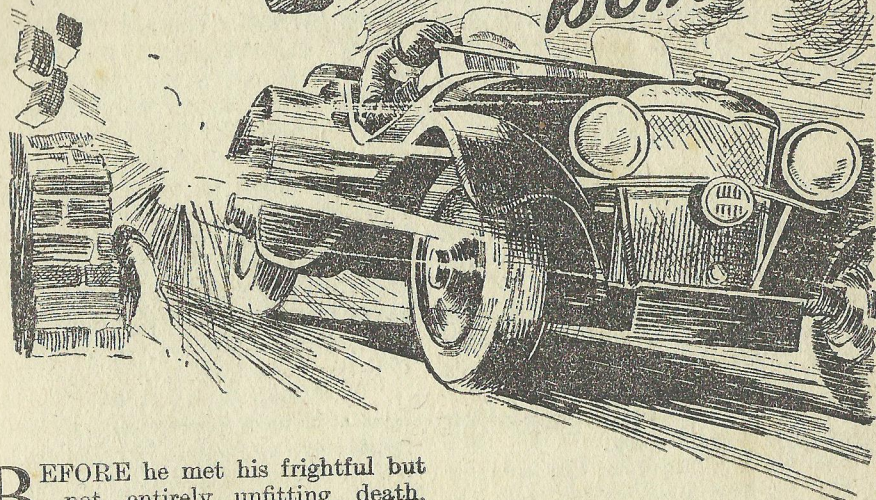


THE CASE OF

The Boomerang Bomble



BEFORE he met his frightful but not entirely unfitting death, Maurice Pollitt had had some life infused into him:

He was a young provincial who had had difficulty in making up his mind about himself, and he had become frightened of the ruthlessness of London life even while he was determined to overcome it and to satisfy the craving for adventure which had brought him from the comfortable, if modest, environment of his home town.

Prior to his meeting a certain Mr and Mrs Vincent Vesey, he was not sufficiently bold to sit on top of the world, nor quite sufficiently abject to allow it to sit on him.

Dr Smith, a professional psychologist, who made a point of dining in a certain licensed cafe every day and studying the people about him, had overheard much of the conversation that had passed between the three, who were likewise frequenters of the place.

Dr Smith, in consequence, was able to supply his friend, Dixon Hawke, with an intriguing human story about them at a time when the world-famous criminologist and private detective chanced to be in need of some information about them, in connection with a case of national importance on which he was working, as he sometimes did, in conjunction with Scotland Yard.

Vesey, it appeared, was a powerful, well-dressed man of forty, as savagely alive as a human "live-wire" can be.

Mrs Vesey, Dr Smith declared, in the course of a visit to Hawke's comfortable rooms in Dover Street, was the type of young woman who likes that type of man. She was prepared to subjugate her personality to the stronger one of her husband.

At first she had been patently contemptuous of young Pollitt, and then,