anger, and turning swiftly, he ran, followed by a few scattering ones of his kind, who by some strange chance had escaped unhurt. Bora Bora and his companions reached a remote part of the island before Zingo finally overtook them. With fury in his heart for the injury done his beloved captain, he fired. Down fell Bora Bora like a log. For one instant Zingo paused, kicked the hateful carcass with his foot, and said:  
"You have drawn my captain's blood, you dog! I wish you had a thousand lives, so that I might take them all!"

For a moment he watched the retreating figures of the others, who were flying pell-mell and, like frightened women, screaming for mercy. Even in that tragic moment Zingo could not help smiling at their craven flight.  
Hurrying back to the spot where his captain had fallen, he found the men standing white and silent, looking down on the still form on the ground. He looked from one to the other of the men, but no one spoke. With a look that would have broken the heart of anyone who saw it, he turned to the mate, but got no reassuring word.

Throwing his cap aside, he knelt down beside the still form of the gallant fellow who had befriended him. The cold, stiff feeling at the breast chilled his hand, and with a great sob that shook his whole frame, he threw himself across the body and wept his heart out in his first great grief.  
Finally the mate placed his hand gently on his shoulder and reminded him that they were still in danger, that those of the pirates who had escaped might signal to others, and while there was yet time, they must get into the row-boats and row for their vessel, which was at anchor in the offing.  
Turning to the men, he said, quietly: "Men, your captain is dead; you must choose his successor." From the deep throats of the men came, as one voice, the word:  
"Zingo!"

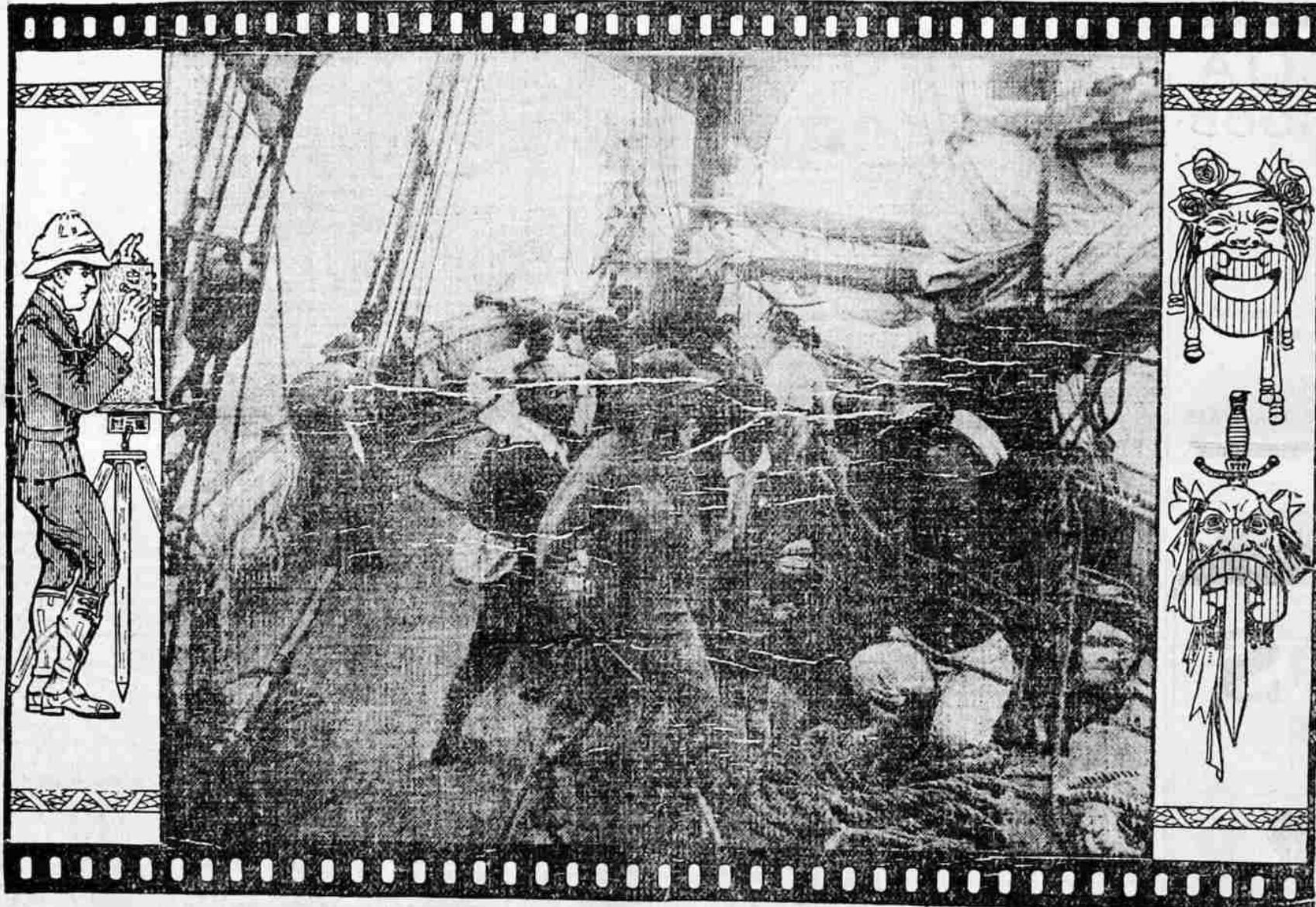
A week later Zingo was formally and affectionately pronounced captain of the "Pretty Leocadia." The gold lace of his captain's uniform was duly baptized in champagne, and with a rousing cheer the men swore to follow him through thick and thin. Together they made a compact to sail the seas in search of adventure, and to right wrongs wherever they found them.

Besides his desire for action and service, a stranger and deeper force was stirring within the heart of Zingo. He had no realization of what it was, but he was restless, and for all his new dignity and responsibility there was something within him still unsatisfied.

One night, standing alone on the deck of a vessel, the meaning came to him, for into his mind, for the first time in his life, came the thought of a WOMAN. Vague, dim and shadowy the vision floated across his consciousness, and he became filled with a desire to serve, to face danger for her and to lay at her feet the results of his life's work.

He little knew what awaited him, or how soon his dim dream was to become a reality.

(To be continued)



THE PIRATES IN POSSESSION OF THE "PRETTY LEOCADIA"

and still more came scaling over the side of the vessel as silently as though they had risen out of the sea. Some of them sprang and acted quickly, taking possession of everything of vantage they could lay their hands on. Some of them, from long habit, although there was no necessity for it in this particular situation, came crawling as though sneaking through tall grass, carrying their knives in their mouths, their eyes glared hideously in the moonlight, and at times they made the gurgling sound in breathing that terrified all who heard it.

They first seized the sleeping sailors and tied their arms behind their backs with ropes. Next they went below, and after a hard struggle captured Captain Lombrico, Ben Heydecker and Zingo. The captain and the mate realized that they had fallen into a perilous situation, and were grave; but Zingo, never yet having known evil, defied them, and laughed his wild laugh until it haloed to the very skies, which made some of the pirates pause and grow afraid.

On in the moonlit seas sailed the "Pretty Leocadia," and no one would have suspected, as she glided over the waves, that her gallant captain and crew were tied like dogs at the bottom of the ship.

It was daylight before the pirates came near enough to their own island to anchor.

With arms tied cruelly behind their backs, the captain and crew watched the pirates loot the vessel and transfer its contents into their boats. A pirate with a chopping bowl on his head, and a gentle corsair with a turban, lumbered up the stairs heavily with a barrel containing a yellowish substance.

"What's in this?"  
"What's in this?" asked one of them.  
"Cornmeal," shouted Zingo.

"Good," said the pirate, and smacked his chops.  
In a cave in one corner of the island a party of pirates were preparing a meager meal. It was long since they had a rich haul. Their stomachs were growing concave and ribs began to show.

"They come, they come," shouted a large Arabian, dancing in frightful and hideous glee.

"We will have feasting to-day. They have done well. Yonder lies the ship at anchor, and here they come with the prisoners and the loot."

The pirates could now be seen approaching the cave, each stroke of the oars bringing them nearer.

hands on his beloved captain was more than he could bear. He started forward so fiercely that Bora Bora was actually scared, even with the advantage of having Zingo tied and having all his men at command. This action on the part of Zingo aroused the special ire of Bora Bora, at whose command Captain Lombrico and Ben Heydecker were taken away, but Zingo received a special invitation to remain and have his head cut off alone. Bora Bora, being of a changeable mind, however, and, as a matter of efficiency, decided to have all three heads cut off at a single stroke, which was also to include as many of the sailors' heads as could be included in one sweep.

A short distance away from the spot where Zingo and his companions were tied was the highly ornamental tent of Bora Bora. Before this tent on what, in a peaceful community, would be called the village green, a merry group of pirates had collected, and there was much sound of revelry by day. The wine which they had obtained so easily was flowing like water and there was merry jesting and good cheer. They had arrayed themselves in their brightest garments, gay-colored handkerchiefs waved their tails from dusky heads, and bright sashes encircled fast-filling paunches.

Besides the unfortunate crew of the "Pretty Leocadia" there was one sad man on the island that day, and that was the cook. Arrayed in undecorated jacket and baggy trousers, it was his lot to stay behind, and with laborious effort and, it seemed to him, in endless revolutions, turn round and round on a spit, as a farmer lad would turn a grinding stone, the roasting pig which was to be eaten at the climax of the feast. He had just settled himself down to the resigned conviction that this was all that life held for him, when, in a momentary glance away from his duty, he beheld from afar a merry-maker lift a bottle to his lips and drink long and deep.

"Hello! you, there in the middle, can you turn a pig?"

"Yes," was the reply.  
He was calling to Zingo, and was rather surprised at his willing compliance, but, as his thoughts were on weightier matters, he did not hesitate, but, taking his saber, approached the group, cut the ropes which bound Zingo, gave him a few hasty instructions, and was gone.

No sooner had the cook turned his back than Zingo cast a quick glance in the direction of the captain and the mate, motioned to tell them to remain quiet and

cept on feast days, ate nothing but lettuce.

"Delicious corn meal," answered Zingo.  
"Good!" said the pirate.  
"Bully!" said Zingo.

He told them that never was there anything so delicious as a pig stuffed with corn meal, and while they did not understand each other's language very well, he conveyed to their brains that a pig so stuffed was as toothsome as a hot tamale.

Smacking their chops in anticipation, they lifted the pig on to his bier and, with pirates for pall bearers he was carried off in state, not, however, before Zingo had succeeded in igniting the end of the fuse at the fire over which the squealer had been roasting.

Zingo watched until they were out of sight; then, hopping rapidly to the spot where he had observed the pirates had laid down their weapons, he secured an armful of all descriptions—knives, rapiers, swords and blunderbusses. With one of the swords he quickly cut the cords that bound his comrades. They released themselves with difficulty, for their limbs were stiff with the long confinement. Then they waited.

Before the tent of Bora Bora, the pirates held high carnival. Their eyes were glazed with wine, but their spirits ran high. The tall, slim young fellow, who ate only lettuce, and who was devoted to Bora Bora because he was fat, made the proposition that they form a federation of pirates and sons of pirates all over the world and re-establish the industry of piracy on the high seas. They could capitalize the enterprise, he thought, for about nineteen million dollars, which could be easily procured from the next few ships that came sailing by. You see these pirates were in their "cups," and enterprises of great pith and moment were not sickled over with the pale cast of thought.

A fuse will burn at the rate of a foot a minute.  
From the time the pirates started off with the pig in state it took the party just about twenty minutes to exchange compliments, drink to each other's health, to their fathers' health and to the health of their future sons, for even pirates have their tender emotions.

The little red spark in the center of the fuse was creeping on at the rate of one little slow foot a minute, and the tar with which the fuse was covered melted away at the rate of a foot a minute, its fragrance blending with the other perfumes of the island—the odor of