

than \$100,000 during her career, much of what she'd saved had been spent on expensive court battles leading up to her divorce. A further large sum had been lost in speculative business ventures in which Alex had invested while managing Mittie's earnings.

Pinched by poverty again after so many years of plenty, Mittie moved to Boston to stay with her daughter Irene. She was welcomed cordially by her son-in-law, Ralph Chainey, but was disturbed to find him prone to heavy drinking and violent mood swings. Mittie's stay in Boston endured for eight years before Irene finally sued for divorce and mother and daughter returned to The Cedars in 1918.

Mittie and Irene struggled to survive at The Cedars for a year before concluding that the estate was too large and too expensive to maintain. Together the pair moved to Washington, D.C., where, at the age of 79, with her eyesight failing, Mittie agreed reluctantly to dictate her autobiography, which she titled, *To Be Continued in Our Next*. In the Introduction, she wrote:

For several years my daughter has begged me to write my autobiography, but I could not bring myself to do it. It was far easier for me to write of someone's imaginary troubles and bring them to a happy ending, than to relate my own reminiscences, which contained so many unhappy endings.

Commenting on all she'd experienced in her life as a wife, mother and famous writer, Mrs. Miller concluded her memoirs by noting that, "The whys and wherefores of life and death are always with us and the words of sorrow and hope, written in my twenties in *Beside a Grave*, are as true now as they were then:

*"Ah, me, it is a bitter life, it is a bitter world,
We come and go like shadows, through time and distance whirled.
Well for us that Brighter Land, where wait our loved and dear,
May solve for us the mysteries that so perplex us here."*

Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller died on December 26, 1937 in St. Petersburg, Florida, where she spent her last years living with her daughter. According to her final wishes, she was buried in Alderson, where she had spent the happiest years of her life.

(This article is based on materials in the Alex. McVeigh Miller file, especially on Mrs. Miller's unpublished autobiography, in the Archive of the Greenbrier Historical Society.)