

origin, I am told, is Arabia. The coffee is never sold in the bean, but is pulverized fine, as cinnamon or mace are with us, in Constantinople and other great centres, and sold to the retailer.

This pulverized coffee is kept in jars everywhere. The coffee shops, however, in the bazaars do the best business. At these, and in the *hans*, or inns, and in every home, a fire of charcoal is always burning and over it a pot of water is always boiling. Moment by moment, the men, women, or children, or all of them, take two or three heaping teaspoons of the powder and drop them into a pitcher, with an angular spout, for a holder. To this, ill-shapen lumps of sugar may be added, and then the boiling water is poured thereon. There is a stir or two with a spoon and before the eddying water has ceased to swirl, the coffee is poured into the little cups of white porcelain, without handles, set—in the homes of the rich—in finely chased outer holders of bronze or of copper. Then the coffee is complete. For a cent you may purchase a small jug or pitcher and enjoy it while it lasts. A glass of cold water is invariably served with the coffee, and the effect of taking it immediately upon swallowing the mocha is to leave an after taste on the palate which we never obtain in the West.

On the highways throughout the Nearer East one judges distances by the *hans* or coffee-houses. In the bazaars the man sitting cross-legged, sewing, or beating his bronze, always has his coffee-pitcher beside him, and before it is empty sends his apprentice to the *kavana* for more.

Among the better classes this over-indulgence in coffee has given rise to the coffee-houses. These are simply more respectable *hans*, where one may take Java, or Java and Mocha mixed, served in little *demi-tasses* with a sugar lump. Others take it served as "white coffee"; one is given his *demi-tasse*, and beside it a cream-pitcher with exactly double that quantity of milk. It is the fashion in Hungary, Croatia, and the lower Austrian provinces of Dalmatia and Istria for adults to mix the coffee and milk, so that they take a concoction weaker than that which we give our children.

The coffee-houses are the centres of education. All the papers of the land are kept in the larger

of these, and one may sit an entire afternoon over a single cup of coffee, reading what one will.

The men are as great coffee-topers as the women. In Budapest the manager of the Café New York tells some interesting things about the national vice. He says:—"From four 'to nine' in the afternoon Budapest drinks coffee. No other drink, no three other drinks, in fact, are consumed nearly to the same extent at that time. Especially in the months between October and May is this the case, and our café alone sells some two thousand cups of coffee per diem.

"This is principally a very black coffee. Over the coffee, and occasionally over a glass of Fiume chocolate, much of the business of Budapest is transacted, many of the political deals are made



BEGGING COINS FOR COFFEE.

and many of the social events of the season are planned.

"To what do I attribute this? Very largely to the law, which so regulates alcoholic drinks that it reduces their sale. Beer, for example, may be sold only by the bottle, and a bottle is too much for a single drink. So many a man takes his coffee instead.

"The coffee habit came to Budapest with the Turks about 150 years ago, and the demand for Java coffee has grown steadily ever since. From here it spread to Vienna, and thence on, over Germany."

Throughout these lands not a word is ever

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