

RED SCAR

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649016488

Red scar by Anthony Wynne

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANTHONY WYNNE

RED SCAR

RED SCAR

by
ANTHONY WYNNE

10th Thousand

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers) LTD.
34-36 Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C.4.

Made and Printed in Great Britain
The Gainsborough Press, St. Albans. Fisher, Knight & Co., Ltd.

PR
6045
W6972

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. "WHEN A WOMAN IS INFATUATED"	II
II. SURETY	17
III. IN THE STUDIO	21
IV. "TELL NOBODY"	26
V. THE STAIN ON THE FLOOR	32
VI. STRANGE	35
VII. "A NAUGHTY LITTLE MAN"	41
VIII. "MORE OF THE DEVIL"	49
IX. A TELEPHONE CALL	52
X. A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE	58
XI. THE BLUE STOPPER	62
XII. A TONIC	70
XIII. "LIKE VERMIN"	77
XIV. THE QUESTIONS OF DR. HAILEY	81
XV. MY TEMPER AGAIN	90
XVI. A STAMPED RECEIPT	95
XVII. FOOTSTEPS	98
XVIII. "MURDER!"	104
XIX. PANIC	106
XX. "RAOUL'S GIRL"	111
XXI. "I COULDN'T HELP IT"	115
XXII. A NEUROTIC WOMAN	123
XXIII. WHISKY AND SODA	132
XXIV. THE MONSTER	137
XXV. THE DUTY OF EVERY CITIZEN	141
XXVI. A PRISONER-	147
XXVII. HEADLIGHTS	152
XXVIII. A VERY FOOLISH IDEA	158
XXIX. A WEDDING RING-	162
XXX. ANDROMEDA	170
XXXI. "A GREAT ARTIST"	182

762360

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXXII.	WILFUL MURDER - - - -	185
XXXIII.	THE DOUBTS OF DR. HAILEY - -	189
XXXIV.	ACCORDING TO PATTERN - - -	195
XXXV.	TINCT. OPIUM - - - -	200
XXXVI.	"YELLOW STREAK" - - - -	209
XXXVII.	SLAVE OF MEMORY - - - -	217
XXXVIII.	THE LAST HOPE - - - -	221
XXXIX.	THE SMELL OF IODOFORM - - -	225
XL.	DEADLOCK - - - -	232
XLI.	CRISIS - - - -	237
XLII.	"A TERRIBLE BLOW" - - - -	243
XLIII.	SOMETHING WRONG - - - -	249
XLIV.	THE COTTAGE IN THE WOOD - -	254
XLV.	REALITY - - - -	257
XLVI.	DR. HAILEY GIVES HIS REASONS -	264
XLVII.	A MAN DIGGING - - - -	270
XLVIII.	GAS - - - -	275
XLIX.	THE TOOL-SHED - - - -	279
L.	MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION - - -	282
LI.	A LONELY MAN - - - -	287

RED SCAR

CHAPTER I

"WHEN A WOMAN IS INFATUATED"

"WHEN a woman is what you call infatuated, my dear Alaister, she ceases, apparently, to be a reasonable being. I have come to you because you are the only person I know who has any real influence over Phyllis."

Major Lionel Leyland paced the floor of Alaister Diarmid's study as he spoke. He walked with long strides but his movement, nevertheless, was jerky.

"Till she met this fellow Raoul Featherstone," he added, "Phyllis seemed to be entirely devoted to myself. I used to flatter myself that I possessed a wife in a thousand. And now she tells me, calmly, that she must leave me for the good of her own soul."

Lionel Leyland stood still. An expression of bewilderment appeared on his good-looking, rather scholarly face.

"I have seen my rival!" he said simply. "I confess that I cannot understand where his attractiveness lies."

Alaister Diarmid took his pipe from his mouth. His big, heavy face was thrust forward.

"My experience has been," he declared, "that it is

RED SCAR

safer to trust the dog-like qualities in women than their intelligence. The difference between a man and a woman is this: a man thinks first and feels afterwards, whereas a woman feels first and usually doesn't think at all . . . not, at any rate, so long as her emotions are active. Raoul Featherstone has no brains but he's got the other thing . . . you must play the waiting game."

"What do you mean?"

"That the pup makes love to every woman he meets, unconsciously, without being able to help himself. Love-making is a function of his nature, like breathing, and he's as weak as water where women are concerned. A lady's man, believe me, is not a man who knows how to attract women; he's a man who knows how to get rid of them. Featherstone has never got rid of any woman in his life. He is perpetually being mobbed by the women he does not know how to get rid of."

Alaister struck a match to relight his pipe. But he allowed the match to burn out before he applied it to the bowl.

"The best thing you can do," he said, "is to let well, or ill, alone. Phyllis, if I may say so, is not my cousin for nothing. The black streak of the Diarmids is in her blood—selfishness. Sooner or later, if she goes, she'll come back to you because you are obviously a better proposition than Raoul. Besides, married women always come back to their husbands."

Alaister struck another match and lit his pipe. He smoked in silence, watching Lionel Leyland with narrowed eyes. The thought crossed his mind that a soldier, who was also a classical scholar of distinction, was no mate for such a woman as Phyllis. What

"WHEN A WOMAN IS INFATUATED"

did a woman such as Phyllis care for the learning which is contained in books! What did she care for the achievements of unattractive, childish old men in University towns . . . ! And yet Lionel was not a true representative of the academic type. Under the scholar, under the soldier, the man still lived. Phyllis's infatuation for Raoul was discovering the man.

"Sooner or later isn't good enough for me," Lionel Leyland burst out. "I want Phyllis now, to-day. I never knew before how much I wanted her." He began to pace the floor again. "Do you know that it would clean my soul if I could take that pup by the throat and squeeze the life out of him. That's what every fibre of my being urges me to do. . . ."

He broke off and rubbed his brow so that he left streaks of pallor on it. The pallid streaks gradually became bright red.

"I think it is my pride which is hurt so much," he added, "but I am not sure. Because if Phyllis came back to me I know that I would welcome her. Yes, I would welcome her. Somehow or other I need Phyllis. The world seems damnably empty without her. Even the streets have a grey look: we used to get so much pleasure out of those grey streets. . . ."

He strode to the window and stood looking out at Alaister's garden. His eyes came to the red roof, gleaming between two big ash trees, which he knew was Raoul Featherstone's studio.

"I suppose," he muttered, "that artists are always specially attractive to women . . . even rotten artists like Featherstone."

"Artists . . . and movie stars—men with women's