him the Jarvie Fellowship Medal, one of the highest honors in dentistry in America.

The professional life of John Ross Callahan was a success. Rich in attainment, rich in the respect and apprecia-

tion of a noble profession, rich in the loyalty and love of his friends and colleagues. After forty-one years of service his activities have ceased and this quiet, unassuming man has passed to his reward.

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS PERSONALITY.

By Thomas P. Hinman, D.D.S., Atlanta, Ga.

(Read before the National Dental Association at Its Twenty-second Annual Session, Chicago, Ill., August 5-9, 1918.)

IT IS given to few men to be so greatly beloved as was our departed friend, John Callahan. His friends knew him as "Honest John." No greater tribute could be paid a man than that of honesty—honest first with himself, then with the world. As the old Polonius said to Laertes, his son,

"This, above all, to thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night to day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

There was never a man truer to his friends or more generous to his enemies. In all my fellowship with him, I never heard him speak unkindly of anyone. He always saw the good in everyone and it always overshadowed the fault.

I well remember the last time he was in Atlanta. He brought me a set of slides of root end dissections which he had made for me. Handing them to me with a smile on his face, he said, "Tom, there are only two sets of the slides in the world and one of them is yours." This is a small illustration of his constant thought for the comfort and happiness of others. His greatest joy was to give of himself and his precious time to bring pleasure to his friends, never counting the cost.

He was not a rich man, as the world counts riches but in noble qualities, truth, honesty and charity, his wealth had no bounds. Truly he laid up for himself riches that cannot fade away; treasures that "neither moth nor rust corrupteth."

John Callahan was a searcher after truth not for his own benefit but for the good of humanity. I regret to think that his useful life was taken sooner than seemed fitting because of his incessant labors on research problems, labors which indeed have brought most gratifying results in the enlightenment of one of our most serious problems. If he had been content to use his knowledge for personal gain, he could have lived in ease and comfort. But no! His desire was to work and give.

His chief charm was his simplicity. Never given to pedantry, he conveyed his thoughts so simply that "the way-faring man, tho a fool, could not err therein." Loyal to his belief, but never obtrusive, his opinions were respected far beyond the boundaries of his personal following.

It was ever his delight to get a few friends together after a dental meeting

and have a love feast of fellowship. It was my privilege, on more than one occasion, to be one of the boys sitting at the feet of the Master while he poured out beautiful thoughts and we worshipped at his shrine.

Longfellow beautifully expresses my feelings toward John Callahan in the following verses:

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Ay, forever and a day
'Till the world shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away."

We have lost a great man; the country a great citizen; dentistry, a sterling leader. He was truly "our kind of man" and truly does James Whitcomb Riley describe him in these lines:

OUR KIND OF MAN.

The kind of man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists:

He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime thru the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren fields he sees
Springing blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Thru the golden gate where his loved have gone.

The kind of a man for me and you.
However little of worth we do
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.
He walks abroad, and he meets all kinds
Of querulous and uneasy minds,
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain;
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand.
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise,—
Else, should we read, Tho our sins should glow
As scarlet they shall be white as snow?
And feeling still, with a grief half glad,
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me.

A REVIEW OF THE LIFE WORK OF J. R. CALLAHAN, BEING ESPECIALLY A DIGEST OF HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCE OF CORRECT ROOT-CANAL TECHNIC.

By **Rodrigues Ottolengui, D. D. S., New York City.**

(Read before the National Dental Association at Its Twenty-second Annual Session, Chicago, Ill.,
August 5-9, 1918.)

I FEEL much honored in having been selected to make a review of contributions to dental science and progress made by our deceased and much revered confrere, J. R. Callahan. At the same time I am much embarrassed too, keenly

realizing my inability to do the man or the subject justice. However, as I have been limited as to time, I will pass over all further preliminary remarks.

Of the man himself I must say this. I do not know, as I write, just what those