

## HOLLYWOOD BOOMER KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET.

FOR ONCE WHITLEY DIDN'T KNOW  
"WHERE HE WAS AT."

Large Company Handsomely Entertained at a Banquet in Honor of the Leading Spirit in the Thriving Suburb, Prior to Trip to Europe.

H. J. Whitley, the genius of success to Hollywood and of inspiration to his coworkers, may have experienced many surprises since he began exploiting the Ocean View tract, which is now Hollywood, the handsome suburb of Los Angeles, but he was probably never knocked out as he was last night.

He is about to go off to Scotland on a visit, and last night had arranged a little dinner at the Hollywood Hotel for himself, E. P. Clark and Gen. M. H. Sherman, to talk over certain business matters. His admiring friends getting wind of it, decided to surprise him with the real thing. And they did.

When Whitley, Clark and Sherman walked into the dining-room, the hundred guests stood at their chairs and received the party with clapping of hands. Whitley looked first at one and then at the other of his companions, the blankness of his countenance clearly showing that he was wondering whether it was Sherman or Clark who was being received with such honor.

Midway in the dinner he was surprised a second time, after having listened to a half dozen eulogistic speeches of himself and what he had done for Hollywood. P. B. Chase closed a brief response to a toast by presenting Mr. Whitley, with the compliments of his associates, a handsome gold watch and chain.

Up to this time there had been no call for Whitley, but now it was a clamor, and he got up to respond. First he coughed and looked paralyzed, and the crowd of jolly good fellows laughed, and some one said: "Whitley can't make a speech but he can build a town." He got under way after a while, and, boiled down, his speech was this:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this evidence of your friendship for me, but I don't want you fellows to think that I think that I'm the whole thing. It takes more than one man to build a town."

The pretty hotel was handsomely illuminated and decorated on the outside with Chinese lanterns. The entrance to the dining-room was draped with a large flag, and the whole interior was artistically decorated with ferns and flowers. In the center of one of the large tables, and right in front of the plate of Mr. Whitley, was a floral model of a ship, symbolizing his prospective ocean voyage. Miss Stewart and Mrs. Anderson, the proprietors of the hotel, assisted by Manager Boag, had done their part well.

The menu was a unique and artistic piece of work, from the pen of Mrs. George of St. Louis, now a guest at the hotel. A national air and a suitable rhyme was fitted to each course, and the orchestra played only national airs.

A. G. Bartlett was toastmaster, and neatly introduced each of the following speakers: Gen. M. H. Sherman, Col. G. J. Griffith, Rev. Dr. Porter, J. D. Long, Oscar Trippett, Roy Jones, Ex-Gov. Beveridge, P. B. Chase, Dr. Gardner, W. C. Patterson, H. J. Variel, William Mead, and several others. It is needless to say there were many witty and entertaining speeches, and never was a man so assured of the love and admiration of his neighbors and friends as was H. J. Whitley last night.

All the arrangements were perfect and carried out in the best possible manner. Among the guests were many of the best-known business and professional business men of the city.

A carload went out from the city on the private car "400," which left the Fourth-street station at 7:30.