FAREWELL BANQUET TO MRS. WHITLEY.

LADIES OF HOLLYWOOD HONOR A WORTHY MATRON.

Complimentary Dinner Tendered Her on Eve of Her Departure on a Long Journey—Col. Griffith J. Griffith Acts as Master of Ceremonies.

A banquet was tendered last night, by the ladies of the Cahuenga Valley to Mrs. H. J. Whitley on the eve of her departure for a prolonged visit in the East. The function took place at Hotel Hollywood and was a very pleasant affair. The menu and table decorations were all that the most fastidious taste could desire. About one hundred and fifty guests were present, representing the flower of the womanhood of the valley, only a few gentlemen having been invited to participate.

Col. Griffith J. Griffith presided as toastmaster, by special request, and conducted the post-prandial exercises with his accustomed wit and grace. Following are his introductory remarks, which were received with great applause and laughter:

"Ladies—and also Gentlemen—but they are a minor consideration—I understand that this is a ladies' function—a complimentary banquet, tendered to a highly esteemed lady in this community by friends of her own sex—the gentlemen being incidentally present as a matter of courtesy.

"The question which perplexes my mind, and which I have been unable to solve, is, Why was I, a masculine object of limited experience in such affairs, selected to preside, in place of one of the fair participants upon whom that honor should properly fall? Not having been enlightened upon this grave subject, yet accustomed to implicit obedience when a fair one commands, with some trepidation, I assume the duties which have been imposed upon me.

"Of course I expect to have my efforts approved, however falteringly and imperfectly they may be carried out, for whoever heard a woman confess that she was mistaken in her choice or in her judgment? Therefore she must approve the work of her selected representative on this occasion, and this consoling thought gives me hope and courage.

"When we look at women in the abstract, or in the concrete, or even when we regard her in all the glory of an Easter transformation, what thoughts crowd upon our mind. Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman. It has been said that she sews on our buttons—but the laundryman does that now. She ropes us in at church fairs, but then, we are a willing sacrifice. She confides in us—when she is figuring for a new dress. She gives us good advice—and plenty of it. She gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and sometimes all of it.

"Wheresoever you place a woman, in whatever position or estate, she is an ornament to the place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. We are advised to look at the noble names of history. Among the many names that shine resplendent I will cite only a few. Look, for instance, at Desdemona; look at Lucretia Borgia; look at Mother Eve; look at Widow Machree. Yes, and I say it with the deepest veneration, look at the mother of Washington. She raised a boy who could not tell a lie. But then, he never was the reporter of a sensational newspaper; he never was a mining sharp; he never was a stock broker; he never was a railroad merger. If young George had tried his hand at some of these strenuous activities we don't know how his record would have turned out.

"But I repeat, that woman is an ornament to society. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors. As a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious. As a nurse when we are prostrated with la grippe, she is an angel. What, I ask with emotion, would the people of the earth be without woman? They would be scarce, mighty scarce. Then let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance."

Mrs. Wylie responded to the toast, "Mrs. Whitley as a public benefactress," and passed some very graceful and deserved compliments on the honored guest of the occasion.

"Mrs. Whitley's courtesy to newcomers" was responded to by Mrs. Franklin Booth, who voiced the appreciation of the many new settlers in the Cahuenga Valley, who were made to feel the warmth of Mrs. Whitley's hospitality.

"The Gentlemen—God Bless Them," was gracefully responded to by Mrs. Elliott.

Col. Griffith, speaking for the gentlemen present, complimented Mr. and Mrs. Whitley on the transformation they were largely instrumental in making in the Cahuenga Valley. Mrs. Whitley called on her husband to respond, which he did in a happy vein.

The programme was interspersed with music by Miss Hutton, Miss Magee and Rev. Angus Porter, all of whom sang delightfully and responded to encores. There was a recitation by Miss Wylie.

Many handsome costumes were worn by the ladies present, and the gathering was one of the most notable ever held in Hollywood. The festivities were concluded at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Whitley and her two children start East next Monday.