"You don't have to help You don't have to feel anything for any of us"

Rearden had never known what his brother was doing or wished to do He had sent Philip through college, but Philip had not been able to decide on any specific ambition There was something wrong, by Rearden's standards, with a man who did not seek any gainful employment, but he would not impose his standards on Philip, he could afford to support his brother and never notice the expense Let him take it easy Rearden had thought for years, let him have a chance to choose his career without the strain of struggling for a livelihood

"What were you doing today, Phil?" he asked patiently

"It wouldn't interest you '

'It does interest me That's why I m asking

"I had to see twenty different people all over the place from here to Redding to Wilmington '

'What did you have to see them about?

'I am trying to raise money for I riends of Global Progress '

Rearden had never been able to keep track of the many organiza tions to which Philip belonged nor to get a clear idea of their activi ties He had heard Philip talking vaguely about this one for the last six months It seemed to be devoted to some sort of free lectures on psychology, folk music and co operative farming Rearden felt contempt for groups of that kind and saw no reason for a closer inquiry into their nature

He remained silent Philip added without being prompted 'We need ten thousand dollars for a vital program but it s a martyr s task trying to raise money There's not a speck of social conscience left in people When I think of the kind of bloated money bags I saw today—why they spend more than that on any whim, but I couldn't squeeze just a hundred bucks apiece out of them which was all I asked They have no sense of moral duty no What are you laughing at?" he asked sharply Rearden stood before him grinning

It was so childishly blatant thought Rearden so helplessly crude the hint and the insult offered together It would be so easy to squash Philip by returning the insult he thought by returning an insult which would be deadly because it would be true- that he could not bring himself to utter it Surely, he thought, the poor fool knows he's at my mercy, knows he's opened himself to be hurt so I don't have to do it and my not doing it is my best answer, which he won t be able to miss What sort of misery does he really live in to get himself twisted quite so badly?

And then Rearden thought suddenly that he could break through Philip's chronic wretchedness for once, give him a shock of pleasure, the unexpected gratification of a hopeless desire. He thought What do I care about the nature of his desire?—it's his just as Rearden Metal was mine—it must mean to him what that meant to me—let's see him happy just once, it might teach him something—didn't I say that happiness is the agent of purification? —I'm celebrating tonight, so let him share in it— it will be so much for him and so little for me

"Philip," he said, smiling, "call Miss Ives at my office tomorrow. She'll have a check for you for ten thousand dollars."

Philip stared at him blankly; it was neither shock nor pleasure; it was just the empty stare of eyes that looked glassy.

"Oh," said Philip, then added, "We'll appreciate it very much." There was no emotion in his voice, not even the simple one of greed.

Rearden could not understand his own feeling: it was as if something leaden and empty were collapsing within him, he felt both the weight and the emptiness, together. He knew it was disappointment, but he wondered why it was so gray and ugly.

"It's very nice of you, Henry," Philip said dryly. "I'm surprised. I didn't expect it of you."

"Don't you understand it, Phil?" said Lillian, her voice peculiarly clear and lilting. "Henry's poured his metal today." She turned to Rearden. "Shall we declare it a national holiday, darling?"

"You're a good man, Henry," said his mother, and added, "but not often enough."

Rearden stood looking at Philip, as if waiting.

Philip looked away, then raised his eyes and held Rearden's glance, as if engaged in a scrutiny of his own.

"You don't really care about helping the underprivileged, do you?" Philip asked—and Rearden heard, unable to believe it, that the tone of his voice was reproachful.

"No, Phil, I don't care about it at all. I only wanted you to be happy."

"But that money is not for me. I am not collecting it for any personal motive. I have no selfish interest in the matter whatever." His voice was cold, with a note of self-conscious virtue.

Rearden turned away. He felt a sudden loathing: not because the words were hypocrisy, but because they were true; Philip meant them.

"By the way, Henry," Philip added, "do you mind if I ask you to have Miss Ives give me the money in cash?" Rearden turned back to him, puzzled. "You see, Friends of Global Progress are a very progressive group and they have always maintained that you represent the blackest element of social retrogression in the country, so it would embarrass us, you know, to have your name on our list of contributors, because somebody might accuse us of being in the pay of Hank Rearden."

He wanted to slap Philip's face. But an almost unendurable contempt made him close his eyes instead.

"All right," he said quietly, "you can have it in cash."

He walked away, to the farthest window of the room, and stood looking at the glow of the mills in the distance.

He heard Larkin's voice crying after him, "Damn it, Hank, you shouldn't have given it to him!"

Then Lillian's voice came, cold and gay: "But you're wrong, Paul, you're so wrong! What would happen to Henry's vanity if he didn't have us to throw alms to? What would become of his strength if he didn't have weaker people to dominate? What would he do with

himself if he didn't keep us around as dependents? It's quite all right, really I'm not criticizing him, it s just a law of human nature "

She took the metal bracelet and held it up, letting it glitter in the lamplight

"A chain," she said "Appropriate isn't it? It's the chain by which he holds us all in bondage "

Chapter III THE TOP AND THE BOTTOM

The ceiling was that of a cellar so heavy and low that people stooped when crossing the room, as if the weight of the vaulting rested on their shoulders The circular booths of dark red leather were built into walls of stone that looked eaten by age and dampness There were no windows only patches of blue light shooting from dents in the masonry the dead blue light proper for use in blackouts The place was entered by way of narrow steps that led down as if descending deep under the ground This was the most expensive bar room in New York and it was built on the roof of a skyscraper

Four men sat at a table Raised sixty floors above the city they did not speak loudly as one speaks from a height in the freedom of air and space they kept their voices low as befitted a cellar

'Conditions and circumstances Jim said Orren Boyle Conditions and circumstances absolutely beyond human control We had everything mapped to roll those rails but unforeseen developments set in which nobody could have prevented If you d only given us a chance, Jim

Disunity drawled James Taggart 'seems to be the basic cause of all social problems My sister has a certain influence with a certain element among our stockholders Their disruptive tactics cannot always be defeated'

'You said it Jim Disunity that's the trouble It s my absolute opinion that in our complex industrial society no business enterprise can succeed without sharing the burden of the problems of other enterprises'

Taggart took a sip of his drink and put it down again 'I wish they'd fire that bartender, he said

"For instance, consider Associated Steel We ve got the most modern plant in the country and the best organization That seems to me to be an indisputable fact, because we got the Industrial Efficiency Award of *Globe* magazine last year So we can maintain that we ve done our best and nobody can blame us But we cannot help it if the iron ore situation is a national problem We could not get the ore, Jim '

Taggart said nothing He sat with his elbows spread wide on the table top The table was uncomfortably small, and this made it more uncomfortable for his three companions, but they did not seem to question his privilege

"Nobody can get ore any longer," said Boyle "Natural exhaustion of the mines, you know and the wearing out of equipment, and