



THE CENTURY IN THE POST

Excerpts from "the first rough draft of history" as reported in *The Washington Post* on this date in the 20th century.

Bad Dog!

From *Fala* to *Millie* to *Socks*, presidential pets have always made dependable newspaper copy. While all had their individual personality quirks, none was ever quite so ornery as Teddy Roosevelt's Pete. An excerpt from *The Post* of May 10, 1907:

"Pete," the prized bull terrier watch dog of President Roosevelt, stirred up terror yesterday morning, just before 9 o'clock, by viciously attacking John T. Thomas, a clerk in the Navy Department, on the grounds facing the Executive Mansion.

Mr. Thomas, who lives at 1215½ C street north-east, was on his way to office, and, being late, took a near route through the lot. He was bitten painfully, and was placed at once under the treatment of Dr. Joseph M. Neller, of 1510 H street, who cauterized and burned out the bleeding wounds to prevent serious developments.

Pete has not a particle of humor and little reverence for anybody except his master. He ambled out on the beautiful greensward of the White House early yesterday morning with fire flashing from his angry eyes. He stationed himself beneath the foliage of a spreading tree, a few feet from the north gate, and began to growl. Trouble was about to brew. The air was charged with the animal's defiance. The big bluecoats began to take notice of the dog's bad conduct and watched him closely.

Mr. Thomas came along merrily in the brisk spring air, and darted through the north gate. He walked rapidly. Mr. Thomas hurried past the dog and this seemed to intensify the canine's indignation.

Whether Thomas' clothes or mien incensed Pete remains for conjecture, but with a terrific lunge he sprang toward the unfortunate victim, snapping wildly. Mr. Thomas could foresee a cyclone of unpleasantness, and tried to outrun Pete, but he was not long in the lead. He tried first to dodge and then to pacify the dog, by throwing him a brand new spring hat, but Pete was in an ugly mood and not looking for pacification. One of the sturdy White House policemen started for the scene to rescue the innocent passer-by, but the quadruped had chased Thomas under the branches of a tree and buried his sharp teeth into the man's right leg.

No little excitement was created by the incident, as is always true when the watchdog goes on the rampage. Thomas saw his trousers had been slightly torn in the mix-up, and that his wounds were bleeding.

Badly scared over the probable results of the dog's bite, he sought medical treatment without delay. When the wound was examined by Dr. Neller, he pronounced it of a slight nature, and said blood poisoning would not set in if due precautions were observed by the patient. Mr. Thomas was able to limp to the department and tell his fellow-employees what had occurred, and later went home. Mr. Thomas' interesting recital aroused both sympathy and amusement. The victim seemed not perturbed over the matter, and joined in the laughter...

Pete was not to be seen around the White House last night. As punishment for his crime he is said to have been chained, and will be kept under guard for some time. He is a magnificent white dog, finely bred, and is the pet of the officers and attaches at the home of the Chief Executive.

Pete is known all over the country because of several episodes which have pushed him into the limelight. He is a great fighter and craves trouble. He jumped into public notice a short while ago by chasing the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, up a tree in the White House grounds when the distinguished diplomat came to play tennis with the President. The Ambassador was attired in a stunning flannel outfit. He was only rescued by the heroic efforts of several sturdy policemen, who rushed upon the scene.

Because of Pete's bad judgment on that occasion he was banished to penal servitude on Surgeon General Rixey's farm in Virginia. After paying the penalty of a year's imprisonment Pete was recently brought back to Washington.

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