A Varied Panorama of Life Keeps Moving and Changing in Times Square from Early Morning Until the Small Hours of the Morning.

From a noisy theater club filled with a dream young man, dissolving the invitations of the fast breed, and some other invitations, come laughing down Broadway, breaking into crowds of two and three as they meet the corner, on-glancing at each other, then going their several ways toward home. A trim, neatly dressed girl hurries by, looking neither to right nor left, but straight ahead, disappearing in the dark lane further up the street. A cab driver, perhaps, from one of the by-rental restaurants, a woman of that sort. She is not wearing any of the usual trappings of a woman, but she is vividly dressed in a black suit, with white gloves, and sporting a hat made of black velvet. The street is alive with the gayety of the city. People are moving about in all directions, some walking, some riding, some driving. The lights are flickering, and the sounds of music and conversation are blending together in a symphony of sorts. Times Square is never quiet, and the small hours of the morning are no exception. The sounds of the city are still lively, and the streets are still alive with the hustle and bustle of people going about their business. The street lights are still on, and the neon signs still glow, adding to the colorful display of the city. Times Square is a living, breathing city, and the small hours of the morning are no exception to this. The city never sleeps, and the small hours of the morning are just another chapter in the story of this great metropolis.