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## Palm beach county building department correction form

Palm Beach County in Florida keeps the last five recruits in the dark to improve productivity: The Lights-Out Court document processing project has five robots working 24/7 to process some of the thousands of documents that a county court receives each week. This is an example of how artificial intelligence and humans can work with each other - and shows how businesses can improve manual systems using artificial intelligence. Attorneys and other frequent files in Palm Beach County Court are required to file documents electronically using a special portal that is available 24/7. In total, they submit about 40,000 court documents a week in such a way, each of which must be moored — that is, related to the correct case, marked and indexed, so that it can be found in the court records. It's a time-consuming process that Sharon R. Bock, a Palm Beach County clerk and composer, considered ripe for automation. Bock, who oversees about 700 employees and a budget of \$70 million, is always looking for more effective ways to fulfill statutory and constitutional duties. With payroll accounting for 95 percent of its costs, using automation technology to address some out-of-hours filings and helping staff do more during normal working hours was an obvious target. The narrowing of the fieldProject, which won the Digital Edge 50 2019 Award for digital innovation, was made in collaboration with Florida software developer Computing System Innovations (CSI), which supplies software that the county uses to reuse court documents. CSI has developed a machine learning system to automate the dock and access relevant court applications, says Cindy Guerra, the district's chief operating officer for courts and official records, and a business sponsor of the project. We used the same interface, so it was actually very seamless, she says. Palm Beach County has identified for the first time the teams that will be working on the project, and county filing types will entrust the system. They decided to work with documents that were very often docked but pose no risk if something went wrong, Guerra says. They are also aimed at documents that would allow the highest recognition quality (optical character recognition). For this reason, we've ruled out everything coming from a pro se filer, or self-representative, because those tend to be handwritten, and the recognition quality won't be that good, says Guerra. These criteria narrowed the load to seven dock codes, three of which were selected to start the project: hearing notices, deposition acceptance notices, and cancellation notices. None of these documents require further action, such as a court asking the clerk to issue a record or subpoena, and not to raise money. Training new recruits Weighing machine software CSI, the county's business analysts worked with an employee with knowledge of district processes and documents for indexation of 500 to 600 documents of each type, removal and designation of relevant information from them. The county created five instances of automated CSI software on its servers, giving them human names, with a hint of work in each: Arnold Connor, Hal Isaac, Rosie Tober, Wally Bishop and Keith Robbie. The documents processed by these robots have electronic stamping with their names rather than moored by a robot. Guerra jokes: We didn't want to alarm our judges. Once the software has been trained, it is time to conduct its audit. We didn't audit 100 percent of our people, but we did audit 100 percent of the machines, Guerra says. I was 100 percent skeptical, so we did a 100 percent audit. The documents were presented to auditors in the same way, regardless of whether they were processed by a robot or human. The audit found that the machine learning system was 98 or 99 percent accurate with three document codes, far better than humans. We were the first instance in using this type of software, so we were very detained and we didn't know we could trust it. Now we know, says Guerra. Machine learning is more accurate than the people in this, once you teach the machine that it made a mistake, it will never make that mistake again. When we teach our clerks that they made a mistake, sometimes they need a few training sessions to actually get it right. After the project went live, Guerra received a call from a supervisor who noticed an error in the dock. She called, saying: I can't find the clerk who made this mistake, I can't find her on our phone list, her name is Wally Bishop. Well, we had to giggle! Guerra says. It's so seamless that it just looks like the clerk did it. Since the system went live in March 2018, it has been trained to read and process 26 docking codes, and now docks more than one in six electronically filed documents, with the goal of docking more than one in three by July 2019.Right now, five robots are doing dockwork by eight employees, and there are opportunities available to do the 19 work, says Herra. To achieve this, robots need to be re qualified to deal with less common or riskier documents. The impact of the transition on AIPalm Beach County employees should not be feared for their work, according to Bock. With robots available to do the work that is most repetitive and error-prone for humans, we have been able to retrain our staff for more thinking jobs, she says. We have also now raised the level, career level, level of experience and technical level of our employees so that we now retrain them into higher wages. This step towards more roles had a slight downside to blurring some of the cost benefits of increasing capacity through the addition of instead of more staff, says Bock, but AI in our experience actually allows our workforce to move from a minimum wage to a certain group of people not only living wage, but also into a technical career that is passed on, which is exciting, which is thought-pervading. She expects the virtuous circle to continue as employees take the opportunity to learn something new and see that their greater understanding allows further innovation and creation of new applications. Others will take AI should not expect instant results, however. It's not off-the-shelf, plug-in and play product, Bock warns. The project took several years from start to finish, with CSI and county employees working together a lot of the way. [Guerra's] deep distrust as a business sponsor is one reason that we have been successful, she says. The creation of the audit team meant that we caught mistakes and strayed, trained, strayed. Looking to the future, Guerra wants to start working with riskier documents: Ones that require further action so that the machine can learn how to take these follow-ups, whether it's emailing someone, preparing a record or preparing a subpoena, she says. Another goal is for robots to issue receipts for documents submitted with payment. Bock, meanwhile, hopes that the system, which now deals only with civil filings, can be extended to the criminal segment. Visitors to the Federal Bankruptcy Court have come to look at the system, and Bock and Guerra both hope that other courts will also accept the processing of the documents. As other Florida counties go online, we benefit from the work they do, says Bock. Bock, a learning lawyer, concludes: This is the most interesting thing I've ever done in 27 years of my career. Copyright © 2019 IDG Communications, Inc. Photographer: Paul Jamu 1 of ELLE DECOR's 13 goes to Palm Beach Royal Palm Way, lined with towering palm trees that lent the city its name. 2 of 13 ELLE DECOR goes to Palm Beach 3 of 13 ELLE DECOR goes to Palm Beach Vintage Jewelry at lavande house. 4 of ELLE DECOR's 13 departs for Palm Beach 5 with 13 ELLE DECOR departing for the Palm Beach Museum of Henry Morrison Flagler. 6 of ELLE DECOR's 13 goes to Palm Beach's Royal Poincaynan Chapel. 7 of 13 ELLE DECOR goes to Palm Beach 8 of 13 ELLE DECOR goes to Palm Beach Loggia in the Resort Breakers. 9 of ELLE DECOR's 13 takes to the Palm Beach Tropical Treats at Island Home. 10 of ELLE DECOR's 13 goes to Palm Beach chefs at work in palm beach grill. 11 of 13 ELLE DECOR Goes to Palm Beach 12 of 13 Go to content What happens when new money and bright young thingstail Palm Beach, an old South Florida playground and West Palm Beach, its future neighbor? For those who have written about parties and nightclubs in Miami for nearly two decades, Palm Beach a kind of beacon and a rebuke, a shibboleth that embodies all sorts of aspirations. Like the actual compared to the mental distance between Cuba and America, the Palm Beach lotto-eds are so close to Miami and yet so elusive, therefore removed. Not that Palm Beach isn't good for some laughs along the way. In the 1980s, to the era of new-generation heirs such as Serena Boardman and Erin Lauder, I remember a brazen social day waving a proffered hand with a tide: My dear, if the banner were wider, I would have slid down. From the moment real life met a romantic cliché, it was all downhill, sporadic diet of polo tournaments and unfamiliar to the strange land of partying. Like any American resort, parts of the city, especially Worth Avenue, now endure on the verge of being a theme park (though side streets have plenty of charm). The walk along the Lake Road, located between Lake Worth and the backyards of luxury mansions, brings the strange sight of tattooed punks flipping their trick bikes around. A friend of the journalist worked here during the season five years ago, but it all ended for him with one bizarre Christmas Eve. The hostess hired dwarves to play Santa's elves, and the locked-in-the-jaw crowd drowned out the endowments to order Aren't they sweet? It can be a very unstable place where cocktails are plagued by claustrophobia, and a bit of Marxist bile is often part of the program. One own watershed evening brought drinks and tingling to the tycoon's house, who couldn't stop telling me about the companies he owned. When I interrupted his monologue to justify myself, the presenter was visibly agitated. Why, you're nothing more than an ink-stained fork, he err at the door. SPANDEX WAS MY LIFE, says PARTY PLANNER BRUCE SATKA, who made his reputation as a controversial New Year's Eve charity that was once held at the Flagler Museum and now the Breakers Hotel. In years past, dismembered young friends of the American Red Cross Ball showed Cornelia Guest riding the long steering wheel and drag queen Brandywine flogging guests as they arrived. Satka has impeccable Palm Beach credentials— he was once married to Stephanie Wrightsman of the old Wrightsman Protected Family, but he lives on the mainland in downtown West Palm Beach and is a tireless promoter of that once-crippled neighborhood. The city and private interests dropped a billion-dollar bombshell on West Palm, throwing cash at almost everything. One day I jump into Satka's SUV on a tour. He points to a strip of buildings that were bought by Standard Oil heir Lawrence Corling, who turned them into galleries and loft artists, embarking on a traditional path to urban renewal. We drive near the International Pavilion - \$3 million - plus a tent set up as a temporary convention centre - to the three-acre site of the new Palm Beach Opera complex. Last chance Sit next to the big old southern houses from Tobacco Road and bold new über-malls. West Palm Center has about 162,000 square meters of bars and restaurants. It all started in the mid-nineties on Clematis Street, a restored strip that begins near Lake Worth with the new Cullio Arts Centre and meanders to the west with a range of chain stores. (This afternoon, a group of Grateful Dead types protest outside gap: Stop slavery in the potshot.) Satka is a huge fan of the new CityPlace, \$550 million, an open-air shopping mall and an apartment complex that I find unacceptable at every possible level. Jorge Perez, a developer involved in some hideously high-stakes condos in South Beach, is a partner in the project. But it's a great time around. There is a 20-screen theater, modeled after - a long way - the Paris Opera House; Methodist Church of the 1920s, which was transformed into a cultural center; restaurants such as Tamayo and Legal Sea Foods; even the proposed hipster ghost, new York nightclub NV. It's America, the mall damn packed, though the organic and authentic pedestrian city - Palm Beach itself - is over a bridge on its barrier island, and not all that crowded. Palm Beach, a congested sandbox of retail dreams, caters to high-end wallet professionals: Gucci, Pucci, Hermès, as well as resort footholds that can also advertise: Wherever you are, a WASP buyer, we too. But some of the more uninvited stores, sophisticated shopping arrangements have adapted to their surroundings with unique mutations, in the same way that the island of Galapagos will be a subspecies of iguanas that can only live on one particular sun-drenched beach. Stubbs & Wootton, for example, is all about handmade slippers (cast in needle and velvet) worn as shoes, a regional fad that strikes much of the men's fashion pool. The semiotic contraction of Palm Beach was Lily Pulitzer in 1958, designing dresses next to a dime shop on North Avenue. In a stand of orange juice she and her husband, Peter Pulitzer, opened up as a lark. C. Orrico on South County Road is now the official outpost of Lily Pulitzer, a completely unaffordable bottle full of her classic cotton print dresses. The retail mantle was donated to her godmother, Lilly van Herbig, who brought out her own line. Covango, also available at C. Orrico. Her cotton dresses are similar in tone, adorned with giraffes and monkeys designed by her husband, Barry van Herbig, grandson of the late Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Stephen Stallman's Worth Avenue boutique carries other clothing lines that are post-Lilly in a concept that includes designs taken from upholstery fabric. Stallman also sells highly developed Misch New York jewelry: a rock 'n' roll expart in memory. Misz Dvorkowski designed the pieces based on various local attractions. Misch is lightweight, nimble and Palm Beach in the best possible sense. What I love is juxtaposition, he says, beautiful houses and gardens, with junk shops and Cuban food nearby on the Dixie Highway in West Palm Beach. Just like the Hamptons, Palm Beach allows you to indulge in social aspects - it all depends on which side of the hedge you want to be on, so to speak. At the dawn of the 20th century South, Florida was one of the last great American deserts, and much of the state still feels brand new and alien. In the days of Henry Flagler, the tycoon who brought the railroad all the way to Key West in the late 19th century broke Palm Beach from the swamp and built a hotel that would become switches—people in Palm Beach visited each other with a gondola. The Flagler Museum was once his home, a fortress-robber baron called Whitehall. Today it borders on its self-exacerbating bric-a-sconces and furniture. In Palm Beach, history, especially social history, is everywhere at the same time. On Worth Avenue Avenue, the Ta-boó restaurant is still nearby, clinging to past glories and myths: the day bloody Mary was invented for Barbara Hutton's hangover, nights when German U-boat commanders slipped ashore for drinks at a bar. But the best thing in Florida history is the half-baked fantasy creations of its early developers, such as society architect Addison Mizner, who practically invented Palm Beach. Known for gushing about the city with his monkey, Johnny Brown, he started with the beautiful Everglades Club in 1919, then built Worthly Avenue himself. Mizner's homes are assembled in the same way as Richard Neutra's work in California. These days you can see Johnny Brown's little tombstone in the courtyard near Wiazner, near the self-appointed Villa Mizner. A view from the fifth floor shows that wide wobbles across the island are still an undeniable, remarkable circumstance in condo-crazed Florida. But the insinceration of townhouses and mega-hams in the small neighborhoods of the 1950s is also evident. Money can protect or destroy a good place, and it's done both for Palm Beach. Shannon Donnelly spent 20 years covering society for the Palm Beach Daily News, known as the Brilliant Letter. It's printed on ardent glossy paper that doesn't allow the ink to be polished on a well-dressed one. Every night in the season, Donnelly resists making money—new and old—in the shining page of society. The city has changed for the better, she says. The average crust is now more accepting, although the upper one is still complex. But an internet millionaire who got cash in at thirty-five is hard enough to intimidate. One recent evening I visited WORTH AVENUE, a boulevard of desire crammed with Rolls-Royces and fantastic matrons weaving in and out of bougainvillea encrusted yards and drinking for free in Opening. In Calypso, landlord Jane Holzer (a.k.a. Baby Jane Holzer) shows up and fusses with the party tent, interviewing a crowd that includes Butch Trucks of the Allman Brothers and socialite Terry Kramer. At the Polo store down the block, a gaggle of WASP clichés, including two 10-year-old boys in blazers who discussed the merits of cashmere-frolic in a setting that almost parodies the secret details of their lives. After that, my inner film jumps cuts to Ocean Boulevard, a number of mansions, each with a tunnel to their respective gazeboes on the beach. It's like jumping into a movieland salute before Palm Beach Story crossed with Jay-Z video. The last attraction on the horizon is The Mar-A-Lago Gingerbread Castle: built in 1927 by Heresy Marjorie Merriever Post and now Donald Trump Land. The Breakers Hotel was built in the 1920s in the Italian Renaissance style. In the luxurious lobby, just past a plaque welcoming the National Hockey League conference, an indigenous society of black ties- teeth flash like sabers under chandeliers-swans on their way to endless galas and dinners. Stray congressmen slightly reduce the tone. Unlike the lobby, pool and spa Breakers is a perfectly modern offering, a concept anywhere- money lined with gazebos, second wives and financial predators who apping randomness in loafs without socks. A group of buff mothers talk as their children play sensory football with pool boys. One older type of finance with a cowlly young thing actually smokes a cigar while holding a smiling child who happily doesn't forget about how a dad expresses his parental pride to a business partner: Let me tell you, a friend-thin child was raised on the most expensive breast milk in the world. ANOTHER PALM BEACH DAY BEGINS WITH AN OFFICIAL LUNCH OF THE OLD LINE AT CAFÉ L'Europe: there's the essence of Europe couple in one corner, regional glamorous gales dripping diamonds, and epic waiters who could get off Sunset Boulevard. On the other hand, the fare at a high price, for example, the extremely delicate wobble of squats is perhaps the best of its kind in Palm Beach. This night the great social wall begins, but again, in the retail world, with the opening at the Greenleaf Jewelry Salon &mp; Crosby on North Avenue. Peggy Guinness displays her handmade jewelry, golden balls and skulls and such. My bypass continues at Bice Ristorante with a table of over-cultivated college students, chain smoking, impressive arch-cafe poses and mourning lost youth: I kind of miss high school, but I really miss just living in Gstaad. Between different NGOs, three Graces pull out a nightlife report: For people under twenty-five, and that's it - you should check out Clematis Street. To start an adventure on a right note, something kicky seems ok, and Ballyhoood drag show at Someplace, a restaurant in West Palm, turns out to be just a thing. In the cabaret room for the event came an insanely eclectic probactor of humanity: hip-hop boys, the thrill of socialists, unrepentant tourists-slugs, and veterans of the local gay bar. In South Beach, drag shows are as common as ferroalloy cats, but it's something else: innocent, naughty and astonishingly entertaining. By midnight, Clematis Street is in full French quarter-meets-Fort Likudale—a night fester backed up by cars, children, and general tlvrn. At a restaurant called Finjan, belly dancers work at outdoor tables, and street photographers hawk Polaroids while the crowd ebbs in and out of the watering holes: an eternal Starbucks and themed fun houses like the Samba Room, Tommy Bahamas Tropical Café & Emporium, Club 109, a completely jammed E. R. Bradley sedan, and simply named Bar. It then descends down to liquid room, formerly run by South Beach team Ingrid Casares and Chris Paquiello. The scene is reminiscent of an ad for a wonderful but doomed youth, all sitting gloomy in front of iced throes of vodka. Not a bad club, but the Arcadia adventures of a failing rich end, where they began, on an island that care and common sense have forgotten. At 2 .m., 251 Sunrise, on Sunrise Avenue,jumps politely. In a tiny room on the top floor, decorated as a kind of Poloesque clubhouse, revelers in black tie wriggle wriggle from some charity ball. Suddenly, the flow of water beats down my face, released from a water pistol by anyone but Christina Shields, who looks like Brooke Shields with an edge. They're half sisters, it turns out. Every night in the city someone is usually happy to someone-will try to explain the elusive essence of the island, charming jee not sais-quay, darling. All of this would be in vague romantic images, as if Palm Beach were Paris in the Twenties, a cultural wonderland impermeable to outsiders, especially if they were from Miami. If much of Palm Beach considers the rest of the world a waste of time, Miami operates almost entirely under its radar of contempt. And the more perception the two resorts are erring together in the vulgar modern world, especially Palm Beach sneakers and preens. But that night, when I caught a trip home in a car whose windows were open for a fragrant breeze, the Palm Beach moment finally happened. For a second or two on the Royal Palm Way, the millennial worm returned to the remarkable swobe and pure possibility of the 1950s. Suddenly, the city felt like a dream that somehow missed being polluted by time. For Palm Beach believers, life is forever fun and brilliant, a place where nothing bad can happen. Palm Beach Palm Beach International Airport is located in West Palm Beach. Fort Lauderdale Airpoir is just 49.7 miles from Palm Beach Hotel. March is high season here, so expect to face the crowds - and pay top dollar - in many establishments. HOTELS Breakers 1 S. Rd. 888/273-2537 or 561/659-8440; doubles from \$405. The 569-room Breakers Hotel is an oceanfront monolith of Palm Beach. Most of the well-heeled locals belong to its beach club and top-notch spa. 3-star hotel 877/955-1515 or 561/ 659-5800; doubles from \$350. A quirky 55-room gem near North Avenue. The Leopard Lounge has amazingly pondered. Hammon Colony, 155; 800/521-5525 or 561/655-5430; doubles from \$285. Located a block from the ocean, the 90-room Colony Hotel features a tiki bar, an old-time beauty salon and a martini-themed lobby. Four Seasons Resort 2800 S. Ocean Blvd.; 800/432-2335 or 561/582-2800; doubles from \$395. Built on six acres of beach, the 210-room Four Seasons Hotel has a restaurant headed by renowned chef Über de Mare. Let's now praise the suite. Brazilian Court 301 Australian Ave. 800/552-0335 or 561/655-7740; doubles from \$335. Circa-1926 Brazilian Court hotel features a beautiful courtyard with a beautiful courtyard, a few minutes from Chesterfield. Restaurants and clubs Bice Ristorante 3131/2 Worth of ave.; 561/835-1600; dinner for two \$110. Hordes outside forever plead for their cause maitre d' Francesco Bianco. The resistant lamb goes beyond the excited atmosphere. Echo 230 Sunrise Ave.; 561/802-4222; dinner for two \$80. Chef Matthias Radits prepares all sorts of Asian dishes. Kapde L'Europe 331 S. County Rd.; 561/655-4020; lunch for two \$50. An institution full of proper old ladies—and-wonderful food. Hamburger Sky 314 S. County Rd.; 561/655-5277; lunch for two \$18. Even socialites crave comfort food.251 Sunrise 251 Sunrise Ave.; 561/820-9777. Faithful Prester Club visits this youth disco for a noble cause of fun. Palm Beach Tavern 251 Royal Palm Way; 561/832-0385; dinner for two \$80. A simple and unaffordable bar and restaurant that are perfect for the first or last stop of the evening. 4-Star Hotel 561/832-0094; hotel reviews doubles from \$79. The renovation of this 46-room registered landmark building is a sign of stylish things. Sip sake at the chic Biba Bar and think Zen thoughts in a bamboo grove by the pool. RESTAURANTS Somewhere 424 24th century.; 561/802-9060; dinner for two \$50. The restaurant at the bottom of the house with a carpenter marsala during the week, drag queens on weekends. Tamayo, 550 S. Rosemary Ave.; 561/514-0510; dimer for two \$70. New York's southern Mayan division, with a sleek interior and good food, too: chocolate ramming, fried migraine fillet made of enghilad mole cheese. four four arts Four Arts Plaza, Palma Palma 561/655-7226. Designed by pioneering architects Addison Mizner and Maurice Fatio, Four Arts includes a library, an exhibition hall and a huge walled garden. Bethesda-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church 141 S. County Rd., Palm Beach; 561/655-4554. Reference point 1925; wonderful greenery. Norton Museum of Art 1451 S. Olive Ave., West Palm Beach; 561/832-5196. One of the best museums in Florida. The collection includes many French Impressionists. Henry Morrison Flagler Museum Coconut Rowe and Whitehall Weil, Palm Beach; 561/655-2833. House of the early 1900s was built by the founder of Palm Beach. © copyright . All rights reserved. Printed from link to an external site that may or may not comply with accessibility rules. Principles.

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