

# 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

Zingo's parents, sailing amongst the Sunda Islands in the Malay Archipelago, are lost in a shipwreck. The child drifts to an island, is rescued by monkeys, and amongst them grows to manhood. Venturing again to sea, he is picked up by a sailing vessel which is afterwards captured by pirates. Through Zingo's ingenuity they escape, but their captain has been killed and Zingo is proclaimed captain. At Timor he falls in love with and rescues from the harem, Sari, the favorite. In diving suits they are at the bottom of the sea when Sari is swallowed by a whale. She is emitted, and held at the Melbourne Aquarium, whose director falls in love with her. Zingo recruits an army of monkeys, rescues her, and with the crew goes to Bangkok to search for the sacred white elephant of the King of Siam, which has been stolen. Through treachery he and his party are imprisoned in the palace, escape, learn that the elephant is in the possession of the mandarin of San Kiu, fight a battle, Sari, whose beauty has attracted the mandarin, is held captive, and in an attempt to rescue her they are again imprisoned and sentenced to death. With Sari's aid they again escape, secure the white elephant and return it to the King of Siam. Later Zingo and Sari take a trip up the Nile, rescue two young African queens from the horror of the human sacrifice, Zingo encounters lions, and Sari and the women, they visit Tiber, Zingo is drugged by three artists, and the women fall into their power. Zingo is placed in a sarcophagus, which is purchased by the British Museum, returns in an airship, rescues the women, goes to America, outwits Filias Fogg in a fraudulent mining proposition and encounters an Indian whom he allows to escape. The latter returns with his tribe, and Filias Fogg, Zingo and Sari are taken prisoners. Through the aid of Fawn Eyes, Zingo escapes, but Sari is still in the power of Filias Fogg.

### CHAPTER XII

#### War in the Clouds

Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
That mutters deep and dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning ground  
The warrior's measured tread?  
Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and lance  
The sun's retiring beams?  
To hero bound for battle's strife  
Or hard of martial lay,  
T'were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array.

THE federal army of Mexico was a glorious sight as it marched past on its way to annihilate Filias Fogg. Clothed in his black velvet suit, and seated on a snow-white charger, Zingo reviewed the troops. The charger was the one formerly ridden by Zingo's predecessor. As it had been his duty to stand for hours at a time while his master received the salutes of the captains of the regiments as they marched by, he now wore the bored expression of a dramatic critic at a play. Zingo, on the other hand, was all animation and was plainly thrilled with the sight. Fur helmets have been worn by the soldiers as long as anybody's grandfather can remember. They are warm and comfortable and a great guard against influenza, and as the nights in Mexico are apt to turn suddenly cold, they were adopted by Zingo's pet regiment. The navy were already dressed for action. Their outward appearance was terrifying as they were attired in their diving suits, the expression of which gave no clue at all to their souls. Bringing up the rear came the volunteers. As it was kind of them to come, anyway, they could not be asked to give up their individuality and appear in any kind of regulation dress, so they were garbed in whatever they happened to have on when their country called.

For some days outriders had been bringing the news that Filias Fogg was planning to come down from his mountain fastness, augmenting his army with revolutionary mountaineers as he advanced. He had already built a strong fortification about midway between his mountain camp and Otamate, claiming that all the territory back of that was his, and it was believed that his intention was to march right on to the sea, devastating Otamate as he advanced.

Zingo's intention was to march forward with his army, take the fortification and plant the federal authority in the mountains.

On the morning of the battle, as the federal army advanced toward the Fogg fortification, Filias himself was standing on the top of the wall at the very center, with an instinct for decoration for which one would not have given him credit. His legs had a sort of outward curve, and as the smoke of battle raised around him he resembled a huge black wishbone.

As the foremost of Zingo's men advanced they were met with a shower of shells, and death reaped a rich harvest, but places of the dead heroes were quickly filled by their undaunted comrades. The battle had been raging but a little while when Zingo noticed a mysterious thing happening. Without being hit either by bullet or bursting shell, men were dropping lifeless, and even before falling seemed utterly powerless to lift their guns. Suspecting that there was some agency at work besides the regular methods of open warfare, Zingo rushed toward the spot where the men seemed to be most affected, and his quick brain recognized what they had failed to note.

"Retreat!" he commanded. "They are using chloroform bombs. Back, before you are overcome!"

It was with an effort that Zingo himself was able to get outside of the radius of the deadly power contained within the bombs that had been so fast overpowering the senses of his men.

Waiting until the fumes of the chloroform had been cleared away, Zingo prepared his men for a fresh attack. It was his belief that the enemy had exhausted their supply of chloroform bombs, and his next move was to send a detachment of men forward with instructions to retreat instantly at the first suspicion of further chloroform. If they felt sure that that danger was past, then to make a dash inside the gate, and with reinforcements, which were to be sent in on their signal, attack the Filias Fogg forces, man to man.

Outside the ramparts Zingo and his ranks waited. There was no signal.

Believing that the first rank had been overpowered and needed reinforcements, a second rank went forward and disappeared inside the gate.

Still outside the ramparts the others waited, but no signal came.

Zingo at last determined to investigate the matter for himself, and going forward to a point where he could peer through a porthole, a strange sight met his gaze. As the men neared the second wall inside the enclosure through which it would be necessary for them to pass, they suddenly rose from the ground and disappeared through an opening about ten feet above their heads. For the moment army discipline was abandoned outside, and as the soldiers crowded around the portholes and were enabled to see what was happening inside, they were filled with superstitious dread. It had long been rumored that Filias Fogg was in league with the powers of darkness, and here, surely, was evidence of its truth. Some of them, however, due partly to bravery and partly to that confidence with which people walk up on a bet that they can't be hypnotized, or that they can work out a puzzle, volunteered to go in and try the thing for themselves. As rank after rank disappeared, however, in the same mysterious way, Zingo again gave the command to retreat.

ities of its inhabitants. By special arrangements with Neptune he had been able to procure all the sea horses, for the shoeing of which Vulcan had secured the contract, and just as the moon was rising over the ocean Zingo's men, mounted on their sea horses, overcame Filias Fogg's forces in one glorious cavalry charge.

After this Zingo was anxious for peace, but as Fogg in his day had been an inveterate card player, the habit of playing "the rubber" was so strong upon him that he sent Zingo word by an aide-de-camp that he would not consider himself defeated until they had met in the clouds.

The history of that famous fight in the clouds has been written in eight volumes, and the time will come when no boy or girl will be allowed to pass the high school without knowing it by heart. On the morning of the battle Filias Fogg is said to have confided to a friend that he felt a touch of that uneasiness which Napoleon is recorded to have felt on the morning of the battle of Waterloo. It would have been well for Filias Fogg had he listened to its promptings.

Spherical balloons were the vehicles of war decided upon. Zingo's study of water currents in the river now proved to be of much value. He found that many of the principles which he had discovered there could be applied to the air currents, and that, at the very onset, gave him a great vantage over Filias Fogg, who blindly trusted to chance in his aerial navigation. Zingo felt that this was to be the decisive battle of

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Filias Fogg made an attempt to detain her, as it had been his plan to have her see the annihilation of Zingo and then force her to become his wife.

As he moved to stop her he suddenly became conscious that Zingo was leveling a gun straight at him. Although Filias Fogg was not particularly well bred, there was one little point of etiquette which he had learned at his mother's knee, and that was, whenever a gun was pointed at him to return the courtesy by throwing up his hands. This he now did without hesitation while Sari stepped to the edge of the basket, reached out her hands to Zingo, and with one bound over the fearful height was in his arms.

"My brave wife," was all Zingo had time to whisper, for he had other work to do.

Zingo feared that some of Filias Fogg's lieutenants might get worried about his absence and come up to see what was delaying him. To prevent Filias from flying back to his flock he decided to clip his wings, and reaching far out over the edge of his basket, he cut the ropes of his enemy's balloon, which tipped it to

"I will go next, so as to be there to welcome you when you come," said Zingo, as he gave the pilot instructions to be careful with the ball, and at the same time to take him a present of the balloon. Then he lowered himself by the same perilous route as Fawn Eyes had traveled and landed amidst the shouts and cheer of the crew. When Sari arrived the shout increased until it rang to the very skies. The sailors were shedding tears of joy, and nearly lost their dignity as far as the monkeys had done when Zingo first returned to the island.

"Ben," said Zingo, "I have always promised you a mermaid, a maiden who should come to you in the sea, and here she is." So saying, he handed Fawn Eyes into the care of the honest mate, who drew her to him and supported her drooping body.

"Where are the queens?" asked Sari, "why have they not come with you?"

Said Ben Heydecker: "They're married. Queen Makolo married Jimmy Dunn, of the Dunn Hide and Leather Co., Inc. She has a beautiful home and everything her heart desires."

"And Queen Tangobug?" asked Zingo.

Ben Heydecker's face lengthened.

"I'm afraid, poor girl," he said, "she didn't do so well. She—she married a Chinaman." Then, as if in an effort to pull up her social standing, he continued: "He's in business for himself, though—the laundry business, I believe."

After straightening out all his business affairs, Zingo Sari and the crew set sail for the island of Pomotu, taking Fawn Eyes with them.

It was that beautiful golden hour just before sunset when they anchored the "Black Dragon" and came rowing in to the island, singing as they came.

"Home again, home again,

From a foreign shore;  
And, oh! it fills my heart with joy  
To greet my friends once more."

The monkeys, as was their wont, were playing amongst the trees, and as the sound of the singing reached them they cocked their heads in alert attitudes and listened. The boat was making its way merrily over the sunlit wave and, with its occupants waving and stretching forth their hands, looked like that mental picture which mortals have of the way they will one day come sailing into heaven.

As the soft wind wafted the sound of the voices nearer a reminiscent look came into the eyes of the listening monkeys, and suddenly, with one accord, they left their play, scampered down to meet the boat and, as long before, the woods rang with the cry of "Z-z-zingo!"

As the pilgrims came up over the little slope that rose from the sea, Zingo was surrounded with his old friends, who went frantic in their eagerness to welcome him. One of the larger monkeys, however, he noticed, seemed to be holding back, as though too shy to come forward.

"I have seen that face somewhere before," said Zingo to Sari, "but I don't seem to connect it with Pomotu." As he came nearer he grew still more puzzled. The manner and bearing of the monkey seemed different from the other inhabitants of the island, and yet he was certain that he had seen him before.

The monkey, who had been in a crouching position, rose as Zingo approached and, in a deprecatory manner, said:

"Don't you remember me?"  
A light broke over Zingo's face. By all the powers, it was Henry, one of the gorillas they had met in Africa!

"Well, well, well," said Zingo, "I do, indeed. How are you?"

Whereupon Henry sprang upon him, clasping him around the hips with his hind legs and kissing him affectionately on either cheek. Then, with the grace of a Chesterfield, he bowed low over Sari's hand, kissed it, and hoped that he found her well and not too fatigued after her journey.

The guests were then led to a house which had been prepared for them in the hope that some day they would come. Zingo noticed that it was much more modern in construction than those he had known in his boyhood, and upon inquiring learned that Henry's cosmopolitan influence was being felt on the island.

The fleeting visit of Sari and the Queens to his jungle home had awakened in Henry the desire to travel. He had since gone into vaudeville and had traveled in many lands. He had been to London, and it was at his suggestion that afternoon tea was ordered for the guests. As they sat there at their ease, far from the world and its excitement, they began inquiring after mutual friends, as old acquaintances will do.

"Did you ever happen to go to Thebes in your travels, Henry?" asked Zingo.

"Yes, oh, yes; I've been to Thebes," answered Henry, with pardonable pride.

"Did you ever hear anything of three artists that were left standing on top of three columns there?" asked Zingo.

"Oh, yes," said Henry, "I saw them."

"When?" asked Zingo.

"About six months ago," answered Henry. "They perished up there—turned to stone, and proved to be just what was needed for the decoration of the columns. The tourists are simply flocking there to see them, and the town authorities of Thebes have built a memorial in your honor."

Then Sari told Henry about the marriage of the two queens to the two San Francisco business men. Henry puffed his pipe silently for some time, and then, with a rumbling look in his eye, said:

"They were awful nice girls."

The little monkeys came and affectionately crowded around Sari as she sipped her tea and sprang playfully to the arms of Zingo's chair. It was a happy hour on the Island of Pomotu.

As they sat there and chatted the light over the water changed from yellow to burnished gold and then to amethyst, and the twilight settled down. Through the trees the monkeys could be heard as they dreamily went off to sleep, making little plaintive sounds such as young chickens make on the stillness of a summer night when creeping under their mother's wing.

A great peace came into the hearts of Zingo and Sari, and as days went by they grew more and more to love their island home. They were content at last to feel the happiness that comes in sitting for a quiet hour on a green slope, with the ones they loved around them, and to watch the great white ships go sailing by over the horizon as Zingo was wont to do so long ago.

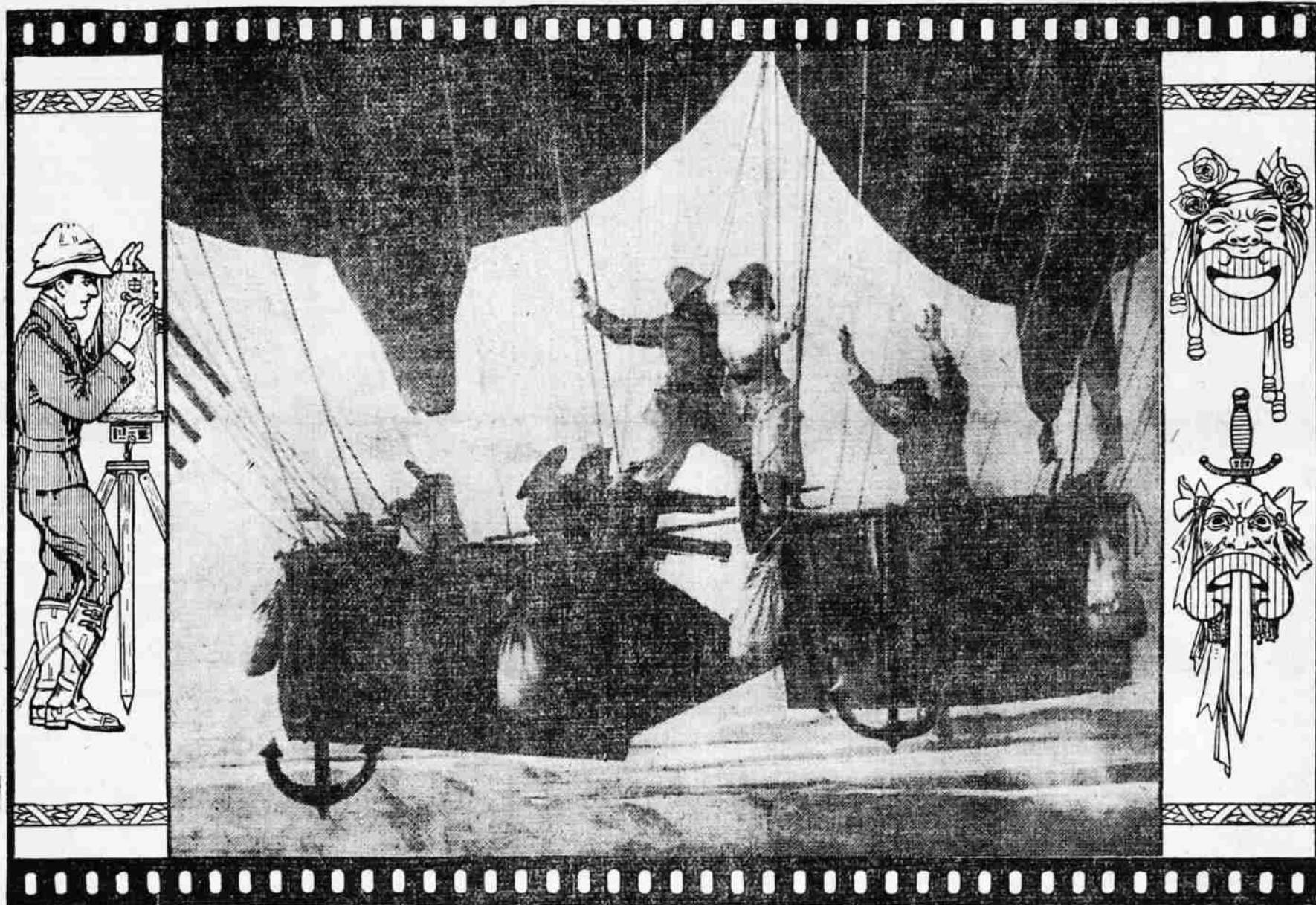
At last they had learned the secret of beauty and knew that a dewdrop glistening in the moonlight is of rarer loveliness than the gems for which men risk their lives, and that for those who will see it, all the color and beauty of the universe is contained in a floating soap bubble.

Ben Heydecker and the crew went sailing off, but they came and go, not quite willing to give up the world, nor yet entirely able to resist the peace and quiet of the island which calls them ever.

Fawn Eyes, whose greatest joy is service, stays always, and her happiest moments are when she is weaving wreaths of flowers for Sari's dark hair, and she loves to hear Zingo tell of his great adventures by land and sea.

And this, dear reader, is the end of Zingo's tale.

(Finis)



SARI STEPPED TO THE EDGE OF THE BASKET, AND WITH ONE BOUND WAS IN ZINGO'S ARMS

It was afterwards learned that the diabolical invention which robbed Zingo of so many of his brave warriors was nothing more nor less than a mammoth vacuum cleaner which picked up the men as neatly as though they had been crumbs. With human intelligence, it first turned them around and about, set them down nicely, swallowed them and seemed hungry for more. It had long been Filias Fogg's boast that he intended to come down and clean up that part of Mexico, and if it had not been for Zingo's generalship he would have succeeded in doing it.

Even though Zingo had suffered a terrible defeat he was not discouraged. He still held all the important ports along the coast, and retreated with his army to Mazatlan, where he spent some weeks in augmenting and drilling his navy. The sight of the diving suits at army headquarters that day at Otamate had put the idea into his head. The army of divers whom he had employed in the Timor Sea at the time he had been hunting for Sari had reported to him the great possibilities of a battle under the sea, and how easy victory would be to those who were at all familiar with submarine maneuvers.

Zingo now controlled not only the ports along the coast, but, like Balboa of old, he held dominion over the Pacific Ocean. As this was the vantage which Filias Fogg desired to gain, he accepted Zingo's challenge of fighting the battle underneath the sea, as he wanted to get into the ocean, anyway, with his forces.

The two armies met about five miles outside the coast, at the bottom of the ocean. The exact truths about the battle will never be known, as it was impossible for the papers to secure war correspondents at any price. This much, however, is known. For a time victory seemed to be alighting on the banner of Filias Fogg, who had secured mounts for his men by buying up all the larger sized fishes and using them for horses. As fishes, however, respond easily to the slightest signal, and Filias Fogg's men had been accustomed to riding bronchos, who sometimes require great persuasion, there was much confusion and the army soon found itself darting hither and thither, according to the erratic whim of each individual fish.

Zingo, however, knew the sea and knew the peculiar-

ities of its inhabitants. By special arrangements with Neptune he had been able to procure all the sea horses, for the shoeing of which Vulcan had secured the contract, and just as the moon was rising over the ocean Zingo's men, mounted on their sea horses, overcame Filias Fogg's forces in one glorious cavalry charge.

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an uncomfortable degree. Filias Fogg and his companions managed for a little while to cling to the basket, but as the balloon began to deflate they found themselves sinking, sinking, through the air, and balloon and men could soon be seen lying, a tangled, wrecked mass, far below on the earth.

Sari at once took Fawn Eyes to her heart. High above the clouds the two women swore eternal friendship.

Zingo's face wore a troubled look. The overthrow of Filias Fogg had undoubtedly given him the victory, but several things which had happened during the battle had made him uneasy. He suspected that, with the hated leader out of the way, the revolutionists would join forces with the federals. He feared that if he were to lower the balloon and land in Mazatlan anybody might step in and declare himself president, his horse might be confiscated and he might find himself without the means of returning to San Francisco.

They were now sailing well out over the Pacific Ocean, and as Zingo swept the sea below with his glasses he suddenly leaned forward and ceased speaking. The others, too, stopped their desultory conversation and waited for him to disclose what it was that had caught his attention.

"As I live, it is!" he cried, irreverently.

"Is what?" asked Sari.

"There they are, every one of them!"

"Who?" cried Sari, excitedly.

"It's the crew, the crew, my gallant crew!" shouted Zingo, with the fervor of a boy. "Could anything be more fortunate?"

Taking the anchor rope, Zingo unwound it and let the anchor drop gauging it so that it reached the sea just as the ship came directly under it.

Ben Heydecker was pacing the deck and as he had never tried to sing or dance, and otherwise had a free conscience, the sight of a great black hook descending from the heavens perplexed him. Looking up, he soon recognized the face of his dear captain, and gave orders to have the ship put at anchor. It took but little urging. The crew ran around like a lot of excited boys, their eyes beaming with joy. They had bought the great ship and were sailing it, but there was a loneliness on board, and their hearts were unquiet for the fate of their captain.

It was Fawn Eyes who made the first descent from the balloon to the ship, where the end of the rope was held firm by the sailors. A perilous journey it was, but her courage did not fail. Her strong young hands took a firm grip of the rope, and hand after hand she lowered herself until she felt fainting on the deck of the "Black Dragon." The sailors had given their ship that name in a devilish mood, to suggest terror and adventure.