

Chapter 1 : Mary Roberts Rinehart Book List - FictionDB

Mary Roberts Rinehart was born Mary Ella Roberts in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, now a part of blog.quintoapp.com father was a frustrated inventor, and throughout her childhood, the family often had financial problems.

Unknown Rinehart graduated from a Pittsburgh nursing school in Unknown Blas Reyes is the chef who attempted to murder Rinehart. A charming, dark-haired storyteller, the Pittsburgh native was prolific, producing a total of 60 books and seven plays. When the armistice was signed in , she was in Paris. Success made her a celebrity and her wealth paid for an elegant home in Sewickley, a room seaside retreat in Bar Harbor, Maine, and a posh New York apartment on Park Avenue. Kenneth Parker of The Parker Pen Company created a snub-nosed fountain pen for the author after she complained that she could not find a writing instrument to capture her thoughts on paper as quickly as they spilled from her mind. She wrote in longhand. What she saw imbued her with compassion for human suffering and a strong distaste for social injustice. While the hospital prohibited friendships, let alone romances, between doctors and staff, the couple became secretly engaged in and married in It was a fresh start for Mrs. Rinehart, whose father, a frustrated inventor, had committed suicide in Rinehart continued to make house calls, Mrs. Rinehart began writing verse, short stories and articles. By , the Rineharts had three young sons – Stan Jr. Touring productions featuring a costumed criminal were staged throughout the country. Rinehart loved to climb mountains, fish and ride horses. She also smoked a pack of cigarettes a day. Her day typically started with breakfast in bed. She then wrote from 10 a. Rinehart died in In his absence, his widow traveled often and worked obsessively. The gun he used misfired. Rinehart fled and was rescued by her chauffeur, who threw Reyes to the floor. The chef later hung himself in jail. By then, she was too ill to attend the dinner staged in her honor. At age 82, she died in New York City in You might also want to see

Chapter 2 : Mary Roberts Rinehart () - Find A Grave Memorial

Mary Roberts Rinehart () was an American novelist and playwright best known for her mystery stories. Rinehart's work is very different from the cliches of Rinehart criticism. It has a lot in common with hard-boiled scho.

Gentle Hand offers a lesson for us all in the unexpected power of a gentle touch, a soft word. When and where, it matters not now to relate--but once upon a time as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through an ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival. A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. I was now near enough to see the savage aspect of the animal, and the gathering motion of his body, as he prepared to bound forward upon me. His wolfish growl was really fearful. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken. The dog did not seem by any means reconciled to my approach, and growled wickedly his dissatisfaction. The girl now laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned, with a gentle pressure, against him. I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor. Was there magic in that gentle touch? I guess we can find a place for him. Have you had any supper? The woman, without further remark, drew a pine table from the wall, placed upon it some cold meat, fresh bread and butter, and a pitcher of new milk. While these preparations were going on, I had more leisure for minute observation. There was a singular contrast between the young girl I have mentioned and the other inmates of the room; and yet, I could trace a strong likeness between the maiden and the woman, whom I supposed to be her mother--browned and hard as were the features of the latter. Soon after I had commenced eating my supper, the two children who were playing on the floor, began quarrelling with each other. But John, though he could not help hearing, did not choose to obey. Not a word was said; but the young rebel was instantly subdued. Rising, he passed out by her side, and I saw no more of him during the evening. Soon after I had finished my supper, a neighbour came in, and it was not long before he and the man of the house were involved in a warm political discussion, in which were many more assertions than reasons. My host was not a very clear-headed man; while his antagonist was wordy and specious. The former, as might be supposed, very naturally became excited, and, now and then, indulged himself in rather strong expressions toward his neighbour, who, in turn, dealt back wordy blows that were quite as heavy as he had received, and a good deal more irritating. She was there when I first observed her, with one hand laid upon his temple, and lightly smoothing the hair with a caressing motion. Gradually the high tone of then disputant subsided, and his words had in them less of personal rancour. It was a beautiful sight; and I could but look on and wonder at the power of that touch, so light and unobtrusive, yet possessing a spell over the hearts of all around her. As she stood there, she looked like an angel of peace, sent to still the turbulent waters of human passion. Sadly out of place, I could not but think her, amid the rough and rude; and yet, who more than they need the softening and humanizing influences of one like the Gentle Hand. Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of her hand and voice--the one gentle yet potent as the other. On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off. But Dick moved not a step. It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was

brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of a half-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all his end was gained. A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clenched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments. She was passing through the gate into the road, and, in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed--how quickly the stubborn air vanished. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain. He looked at me for a moment as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Everybody and every thing loves her. Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for a better name, I must still call "Gentle Hand. And yet all great influences effect their ends silently, unobtrusively, and with a force that seems at first glance to be altogether inadequate. Is there not a lesson for us all in this? Get started by clicking the "Add" button. Add Gentle Hand to your own personal library.

Chapter 3 : Mary Roberts Rinehart - Wikipedia

Mary Roberts Rinehart was born on 12 August in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, daughter of Thomas and Cornelia Roberts. Growing up in a household with her parents and extended family, she remembers her devout grandmother the dressmaker working long into the night in their shop in the back of the house.

Elderly, single Cornelia Van Gorder is renting an old, isolated Long Island mansion owned by the estate of Courtleigh Fleming, a bank president who had reportedly died several months before. On a stormy evening, the electricity flickers on and off. Most of the servants, convinced that the house is haunted, have made excuses and fled. According to a news report, a mysterious criminal known as "the Bat" has eluded police in the area. Cornelia tells Lizzie and Dale that she has invited a police detective to visit because someone has been trying to break into the house at night. Wells leaves, and Detective Anderson arrives. Cornelia tells Anderson that she suspects Fleming embezzled from the bank and hid the money in the house. Brooks also believes that Fleming hid the money, and wants to clear himself by finding it. Richard shows her a blueprint of the house, with a hidden room where the money might be. While they fight over the blueprint, a figure appears in the darkness and shoots Richard, ending the first act. Dale asks Wells to hide the blueprint she took from Richard because the others might think that she killed him for it. Reginald Beresford, a lawyer waiting in his car after he drove Richard to the house, comes inside. Wells claims that he does not have the blueprint; Cornelia reveals other evidence incriminating him, and Anderson asks to question him alone. Wells knocks Anderson unconscious during the interrogation and drags him into another room. Before Wells can go to the hidden room, a stranger claiming to have lost his memory after he was attacked and tied up in the garage appears at the terrace door. When the guests try to identify the unknown man, they discover that they have been locked in the house. The third act begins on the upper floor of the house, where a masked man is seen in the previously-hidden room taking a money bag from a safe. When Dale finds the room, the man flees, leaving her and the money locked inside. The others find her there, unconscious. Anderson reappears and accuses Wells of stealing the money and killing Richard. Cornelia begins to present an alternative theory, but is interrupted when the unknown man comes upstairs and Anderson asks him about his amnesia. Cornelia says that she sees a man on the roof, and most of the group leaves to look for him. Cornelia uses the distraction to tell Dale, Jack and the unknown man that she thinks the money is still in the room. When they search for the money, Jack finds the body of Courtleigh Fleming, who was killed only recently. As Cornelia, Dale and Jack argue about what has happened, the unknown man locks the door and orders them to be quiet. When the masked man sneaks in through a window, the unknown man apprehends him and reveals that he, the unknown man, is the real Detective Anderson; the Bat the masked man had pretended to be Anderson. History[edit] Avery Hopwood helped Rinehart complete the play. Mary Roberts Rinehart was one of the most successful American mystery writers of the early 20th century. She agreed to work with Avery Hopwood , a young playwright with just one produced play, to create the script. The play *Seven Days* debuted on Broadway in November and became a hit. Rinehart and Hopwood each continued to write plays, but did not collaborate again until *The Bat*. Rinehart decided to base this play on *The Circular Staircase*, which had been adapted for film in . Although she began work on the play in spring , she was distracted by work for the United States Department of War during World War I and by fall had only written the first two acts. Writing both plays required Rinehart and Hopwood to work long hours. Rinehart and Hopwood finished *The Bat* during the afternoon of April 11, . She was called away moments later when her daughter-in-law went into labor, and her granddaughter was born early the next day. The play was produced by Wagenhals and Kemper; the latter also directed. The Broadway production closed in September after performances. The first revival, produced by Ben Lundy and directed by Benjamin F. Kamsler, opened on May 31, , at the Majestic Theatre as part of a summer-stock program. *The Bat* was her last Broadway role. Hunter, who had thought he was playing a detective, was upset to learn that his role was that of a criminal, [26] although he remained in the role for the entire Broadway run before joining a touring company for the play. At the end of , while still playing the Bat, Hunter became ill and died a week later. Vokes returned to the role for the revival, where she was joined by

Richard Barrows also from the original cast, but in a different role. Minnette Barrett , an understudy in the original production, played Cornelia in the revival. Casts of the major productions Character.

Chapter 4 : Mary Roberts Rinehart (Author of The Circular Staircase)

Mary Roberts Rinehart was a prolific author often called the American Agatha. She is considered the source of the phrase "The butler did it", although she did not actually use the phrase herself, and also considered to have invented the "Had-I-But-Known" school of mystery writing.

That was the name the townsfolk gave the old Mitchell Mansion. Proud and strong as the family whose name it bore, it dominated the countryside. Yet there was something strangely warped in its magnificence, something that sent Romantic Suspense How little you know about even the people who are closest to you Sarah Gittings, the family nurse, had just been brutally murdered. And all thoughts of a homicidal maniac ru Romantic Suspense Dangerous Passion Young Kay bowling had everything a girl could want-beauty, wealth, position, a doting family and a swarm of suitors. Yet a restless longing consumed her, as it the luxurious mansion in which she lived were little better than a pr Suspense Miracle or Murder? Jennie Brice was a mediocre young actress, but on a dank and dangerous night with floodwaters rising she managed a remark-able disappearing act. Affinities General Fiction This is a reproduction of a book published before This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. The Amazing Interlude Suspense Now and then amazing things are done on this great stage of ours: A sort of fairyland transformation takes place. Beyond the once solid wall strange The Breaking Point Romantic Suspense Elizabeth Wheeler lives in a small town, sings in the church choir, and dreams of a man who will sweep her off her feet. Instead, she is thrust into a series of events beyond her control leading to passion, madness, betrayal, and ultimately, murder! The Confession Romantic Suspense An absorbing mystery from a modern master of the genre. Agnes Blakiston did not want to rent the old parsonage and soon came to regret it. At night the phone would ring and there would be unseen visitors. Was the house haunted? And did Miss Emily hav Charming, witty, gracious, she was married to a man who brought her only misery despite the brave front she put on the the world. She was a child-woman--young enough to want things hey way and old enough to know just how to get them. But soon he l

Chapter 5 : The Bat (play) - Wikipedia

Mary Roberts Rinehart was born on August 12, in Allegheny City [now North Side, Pittsburgh], Pennsylvania, USA as Mary Ella Roberts. She was a writer, known for The Bat (), The Bat Whispers () and The Nurse's Secret ().

Her father was a frustrated inventor, and throughout her childhood, the family often had financial problems. Left-handed at a time when that was considered inappropriate, she was trained to use her right hand instead. She attended public schools and graduated at age 16, then enrolled at the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses at Pittsburgh Homeopathic Hospital, where she graduated in . She described the experience as "all the tragedy of the world under one roof. They had three sons: She was 27 that year, and produced 45 short stories. In , she wrote *The Circular Staircase* , the novel that propelled her to national fame. According to her obituary in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* in , the book sold 1. Her regular contributions to *The Saturday Evening Post* were immensely popular and helped the magazine mold American middle-class taste and manners. In , after the publication of five successful books and two plays, the Rineharts moved to Glen Osborne, Pennsylvania , where they purchased a large home at the corner of Orchard and Linden Streets called "Cassella. Rinehart had to have the house completely rebuilt, as it had fallen into disrepair. All week long I wrote wildly to meet the payroll and contractor costs. In , the Rineharts sold the house to the Marks family and the house was demolished in . Rinehart was appointed to a post in the Veterans Administration. She was a member of the Literary Society of Washington from to . She also maintained a vacation home in Bar Harbor, Maine. In , a Filipino chef who had worked for her for 25 years fired a gun at her and then attempted to slash her with knives, until other servants rescued her. The chef committed suicide in his cell the next day. Rinehart suffered from breast cancer , which led to a radical mastectomy. She eventually went public with her story, at a time when such matters were not openly discussed. While many of her books were best sellers, critics were most appreciative of her murder mysteries. In *The Circular Staircase* "a middle-aged spinster is persuaded by her niece and nephew to rent a country house for the summer. The gentle, peace-loving trio is plunged into a series of crimes solved with the help of the aunt. This play includes five lead female roles and five lead male roles.

Chapter 6 : Mary Roberts Rinehart - Biography and Works. Search Texts, Read Online. Discuss.

Jun Mary Roberts Rinehart was a prolific writer that is often referred to as the American Agatha Christie. Rinehart's mystery novels are still treasured by millions of readers today and she is the source of the famous phrase "The butler did it."

Chapter 7 : Home: Mary Roberts Rinehart Nature Park

Discover the works of the pioneering novelist Mary Roberts Rinehart, who gave us murderous butlers, a new school of mystery, and an early version of Batman.

Chapter 8 : Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author. She was a world acclaimed novelist noted for her accomplished writings about murder mystery. A graduate nurse, she married US Army Major Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart in

Chapter 9 : Mary Roberts Rinehart, Pittsburgh novelist and mystery writer

This Mary Roberts Rinehart bibliography includes all books by Mary Roberts Rinehart, including collections, editorial contributions, and more. Any type of book or journal citing Mary Roberts Rinehart as a writer should appear on this list.