

ST. LOUIS HAS A NEW SECT OF DIRT EATERS.

Teaspoonful of Sand a Part of the Daily
Diet—Leader Says It Prevents
Stomach Trouble.

Special to The New York Times.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 15.—Of all the peculiar sects which have recently sprung up in the West, St. Louis boasts the most striking—a community of dirt eaters. William Windsor, native of Wisconsin, some time lawyer, college student, student of natural science, is their Moses. Seventy-five men and women form the community. Dirt eating is their only aim and object in life so far as their existence as a community is concerned. They seek to make converts to their belief and practice, and "Head Dirt Eater" Windsor holds forth in earnest and convincing manner every night to his class at his lecture room, at Eighteenth and Olive Streets, in the old Merchants' League Building.

The dirt eaters take every day a spoonful of dirt. They believe that grit is necessary to every animal, and that many of the stomach troubles to which human flesh is heir are due simply and entirely to the absence of grit in the stomach. In support of this unique theory the dirt eaters cite the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the serpents which crawl, asserting triumphantly that none of these share mankind's foolish aversion to good, pure dirt, and none of them have stomach troubles. The dirt eaters maintain their argument is unanswerable.

The dirt eater, declares Leader Windsor, soon becomes accustomed to his diet and craves it. The daily allowance of one teaspoonful is washed down with a half glass of water and the dirt eater smacks his lips with relish and winks one eye, in much the same manner as the Kentucky "Colonel" does when sipping his mint julep or his morning toddy.

Mr. Windsor's disciples are epicurean in their tastes. They are very particular as to the kind of dirt they eat. This article of their singular diet is technically a sand. It comes from the river bottoms and is made up of many little particles of granite, marble, quartz, and flint well rounded with age. The chief dirt-eater collects the sand and sterilizes it; then it is put up in little bags and sold to the disciples for twenty-five cents a bag.

Dirt eating is six months old in St. Louis and flourishes like a green bay tree. The chief dirt-eater is rotund and looks happy and prosperous; the lesser dirt-eaters have good appetites and are enthusiastic in their faith and practice.

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