

A DOWNING STREET SENSATION 45

key well out of sight, then slipping off the tail-board of the van he walked swiftly along Whitehall.

A few yards south of Downing Street, an inspector of police was meditatively contemplating the flow of traffic north and south.

Bindle went up to him. "Pretend that I'm askin' the way, sir. I'm most likely bein' watched. I got a van wot's supposed to contain carved-oak furniture for Mr. Llewellyn John, 110, Downing Street. I think it's full o' suffragettes goin' to raid 'im. You get your men round there, the van'll be up in two ticks. Now point as if you was showing me Downing Street."

The inspector was a man of quick decision and, looking keenly at Bindle, decided that he was to be trusted.

"Right!" he said, then extending an official arm, pointed out Downing Street to Bindle. "Don't hurry," he added.

"Right-o!" said Bindle. "Joseph Bindle's my name. I'm a special, Fulham district."

The inspector nodded, and Bindle turned back to the van. A moment later the inspector strolled leisurely through the archway leading to the Foreign Office.

"That's Downing Street on the left," shouted Bindle to Tippitt as he came up, much to Tippitt's surprise. He was at a loss to account for many things that Bindle had done and said that day.

As they turned into Downing Street, Bindle