

A DOWNING STREET SENSATION 47

re-appeared. "It's all clear now," he remarked. "Draw up."

As the pantechnicon pulled up in front of Number 110, Bindle glanced up at the house and saw Mr. Llewellyn John looking out of one of the first-floor windows. He had evidently been apprised of what was taking place.

Bindle noticed that the doors of Number 110 and 111 were both ajar. He was, however, a little puzzled at the absence of police. The two uniformed constables had been reinforced by three others, and there were two obviously plain-clothes men loitering about.

"Now then, Tippy, get ready to lend me a 'and with this 'ere furniture," called out Bindle as he proceeded to insert the key in the padlock that fastened the doors of the van.

Tippitt, who had climbed down, was standing close to the tail-board facing the doors.

With a quick movement Bindle released the padlock from the hasp and, lifting the bar, stepped aside with an agility that was astonishing.

"Votes for Women! Votes for Women!! Votes for Women!!!"

Suddenly the placid quiet of Downing Street was shattered. The doors of the pantechnicon were burst open and thrown back upon their hinges, where they shivered as if trembling with fear. From the interior of the van poured such a stream of humanity as Downing Street had never before seen.