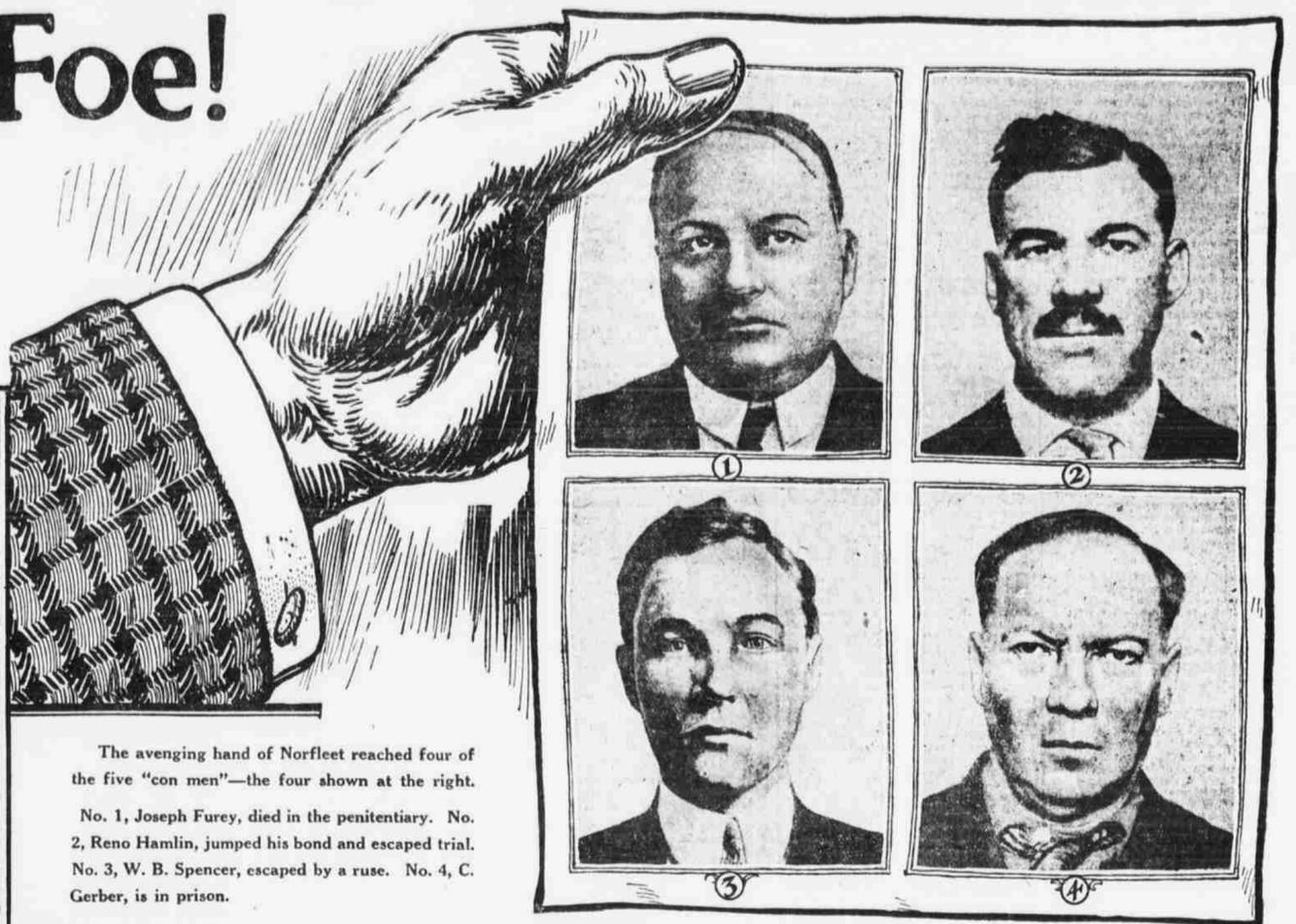


The "Easy Mark" Who Became Con Men's Most Dreaded Foe!

Fleeced by Five, J. F. Norfleet, Texas Farmer, Goes on Trail, Captures Three, As Mere Incident in Search Rounds Up Thirty-Five Others, and Will Not Quit Quest Until He "Gets" His Missing Two



To save himself, Spencer cried, "Stop thief!" and the crowd set upon Norfleet. Spencer got away, but Norfleet swears he "will get him yet."



The avenging hand of Norfleet reached four of the five "con men"—the four shown at the right.

No. 1, Joseph Furey, died in the penitentiary. No. 2, Reno Hamlin, jumped his bond and escaped trial. No. 3, W. B. Spencer, escaped by a ruse. No. 4, C. Gerber, is in prison.

By J. B. Day.

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J F. NORFLEET, Texan, small of stature, blue eyed and mild mannered, has three notches in the butt of his six-gun.

But that doesn't mean that he has killed three men. It simply signifies three confidence men—bunco steers—landed behind jail bars, and thereby, as writing folks used to say, hangs this tale.

Norfleet has a mission in life. It is the rounding up of a band of five "con" men who fleeced him to the tune of \$45,000 in Dallas, Tex., three years ago. To date he has bagged three of the particular gang he set out to break up and has been instrumental in the jailing of several dozen others of their ilk.

Less than ten days ago, out in Denver, Col., tourist centre of the Rockies, he assisted the authorities in corralling thirty-five of the most notorious sure-thing men in the country—the biggest single clean-up of confidence men in the history of the nation with one exception. The exception was the breaking up, a score of years ago, of the infamous Maybray gang of swindlers, which operated out of Omaha and Council Bluffs, Ia., and was reputed to have realized approximately \$10,000,000 in five years through various swindling games.

Norfleet's quest for the men who "bunked" him has taken him almost to the ends of the earth and has been productive of situations the ordinary man would hesitate to face. But Norfleet's is no ordinary mission and Norfleet can scarcely be classed as "ordinary." The great commonwealth of Texas has taken cognizance of his work with an appropriation of \$11,000 to defray his travelling and other expenses; has armed him with a commission as a deputy sheriff, and each Governor who has succeeded to the executive chair since he started on his man hunt has provided him with requisition papers for the men he is hunting.

He does not pose as a Sherlock Holmes or a Craig Kennedy; nor does he, like that hero of romance, Edmond Dantes, the Count of Monte Cristo, stand up before his audience to index, one by one, on raised fingers the enemies he has brought to justice. His picture has never appeared in a newspaper or magazine.

"And it won't until I've accom-

plished my mission," he declares.

"I'm just a Texas farmer, out to avenge a wrong that was done me and my family. I've had pretty good luck so far, and I don't want to force my luck by boasting of my accomplishments as a detective."

Norfleet's life was the ordinary, more or less humdrum existence of thousands of fathers in Texas and all over the United States until one day in 1919, when he left his farm at Hale Centre, Tex., and went to Dallas for the dual purpose of selling a carload of mules and dickering for the purchase of another farm.

"I wanted to get rid of my farm," he explained, "and I had my eye on another place, nearer Dallas."

In Dallas a suave stranger, posing as a mule buyer, struck up an acquaintance with him. He introduced himself as Reno Hamlin, and said he had come down from Minneapolis to get mules for the Duluth market. When he learned that Norfleet was also intent on selling his farm, he informed the unsuspecting farmer that he had a friend coming from Minneapolis in a few days—one W. B. Spencer—who was a representative of the Green Land & Irrigation Company and who was in quest of good Texas farm land.

"I'll introduce you," he said, and thus, although Norfleet did not suspect it at the time, was the groundwork laid for a succession of events which left Norfleet \$45,000 poorer and changed the entire trend of his life.

Spencer showed up, and was introduced, but he said he had another deal on and could not consider Norfleet's 2,050-acre place until the original deal either was consummated or fell through.

"I milled around Dallas with Hamlin and Spencer for several days," said Norfleet. "They treated me royally and had me believing they were regular fellows."

"Spencer came to me, finally, and said he was ready to consider my land, because the other deal had fallen through. He said he had a man, his employer, Garrett Thompson, at Minneapolis, and had been told to look over my place and get a few samples for analysis. But while he was getting ready to leave for the Centre he received a wire, ostensibly from Thompson, saying that my son had been called to Dallas on business and would come to Dallas to personally inspect my place.

"I was a happy boob," Norfleet continued. "I had visions of getting



"Phoney" money seized by the Denver authorities in the spectacular clean-up raid.

that other place, which would be nice for my wife and handier to good schools for my son and daughter. The world sure looked rosy to me. I didn't know what these fellows were cooking up for me.

"Two days later I went to a big hotel with Spencer to see if Thompson had arrived. I sat down in the lobby while Spencer went to the desk. When he came back he contrived to pass behind my chair, and when I started to get up, after he told me Thompson had not arrived, I felt something behind me in the chair.

"I reached back and found a nice, fat wallet. There was a lot of money in it, and some papers, including the card of a fraternal order made out to 'J. B. Stetson.' I found Stetson registered at the hotel and Spencer and I went up to his room to return his wallet. He was surly as the mischief when he answered my knock and when I asked him if he had lost anything he slammed the door in my face, mumbling something about damned, nosey newspaper men."

"I started back down the hall, with Spencer trailing, but had not reached the elevator when Stetson came after me, on the run.

"I did lose a wallet," he exclaimed, "but I didn't know it until after you came to the door. I'm sorry I acted the way I did, but I'm here on important business and the newspapers have been pestering the life out of me. I might have known to look at you that you were not a newspaper man, but I didn't stop to think."

"He took Spencer and me back to his room and after I had returned the

forming me one, but I refused. Informing him I was a member of his fraternity and glad to be of service to a brother.

"But yours was an extraordinary service," he insisted. "If you won't take money this way let me put you in the way of making some." He then suggested that I play his tips on the cotton market and I sat down with him while he deciphered several code telegrams. Spencer, in the meanwhile, had excused himself and dropped, temporarily, out of the picture.

"I found out later that 'Stetson' was, in reality, Joe Furey, one of the most notorious confidence men in the country, and that Spencer was one of his chief lieutenants, as was Hamlin, the pseudo mule buyer.

"Well, I went with Stetson to the cotton board of trade. I also found out later that it wasn't a board of trade at all, but an office the gang had fixed up in that guise to put over their stuff. On Stetson's tip, I won \$800 that day.

"The following day I met Spencer and he told me Thompson had wired he couldn't come to Dallas and that he, Spencer, was to handle the deal for my land. As a matter of fact, there wasn't any Thompson. He was manufactured as a plausible means of steering me to the hotel where Furey, or Stetson, was stopping and getting me into Furey's hands for the big clean-up.

"They started me with the \$500 winning and then they took me fast. When next I saw Furey, he asked me to take his money and play his tips, because he wanted to keep under cover. He said I could play my own along with his, if I wanted to. And, of course, I wanted to. Who wouldn't? I won \$65,000 and they paid it to me in cold cash—I counted it. But that night two of Furey's confederates

—Charles Gerber and E. J. Ward—who posed as officers of the cotton exchange, came to my hotel and demanded the money back because, they said, I was not a duly elected member of the exchange. I was for refusing, but Furey, when I asked his advice, told me to use diplomacy, so I proceeded to hand out my best line of chatter in an attempt to hang onto the money and yet avoid any semblance of trouble.

"Ward and Gerber seemed to succumb to my argument. But they insisted the least I could do was deposit \$20,000 to prove my bids. I jumped at the offer. I had to go home to get the money and they demanded that I leave the \$65,000 in their hands while I made the trip. When I was about to depart Spencer put in an appearance. He said he wanted to go to my place to get samples of the soil for testing, and I took him along. The facts were that he had been detailed by Furey to stick with me and see that I brought back that \$20,000.

"When I got back with the \$20,000 they gave me the \$65,000 and I divided with Furey, who had the greater part of it coming, because he had put up the major part of the money to win it. "I was riding high and lofty—riding to a good, hard fall. My cupidry had been aroused, and when Furey suggested that I get \$25,000 more to add to what I already had and with it 'clean up enough to last me half a dozen life times' I took bait and all. A mortgage on my farm got me the money, but Furey's 'coupy' went wrong and he 'lost' the entire ka-boodle. He came to my room, crying like a child, threatening to commit suicide, pleading with me to shoot him and acting, generally, like a heart-broken man—the best piece of acting I ever witnessed. I'll confess, I went wrong and he 'lost' the entire ka-boodle. He came to my room, crying like a child, threatening to commit suicide, pleading with me to shoot him and acting, generally, like a heart-broken man—the best piece of acting I ever witnessed. 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